MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 1. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1909. NO. 34

Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, - : - Proprietor

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

Michel, - British Columbia

House Cleaning Time

Now is the time to give your house its Spring Cleaning. The following articles will assist you in doing so.

Furniture Polish, Liquid Veneer, Chamois Skins, Insect Powder, Bug Poisons, Carbolic Acid, Chloride of Lime, Sulphur, Copperas, Borax, Soaps, Silver Polish etc., etc.

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO

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

Savings Bank Department.

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

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

MICHEL BRANCH, T. B. BAKER, MANAGER.

S A L E

For the month of May

WATCHES

COMPARE THE PRICES WHERE YOU WILL

An opportunity never had before in the Crow's Nest Pass, of purchasing at such exceptionally low prices

7 Jewel Waltham, fitted in Silverode case. 18 size	regular price $ 7.75.	Special for May, $ 4.95
15 Jewel Waltham, Silverode or Nickel case. 16 size	regular price 10.00.	Special for May, 7.35
17 Jewel P. S. Bartlett, Silverode case. 18 size	regular price 14.00.	Special for May, 9.00
23 Jewel Vanguard, Nickel case. 18 size	regular price 47.50.	Special for May, 40.00
Our Heavy Mine Watch	regular price 6.00.	Special for May, 4.50

At a small extra cost we fit the above in Fortune or Cashier cases. A few Ladies' 6 and 0 size Watches, fitted with 25 year Cashier cases, for.....$10.50

We give a written guarantee with each of the above Watches enabling you to return if not satisfactory

Somerton Bros. JEWELERS OPTICIANS PHOTOGRAPHERS New Michel

41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers

New Michel

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

The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

Singer Sewing Machines

The Best in the World. Simple, Strong, Silent, Speedy

for sale at W. B. King's fruit store, New Michel.
Needles, Oil and Repairs.

F. J. Conroy, Agent.

WITH THE CITY DADS

Regular meeting of the Trades Committee met at Great Northern hotel on May 18, president, T. B. Baker; secretary treasurer, G. B. Stedman, and vice-president, A. J. McCool in their chairs.

Minutes of last regular meeting read and adopted.

Communication received from Crow's Nest Pass Electric Light and Power Co., re dumping ground, ordered laid on table.

Communication received from Wm. Whyte second vice-president C. P. R., re change of name for station at this point. Moved and seconded that communication from Wm. Whyte be replied to by secretary.—Carried.

Communication received from W. Marchant, Inspector of Customs, Victoria. Ordered acknowledged and fyled.

Communication received from Supt. of Education re school building for New Michel, advising that tenders have been called for and that building would be ready for occupancy by August. Scott—McFarlane, that same be acknowledged and fyled.

Thomson—McCool, that a vote of thanks be tendered H. F. Weber & Son for their kind donation of box of cigars, unanimously carried.

Moved and seconded that the secretary be instructed to write the general manager of the Coal Co., protesting against any more business rights being granted, in what is known as Old Michel.—Carried.

Scott—Day, that secretary be instructed to write Post Office inspector requesting that money order office be established at New Michel in connection with post office here.—Carried.

Meeting adjourned until first Tuesday in June.

Some Government Advertising

At the Board of Trade meeting on Tuesday, the fact came out that tenders were being called, for the erection of a school building at New Michel. An advertisement is said to have appeared in the Fernie papers to that effect. Our builders and contractors haven't as much as a look in, although a newspaper is being published here, for some reason or other the authorities appear to overlook it when anything applying to this district needs publicity. It might be said that the provincial government gave out these advertisements to their own supporters only. Perhaps that's so, but in marked contrast we notice the Dominion government uses papers published in the locality where the work is required to be done, irrespective of the political complexion of the editorial page. For proof of this, see the Fernie Free Press, Nelson News and Coleman Miner, all staunch Conservative organs and all enjoying the patronage of the Liberal government at Ottawa, but because the Reporter is an Independent sheet it is ignored by the bunch. That's all right, we're not doing any kicking, but we certainly think that when tenders for public improvements in a certain district are being asked for, the newspaper in the immediate locality in which the work required to be done, should carry the advertisement.

Of course if local publicity is neither desirable nor requisite, the present plan is admirably suited for the purpose.

St. Paul's Church Social and Dance

The social evening and dance in connection with St. Paul's church. passed off well on Monday night last. Many have said that it was the best ever yet given in Michel. The music was of a high order, being provided by Messrs. Bastian, Bauer and Sewell. The Women's Auxiliary provided the supper. So much remained over, that the following day, the day school were invited to a tea in St. Paul's church hall. They nearly all accepted the invitation. Still there was enough. Our best thanks are due to the Women's Auxiliary and to Mr. Crahan for the use of the hall. To Mr. W. H. Hilton and his fellow-workers belong much credit for the great success achieved.—Com.

Coroner's Jury Verdict

The following was the verdict at the inquest held on Wednesday, on the body of Gaspar Kopola:

We the jury empanelled to enquire touching the death of Gaspar Kopola do hereby decide that death was caused by heart failure, brought on by excessive drinking.

I. Humtt (foreman)
H. Clayton
Robt. Clark
E. F. Winch
W. L. Porter
W. J. Thompson
A. C. Murray, Coroner.

They Gave Them a Send-Off

Messrs. Allen, Montgomery and Westgate Bro's. left for the coast on Thursday A banquet was tendered them by the boys at the Great Northern hotel on Wednesday evening and when the train pulled out on Thursday, some 200 friends were at the Great Northern station to see them off.

If you've got the price, you can easily hire some poor devil to blow your horn, but if you're situated like most country editors, you'll blow your own.

KING'S KANDY KITCHEN

High-Class Chocolates and Confectionery

NEW MICHEL. Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts, Cider and

Ice Cream

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

Dray and Express Work Done. - - Bus Meets All Trains

Most Reasonable Prices in town
White Labor Only Employed.

H. CARR, Proprietor

LUMBER YARD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

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

Great Northern HOTEL

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked with the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCool & Moore, : : Proprietors

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Laurenson & Douglas - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

"Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and Pleasing.

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

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

Livery, Feed and Transfer

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

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

SLICK UP

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

P. M. MacLanders, Prop

E. V. Holding Co.,

Builders and Contractors

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

New Michel

COLD STORAGE

One of the Sights of the Town

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

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

P. BURNS & CO.

LIMITED

Printing

The Business Kind. That's What Keeps Us Busy. See!

SUFFERED 5 YEARS WITH RHEUMATISM

Unable to Work for a Year—Cured by Gin Pills.

I have been troubled with Rheumatism for 5 years, one of which I have been unable to do any work whatever. Have spent much money on other remedies until I purchased from my druggist, L. T. Best, Kingston, one box Gin Pills on his recommendation. The result was beyond my expectations. The first box banished all traces of Rheumatism. I now keep Gin Pills in the house and take one occasionally. My sincere thanks are due you for your wonderful remedy which has done so much for me.

GEO. VANDEWATER, Kingston, Ont.

Friendly letters like the above, reach us every day. No other remedy has ever had so many unsolicited testimonials in so short a time. There can be no question about it—Gin Pills do cure the Kidneys. 50c. a box—6 for $2.50. At dealers or direct.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 121

Zoo on Handkerchiefs

Every now and then fashion decrees that there shall be a zoological outbreak. This season it takes the form of every kind of winged, horned and four-footed creature.

On handkerchiefs, umbrellas, blotting books, bags and notepaper there are creeping, crawling, flying insects, birds and beasts. It is the fashion of the moment to have something of the kind on all one's belongings.

Beetles and butterflies appear on dainty handkerchiefs, swallows and mice and lady birds and owls meander over stationery; dragons and peacocks are emblazoned on sofa cushions, kittens and Teddy bears decorate the tops of umbrellas, while possible and impossible creatures are utilized as hat pins.

Women would appear to have a penchant for natural history. At one time there was a craze for stuffed kittens that crawled over photograph frames and another which caused women to wear the heads and coils of various dead creatures slung about their necks and depending from muffs, while their waists and wrists were adorned or disfigured with coiled serpents.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is compounded specially to combat dysentery, cholera morbus and all inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set up in the stomach and intestines. These complaints are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months, as undue laxness of the bowels may seize a man at any time. Such a sufferer will find speedy relief in this Cordial.

"Sad about the church organ being burned down, wasn't it?"

"Why couldn't they put it out?"

"Because none of the firemen could play on it!"

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

"Only think," exclaimed Fenderson, "of the many uses to which paper is now put!"

"I know," replied Noodleby. "I was at the theatre the other night, and I was told it was all paper. And it was a fine substantial-looking structure, too."

"SALADA" TEA

Is Delicious

Always of High and Uniform Quality.

Lead Packets Only. At all Grocers

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

SUNLIGHT at NIGHT!

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

The Mantle Lamp Company, of America, Dept. L. Agents wanted Everywhere. 141 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg.

"Harness Life"

Blackens Harness, but does not blacken the hands.

Goes right through the hardest, oldest Harness, making it soft, pliable and waterproof.

Does the combined work of Oil, Soap and Dressing.

Does away with washing Harness.

Makes Harness look like new.

Two Dollars For One Gallon Can

If your storekeeper does not keep it, write "Harness Life" Department

CARBON OIL WORKS, LTD.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Manufacturer of "COWL BRAND" Oil Specialties.

VICTIMS OF BLACKMAILING.

Some of the Schemes Framed Up to Get Money Away From Royalty.

It is said that no one in all the world falls a victim to the snare of the blackmailer more readily than a member of a royal house and in spite of the fact that all precautions are taken to guard royalty against unpleasant experiences of that nature. If the blackmailer has the faintest shadow of a "hold" it is impossible to fight it out in court and the unhappy prince must grin and—pay it.

The German Crown Prince is the latest victim. When he was at Ploen College he struck up a friendship with a young German noble, Count Hochberg, who was also a student at Ploen. The friendship was kept up after college days were over, and for some time letters were exchanged regularly.

The count fell on evil days and had to emigrate to America, where he became chauffeur to a man named Barnes. After some time he dropped his own name and, having adopted that of Barnes, vanished from the sight and hearing of his friends.

Recently he has reappeared—with the crown prince's letters. These he threatens to publish unless his imperial highness cares to buy them. The prince's attitude resembles that of the Duke of Wellington in a similar situation: "Publish and be hanged!" He says there is nothing in the letters he wrote to Count Hochberg that is worth paying a penny for.

Recently King Leopold of Belgium receievd an anonymous letter from Liege saying that the writer was an accomplice in a plot to blow up the royal palace at Brussels and to kill the entire royal family. He demanded $5,000, which was to be placed at the foot of a certain tree in the Kinkempois wood near Liege. In return he would reveal what he knew about the plot.

The King sent messengers to the place named with orders to place an envelope at the foot of the tree and then watch what happened. The watchers had not long to wait. A man who had evidently been keeping an eye on them was seen to take the envelope.

The messengers promptly closed with him and he has had an opportunity of thinking out fresh schemes in prison.

The "Czar" of Bulgaria had once to pay dearly to recover certain compromising documents He had left some important papers on his desk and a palace official glancing through them discovered their marketable value.

From the Austrian capital he wrote demanding to be "squared." Ferdinand set the Austrian police on his track, but the blackmailer evidently expecting this had already left for Russia. In the end the new "Czar" had to pay up and look pleasant and vow to be more careful of his dangerous secrets in future.

Some Authors.

The most cheerful author—Smiles.
The noisest author—Howells.
The tallest author—Longfellow.
The most flowery author—Hawthorne.
The holiest author—Pope.
The most amusing author—Tickell.
The happiest author—Gay.
The most fiery author—Burns.
The most talkative author—Chatterton.
The most distressed author—Akenside.
The most fishy author—Poe.
The most severe author—Stern.
The fastest author—Swift.
The most frothy author—Porter.
The mildest author—Lamb.
The gamest author—Partridge.
The lamest author—Bunyan.
The coldest author—Winter.
The gauntest author—Haggard.
The most aristocratic author—King.
The most marked author—Mark Twain.
The most doubtful author—Mabie.
The most rugged author—Hardy.

The Weight of Touch.

A wonderful instrument is that which has recently been invented for the purpose of measuring the sense of touch. The device consists of a series of little disks, suspended by fine, delicate threads from wooden handles, the last being stuck into holes around a block. The lightest disk is taken out and brought into contact with the skin of the subject, the latter having closed his eyes. If nothing is felt a heavier disk is employed, and so on till the pressure become noticeable. Through the medium of these disks it has been found that the sense of touch is acute on the forehead and temple. A touch of a disk weighing 3-100 of a grain was observable on the temple, one weighing 5-100 on the nose or chin, and one weighting 9-100 on the inside of a finger.

The Generous Scot.

An Edinburgh tourist arrived at King's Cross station one day, accompanied by his wife and daughters and an enormous quantity of luggage. One of the porters attended to the latter, taking about a quarter of an hour to convey it to the cab outside.

When he was done, the canny Scot produced his snuffbox and said:

"Man, ye've been very obleegin'. Wad ye tak' a pinch o' snuff?"—London Scraps.

Method in Madness.

The visitor (watching a lunatic wheeling a barrow upside down in the asylum grounds)—"My dear chap, that's not the way to wheel a barrow! You should turn it the other way up."

The Lunatic—"Wrong! Go down one. I tried it that way, but they filled it full of bricks."

A Neat Retort.

"I thought," said the American who was seeing Europe for the first time, "that your people had a lot of interesting ruins over here?"

"Once we had such things," the native apologized, "but your heiresses have come over and had most of them put in good repair."

Untamable Tasmanian Wolf

About as untamable an animal as ever came into captivity has been added to the London (Eng.) collection in the form of a Tasmanian wolf. The new arrival, the first of its kind received for a long time, hates mankind with a deathless hatred and makes no pretence of gentler feelings. It lies coiled up in the remotest corner of its den all day, even the offer of food being an excuse for an outburst of boundless fury.

The tiger of the southern continent owes humanity little gratitude. There has been war between them since they first met. Somewhat smaller than a wolf in size, with a dog-like face, a long tapering tail and in color grayish brown, with the hinder part of the back and loins marked by black cross bands, the thylacine, to give it its scientific name, is a very distinctive animal.

Could Account for But Two

Tris story was told at a church banquet at Atchison: A boarder complained to the proprietor of a hotel that he had found hair in the ice cream, hair in the honey, and hair in the apple sauce.

"That is queer," said the proprietor, "but I think that the hair in the ice-cream must have come from shaving the ice; the hair in the honey of course came from the comb; but I can't understand how the hair got into the apple sauce. I picked the apples myself and they were all Baldwins."

Not to be Beaten

A lady gave a children's party, to which a little boy of four was invited. The next day he was giving some account of the fun, and said that every little visitor had contributed either song or recitation, music or dance, for the pleasure of the rest. "Oh, dear, Jack!" said his mother. "How very unfortunate you could do nothing!" Jack (with bravado)—"Yes, I could. I was not to be beaten, so I just stood up and said my prayers."

A GUARANTEE OF SAFETY

Most of the "soothing" syrups and powders advertised to cure the ills of babies and young children contain poisonous opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. They can be given with absolute safety to a new born child. They cure all those minor ailments originating in disordered stomach or bowels. Mrs. F. Young, River Hebert, N.S., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and stomach trouble and when my baby was teething, and have found them the best medicine I know of for these troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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

Bereaved One—They haven't all gone, have they?"

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

We produce only about one genius in a century, but a great and increasing number of those who can make a noise like a genius.—Puck.

A Well-Trained Servant

The new servant had never once been within the walls of a theatre until the kind mistress gave her a ticket one evening for a popular play. She was willing enough to go, of course, and went, but caused great astonishment by returning home before nine o'clock. The story is best finished by repeating the conversation between the kind mistress and the new maid. "Didn't you go to the theatre?" "Indeed, I did that, mum, an' it was mighty fine." "But why did you not see the play out?" "Indeed, I did, mum. There were gran' ladies in the boxes, and illigant gintlemen next me, an' I had a lovely seat, an' enjoyed meself lookin' at the splendid pictures as much as anybody. But when they took the picture up, an' some ladies come in an' began discussin' family matters, I come away. Sure, it wasn't for the likes of me to sit an' listen to family secrets. I hope I know me place better than that, mum."

"I understand that Buzzer expressed great regret when his motor car hit that lady the other day."

"Yes, indeed. He broke one of his new brass lamps."

Booker Washington, at a meeting in New York, attended by Mr. Taft, told a story which is likely to cling to the portly president. An old negress cook in the south, who had cooked a delicious dinner for Mr. Taft during his recent visit, was asked if she did not feel greatly honored at cooking for such a great man.

Aunty replied: "Neber done heerd ob him befor. Know nothin' about him except he do look as if he been reg'lar at his meals."

California ranks first among the Pacific coast states in the amount of electric power generated, with Washington second and Oregon third.

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

But three days elapses between the time the salmon leaves the Pacific ocean to ascend the Washington rivers and the time that it is nearly canned, ready for shipment.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A balloon flight of 1,192 miles, from Vincennes, France, to Korostychew, Russia, in 1900, has never been surpassed.

SLIPS IN PRINT.

Typographical Blunders That Cause Smiles or Frowns.

When a leading London newspaper, in noticing the floating of a new commercial enterprise, spoke of the issuing of "100,000 snares at $5 each," a statement which, however true, was hardly intentional, the splendid fury of the promoters of that enterprise was fully balanced by the large satisfaction, not to say glee, of its enemies, and no one stopped to think that the innocent fact of the close juxtoposition in which the letters "h" and "n" stand to each other on the typewriter of to-day or a slip on the part of the typesetter in the composing room fully accounted for the "error." A typographical error may be an evil thing. It is sometimes a very serious thing, but it never fails of being, from some point of view, funny to the last degree.

The presence of the typewriter in the newspaper offices of to-day has done much to make easier the lives of the author, the editor and the compositor, but the typewriter, with all its advantages, has no automatic punctuating device, and the virtue of the comma is amply illustrated by the story of the Scotch divine, an extract from whose sermon as it appeared in a local paper reads:

"Only last Sabbath, my friends, a young woman died in this parish very suddenly while I was endeavoring to preach the word in a state of beastly intoxication."

And over a poem printed in a weekly appeared the startling comment:

"The following verses were written more than fifty years ago by a gentleman who has for fifteen years lain in his grave for his own amusement."

Unusual handwriting, however, has more to answer for than the vagaries of the typewriter. "The greater the author the greater the scrawler" is only too frequently true, and it is not always fair to put the blame for this sort of blunder on the shoulders of the compositor. Carlyle and Balzac were two whose copy few printers could read and none would handle for more than an hour at a time. Victor Hugo and Byron were impossibly bad penmen, and Sydney Smith is quoted as frankly saying:

"I must decline reading my own handwriting twenty-four hours after I have written it."

STRANGEST OF BIRDS.

Peculiarities of the Penquin Puzzles Ornithologists.

Ornithological puzzles are the penguins, with their curiously shaped wings and odd, unbirdlike upright carriage. The peculiarities of their wings suggest that the penguins are descendants of birds which used their wings rather than their legs in the pursuit of prey under water, and as the struggle intensified between the competing individuals the most expert at this sort of swimming would get the most food and oust their less successful rivals. The winners gained advantage over their neighbors in proportion as their wings improved as swimming organs and, inversely and of necessity, became less suited to perform the work of flight.

In all other birds the feathers, though shed annually, are more or less gradually displaced. But in the penguins the new feathers all start into being at the same time and thrust out the old feathers upon their tips, so that these come away in great flakes. And, whereas in all birds save penguins the new feathers as they thrust their way through the skin end in pencil-like points, formed by investing sheaths, in the penguins these sheaths are open at the tips and attached by their rims to the roots of the old feathers, and hence these are held to their successors until these have attained a sufficient length to insure protection against cold.

This curious device for retaining the warmth afforded by the old feathers until the new generation can fill their places is apparently due to the fact that penguins are essentially natives of the Antarctic regions, although some now inhabit the tropical seas.

The Old Time Jury.

Grievances of present day jurymen are mild compared with those inflicted on them in the past. Until the passing of an act of Parliament in 1870 British jurymen were prohibited item having meat, drink or fife (candlelight only excepted) while considering their verdict. In some ancient courts they were even subjected to physical violence. They were told to "lay their heads together" as an indispensable preliminary to finding a verdict. No sooner did the jury dive beneath the level of their boxes than an usher, armed with a willow wand, took up a position near them. If any juryman presumed to come to the surface before the verdict was arrived at, down came the wand on the head of the offender.

Hash.

The old Greek word for hash was made up of 170 letters and 78 syllables. It begins this way—lepadochemachoselachogaleo, and so on to the end of the 170 letters. Aristophanes used the whole word in one of his plays. It is supposed to take in all the ingredients of this vague and comprehensive viand which we in this hurry scurry, time saving age, call hash.

Rag Doll Tells Her.

One of the oddest mascots in the world belongs to Miss Constance Collier, the famous actress. Upon her pincushion is pined a little black bogey made of rags. Its owner vows that when she is to make a success in a new part the impish face bears a cheerful grin, but if failure is to be her lot the creature scowls.

A Woman Scorcher.

Perhaps the most expert and intrepid of living lady motorists is Miss Dorothy Levitt, whose book, entitled "The Woman and the Car," is attracting considerable attention. She has driven a motor-car at the amazing speed of ninety-two miles an hour.

How to Live 1,000 Years

Dr. John Fair, head of Boston's newest cult, the "New Life," is certain that he has discovered the secret of how to laugh at old age, and how to exist not only for a hundred but for a thousand years without pain or sickness. He says 250,000 people have enlisted under his banner. Here are his rules for living to be 1,000 years old:

"Always dress in white. White is the prime principle of life. I believe there should be a universal law making it a crime for any person to go attired in black or dark apparel.

"Do not think of death; do not believe in death.

"Live principally upon vegetables and nuts. Abjure meats, milk, oil and flesh of all kinds, as well as all stimulants.

"Sleep eight hours daily, exercise eight hours, and work eight hours.

"A man's most critical hour in the day is the thirty minutes before and after meals. He should absolutely stop work a half hour before each meal, and must not resume work until a half hour after each meal.

"Each person should be alone for a half hour each day, not necessarily to sleep, but to get his mind in a condition of natural and perfect repose.

"Sleep with your bedroom window open every night all your lifetime. Always have a draft in your room.

The largest pontoon bridge in the world is in India, connecting Calcutta with Howa, an important railroad terminal and cotton and manufacturing center.

The residue from the garbage incinerating furnaces of several of the smaller English cities is mixed with quicklime and water and made into a fair quality of bricks and building blocks.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

JUST THINK!

With half the labor, and at half the cost of other soap, Sunlight does the whole washing in half the time, yet without injuring the most delicate fabric.

An Enviable Post

"My dear," said the banker to his only daughter, "I have noticed a young man attired in a dress suit in the drawing-room two or three evenings each week of late. What is his occupation?" "He is at present unemployed, father," replied the fair girl, a dreamy, far-away look in her big blue eyes; "but he is thinking seriously of accepting a position of life companion to a young lady of means."

The largest gold nugget in the world was found in Australia, weighed 2,195 ounces, and was valued at $43,500.

A baseball team can't win with a pitcher full of beer.

SPRING WEARINESS

Are you feeling languid and all run down—is it hard for you to pull yourself together, and does everything seem too much trouble for you? Are you feeling irritable and bad tempered? No wonder if you are. The months of winter have tried you sorely and robbed you of more vitality than your system has been able to replenish. You are in need of a good tonic which will revive you and bring back that old-time vim and energy. PSYCHINE will do this.

Mr. James Stoliker, of Ridgetown, says:—"THERE IS LIFE IN EVERY DOSE. I cannot speak too highly of PSYCHINE, for it is the greatest medicine I ever used. I was just about 'All in' when I began the treatment, and in 3 months I was as well as ever. It is a great tonic for weak and run-down people. There seems to be new life in every dose." You cannot do without PSYCHINE at this time of the year. It is a necessity and will banish that run-down feeling, languor, etc., and give you new life. Send to DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Spadina Ave., Toronto, for a sample to-day, or purchase a bottle from your local Druggists or Dealer.

PSYCHINE is sold everywhere at 50c. and $1.00 per bottle.

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN) THE GREATEST OF TONICS FOR HEALTH AND ENERGY

Real English SUITS and OVERCOATS

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Trapped by Herself.

By FRANCES POMEROY.

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"The very fact that every one expects me to marry you," declared Clara Adams, "is the main reason why I don't want to do it. It makes me furious to have your parents and my parents decide the whole matter for us."

"I am glad you feel that way about it," Roger Armstrong declared heartily—at least, the cunning dog succeeded well in assuming an appearance of great heartiness. "Of course I was willing enough and am now to marry you to please our people, but I don't want you against your will, you know."

"That's it exactly," assented the girl. She did not, however, seem quite pleased. "Of course we'll be very good friends, and all that, still, but we simply must show independence. Naturally I'll be tremendously interested in the girl you marry, and I'll try to see that you get the right one."

"And I'll be very much interested in your man," declared Roger. "I hope you'll be as happy as I mean to be. I'm going to look for a nice, quiet little cottage on a nice, quiet little street."

The girl looked distinctly displeased now, but she conquered herself bravely.

"Me, too," echoed she. "Another reason why I hate to have them arrange for me to marry you is because I know they'd expect us either to live in your father's place or in my father's home.

"I want a little place where there won't be a lot of servants and where I can go into the kitchen and cook myself without causing a miniature scandal.

"I mean to have a husband that's poor—that is, not too poor—and that has to work each day. And while he is gone during the day I'll fix every-

PUTTING HIS ARM AROUND HER, HE DREW HER CLOSE.

thing nice and cozy and comfortable for him when he comes home tired out in the evening."

"You've got the idea!" cried Roger somewhat excitedly. "Why don't you pick out the kind of a place that you want so that you'll have it all ready when you find the kind of man that you want? I'll tell you what we'll do. You pick out your prospective home, and I'll pick out the kind of place I want for my wife. Then we'll compare them."

"All right," laughed the girl gayly and ran from the lawn, where they had been talking, up the path to the big stone house where she lived.

Pursuant to their plan, the young man met the girl the following afternoon.

"Did you find your home?" he asked gayly.

"Oh, yes, I did!" she cried. "It's the dearest little place imaginable. I fell in love with it at first sight. I can hardly wait for you to see it. And did you find your home too?"

"I certainly did," replied the man. "It's a dandy—a cozy little place back among the trees. Now all we need is the right man and the right girl. By the way, you may be interested—I saw a girl this morning that looked to me as if she would make just the right kind of a wife for me."

Clara did not smile so much at this.

"You aren't really thinking of marrying her?" she gasped.

"Oh, I think so," the man replied easily. "She looked very capable to me."

"I hope you'll be satisfied with her," the girl said after a piqued little silence. "I know I shall be satisfied with my husband. He's mighty handsome."

"What?" cried Roger. "You haven't gone and picked out your husband, have you?"

Clara demurely surveyed Rogers' countenance, which did not look quite so indifferent now, but betrayed decided annoyance.

"Yes," she replied. "I only realized today that he's the only man I want. Something—something brought my feelings for him to a decision all of a sudden."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated the man, a pained tone evident in his voice. "I—I never suspected that you were really in love, Clara. Who—who is this man?"

A bright light came into the girl's eyes as she surveyed his perturbation; but, nevertheless, she laughed gayly.

"I may tell you—some time," she replied, "but I'll not tell you now, for here we are almost at my house. Isn't it the dearest little place? See what a big veranda it has, and there's another big one in the rear, overlooking the sweetest old fashioned garden."

The man gazed at the house once and at the girl two or three times.

"Is this the house that you've picked out?" he asked finally.

"Yes," said the girl.

"Well, see here," remonstrated he. "It's rather cool of you, you know. This is the very house that I picked out for myself."

Some few minutes later the man and the girl were seated on the rear veranda, rather close together.

"You say you won't give up the house to my wife and me?" Roger asked.

"Silly!" replied Clara. "Of course I'll not."

"And, naturally," went on the man, "I'll not give it up to you and your husband. Consequently there's only one way out of it that I can see."

"What's that?" asked the girl, somewhat tremulously.

"Why, marry each other!"

A slow flush spread over the girl's face.

"But that's just what we don't want to do. Every one expects us to!"

At that moment voices came to them from the interior of the house. While they had been seated on the veranda some one had entered. Roger turned to the girl suddenly.

"It's our mothers," he whispered.

The girl nodded.

"I'm so glad that we've secured the lease on this dear house," one of the voices said. "It's an ideal place for Clara and Roger to begin their lives together."

The other voice assented, then went on, "I'm so happy in their happiness."

The voices trailed away as the speakers went into another room. Suddenly Roger turned to the girl and, putting his arm around her, drew her close.

"Dear," he said, "don't you think it would be a shame to bring sorrow to them—and to us—by not marrying each other?"

Apparently the girl's answer was satisfactory, for a moment later neither of them appeared as though sorrow could ever touch them.

Figure It Out For Yourself.

Here is the question: The governor of Kgovjni, a very mean man, desiring to give a very small dinner party, invited his father's brother-in-law, his brother's father-in-law, his father-in-law's brother-in-law and his brother-in-law's father-in-law. How many guests were there?

Here is the answer: None. The governor dined alone.

Here is the explanation: The governor was a widower, with a marriageable daughter and a marriageable sister. The governor's father was also a widower. The governor and his father married sisters. Thus the governor became his father's brother-in-law. The governor's brother married the governor's stepdaughter; thus the governor became his brother's father-in-law. The governor's father-in-law married the governor's sister; thus the governor became his father-in-law's brother-in-law. The governor's brother-in-law married the governor's daughter; thus the governor became his brother-in-law's father-in-law. The governor therefore dined alone.

Two Could Do It.

Basel, Switzerland, was visited some years ago by an adventurous Frenchman whose ruling passion was the ascent of mountains shunned by most other tourists who value at least their soundness of limb. He tried strenuously to scale the Gopaltenborn for the sake of carving his name upon the peak, but all his efforts were vain. The next year he returned to the attack and eventually by taking many precautions arrived at the summit. On his next appearance at the table d'hote he recounted his exploit to the company and informed them that he had planted on the spot a blue silk flag containing his name embroidered in large characters. An Englishman, who had listened silently, rose from the table and marched out of the hotel. Two days afterward a parcel was delivered to the adventurous Gaul. He opened it and found inside his blue silk flag, which his English neighbor at the table d'hote had won from the peak by his own pluck and daring.

Why?

A little girl named Mary was noted for her propensity to ask questions. So fixed was the habit that she seldom knew when she was asking questions and life became to her one prolonged interrogation. Her mother, slightly worn by this peculiarity, sometimes took the opportunity of speaking "a word in season."

"Mother," cried Mary, bursting into the room one day, "what shall I name the kittens?"

"I should think," said the tired mother, fixing upon her a meaning eye, "you might call one of them 'Why' and the other 'What.'"

The names seemed to strike the child's fancy and were at once adopted. But the moral refused to stick, and indeed its existence was not even suspected, as was shown a day or two later.

"Mother," said Mary innocently, looking up from a prolonged cuddling of her pets, "why is Why's name Why?"

Lots Easier.

Bobby rushed out to meet his father *the other night as he was returning* from work and said breathlessly:

"Oh, papa, I won't have to study nearly so hard at school any more."

Now, Bobby had been doing far from well, and his father was pleased to hear of the new interest, hoping for better things.

"How's that, my son?" said he.

"Oh, I got put back a class."

PICTURE PUZZLES.

SEATED one day at a table,
I was having forty fits
As my fingers hovered nervously
Over those jig sawed bits.

I know not what I was hunting
To finish a soldier's face,
But I struck one queer shaped fragment
That fitted that queer shaped space.

It linked all those silly features
Into one solid man,
And as I had finished his shoulder
I began to see the plan.

It helped with the background also,
A sort of guide it made,
But I moved some other pieces,
And somehow it got mislaid.

I sought, but I sought it vainly,
That one small piece so queer
That out of a hundred others
Fitted that soldier's ear.

I couldn't go on without it.
I fretted and fumed and fussed;
Then somebody joggled my elbow,
And I gave up in disgust.

It may be that some time or other
I will try that thing again,
But not till I'm in an asylum,
And I doubt if I do it then!

—Carolyn Wells in New York Life.

A Little Bird.

"What are you making, Charley?"

"A trap for that sneaky little bird that's always telling you things about me."—Browning's Magazine.

Deciding the Ownership.

Two bosom friends were at odds over the ownership of an umbrella. "I tell you it's mine," persisted the first man.

"And I say that umbrella's mine," asserted the other.

"You're wrong. I've had it for six months at least. See the initials 'L. S.?'"

"Yes, but they're not your initials."

"No. They're the initials of the man I borrowed it from."—Lippincott's Magazine.

He Was Bold.

The sad scenes on the Republic were not wholly without humorous incidents. A baldheaded gentleman was accosted by a woman whose hair was streaming down her back and who asked him excitedly if he had a comb about him. Describing the incident, he says:

"I looked at her very sadly. Then I took off my hat."—Boston Herald.

Her Impression.

"You seemed to be very thoughtful at the dinner party last night," said he.

"Yes," she replied, "I was. I couldn't help thinking as I sat there listening to you that you must have had some reason for believing nobody else at the table could possibly have anything to say that would be worth telling."—San Francisco Examiner.

He Knew by Experience.

A little boy who had just this season joined Sunday school was asked by his mother how he liked it.

"Why," exclaimed Charlie disgustedly, "they don't know much. The teacher asked what was the collec', and I was the only one who knew."

"And what did you say, dear?"

"Why, I told them pretty quick that it was a pain in the stomach."

Light on the Subject.

"What's the matter, old man?"

"The matter, George, is that my gas bills are growing bigger and bigger every month."

"No wonder, Johnny; your wife has to sit up so late at night waiting for you to come home."—Chicago Tribune.

Real Sport.

"Are you fond of shooting?"

"I just dote on it."

"What sort do you prefer?"

"What sort?"

"Yes; what sort of shooting?"

"Oh, shooting the chutes."

Clever Girl.

Co-ed—Why does Mabel insist on wearing short sleeves when long sleeves are again in style?

Fresh Stude—Maybe she is afraid of being arrested for carrying concealed arms.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

The Cook's Decision.

The cook picked up an egg. She looked at it doubtfully.

"It's bad," she said.

She dropped it.

"*It's worse!*" she hastily added.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kind of Him.

"Mr. Chairman," began the man who is unaccustomed to public speaking, "I—er—I—er—I—er"—

"Well," interrupted the chairman kindly, "to err is human."—Washington Herald.

TOMPKINS NO MORE.

Wife Finds Him Hanging From Rafter a Dead Man.

MORAL LESSON IN DEMISE.

So the Good Deacon Spooner Tells the Crowd at Snyder's Grocery Store. Philander Was Actually Smiling When the End Came.

[Copyright, 1909, by T. C. McClure.]

"GENTLEMEN," began Deacon Spooner as he took his accustomed seat on the head of a sugar barrel in Snyder's grocery and looked around him, "all of us here this evening know what happened at the house of Philander Tompkins today. Most of us have been up there and gazed on the sad remains and had a word or two to say to his wife, but for the benefit of the stranger among us I will say that Philander is no more. At 2 o'clock this afternoon as his wife went up into the garret to get out some quilt frames she was astonished to find her husband hanging from a rafter. He had been dead for hours. There was no use calling on him to return and take up the burden of life, for he had laid it down for good.

"Gentlemen, we grieve that Philander has been removed from our midst, but at the same time there is a moral lesson in it that we must take to heart and profit by. Ten years ago, when I discovered that Philander was engaged to the female who is now his widow, I asked him to take a walk with me over to the old cider mill. When we got there we sat down in the sun and had a long talk. I had then been married twice and was looking for my third wife. I thought a heap of Philander, and I didn't want his matrimonial bark to go to pieces on the rocks, as mine had. I didn't know much about the gal he was to marry, but I warned him to put his foot down before it was too late and declare that none of her relations should ever come to live with them. I gave him my sad experience and satisfied him of the dangers in the path, and that was the arrangement he made. Indeed, the wife to be said she hadn't a living relative that would want to live with 'em. The future looked like a straight

"HE CAME INTO THE HOUSE TO FIND MORE TEARS."

path of sunshine for the next forty years to come, and the marriage took place.

"And what happened in about two weeks? I know from Philander's own lips. He told me of it half a dozen times and always with tears in his eyes. He came up from the tater field to find his bride bathed in tears. It takes a heap of tears for a bath, but it seems she had 'em and to spare. Of course he wanted to know what was the trouble, but she kept on bathing for half an hour before she would tell him. Then between sobs she brought out a letter she had that day received from her mother in Illinois. The mother didn't want to come and live with 'em, but she had been hooked by a cow and wanted $20 to pay the doctor's bill. The daughter was crying because she was afraid the husband wouldn't send it.

Heartbreaking Sobs.

"You see the p'int, gentlemen—the insidious p'int. The old woman comes creeping into the lives of the happy pair like a serpent making for high grass. She got there too. Philander couldn't stand the heartbreaking sobs of his wife, and that $20 was sent on. A week later he came into the house to find more tears. He had found out that tears cost money, and he had to ask why they fell. It was a good hour before he got the information. It turned out that his wife's brother-in-law in Wisconsin had got into a breach of promise suit with a cross eyed widder and must marry her or go to prison. He wanted $10 to skip on. Philander at first said he'd be gosh hanged if he would send it, but sobs and tears finally prevailed.

"Ten days finally goes by, and Philander comes to dinner and finds no dinner ready. Instead he finds his wife in bed, sighing and moaning and weeping. What's the matter? It's the mother ag'in. The wife didn't mean to say a word, but her grief forces her to speak. The old woman has been bit by a snake this time and is in the hands of two doctors and a nurse. Ten dollars is the only thing on earth that will save her. At first Philander says she can die and be hanged to her, but when his wife went into hysterics and the naybors begun to come in he had to give up.

"That was a little plan, gentlemen, and you can see that it don't make much difference whether your wife's relations live with you or you have to support 'em at long range. Philander come to see me about it, and I told him to put his foot down and keep it down, but I'm willing to admit that it's a heap easier to give advice than to foller it. As I said before, I've listened to them sobs and seen them scalding tears in my own house. Philander said he'd try it, and he had two weeks of peace. Then one day when he had six hives of bees swarming all at once and was bobbing all over the orchard he sees his wife come in from the postoffice and read a letter and faint dead away on the veranda. Between trying to hive the swarming bees and bring his wife back to life he lost the six swarms. Mebbe the woman wouldn't have recovered consciousness when she did if half a dozen of the insects hadn't turned in and helped Philander before taking their final departure.

"It was the old thing over again, with a slight change of program. One of his wife's sisters had married a wire fence man, and he had slapped her chops three days after marriage. Honor demanded that she must leave him. She could do it if Philander would forward her $10. If not, she would jump into the mill pond and end all. Philander swore by the great horn spoon that he'd see her in Texas first, and for a day he stomped around and looked fierce and determined, but all the time he knew he'd be a licked man in the end, and so he was. His wife's sobs continued for thirty hours without a break, and then he gave in. He gave in declaring that he'd perish before he'd send another dollar, but he was talking through his hat. I'm telling you that no husband lives who can beat sobs and tears and heartbreaking moans, backed up by the gossip of the neighbors to the effect that you are a wife beater.

"The next letter that arrived conveyed the news that the mother-in-law had fallen off a haystack and broken her leg. If she couldn't get $15 in cash within a week the doctors would set the leg with the knee on the wrong side, so that when she got able to walk one leg would be going backward while the other went forward. In such a case if she started for California she might bring up at Philander's instead.

Was Too Late.

"It was ten years ago that poor Philander slipped his neck into the marriage yoke, and during all this time letters have been coming from his wife's relatives. He has had 'em to provide for, from the mother-in-law to second and third cousins. He has had to sell off standing crops and live stock to do it, and he has had to borrow money at high interest and go around looking like a scarecrow. I met him on the road a week ago and tried to put heart into him. In fact, I offered him the money to run away on, but he looked at me in that sad, solemn way he has carried with him for the last six years and shook his head. It was too late.

"I could have told you then what was sure to come. Them relations and letters and sobs and tears had worn him out, and life held nothing more for him. Mebbe he might have waited a day or two more, but this morning he saw his wife put on her bonnet and start for the postoffice, and that decided him. He knew she'd come back with the usual letter, and he decided to end all. I was one of those who cut the body down. I looked into Philander's face to see how he had taken it. He was actually smiling. It was the smile of peace and content. It was the smile any man would smile as he thought of his sobbing wife rushing in with a letter from some relation wanting $10 to get a new bottom put into the well and to find that the game had been played out. We shall bury Philander, and we shall mourn his loss, but if the moral lesson here conveyed falls on fruitful ground he will not have lived and died in vain."

M. QUAD.

How It Happened.

He—So you are not working for the street railway company any more?

Giraffe—No. I knocked down one fare, and they spotted me.—Harper's Weekly.

Modesty Versus Vanity.

A little hen of modest mein
And not a whit too fat
Just went, without a bit of fuss,
And laid an egg like that:

0

And when she'd laid that good sized egg,
Just like a modest bird,
She went and picked her living up
Without a single word.

Another hen, much larger, too,
Who strutted and looked wise,
Just fussed about before she laid
A dinky egg this size:

0

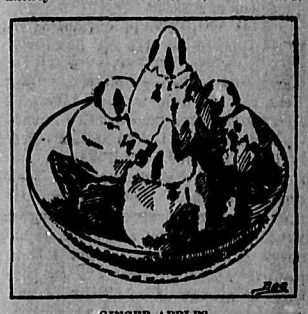
And when she'd laid this little egg
She had to have her say,
So she went out and cackled, cackled,
Cackled half the day.

—Yonkers Statesman.

PRESERVED GINGER.

Some Ways of Using This East Indian Sweet.

Preserved ginger is one of those delicacies which might oftener be used for culinary purposes than is the case. There are many delightful dishes in connection with which it may suitably be employed, while numerous others into the composition of which it does not actually enter, in themselves perhaps of a somewhat insipid nature, are greatly enhanced in flavor by being served with a dish of preserved ginger or with a ginger flavored sauce. Ginger junket is one of these dishes, and a mighty easy and dainty little dessert it is, to be sure.



GINGER APPLES.

To make the junket slightly warm a pint of new milk, taking care that it does not get really hot. Blood heat is sufficient. Sweeten to taste, a teaspoonful of powdered sugar being enough for most people, and sprinkle in a pinch of ground ginger. On removing from the fire add a teaspoonful of rennet. Pour into custard cups or into a large glass dish. When firm garnish the top with a few slices of preserved ginger, and with it send to table a dish of the same. A little "ginger" may be introduced into a plain pudding by using the following sauce: Beat the whites of one or two eggs to a very stiff froth and add a gill of whipped cream, a tablespoonful of chopped ginger and a sufficient quantity of the sirup to flavor strongly. Ginger apples, too, are delicious to serve for luncheon or Sunday evening supper. To make them pare and core some good pippins and fill the cavity left in the center of each apple with a spoonful of chopped preserved ginger. Stand them in a fireproof dish and pour over them a

GINGER JUNKET.

sirup, either of sugar and water flavored with lemon and with a piece of green ginger cooked in it, or, if there is enough of the ginger sirup, this may be used with the addition of a little water. Bake till soft and transparent, but not broken, basting occasionally with the sirup. Serve hot or cold with a little whipped cream garnished with pieces of ginger.

WHAT MRS. GILMAN SAYS.

The Average Woman Is "Petty" In Daily Life.

I read an article by Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, entitled "Woman the Enigma," said a woman recently who conducts the household page in a New York daily. Mrs. Gilman is always standing up for woman and sincerely so; but, as in this article, she often cries down the "house service" and puts the wider out in the world life above it. She says:

"The average woman in daily life is petty and personal to the last degree. Yes, and what is her daily life? Does it involve the consideration of large affairs, the broadening complex of world business? Hardly. It consists in an endless repetition of the smallest round of duties, in the narrowest personal relation. The universal profession of women, house service, is accountable for her pettiness."

What would become of our homes if all the women could be fortunate (?) enough to find "the broadening complex of world business?" There is a very important field of usefulness still for the homemaker, and it devolves upon her not to allow her work to tyrannize over her and to keep the demon of pettiness under subjection. Happily there are many homemakers who do not regard their part in the world's betterment as petty in ever so small a degree.

If the homemaker is not big enough to regard her part of caring for the male members of her house as important, the caring for her children as the thing nearest her heart, and even the menial part of the work as her contribution to the greater development of the race, I fear her influence out in the great outside world referred to would be small indeed.

Personally I prefer the distinction of being "the power behind the throne." Every one knows that clear thinking and sound judgment depend largely upon a good digestion. If every homemaker could make sure of developing sturdy children, reserve power and strength for the breadwinner and along with that produce an air of ease and comfort in the home which would counteract the trials of the day, making the evening a thing of peace and content, what reasonable judge could call such a life petty?

Instead of crying down "house service" let us try to cultivate a greater feeling of pride in our service.

The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Mandarin's Fan," Etc.

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(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN the smoking compartment, which the three had to themselves, Hurd resumed his examination of Tray. They were now on their way to Liverpool street, and thence the detective intended to convey the boy to Pash's office, in Chancery lane. Paul sat in one corner much excited over the turn events had taken. He began to think that the assassin of Aaron Norman would be found, after all. More, he believed that Sylvia would yet inherit the five thousand a year she was entitled to morally, if not legally. Hurd, in another corner, pulled Tray roughly toward him and shook his finger in the lad's face. The boy was sulky and defiant, yet there was a trace of fear in his eyes, and the reason of this Hurd wished to learn.

"You're a young liar," said Hurd emphatically, "and not a clever one either. Do you think to play the fool with me?"

"I've tole you all straight," grumbled Tray.

"No, you haven't. Any one can see that you've made a mistake. I leave it to Mr. Beecot yonder."

"I was about to draw your attention to the mistake," said Paul; "you mean the discrepancy in time."

Master Clump started and became more sulky than ever. He cast down his cunning eyes and shuffled with his feet while Hurd lectured him. "You know well enough," said the detective sharply, "that the brooch was boned by you on the very evening when the murder took place. It was then that Mr. Beecot met with his accident. Therefore you could not have given the brooch to Mr. Pash the next morning, as it had been used on the previous night."

"Sha'n't say anythin' more," retorted Tray defiantly.

"Oh, won't you?" cried Hurd ironically. "We'll see about that. You told that lie about the time to account for your knowing of the murder before any one else did."

"No," said Tray decidedly; "I did go to the shorp in th' mornin'."

"That you may have done, but not to sell the brooch. Mr. Pash had taken it from you on the previous night."

"He didn't," denied the boy.

"Then in that case you've told a lie. Pash never had the brooch and has nothing to do with the murder."

"He did prig the brooch from me, and he did kill the ole cove."

"Well, we'll see what Mr. Pash will say when you accuse him," said Hurd, "but I don't believe one word of it. It's my opinion that you gave that brooch to a third party on the same evening as you stole it. Now, then, who did you give it to?"

"Mr. Pash," persisted Tray.

"On the same evening?"

There was no reply to this. Tray set his lips firmly and refused to speak. Hurd shook an admonitory finger again. "You can't play fast and loose with me, my lad," he said grimly. "If you didn't part with that brooch, you must be mixed up in the crime yourself. Perhaps you pinned the poor wretch's mouth together. It's just the sort of cruel thing a young Cain like you would do."

"I didn't," said Master Clump doggedly. "You take me to master, and I'll tell him what I tells you. He's the one."

Hurd shook the boy to make him talk more, but Tray simply threw himself on the floor of the carriage and howled. The detective therefore picked him up and flung him into a corner. "You stop there, you little ruffian," he said, seriously annoyed at the boy's recalcitrants. "We'll speak again when we are in Mr. Pash's office." So Tray curled up on the cushion, looked savagely at the detective and held his tongue.

"What do you think will be the end of all this?" asked Paul when Master Clump was thus disposed of.

"Lord knows," replied Hurd, wiping his face. "I never had a harder case to deal with. I thought Hay had a hand in it, but it seems he hadn't, bad lot as he is, asking your pardon, Mr. Beecot, since you're his friend."

"That I am not," disclaimed Beecot emphatically. "There's a young lawyer I know. Ford is his name. I went to see him as to what chances Sylvia had of getting the money. He was at school with me and remembered Hay. He said that Hay was dismissed from Torrington school for stealing."

"Didn't you know that yourself?"

"No; I had left the school. I was ill at home with scarlet fever. But Hay apparently always has been a bad lot. He and that Krill pair are well matched, for I believe the mother is bad even if the daughter Maud isn't. By the way, her age?"

Hurd nodded. "I believe she was fifteen at the time of the death of Lady Rachel. If so, she can't be legitimate or may not be the daughter of Aaron Norman. However, I've asked my sister to look up Mrs. Krill's past life in Stowley, where she comes from."

"But she wasn't married to Krill at Stowley?"

"No. But she lived there as Anne Tyler. From the certificate she was married to Krill at a small parish church twenty miles from Stowley, so Aurora will go there. But I want her to stop at Stowley first and learn all she can about Anne Tyler."

"Beechil's the name of the parish in which she was married to Krill before she came to Christchurch," said Paul musingly, "so I expect they lived there. Miss Qian might search also for the certificate of Maud Krill's birth."

"I told her to, and, failing that, she's to search in Christchurch. We must get the certificate of birth somehow."

"Hurd," said Paul, rather diffidently, "I hope you won't be annoyed, but I have already asked my friend Ford to give notice to Pash to produce the certificate."

"Well," replied the detective, "you might have told me. But no great harm is done. What does Pash say?"

"I don't know. Ford has not let me know yet. Here we are."

This remark was caused by the stopping of the train at Liverpool street station. A number of people were returning from their employment in the city to the country, and the platforms were crowded. Hurd grasped Master Clump by the arm and marched him along. But in the confusion of finding his ticket at the barrier he happened to let go, almost without thinking. In a moment Tray had darted through the barrier and was lost in the crowd. Hurd sprang after him and left Paul to explain. He hurriedly did so and then went out to see if the detective had caught the boy.

Hurd was nowhere to be seen; neither was Tray. The crowd was increasing, and Beecot was at a loss what to do. After waiting for an hour without finding the pair he thought he would go to Pash's office. It might be that Hurd, having caught Tray, would take him there at once, leaving Beecot to follow. So Paul got on to the Metropolitan railway and alighted at the Temple station. Thence he walked up to the office in Chancery lane.

"Where's Tray?" asked Paul of the one clerk in the outer room, who was writing for dear life.

"I don't know, sir," said the clerk. "He went out this morning and hasn't been back all day. Mr. Pash is very angry with him."

Apparently Hurd had not caught the boy yet or if he had did not intend to bring him to the office. "Can I see Mr. Pash?" asked Paul, thinking he might as well make some use of his time.

The clerk inquired if the solicitor would see Beecot and presently ushered him into the inner room, where Pash sat looking more like a monkey than ever. He did not appear at all pleased to see the young man and sucked in his cheek with a crabbed air.

"Well, Mr. Beecot, what can I do for you?" he snarled.

"You might be civil, in the first place," said Paul quietly, taking a chair. "You haven't behaved over well to Miss Norman and me."

"Oh," said Pash coolly, "have you come to reproach me with that?"

"I never waste time," rejoined Paul, equally coolly. "I'll leave you to your conscience."

Pash shrugged his shoulders and put his feet on the rungs of his chair. "I think my conscience can stand that," he said. "It's business, Mr. Beecot, business. By the way, I have received a request from Mr. Ford of Cheapside to produce the certificate of birth of Miss Krill. What is the meaning of that?"

"I think you know very well, Mr. Pash."

"I profess my ignorance," said Pash ironically, although he looked uneasy and was apparently lying.

"In that case you had better wait till you hear from Mr. Ford."

"Are you employing Mr. Ford, may I ask?"

Paul nodded. "On behalf of Miss Norman," said he coldly.

"Ah," sneered the monkey, "you think you'll get the money."

"Wait till you hear from Mr. Ford," retorted Paul again and enjoyed the baffled expression on Mr. Pash's wrinkled face. "By the way, sir, why did you not tell Hurd that Tray gave you the opal brooch?"

Pash turned all the colors of the rainbow. "Does that brat I took into my office out of charity dare to say that he did?"

"He does, and, what is more, Mr. Hurd is bringing him here to make the statement face to face with you. I am determined to get to the bottom of this case, sir, for Miss Norman's sake, and the possession of the brooch forms an important link."

"How so?"

"The person who had that brooch on the evening of the 6th of July murdered Norman," said Paul calmly.

Pash jumped up and chattered like a baboon in a rage. "Do you mean to accuse me?" he demanded. "Take care! Take care!"

"I don't accuse you. Tray does."

"It's a lie—a lie"—

"Don't excite yourself, Mr. Pash. You'll need all your wits to convince Hurd. Tray accuses you, and Hurd suspects you. I have nothing to do with the matter."

"You put Hurd up to this!" foamed Pash, hardly able to speak.

"Pardon me. Hurd is working for the reward offered by your client. Don't you think it was rather foolish of her to offer such a large reward, Mr. Pash, even though she did so to avert suspicion?"

The solicitor changed color again. "I don't understand you."

Paul shrugged his shoulders and rose to go. "Perhaps Mr. Hurd will explain," he said and made for the door.

Pash, with his monkey face much perplexed, sat hunched in his chair, biting his fingers. As Paul laid his hand on the knob he called him back. "I can explain," he said nervously.

"Not to me," said Paul coldly.

"I prefer to do so to you," said the lawyer hurriedly.

"Why to me particularly?"

"Because I don't think I have acted very well toward Miss Norman, and, as you are to marry her, you may be able to arrange"—

"To make peace, I suppose you mean?" burst out Beecot. "No, Mr. Pash, you have acted like a scoundrel. You left that poor girl in the lurch as soon as you found that Miss Krill was—as you thought—legally entitled to the money."

"What do you mean by hinting she isn't?"

"Because you know very well what her age is," retorted Paul. "This matter will be sifted to the bottom, Mr. Pash, by my friend Ford, and if things are as I think they are Miss Krill won't keep that money. You know very well"—

"Miss Norman won't get the money either," snarled Pash. "I know that very well. Lenstwise," he added, "without my assistance."

"More of your crooked ways," said Paul indignantly. "Tell what you like to Hurd. I refuse to listen."

As he spoke he opened the door and found himself facing Hurd, who was red and hot. The detective stepped into the office and as he passed Paul whispered, "Hold your tongue about the boy." Then he turned to Mr. Pash. "Well, sir," he puffed, "I have had a job catching up Mr. Beecot. No doubt you know why I have come?"

"No," said Pash dryly; "I don't see Tray."

"Tray will keep. I've got him safe under lock and key. Before bringing you face to face with him I thought it best to give you an opportunity of clearing yourself."

"Of what?" asked Pash in a brazen manner.

Hurd looked at Beecot, who spoke. "Mr. Pash knows very well that Tray accuses him of the crime," he said. "I told him so, and he professed his readiness to explain to you."

"Ah," said Hurd, "shut the door, Mr. Beecot. No need to let all London know the truth."

"I don't know it," said Pash as Paul closed the door and returned to his seat.

"Very good," rejoined the detective calmly. "We'll assume for the sake of argument that you did not strangle Norman."

"That I certainly did not."

"Then you know who did. Come, sir"—Hurd became stern—"this boy Tray says he gave the opal brooch to you. And I believe he did. You would not have taken him into your office—a boy off the streets and with a bad character at that—unless you wanted to bribe him to hold his tongue."

"I had no need to bribe," said Pash, gnawing his finger nails and rather cowed by this direct attack. "The boy did show me the opal brooch, and I took it from him to return to Norman."

"When did you receive it?" asked Hurd, pulling out his book. "Be careful, Mr. Pash. I'll take down what you say."

"I have nothing to conceal," said Pash in quite an unnecessarily injured manner. "I had employed the boy on several errands, and he knew I was Norman's lawyer. On the evening of the 6th of July"—

"And the evening of the murder," said Hurd. "Are you sure?"

"I'll take my oath on it. The boy told me that Mr. Beecot had met with an accident and that a blue velvet case containing a brooch had fallen out of his pocket."

"It was stolen," said Beecot hastily.

"Tray was not such a fool as to tell me that," replied the lawyer dryly. "He said that he picked the case up out of the mud and took it home to his garret. His grandmother, who is a notorious thief, wanted to get it and pawn it for drink, but Tray ran away with it and came to me about 5 o'clock. He gave me the brooch and asked me to take charge of it, as he expected to get money for it from Aaron Norman, who wanted it."

"Tray overheard my conversation with Norman," said Paul angrily, "and knew the brooch was mine. So did you, Mr. Pash."

"Well," said the solicitor coolly, "what of that? Norman was my client and wanted the brooch. I intended to keep it and then see you, so that a sale might be arranged. Norman spoke to me about the brooch several times and wanted it for reasons you may not know."

"Oh, yes, we know," said Hurd sardonically. "We know much more than you give us credit for, Mr. Pash. Well, you saw Norman about the jewel later that evening. I suppose you intend to tell us you gave him the brooch then?"

"I intend to tell you nothing of the sort," retorted Pash after a few moments' thought. "I see that things are coming to a crisis, and I would like to see Miss Norman reinstated in her rights."

"Oh," said Paul indignantly, "and you did your best to give the money to Maud Krill!"

"Because I believed she was legally entitled to it," explained Pash lamely. "But since—no," he broke off, "I'll say nothing just now. I alone can put the matter right, and I refuse to do so unless I have Miss Norman's promise that I shall keep the business."

Paul would have refused then and there, but Hurd, more astute, interrupted his angry speech. "We'll see about that later, Mr. Pash," he said soothingly. "Meanwhile what did you do with the brooch?"

(To be Continued.)

First Burglar—Halloa, Jim! Why, you look as if you had been in a railway accident since I saw you last. What's wrong?

Second Burglar—I got into a house where the woman was waitin' up for her husband, and she mistook me for him.

Eggs will cook much more evenly if the frying pan is covered.

FLOGGING AT ETON.

The Birch and Block Still Used In the Famous English School.

Flogging, or swishing, to give it its proper name, like everything else at Eton, is still conducted on the same lines as fifty years ago. The birch and block have never been supplanted by any newfangled methods.

Moreover, it is usual to present the recipient of a swishing with a small portion of the birch, partly as a pleasing memento of the occasion and partly to ward off any further desire for wrongdoing.

A swishing may be the outcome of several things. Perhaps the commonest reason for punishment is that a boy has been complained of to the head by the form master, the phrase "complained of" meaning that the master is dissatisfied either with the boy's work or general behavior.

Other backslidings are smoking and cutting chapel, the former being a particularly heinous crime. Boys below the fifth form are attended to by the lower master, euphemistically known as "the flea," who has more or less complete authority over the lower school. The "uppers," or seniors, are looked after by the head master in person.

In either case the proceedings do not differ materially.

On the day of the execution a prepositor comes around to the victim's class room and asks if So-and-so is in this division. On the master in charge answering "Yes," the prepositor calls out, "Head master wishes to see him after 12."

There is an ominous pause as these dread words are uttered. The master in charge smiles grimly; the victim looks sheepish and turns white; the other boys exchange significant glances.

Twelve o'clock booms out all too soon. As the class clatters out down the stairs the victim's friends cluster around him and overwhelm him with hints and titbits of information. Does he know the head's always in a worse "bait" on Monday? Did he see that new lot of birches that went up only the other day? and so on. It is a horrid, heartless world.

Arrived in the execution chamber, he is confronted with the two prepositors, whose duty it is to "hold down," an office which is generally rather a sinecure, though occasionally boys have been known to struggle ferociously. The head master now appears and in solemn accents says, "Kneel there, boy," indicating the block as he speaks.

Over the next few seconds one may draw a veil. Enough to say that in the majority of cases three or four strokes are held to be sufficient.

A GIFTED THEOLOGIAN.

Prof. Denney of Glasgow Is Now Visiting In Canada.

Prof. James Denney, D.D., of the United Free Church College, Glasgow, who is now on a visit to Canada, stands in the very front rank of English-speaking theologians. He is an expert in philosophy and systematic theology with few equals. His contributions to theological study and

PROF. DENNEY.

literature are based on an exact and scholarly exegesis, in which he is an acknowledged master. There are few men in Britain, and none in America, who combine to so high a degree exegetical scholarship, philosophical power and evangelical fervor as does Dr. Denney.

His name was at one time connected with the vacancy in Knox College created by the death of the late Principal Caven, and he gave the proposal serious and sympathetic consideration. He has visited Canada several times. On this trip he gives courses of lectures at Halifax and at Vancouver, and may also be heard in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. He is a man of intense moral earnestness, and stands for evangelical truth embodied in an evangelical life.

Snake Poison Antidote.

Every year the Government of India issues a report of the mortality from snake bites which costs the sensitive reader a shudder. The number of victims does not greatly vary from year to year. According to the latest report, for 1907, no less than 21,419 human beings lost their lives from this cause. Efforts are being made to expand the use of the treatment recommended by Sir Lauder Brunton, which consists in making an incision in the wound with a lancet and injecting permanganate of potash. This treatment has given good results where applied. Dr. Calmette's antivenene has also been used with success. Not only human beings, but many thousands of domestic animals, are annually killed in India by snakebites.

Fatal.

A well-known London physician was invited out to the country for some shooting, but, although he tried several times, he could not hit a single rabbit. "I'm very unlucky," he exclaimed, "I've killed nothing all day." "Never mind," said his host; "write the rabbits one of your prescriptions!"

TROUBLESOME DINIZULU.

South Africa Is Happy Now He Is Put Away In Jail.

The whole of South Africa breathed a sigh of relief the other day when it was known that Dinizulu, prince of the royal Zulu line, had been sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

For the last twenty-five years—with an interval of eight years during which he was "put away" to St. Helena as a carefully-looked-after guest of the British Government—he has been a thorn in the flesh of the South African authorities.

He first appeared on the scene at the death of his father, Cetewayo, who himself helped to whiten the hair of our statesmen. This Cetewayo was in the custody of the British, awaiting the occasion to answer for his misdeeds, when (according to the official version) he died of heart disease.

The unofficial version goes that one of the chief's numerous enemies managed to obtain access to him, and Cetewayo's sudden death was the result of this visit.

Dinizulu was sixteen years old at the time, and he had been carefully educated, under the care of Cetewayo's Prime Minister, a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Mnyamane. After a vain attempt to succeed his father, Dinizulu appealed for help to the Boers.

With the help of these he was able to crush opposition, and the Boers crowned him king in May, 1884. As payment for their services the Boers demanded to be presented with about eight thousand square miles of territory, a demand that practically meant the dismemberment of Zululand. Dinizulu haggled over the bargain, but in the end he had to give way.

To prevent the Boers grabbing the whole place, we took Dinizulu and his warriors under our wing, but in the following year there was another row. Dinizulu rebelled, was captured, tried, convicted of high treason, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, and banished to St. Helena.

He accepted the inevitable with fatalistic calm, and settled down on the famous island to make the best of a bad job.

He wore European dress, copied the manners of the English people around him, and set to work to learn English. This last was the most difficult task, and in despair he asked his teacher what they did in England when a scholar did not make progress with his studies.

"Oh, we make them stand on a form," he was told.

Soon after his teacher saw Dinizulu gravely mount a chair and stand there patiently for some time, apparently in the hope that wisdom would descend upon him.

While on the island he made a hobby of collecting liqueur-glasses, and also—not unconnected with it, perhaps—he developed an epicurean taste for gin!

His greatest wish was to see London; his greatest fear was that—following, it may be, in his father's footsteps—he would be poisoned. But neither the wish nor the fear came to pass, and after eight years' exile he was permitted to return to Africa.

He was given a residence and a salary of $2,500 a year; but after a year or two he became restless again, and troubles gathered thick.

He was suspected of complicity in three Zulu rebellions. The Government stood the first two, but their patience gave out with disturbances threatened in 1907.

The Government summoned him to surrender himself, and he said he would if they sent a conveyance for him. A mule cart was accordingly dispatched, and in due course Dinizulu arrived, the whole twenty stone of him—for he has grown enormously fat.

His trial has dragged on for months, and it is said to have cost the Crown no less than ten thousand pounds. South Africa is asking if there is any chance of getting him to settle down in a respectable old age, or if there is more trouble to follow.

The Fat For the Fire.

When Lord Charles Beresford was in China one of the best servants it was his lot to have was a certain Chinaman named Tom Fat. Unfortunately Tom Fat did not always devote his undoubted intellect to worthy objects. He learned to imitate his master's handwriting so cleverly that he forged checks amounting to over $10,000 in two years. And on one occasion, when Lord Charles was professing a spirit of very broad toleration toward the heathen of all denominations, one of his friends ventured to inquire what he thought would be the ultimate fate of his Chinese servant, whereupon Lord Charles instantly replied, "That fat will certainly be in the fire!"

Seaweed Bread.

Many lovers of seaweed have written with the conclusion that we need never worry about the wheat supply so long as there is the sea, says The London Chronicle. A correspondent tells us that South Wales finds a particular sort of green seaweed on its coast. After being washed it is boiled down and made up—generally with oatmeal—into cakes and eaten with bacon. It is called laver bread and is considered a great delicacy. So let us paddle with our children on our summer holiday and gather the year's income.

Needed Lots of Shirts.

"Pompo" is the nickname which has been bestowed upon Admiral Sir Algernon Heneage, who recently celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. The veteran admiral has always been noted for his immaculate attire, and the story goes that he used to send his handkerchiefs and shirts to a London laundress, no matter in what part of the globe his ship might be stationed.

Three Reigns a Lord.

Earl Nelson, the present "Father of the House of Lords," enjoys the distinction of being the only peer who has held his title in three reigns. He succeeded his father in 1835, when William IV. was King.

THE NILE'S GIANT DAM

BRITONS HAVE WORKED MIRACLES IN EGYPT.

Huge Engineering Works on Ancient River Have Made It Possible to Go In a Luxurious Steamer to Nearly 500 Miles From Cairo—Barrages Will Irrigate Thousands of Acres of Rich Lands.

There is no standing still nowadays in Egypt. A policy of well-ordered hustle prevails in the land of the Pharoahs, and one achievement for its improvement is no sooner accomplished than another is begun. Thus the completion only a year or two ago, of the great dam at Assouan, and of the important barrage at Assiout, marked the commencement of another big barrage at Esneh, which has been formally opened by the Khedive since 1909 came in. To understand what this means it is well to visualize the position of these three great dams in the Nile valley.

You can now, if it pleases you, leave Cairo in an American three-decked stern-wheeler which would do credit to the Mississippi or the Hudson. On this great house-boat, fitted with all the luxuries of civilization, including concert and dancing halls, you can ascend the classic river for 247 miles until you come in sight of the lowest of the three works referred to at Assiout, the point where, in 1884, 800 rowing boats to carry the British Soudan expedition of that year, were put into the water.

The twenty-five years that have elapsed since then have made more difference in Assiout than the twenty-five centuries that went before. Railhead was there in 1884, on the very verge of deserts and of unknown regions stretching unbroken to the shores of the great Equatorial lakes. Now Assiout, a station on the Cairo-Khartoum line, which will ultimately form a part of the Cape to Cairo Railway, is a brisk manufacturing town, and a busy mart for the produce of the 300,000 acres of the Fayoum district fructified by the water impounded behind the Assiout barrage. That barrage is 900 yards long, and the regulated flow from its 100 sluices literally causes the desert to bloom like the rose. It was opened only seven years ago, and has already repaid its cost of about three-quarters of a million pounds sterling several times over.

From Assiout the steamer proceeds 240 miles further south, past the ruins of Thebes, to Esneh, where the latest barrage is situated. Its length is about the same as that at Assiout, but as creation has been a much tougher job from the engineering point of view. Its foundations were not begun until the very end of 1906, when an army of about 10,000 men was employed upon them because it was essential that they should be raised above high water level before the floods were due. This was accomplished under great difficulties owing to the presence of running sand, which could only be combatted by the use of cast-iron piles weighing almost a ton apiece, which had to be made in England and transported thence to the spot whilst the work was in progress. The beginning of the dry season of 1907 saw the foundation on either side complete save for a gap of about 400 yards between the two ends, through which the Nile flowed. This was reduced, by the same means as before, to about 280 yards; then the river was partially diverted, and the gap was brought down to 150 yards.

At this stage the final operation called for the highest kind of engineering skill and resource. The stream was in small volume, but its strength was concentrated in the narrow channel between the ends of the foundations and the whole of the river traffic was passing along this limited waterway. The traffic was disposed of by directing it through a lock which had been constructed alongside; then the river was tackled. Piles were driven into the bed above the gap, and to these boats were tied from which many thousands of bags filled with sand were thrown into the stream, so roped together that they caught upon other piles driven in lower down, and so checked the flow as to render it possible to insert two rows of piles close together, from between which the water was pumped out and a space obtained wherein to lay the desired foundations. Upon these the superstructure was raised to carry 120 sluices, and a roadway 20 feet wide; the whole work being accomplished in two months less than two years. From the flood of 1909 onwards the Esneh barrage will irrigate 250,000 acres of what has hitherto been desert, whilst Esneh itself, an important town from prehistoric times, will renew its long forgotten youth as the centre of a rich agricultural area. It is said to be the healthiest place in Egypt, owing to the dryness and salubrity of its air and its equable climate, so is likely enough also to become famous as a sanatorium.

One hundred miles further south, near the First Cataract and 583 miles from Cairo, the steamer reaches the Great Dam at Assouan, the most wonderful work constructed in Egypt since the pyramids were built. Behind its massive wall, 1 1-4 miles in length, one thousand million tons of water is impounded to supply over six million acres of rich soil, which, without it, would bear nothing save a few stunted plants. This Great Dam is a monument of British engineering genius and financial resource. When it was planned the Anglo-Egyptian authorities refused to let the contract for its construction except with the condition that nothing whatever was to be paid for it until after successful completion. British engineers and financiers were found to face the immense risks involved in this stipulation, and now the dam repays its first cost year after year to the Egyptian Government. So successful has it been that works are now in progress to raise its height 17 feet by building a stone "apron" about six inches distant from its down-stream face, the old and new structures being pinned together by iron rods.

H. B. CO. SELECTS LAND

LOCATING PARTIES ARE SENT OUT TO GET CHOICE PARCELS

Balance of Company's Share of About 320,000 Acres of Dominion Government's Land to be Taken Up This Summer—Party Will Travel Some Five Thousand Miles on Their Trip Through North Country

Edmonton.—The selection of approximately 500 sections of land, or about 320,000 acres, the balance of the Hudson's Bay Co.'s share of the Dominion government lands, already surveyed, north of the Saskatchewan river, which will be picked from the choicest of the land not already fyled upon as homesteads, will be made by four parties of Hudson's Bay land men who are outfitting this week at various points in the northwest, including Edmonton.

The party which is now outfitting in Edmonton, consists of only two men H. A. Bayne, of Winnipeg, son of A Bayne, inspector of lands for the Hudson's Bay company, and E. Matheson, surveyor, of Winnipeg. They will pick their share of the 500 sections, or just what sections they can locate within the time set them, from the rich country tributary to the Grand Trunk Pacific surveyed line to the McLeod river, and also along the Pembina river to the Athabasca. Leaving Edmonton, the party will go straight west to the McLeod river.

They will not begin to look for their choice pickings until they reach the McLeod. Most of the land from the city west to this river has been long ago seized upon by the hordes of homesteaders and settlers that followed the surveys of the Grand Trunk Pacific. But there is a huge chunk of virgin country west of the McLeod and along the east side of the Pembina river, *that will receive the close* inspection of the party, and they expect to make some rich selections in this particular part of the country.

Working back along the Pembina, the two men will come east and probably strike Lac la Biche country before heir summer's work is done.

They will travel four or five thousand miles before they reach the capital again. And they will have cinched for the Hudson's Bay company at least a couple of hundred sections of the choicest of the lands in the whole country to the northwest and north-*east, tributary to Edmonton.*

The Slaughter in Turkey

Adana.—The estimates of from 20,000 to 25,000 Christians killed by Mohammedans in the province of Adana made a fortnight ago must be revised. It is now asserted that the number can hardly reach more than 10,000. Thousands who were supposed to have been killed in the country districts have since come into some of the larger towns for relief.

Nearly 50,000 persons have received assistance from the foreign and Turkish *relief committees or officials at* Adana, 22,000 at Marash, 14,000 at Hadjin, 30,000 at Mersina, 2,000 at Latakia, 4,000 at Tarsus and a comparatively large number at Aintab and Alexandretta.

Fugitives from the villages or settlements exaggerated their estimates, through their fears, the extent of the slaughter. There still remains, however, the fact that frightful brutality was practiced, especially towards the women.

The Mohammedan figures of about 20,000 Mohammedans killed in this *province must also be reduced.*

Alberta May Have Automatic Phones

Calgary.—With a view to investigating the advantages of the automatic telephone system, which if found satisfactory will be adopted throughout the province of Alberta, Hon. W. H. Cushing, minister of public works, has left for Chicago and other American cities where the Strowger system is in operation. It is the intention of the government to considerably extend the telephone system in the province this year.

Japanese Are Pleased

London, Eng.—The Morning Post's Japanese corespondent expresses warm appreciation at the reception the Japanese sailors received at Vancouver. They say it affords a ready *proof that the subjects of the mikado* are accepted by the colonial subjects of King Edward in the most friendly fashion as the partners of agreement, the benefits many of which have not yet been fully realized.

Coal Strike Conciliation Board

Ottawa.—The board of conciliation and investigation established to inquire into the difficulty of the western coal operators and coal miners in Southern Alberta and Eastern British Columbia, and endeavor to adjust the same, consists of Rev. R. N. Grant, Fernie; Colin Macleod, Macleod; and F. H. Sherman, Taber.

Barrett to Hang July 14

Edmonton. — Gary R. Barrett, charged with the murder of Deputy Warden Stedman, of Alberta penitentiary, on April 15 last, was found guilty and sentenced to hang July 14 next. He took the sentence calmly. An appeal may be made to the minister of justice at Ottawa.

Carnegie Visiting Italy

Naples.—Andrew Carnegie arrived here on Saturday, and was received by Signor Capellini in the name of the University of Bologna. The signor has arranged that Mr. Carnegie be received by King Victor Emmanuel on Monday.

Bringing Children to Canada

Liverpool.—The Allan liner Carthaginian sailed on the 22nd inst. with 130 of Birmingham's street-bred children, consisting of 85 boys and 45 girls.

FISH FOR THE PRAIRIES

Important Move by the Dominion Government is Welcomed by Pacific Coast Fishermen

Vancouver, B. C.—In order to encourage the development of the Canadian fishing industry on the Pacific coast, where the bounty system prevailing in the Atlantic maritime provinces does not obtain, the Dominion government recently passed an order-in-council granting a rebate of one-third of the express rates on all shipments of fresh fish billed from here by Canadian fishing companies or Canadian fishermen to any point in Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba. This rebate or bonus applies to any variety of sea fish caught in Canadian waters, including salmon, halibut, oysters, crabs and clams.

Vancouver fishing firms and dealers are jubilant over the proposed system of rebates authorized at Ottawa. They declare that it will drive American competition out of the three provinces and will also tend to stimulate the consumption of sea fish there. The prairie market hitherto has been a small one, but with the rapid increase of population is one of great possibilities.

Divorce Question in the Senate Again

Ottawa.—Senator Wm. Ross, of Halifax, offered a resolution to the senate declaring against divorce by parliament and favoring divorce courts instead. He had offered a similar motion last week, but it was ruled out on the ground that it was not in proper form. Senator Ross protested against divorce by act of parliament.

Senator Ellis seconding the motion said divorce was in operation in Canada, so it was not necessary to decide whether it was desirable or otherwise. Four provinces had divorce courts and for the others the senate was the divorce court. In his opinion the senate should rid themselves of that duty.

Senator Power disputed Senator Ross' argument that the Catholic Bible could be read to permit divorce. Senator Power favored the present system because it made divorces difficult to obtain, and thereby restricting them Were a divorce court established *in Ontario there would* be twenty times as many divorces as at present.

Senator Ross—What about the poor?

Senator Power said that poor people did not seem to qualify for divorce as wealthy people did. Senator Ross withdrew his motion, saying he only wanted an expression of opinion.

Western Elevator Company Extending

Calgary.—According to a statement made by H. F. Gillespie, of the Great West Grain Elevator company, of Brandon, nineteen new grain elevators are to be erected at different points throughout Alberta.

Macleod, Granum, Claresholm, Cayley, Staveley, Nanton, High River, Crossfield, Carstairs, Red Deer, Alix Erskine, Stettler, Camrose, Bawlf Daysland, Killam, Strome and Sedge*wick are the towns chosen and work* is to be commenced on the new elevators within a few weeks. The head office will be established in Calgary.

There is $2,500,000 capital behind the Great West Elevator company, which in reality is the National Elevator company of Buffalo, N. Y., which recently absorbed the Brandon concern.

Suffragettes' Novel Method

London.—Shut out of the House of Commons by the police, the suffragettes have found a new method of getting literature into the hands of the nation's legislators. Chartering a steam launch, which they aggressively labelled Dreadnought, and putting a band on board, a party of women steamed up the river a few days ago to a point opposite the houses of parliament. Here the boat stopped and the women attracted the attention of the members on the terraces by singing "The Marseillaise." Suddenly there was fired from the launch a broadside of rockets. These burst above the terraces, and a snowstorm of handbills fluttered down over the members.

Protecting Seal Rookeries

Victoria, B. C.—Russia has sent commissioners to the Copper Islands and Japanese seal rookeries to collect data regarding the sealing industry in North Pacific waters and investigate the incursions of Japanese railways on the Russian seal, according to advices received here. When their report is received the negotiations with the Japanese government for a treaty for the protection of seal and otter *in the North Pacific are to be renewed.* Incidentally it is reported Russia will sent representatives to Great Britain and the United States to approach the officials at London with a view of making the treaty now in force between Great Britain and the United States, applicable also to Russia and Japan.

Italian Gypsies for the West

Montreal.—Something closely akin to consternation reigned in Windsor station when a party of gypsies from Florence, Italy, about twenty in number, were taken from the Laurentic and put in a car bound for Saskatchewan. They were the most uncivilized and unclean lot ever seen at the Windsor. The women are decked in all colors dear to the hearts of the Florentine wanderers. The men were attired in a manner fearful and wonderful to behold. When asked by a bystander if they were anarchists, they smiled and bowed.

Bush Fires in Saskatchewan

Winnipeg.—The Dominion immigration department has received word that bush fires are now raging around South Boharm Boulder, Willow Branch, Gravelburg, Leeville and Limerick, all in Saskatchewan. The extent of the damage is not reported.

AMERICAN BEEF TRUST

BRITISH MARKET SAID TO BE IN GRIP OF OCTOPUS

Close Investigation of Commission Leads to Belief That a Strong Combine Exists to Gain Control of United Kingdom's Source of Meat Supply—Deep Concern is Expressed as Result of this Discovery

London.—Fear that the American beef trust is coiling its tentacles around the British market and also gaining control of the United Kingdom's great source of meat supply, Argentina, is expressed in a government report recently made public. The report is submitted by the departmental committee that was appointed in 1908 to investigate the meat trade at home and abroad, especially with relation to combinations among packers and shippers.

Most of the trails the committee found led them across the Atlantic and into the Union stock yards at Chicago. Volumes of testimony were amassed with the aid of witnesses gathered from all parts of the world, and special investigators, secret and otherwise, were sent abroad to run down every feature of the inquiry upon which first hand information was desired.

And so, although representatives of the American packing houses who were examined denied any combination existed in the United States or United Kingdom, the committee sets down its doubts in these words:

"It is almost incredible that Armour & Co., Morris & Co., and the Hammond Beef Co., the last named representing the National Packing Co., should be in combination in the United States and in competition in the United Kingdom."

The report asserts positively the belief of the committee that a beef trust exists in America and that the four Chicago companies named are its components. Also, it says, the same four companies are allied in such a manner in England that they may eventually gain absolute control of the Smithfield market itself. Deep concern is also expressed lest the grip of the American meat trust on the Argentina market will become so strong as to put British shipments from that country completely in their hands to the detriment of the English importer.

WESTERN CANADA SHAKEN BY EARTHQUAKE

Calgary.—Two slight earthquake shocks were felt in the city on Saturday night and Sunday morning, *but it was only in the top stories* of high buildings that it was noticed, and neither one was sufficient to cause any alarm.

The first shock occurred at about 9.30 on Saturday night, and lasted for about 30 seconds. The second at one o'clock Sunday morning was of shorter duration, and not so noticeable.

Telegraph communications from the east report disturbances in that quarter, but no material damage has been done.

The earthquake shock was felt at Winnipeg, lasting 30 seconds. The 'quake is also reported from many places in Saskachewan and Alberta. In some places the people fled from their houses in alarm. Houses rocked and crockery rattled and broke. Points from which the reports are received show the disturbance covered an extensive area. Reports from North Dakota, Minnesota and Montana say the shock was felt there. Such an occurrence was never felt in this part of Canada before.

Armenians Massacred

Maraah, Asiatic Turkey.—Distressing accounts continue to be received here from the countryside of Armenian villages being assailed by bands of Mohammedans, who, acting on the supposition that the Armenians were rising against the government, were quick to strike the first blow.

The men have been killed whenever found within reach of knife or bullet. The girls received no consideration and some of them were carried off to become the wives or slaves of rich men. Houses were sacked and then burned and farm animals were driven off.

In other towns, notably Yanksoun where the Armenians were well supplied with rifles, they fought day and night and kept off large numbers of besiegers. There are probably 14,000 refugees in Maraah.

May Get Inspection Division

Ottawa.—The government has not yet definitely considered what action will be taken to meet the request of the western grain men's deputation which was here last month to urge government ownership of terminal elevators, encouragement of the Pacific grain export route, and the establishment of a new inspection division. Until the session is over the minister will not have time to deal thoroughly with the question, but on the question of inspection regulations it is understood the government will take steps to meet the requests of the deputation. With regard to taking over terminal elevators or the erection of an elevator at Vancouver nothing has been decided and enabling legislation in any case would have to be deferred till next session.

B. C. Man Succeeds Preston

Victoria.—The steamer Empress of Japan, which sailed for Hong Kong and way ports a few days ago, had among her passengers G. A. Harris, of Vernon, B. C., appointed trade agent to Japan to replace W. T. R Preston, transferred to Holland.

ROOSEVELT VERSUS TOLSTOI

Latter Wrote That Bryan Represented the Party of Peace in the United States

New York.—Ex-President Roosevelt, in the current number of the Outlook, combats the statement credited to *Count Leo Tolstoi that* Bryan represented the party of peace in the last presidential campaign. On this point Mr. Roosevelt says: "Now, there was but one plank in the platform of either political party in 1908 which contained any element of menace to the peace of the world. This was the plank in the Bryanite platform which demanded the immediate exclusion by law of all Asiatic laborers, and therefore Japanese.

"Coupled with this is the utterly meaningless plank about the navy, which, however, was intended to convey *the impression that we ought to* have a navy only for the defence of our coasts, that is, a merely 'reserve navy,' or in other words, a quite worthless navy."

Discussing Tolstoi, the ex-president expresses the opinion that the Russian writer has swayed or dominated only the feeble folk and the fantastic folk, "and that his influence over men of action has not been great."

"Strong men may gain something from Tolstoi's moral teachings," declared the ex-president, "but only on condition that they are strong enough *and sane enough to be repelled* by those parts of his teachings which are foolish or immoral."

Germany's Huge Army

London.—Speaking at a large meeting at High Wycombe, in support of *the movement for the territorial force,* Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell said that it was necessary at the present moment that Britain should be in a complete state of preparation. He was afraid that our system in the past had been rather to wait until a storm arose and then to prepare, or complete, our preparations for war.

He had the honor of accompanying the king on his late visit to Berlin, and he there saw an army of 21,000 men of the German emperor's troops, and it made him realize what the rest of the German army of two or three *million men must be.* While we were waiting for the storm to arise, Germany had, since the war with France, been steadily preparing and perfecting their training, educating their officers, and making their enormous machines of war. In view of the great upheaval in the east at the present moment, this was not the time when Britain should be in anything but a state of preparedness. He would not say much about invasion, although he, like Lord Roberts and other military commanders, firmly believed in the possibility of invasion. That was a question which should not be left entirely to military experts, but one in which the whole country should be interested.

Maintain the Open Door

Pekin.—A final agreement has been reached between the Russian and Chinese authorities for the settlement of the disputed administration of Harbin and other points in the Russian railway zone in North Manchuria. The issue was first raised by the refusal of Mr. Fisher, the American consul, to recognize the Russian railway company's efforts to exercise sovereign power in disregard to China's sovereignty. Great Britain and Germany joined with America in protesting against the Russian threats to close the establishments to foreigners as well as Chinese unless they paid the taxes levied by the railway administration. The Japanese were officially passive, but really sympathetic with the Russians, hoping to apply the Russian theory to their South Manchurian railway zone. The negotiations were transferred to Pekin and have been proceeding for several weeks. The result is the full recognition of China's sovereignty. The administration will recognize and respect the open door principle and protect the rights of the nationals and other powers.

Labor Trouble at Edmonton

Edmonton, Alta.—The Builders' exchange has decided not to consider the new agreement put forward by the journeymen carpenters, and have declared for the open shop, to go into effect at once. The builders decline to recognize the carpenters' unions, and it is not likely that union men will work with non-unionists, and a big strike is threatened. The old agreement, which called for 42 cents an hour and an eight-hour day, ran out on May 1. The carpenters now ask 50 cents an hour, which the exchange refuses to consider, although they say they are ready to sign up the same scale as last year.

A Big Deal in the Yukon

Vancouver.—It is understood that the Dawson City waterworks and electric light, with the Sourdough coal *mines, as well as other mining in*terests in the Klondyke, have been acquired by a New York syndicate for about half a million dollars. One of the principal vendors is Dan McGillivray, a Nova Scotian, of Seattle, who has amassed a fortune in the Yukon.

Count Boni to Come West

Montreal.—The Canadian Pacific railway has received a communication from Count Boni De Castellaine, former husband of Anna Gould, asking that arrangements be made for guides, etc., for a hunting trip after big game in the Rocky Mountains in the end of July.

Will Entertain Australians in London

London.—At the request of the Atlantic Union, Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador, and Mrs. Reid *will soon give at Dorchester house a* big reception for Australians. This function will be in the nature of a return for the welcome accorded the American fleet in Australian waters last year.

TORONTO TALKS IMPERIALISM

Many a Noble Sentiment Eloquently Expressed Before the Australasian Delegates

Toronto.—Clear cut and emphatic was the expression of public opinion tendered the delegates of the imperial press conference to be held in London next month, at a banquet held in the National club in honor of the visiting delegates from Australia.

There was no quibbling or hesitation in regard to the policy that the most representative gathering of Toronto's professional and commercial interests considered should dominate the conference in its disposition of the subject of the future of the empire.

The growth of the imperialistic doctrine and the unanimity and enthusiasm of Toronto's business men regarding the future of Great Britain *had never been given more apt illus*tration, and the evident pleasure with which the visitors heard the elucidation of the strong imperial sentiment and witnessed its reception, served to create a common feeling of brotherhood that found vent in the display of the warmest patriotic zeal.

The banquet was given by the Toronto daily press and the Canadian Manufacturers' association.

Great White Plague on the Increase

Washington. — That the vigorous campaign against tuberculosis has failed to check the great white plague was the startling charge made by Nathan Strauss, the New York philanthropist, at the fifth annual meeting of the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Mr. Strauss backed up his assertion by *official statistics from the New* York health department, showing an increase of 33 per cent. in two years in cases of tuberculosis in the city that Dr. Koch described as leading the whole world in the fight against the disease. The reason of this failure to make headway, Mr. Strauss declares, was the neglect of the mischief wrought by the tuberculosis dairy cow. Citing the results of scientific investigation and his own 18 years' experience in saving lives, he summed up by saying that the abolition of tuberculosis will begin when it is *made a crime to sell milk unless it* comes from tuberculosis-tested cows or has been properly pasteurized.

Canon of Westminster to Face Charges

New York.—A special to the Tribune from New Haven says: The Rev. H. *Herbert Henson, canon of Westmin*ster and rector of St. Margaret's, London, has left Yale for Boston, to sail hurriedly to England, to face charges preferred by Bishop Gore of the Church of England, who accuses him of having violated ecclesiastical law by occupying a nonconformist pulpit in a workingmen's institute in Birmingham, England. Canon Henson is known in the religious world as a broad churchman, and he preached to the nonconformists after the local Church of England authorities had refused their permit.

Japan Will Enforce Immigration Laws

Victoria, B. C.—Nakamura, the Japanese consul general to Canada, who has arrived here, in an interview said Japan will strictly adhere to the immigration arrangements made with Canada and the United States, the restrictions being now strictly enforced. There are few applications for passports and few Japanese are going to South America. Emigration from Japan now is mostly to Korea and Manchuria. Mr. Nakamura was formerly secretary at the Washington legation.

Alberta Elections

Edmonton, Alta.—It is probable that writs for the deferred elections for the legislature fr Peace River and Athabasca, two large northern constitu*encies, will be issued at once,* and that the elections will be held in the first week in June. A. T. Brick, retiring member in Peace River, will be opposed by J. K. Cornwall. Fletcher Bradin will probably be returned by acclamation in Athabasca.

Stoessel Has Appoplexy

Paris.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the Petit Journal says that General Stoessel, who was condemned to death for surrendering Port Arthur to the Japanese, which sentence was subsequently commuted to life imprisonment, was stricken with appoplexy when he learned that the petition for full pardon had been rejected by the czar a few days ago. His condition is said to be very grave.

Vancouver Soldiers Going to Seattle

Vancouver.—After a trip to Seattle, where he made preliminary arrangements in connection with the visit of the Vancouver militia corps to the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, Col. F. W. Boultbee, commanding the 6th regiment D.C.O.R., returned to Van*couver and announced that all doubt* as to the visit of Vancouver's citizen soldiers to the big fair is now removed.

Miners and Conciliation Board

Lethbridge.—F. H. Sherman acts for the miners and Colin Macleod for the operators on the conciliation board to settle the great coal strike. It is reported authentically that there was a conference between Mr. Macleod and Mr. Sherman, but they failed to agree upon the choice of a chairman, and the minister of labor has been asked to intervene.

Tunisian Not Badly Damaged

Montreal.—The Allan line steamship Tunisian, which put into St. John's, Newfoundland, leaking as a result of too close contact with the ice in the *vicinity of Cape Race, has been ex*amined and was found not to be seriously damaged. Temporary repairs will be effected and the steamer with her 1,001 passengers will leave for Montreal.

CANMORE MINE WRECK

SCENE OF EXPLOSION IS A MASS OF WRECKAGE

Pumpman Descended Shaft in Performance of Duty and Explosion Quickly Follows—Will be a Month Before Damage is Estimated and Mine Placed in Working Order—Victim is Badly Burned

Canmore.—Windows were broken, yards away, the town shaken and the fan house of the Canmore mines was completely demolished by an explosion which occurred at No. 2 mine at Canmore on Saturday afternoon, while Tony Trano, the man who caused the explosion, now lies in the hospital badly burned.

The scene of the explosion is a mass of wreckage. Splintered timbers lie in all directions, and it will be at least a month before an estimate of the damage can be obtained and the mine once more placed in working order.

No. 2 shaft is the second shaft sunk at Canmore, and it was opened about one year ago. Before the present strike it has been constantly operated, but when the recent trouble started the men were called out, and for about a month no work has been carried on.

About Wednesday last the mine was officially inspected, and it was at this time that water was discovered rising in the different portions of the workings, but it was not in sufficient volume to cause any alarm. Since the report, however, the pumps had been kept working, and it was to attend to one of these that Trano, who is a pumpman, descended the shaft.

What really happened will not be known until Trano is able to tell. He descended into the mine at about 2:10, and five minutes later a terrific explosion was heard which shook the town one mile away.

After the detonation a crowd quickly gathered at the spot, and a relief party was hastily organized and lowered into the shaft.

The rescuers had not proceeded far when they heard Trano shouting, and a few minutes later they found his lamp lying open on a heap of debris.

Trano himself, with the clothing blown off his body, and badly burned, was found a few yards further on. He was quickly taken to the surface, and after receiving first aid was hur*ried away to the hospital, where he* now lies.

Lumber Firm Moving

Minneapolis.—The F. H. Stoltze interests of St. Paul, embracing companies with a combined rating of two *millions, will move their business to* Minneapolis as soon as satisfactory quarters can be found. Fred H. Stoltze operates a line of lumber and coal yards at many northwestern points. Stoltze is also interested with E. A. Konantz in the North American Lumber and Supply company, which operates a line of yards in Saskatchewan and Alberta. He is the principal stockholder in the Pioneer Lumber company of Lethbridge, Alta., which does a yard business. Canadian lands and investments make up a portion of the interests and the line companies do a hardware trade at some stations.

Railway Construction Being Rushed

Edmonton.—Grading on the G. T. P. between the Pembina and Macleod rivers is now in full swing, and by September next the grading will be *completed to the Macleod river.* There are 52 miles of the right of way yet to be graded. Six camps have been established, and about 400 men and 300 teams are engaged on the grading work. The camps include three of Foley, Welch & Stewart and the camps of Contractors Callendar, P. Hansen and Paris. It is expected that the grading will be completed in about four months.

Halibut Industry Being Extended

Vancouver, B. C.—The investment of $2,000,000 in the halibut industry, with Prince Rupert for a base, is planned by a wealthy English syndicate recently organized. Mr. Sylvester Swettenham, brother of Sir Frank Swettenham, who is associated with business enterprises with which the banking house of Messrs. Glynn, *Mills & Co. is concerned, has reached* here on a mission in connection with the proposed enterprise. He also plans to establish numerous salmon canneries along the Skeena river.

Manitoba Temperance Workers Active

Winnipeg.—Not content with the arrangements they have made for Manitoba the temperance workers in Winnipeg are now engaged in securing signatures petitioning the city council to put a vote to the people at the municipal elections in December next on the temperance question. The civic bylaws *provide that a vote shall* be taken providing twenty-five per cent. of the ratepayers sign the petition.

First Chinese Consul

Ottawa.—Information has been received that the first Chinese consul in Canada, Kung Hisn Chao, sails from Liverpool on the C. P. R. steamship Empress of Ireland on June 18. It is not known whether he will reside in Ottawa or on the Pacific coast.

Honor of Colony and Motherland

Sydney, N. S. W.—Premier Fisher intimates that he is negotiating with the home government regarding the measures for defence which would dove-tail with British plans and tend to protect the honor of both Australia and the motherland.

Joe Chamberlain Has Relapse

London.—It was reported in the lobbies of the House of Commons that Joseph Chamberlain has had a relapse.

HANS THE COBBLER.

German Shoemaker Fails to See Point of Customers' Jokes.

HIS SHOP IS BOYCOTTED

Called a Dunderhead and Other Hard Names—Anxious to Quit the Business of Mending Shoes For Something Else.

[Copyright, 1909, by T. C. McClure.]

IF I vhas in Germany und a man comes into my shop to get a cement patch on his shoe he calls me mister und treat me mit der greatest respect. In America it vhas all different, und sometimes I think I shall go out of der cobbling business und run some sawmills. I don't hardly open my shop in der morning vhen a man comes in mit a grin on his face und looks all around und says:

"Hans, it vhas funny—very funny."

"Yes?"

"I don't laugh so much in ten years."

"Yes?"

"I shust hang on to a lamppost und laugh until der tears vhas running down my cheeks."

"I see."

"A policeman comes along und says he shall give me der collar if I don't stop laughing und cry for a spell, but how can I? Laugh! Vhy, I have to stop by a graveyard und go ha, ha, ha!"

"Vhell, vhat about it?" I says.

"You see, I vhas standing on der corner und a fat man he goes to cross der street. He gets by der car track vhen he sees a cent und stops to pick it oop. Shust den der car comes along. Oh, Hans, it vhas so funny!"

"Vhas your head filled mit sawdust dot you can't see? Dot fat man stands bent over on der track. Der car comes booming along. Can't you see der picture? Can't you realize der situation?"

"But does der car hit him?"

"N-o-o-o, not quite. He gets off in time."

"Den vhere vhas some shokes?"

"Vhere? Vhere? Vhy, you dunderheaded Dutchman, der shoke vhas in der motorman being disappointed dot he don't kill somebody—ha, ha, ha!"

I don't laugh. I don't see some shokes. I try my hardest, but I can't do it, und den dot man gets mad und

"SHE WAS BUILT LIKE SOME BARRELS."

calls me names und says I can never do any repairs for him. Und after he vhas gone ten minutes a woman comes in. She vhas built like some barrels und have a smiling face on her. She has a pair of shoes to mend, but keeps 'em in her hand und says:

"Hans, I can tell you der funniest thing dot ever happens."

"Vhell?"

"You vhill laugh over it until you fall off your bench."

"Yes?"

"You vhill tell your wife about it, und she vhill go ha, ha, ha! My soul, but how you shall laugh!"

"Go on."

"Vhell, vhat vhas der difference between a barrel of water und a barrel of wine?"

"I can't tell."

"You may guess ten times."

"It vhas no good. I give oop."

"Der difference vhas shust $200. One vhas free, und der odder costs money. See? Ha, ha, ha! It vhas my own shoke. I get him oop by myself. Vhy don't you laugh—ha, ha, ha—mit me?"

"But I don't see no shoke," I says.

"You don't? You don't feel tickled? Look here, Mr. Man, I come in here to get some shoes fixed up und to tell you der latest shoke. You don't even smile. You make me feel cheap. Vhell, now, you old idiot, you go to grass, und I take my work to der dago!"

Made Him Feel Bad.

It makes me feel bad dot I can't understand, but I can't, und so I have to wait till somebody else comes in. He vhas a young man mit a patent leather shoe. He stands by der door und smiles; he comes in und grins; he sits down und goes ha, ha, ha, und says to me:

"Say, cobbler, you ought to have been dere! In all your life you never saw anything so funny!"

"No?" I says.

"My brudder-in-law vhas dead shust der day before, but I have to laugh shust der same. If you vhas going to kill me I can't help it."

"No?"

"It vhas down by der park. I vhalk out a leetle because my brudder-in-law vhas dead. Along comes a young lady leading a dog. She vhas a daisy, und dot dog vhas a corker. My brudder-in-law vhas dead, but I have to look at dot girl. Maybe her sister-in law vhas dead, but she have to look at me. Understand?"

"Go on."

"Vhell, vhile we looks at each other der dog winds himself two times around der lamppost by der strap—ha, ha, ha! Shall I ever forget it! If I live to be a thousand years old shall I forget it!"

"Vhas it so awful?" I asks.

"Awful? Vhy, you old dolt dere vhas no awful about it. It vhas shust screamingly funny. Dere vhas me, und dere vhas der girl, dere vhas der lamppost, und dere vhas der dog. Shut your eyes und call oop der picture."

"Vhell?"

"Vhell, der young lady cries out dot her dog vhas gone opp if I don't pull oop der post, but I take der strap und twist it twice around, und der dog vhas free—ha, ha, ha! Think of it, Hans—ha, ha, ha!"

"But vhas it a shoke?"

"Vhas it? Vhas it? Vhy, man, vhas you a born fool! Of course it vhas a shoke!"

"But vhy?"

"How? How? Don't der young lady ask me to pull oop der lamppost?"

"But you don't do it!"

He stands oop and looks at me about one minute, und den he says:

"I go out. You can do no work for me. I don't bring repairs to an idiot asylum. Und I like to tell you further if I meet you out some night I put a head on you. Vhas it a shoke! Vhas it a shoke! Humph!"

Vhell, vhat can I do. He says it vhas some shokes, und if I can't see it dot vhay I must suffer for it. I vhas suffering vhen some old man comes in to get a lift on der heel of his shoe. I feels glad to see him. I don't belief he has any shokes to get off. I tells him how much it vhill be for repairs, und he seems all right for a minute, und den he breaks out:

"Ho, ho, ho! Yes, it vhas funny. I vhas almost eighty years old, but I can see humor der same ash vhen I was twenty."

"Does something happen?" I asks.

"I should gurgle! Vhy, cobbler, I laugh until dey have to send for der doctor!"

"No!"

"It vhas true. I shust go ho, ho, ho, until I fall down in a fit. If I can laugh like dot I shall live to be a hundred."

"Yes?"

Another Funny Story.

"It happens by der postoffice. A man comes oop to me mit a rag around his finger und a piece of string in his hand. He vhants me to tie on der rag. Do you see?"

"For sure."

"I take der string und tie one knot in it, und den he slips off der rag und gives me der ha, ha, ha! Oh, it vhas funny—it vhas funny!"

"How you mean funny?"

"Vhy, he don't have no sore finger. He don't have no use for der rag. It was all to fool me."

"But vhy don't he have some sore finger?" I says.

"Vhy? Vhy? Vhy don't he? Because your head vhas made of leather und stuffed with bran, und I don't want no fool to do my repairs!"

Und he kicks over der chair und goes out und leaves me to feel bad some more. For sure, I belief dot I either have to get a shoke book or go out of der cobbler business.

M. QUAD.

A Genius.

"Whizkins is a real genius," says the admiring friend.

"But he does not wear long hair, always has on clean linen, always has money in his pockets and seems to live well," differs the other.

"That's true. And, don't you see, he must be a genius to be able to do all that and still be a genius?"—New York Life.

Generous Sacrifice.

"Sir, I want to marry your daughter."

"So I must have my little girl taken from me some time, I suppose."

"By no means, sir. I will stop paying my own board first."—Baltimore American.

Meant Him.

"Fresh!" ejaculated the young lady as Percy laid a box of bonbons in her lap.

"Yes, I never buy any other kind," returned the delighted Percy.

"Oh, I didn't mean the candy," said the girl.

Reprimanded.

"See here, mum; that blame dog of vourn has just bit a chunk out of the calf of me leg."

"Serves you right. Why don't you wear high boots?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Merely in the Way of Trade.

"You are a dog fancier, are you?"

"Me? No, ma'am; I'm a dawg hater. That's w'y I'm offerin' you this beautiful fox tarrier so cheap. I want to git rid of 'im."—Minneapolis Journal.

What Held Him Back.

"You ought to go on the stage."

"Think I would do?"

"You know more than lots of them who are on."

"Maybe that's the reason I'm not."

A Toast.

Fashion! Lovely dame!
Pledge in sparkling wine!
Let us add her name
To the muses nine!

Though the lovely nine
All should pass away,
Why should woman pine
If but Fashion stay?

Though the muses' lore
Molder on the shelf,
Still may she adore
In Fashion's glass—herself.

—Oliver Herford in Collier's Weekly.

PUTTING HIM WISE.

How Detective Adair Was Given Some Interesting Information.

"WE can learn from all men, even from the humblest," said H. K. Adair, a detective. "Turn a deaf ear to no man. The lowliest tramp may have information of incredible interest for you.

"I well remember a walk I once took down Market street. As I strode along, proud and happy, a rose in my buttonole and a gold headed cane in my hand, a drunken man had the impudence to stop me.

"'Ain't you Mr. Adair?' he said.

"'Yes,' said I. 'What of it?'

"'Mr. Adair, the detective?' he hiccoughed.

"'Yes, yes. Who are you?' I asked impatiently.

"'Mr. Adair,' said the untidy wretch as he laid his hand on my shoulder to keep himself from falling, 'I'll tell you who I am, Mr. Adair. I'm—hic—the husband of your washerwoman.'

"'Well, what of that?' said I scornfully.

"My scorn brought a sneer to the man's lips, and he said:

"'You see, you don't know everything, Mr. Adair.'

"'What don't I know?' I demanded.

"'Well, Mr. Adair,' said he, 'you don't know that—hic—I'm wearin' one of your new white shirts.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

So Good of Him.

"Here's a penny, my poor man. Now, what will you do with it?"

"Lady, I shall have er hole bored into it and wear it on me gold watch chain for a souvenir!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Filling the Bill.

During a recent meeting of hotel men in this city, when there were discussed certain proposed means of protecting hotels against "beats," a western boniface told of the sad case of one proprietor in St. Louis who had been "done."

Many months afterward, learning the whereabouts of the gentleman who had decamped without the formality of paying, the owner sent him the following note:

"Dear Sir—I would esteem it a favor if you would at once send me amount of your bill."

Imagine the disgust of the hotel man when in a few days he received an answer in these terms:

"Dear Sir—Certainly. The amount of my bill is $17.50."—Harper's Weekly.

New Use For the Roll.

"George, I am determined to get even with that Van Payster woman. She has more diamonds than I have, but she's a good deal older."

"Well, doesn't that even up things?"

"No, it doesn't. I must do something new that takes lots of money. Ah, I have it!"

"What is the idea?"

"Let me take that big roll of twenty dollar bills I saw you put in your pocket. I'll do my hair over it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Old Fashioned Kind.

"Are you a competent washerwoman?"

"Yes'm. I'm a professional laundress."

"I'm afraid you won't do, then. I want some one who won't rip off quite all the buttons."—Kansas City Times.

The Resemblance.

Mrs. Jones—What's that? You dare to say Jane's playing reminds you of a hand organ?

Mr. Jones—Hold on, Maria! 'Tain't the sound. It's the sight of that young monkey that's always turning the music leaves for her.—Judge.

With Pleasure.

Tramp—Please, ma'am, can you assist me along the road a bit?

Mistress—Well, personally I am sorry to say I cannot, but wait a moment till I have unchained my dog here. He will do so with pleasure.—St. Louis Republic.

The Safe Side.

"Why do you devote yourself to ancient history?"

"Because," answered the prudent writer, "it's the only way to express yourself freely without taking chances on a libel suit."—Washington Star.

The Philosophic Farmer.

Been feelin' sort of blue of late,
Fer things ain't come my way.
I cannot seem to strike my gait
And make my efforts pay.
With earnin's low and livin' high
My spirits sort of fail.
And yet things might be wuss, fer I
Ain't had to go to jail.

The bull he tossed me o'er the fence
And spoiled my Sunday jeans,
The jackass lost my confidence
By eatin' all my beans.
The hired man is far from spry,
But feeds like any whale.
And yet things might be wuss, fer I
Ain't had to go to jail.

The parson's salary ain't paid,
And I must ante up.
The water tastes like lemonade,
And some one's stole the pup.
There ain't no punkin in the pie,
But that's a mere detail.
It cheers me up to thing that I
Ain't had to go to jail.

—Carlyle Smith in New York Herald.

FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

What Is Smart In Spring Suits—Ash Gray a Fashionable Color.

Among the spring suits there are as many three piece as two piece costumes. Curiously, the former seem to be dearer than the latter—the only indication that the vogue is a little on the wane. One smart three piece suit is of striped prunella in a soft mauve. The hipless coat is trimmed with soft

STYLISH PLAITED SKIRT.

lustrous silk. The empire gown is finely braided.

Ash gray is one of the modish shades of the season, and so far this shade is exceedingly difficult to procure. In silk the color is charming.

By no means have plaited skirts been tabooed, but are being brought out in new and prettier models than ever before. The skirt illustrated has eleven gores and is ornamented with bands and material covered buttons.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A pattern of this stylish plaited skirt may be had in six sizes—22 to 32 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number (4558), and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail.

FASHIONS ON THE FLY.

Charming Styles In Neckwear For the Summer Girl.

In neckwear all styles are seen, and the Dutch neck, the high boned stock, the turnover linen collar in Eton and Dutch styles, also the Piccadilly and the muffled stock, are worn this spring.

Straight and narrow skirts will be very fashionable as the summer advances. An effort is being made to introduce handsome trimmings at the hem, which will be in striking contrast to the now popular straight up and

TAILORED WAIST OF LINEN.

down effects, so becoming to the majority of women.

Although the net sleeves will be much used, long sleeves of satin will be repeatedly seen on gowns fashioned of voile and other light materials suitable for summer wear.

A scarf that has come to us from Paris is of silver threads woven in brussels lace. The scarf is finished with a border of silver cloth.

A new and attractive design is offered in this model shirt waist, which closes at the side front. The plaits are so arranged that they give a panel effect at the front, and the sleeves are so designed that they simulate a closing to the elbow.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

A pattern of this shirt waist may be had in six sizes—from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number (4561), and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail.

DREADNOUGHTS IN BATTLE.

How the Giant Warships Would Proceed to Make Trouble.

How Britain's new great Dreadnoughts should go into battle is all set down in black and white—in a little typewritten official document that is kept under lock and key on board every ship. Much of it, naturally, is strictly confidential, and with that, of course, we have nothing to do here. All of it, however, is not necessarily so—and that is the present story.

In the royal navy every captain, on commissioning his ship, is furnished with the above document, containing gunnery memoranda, laying down in general terms the ranges at which fire should be opened in action in varying circumstances. The battle will be begun at the farthest range at which it is possible to see the effects of the shot by the heavy armor-piercing, long-range guns mounted in the turrets—the 12-inch 50-ton guns, of which immense weapons, 50 feet in length, each of our Dreadnoughts carries ten. The parts of the enemy's ship at which each gun should aim, as the opposing ships get by degrees closer and the enemy becomes more and more clearly visible, are in turn indicated. The marks, or "targets," to be aimed at are named, and it is suggested how they should be changed in each case as the range becomes closer.

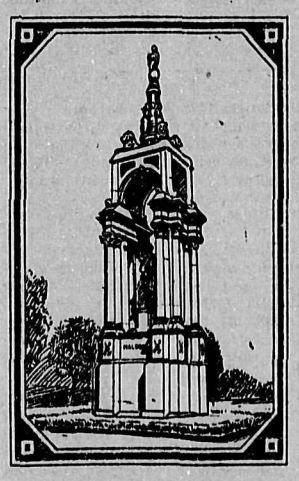
This is how, for instance, the Dreadnought and Bellerophon, the two newest "capital ships" of the reorganized "Home Fleet," would begin in battle. First of all the big 12-inch guns would open a long-range fire, with the aid of range-finders in the tops, at the outset taking the hull of the enemy's ship generally as their target. The opening shots would go off when the enemy were from five to six miles off—from 8,000 to 10,000 yards. To get an idea of what that means, imagine at anchor one of the Dreadnoughts near the Tower, or below London Bridge, letting fly shells each weighing rather less than half a ton, at an enemy as far off as Earl's Court or Shepherd's Bush, or in the Thames above Putney Bridge. The shells would come hurtling down, at a steep angle of descent, on to the deck of the ship aimed at, smashing through and carrying widespread havoc into the interior of the hull, with their bursting charges of shattering lyddite.

The guns can carry three times that range easily, and the range-finder would place the shots. As to the capabilities of British seamen gunners in the matter of aiming, two years ago the men of the battleship Commonwealth, one of the Channel Fleet ships recently under Lord Charles Beresford, at target practice at 8,000 yards, (nearly five miles), dropped shell after shell exactly on to the target, and the shots all fall within a space of the size of a law-tennis court. In that case the canvas target was set up to represent the hull of an ordinary battleship, a rectangle some 400 feet long, an average ship's length, by about 30 feet, the height of an ordinary ship out of the water. There is not much to be seen of a ship, it may be imagined, at that range. Even at a distance as near as only 2,000 yards—a mile and a quarter—a ship of the size of one of the first-class battleships would look no bigger than a wax-match does, held up horizontally, about a foot off in front of the eye.—Tit-Bits.

IN MEMORY OF SIR JOHN.

Montreal Statue Is Near Depot of Railroad He Fathered.

The monument in Montreal to the memory of Sir John A. Macdonald stands in Dominion Square in the upper part of the city. The name of the site is well in keeping with the memory of the man who played so large a part in establishing the Dominion. The statue represents Sir John in the court dress of an Imperial Privy Councillor. The statue stands



SIR JOHN A.'S STATUE.

beneath an arch supported by granite pillars. From the top of the stone work rises a figure representing Canada, supported by the shields of the various provinces resting upon crouching lions. The base of the monument is adorned with emblematic designs representing the leading industries of the Dominion.

Within a stone's throw of this monument stands an imposing stone building from which all day long and far into the night comes the noise of hurrying footsteps and the rumble of railway trains. Through its doors pass each year thousands of homeseekers with faces turned to the free land of the Canadian West. It is the head office and chief station in Montreal of the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., and it stands as a monument to the statesmanship of Sir John A. Macdonald, who, by the purchase from the Hudson Bay Co., made the West Canadian by right of title, and by the construction of that first of transcontinental railways made it in fact a part of the Dominion.

Lauder's Profits.

During his recent American tour Harry Lauder traveled 15,000 miles, gave 252 performances, submitted to eighty-two banquets, and on one occasion had an audience of 4,500 people.

TO CAPTAIN MARKSMEN

LT.-COL. BERTRAM'S APPOINTMENT POPULAR.

Dundas Officer Joined the Militia as Bugler When He Was Thirteen Years Old—Served First In Thirteenth Battalion Which Was Afterwards Changed to Seventy-Seventh—Retired From Colonelcy in 1906.

The selection of Lt.-Col. Alexander Bertram to command the Canadian Bisley team has given general satisfaction to military men throughout the Dominion. Lt.-Col. Bertram is one of the most capable and successful militia officers in the service. He is very popular in his native town, Dundas, Ont., and the citizens and members of the Seventy-Seventh Regiment, of which he is an officer, are extremely pleased that the Militia Department has honored him by giving him such an important charge.

Lt.-Col. Alexander Bertram was born in 1853 in Dundas, Ont., and in

LIEUT.-COL. BERTRAM.

March, 1869, joined the Thirteenth Battalion as bugler and was attached to No. 7 Company, which afterward became No. 1 Company of the Seventy-Seventh Battalion. In 1872 he became ensign of Company A, Dundas, and in 1874 was promoted to the lieutenancy of A Company. In June, 1875, he received the rank of captain and was appointed to take charge of No. 4 Company at Rockton. The following year he was transferred to Ancaster, which company was organized and drilled by Capt. Bertram, where he remained for two years, when he was made junior major. Soon after he was advanced to the senior majority, which office he held until Dec. 23, 1899, when he was promoted to be colonel of the Seventy-Seventh Battalion, from which he retired three years ago.

Col. Bertram has filled the various positions he has held creditably, and it is felt that as commander of the Bisley team he will give entire satisfaction. The team sails for England during the latter part of June.

Campbell of the Temple.

A man who says what he means, and means what he says. The description is particularly applicable to Rev. R. J. Campbell, the famous London preacher, whose views on shop-life morality have raised so much discussion of late. His opinions and utterances are startling at times. It is only a few weeks ago, for instance, when talking of husbands and wives, that he said there ought to be a law which would compel reprobate husbands, who spend all their salaries on pleasure, to hand over every week an amount sufficient for the needs of their wives and families; doubtless many people will agree with him on this point.

If there is one thing which Rev. R. J. Campbell dislikes more than another, however, it is cant, and there was subtle sarcasm—although it may have been lost on the people who received the gift—in the presentation of a frying-pan to a couple who wrote saying that they had been so absorbed in reading a sermon by the famous preacher that they forgot all about some food that was cooking on the fire. Not only was the food spoilt, but the pan was burned through. The pastor of the City Temple promptly sent a new frying-pan, with the inscription: "Compensation for damages, from R. J. Campbell."

Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

"One of the most perverse of men." So Mr. George Bernard Shaw has been described, and it is quite possible that Mr. Charles Hawtrey, whose reappearance on the stage after an illness has proved so welcome to London playgoers, may agree with the remark. For thus the popular actor-manager has immortalized "G. B.S.": "Once on a time," he says, "I had a made desire to produce Shaw's play of 'You Never Can Tell.' I wrote to Shaw and asked his permission. He answered that he would come and read it to me. He did, and began by saying that sometimes he thought it was the best play that ever was written, and at others he considered it the greatest trash. Anyhow, he was of opinion that it was a pretty poor play, and that if I produced it—well, I must take the consequences. Some time afterward I asked Shaw if I could compress the last act. He declined to allow one line to be altered or cut out. In view of certain contingencies, I had at last to tell him that I couldn't produce the play. His answer was, 'Thank you so much! You have taken a great load off my mind! Now, what are you to do with a man like that?"

In Romantic Scotland, Too.

At a recent church bazaar a young lady went up to an old Scot and said, "Will you buy a buttonhole?" "Naw, naw; A don't believe in sic trash." "Well, won't you buy one to give to the lady of your heart?" "Naw, naw, ma lassie, A hinna sic a thing," was the reply. "Am mirret."

TOO MANY WOMEN SUFFER IN SILENCE

When the Blood is Weak or Out of Order Disease is Inevitable.

Many women go through life suffering in silence—weak, ailing and unhappy. The languor and bloodlessness of girls and young women, with headaches, dizziness and fainting spells; the nervous ailments, back pains and failure of strength of wives and mothers; the trials that come to all women at the turn of life, are caused usually by impoverished, watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have helped more women to the joy of good health and robust strength than any other medicine in the world. These Pills actually make new, rich, red blood, which reaches every part of the body, feeds the starved nerves, strengthens every organ, and makes weak girls and women bright and well. Mrs. A. Eagles, Dundas, Ont., says:—"I am writing this letter out of gratitude to let you know the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me. From the time I was a girl I suffered from weakness and fainting spells—was always doctoring, but it did not help me. As I grew older I seemed to grow worse. My blood seemed literally turned to water. Sometimes I would faint as often as twice in a day. I suffered from indigestion. I could not walk upstairs without stopping to rest on the way, and my heart would palpitate so violently as to produce a smothering sensation. I grew so weak that people thought I was in consumption. I was in this dreadful condition when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention and I began taking them. The first sign of benefit I noticed was an improvement in my appetite. Then I began to grow stronger; the color began to return to my face; the fainting spells disappeared and gradually I was brought to a condition of more perfect health than I had ever enjoyed before. This is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, and that they have been of lasting benefit is proved by the fact that it is several years since they restored my health, and I have remained strong and well ever since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a cure for all troubles due to impure or watery blood, such as anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, etc. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

No Luck

"Things never happen just right," said the moody man. "The pianist in the flat above me has a sore throat and the girl who is training to sing in grand opera has just sprained her wrist."

About one gallon of fuel alcohol can be distilled from three gallons of molasses.

Illiteracy among the negroes of the United States is seven times as common as among the whites.

Suspicious

"Ah, those golden tresses charm me,"
Said he in his sweetest tone.
Then he added: "Tell me, darling,
Is it all your very own?"

How's This?

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

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

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

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

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

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"What is your member of congress noted for?" "Well," answered Farmer Corntossel, "around here he's mostly noted for arguments that won't go down and seeds that won't come up." —Washington Star.

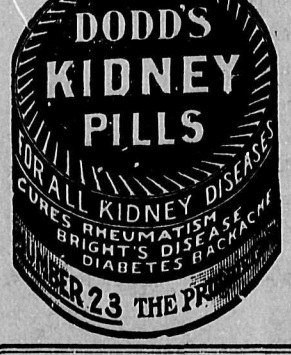
A BOOK FOR MOTHERS

Every mother is naturally anxious for information that will enable her to keep little ones in good health. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. have issued a little book which contains a great deal of information on the care of infants and young children that every mother ought to know. The book will be sent free to any mother who will send her name and address to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It's a low down trick when another fellow beats you at your own game.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

Some of our oldest colleges are still in full possession of their faculties.



JEM MACE "BROKE."

Veteran English Prizefighter Is Now Old and Poor.

"Jem" Mace, the old-time champion prize-fighter, who has applied for an old-age pension, was born at Beeston, near Norwich, on Good Friday, April 8, 1831.

A representative of the press inquiring for the veteran was referred to a tavern in Islington—that decaying remnant of disappearing Old London where the old traditions still flicker. There, in the sawdusted parlor of the Bluecoat Boy, the old warrior may often be heard modestly recounting his exploits to a respectfully listening group.

Mace was not at the "Blucutt," however, as it is familiarly known, but plentiful information concerning his merits was to be obtained. A tall old gentleman of forcible manner in a silk hat introduced himself as "Jem's business manager." There was another friend, who had been middle-weight champion of England himself in days gone by, and another admirer who was able to claim the distinction of having hospitably entertained the veteran in recent emergencies.

The "Blucutt" was unanimously of opinion that, despite the number of his birthdays, it was not old age that the old fighting man was suffering from. It was the world that had grown old, and lost its youthful interest in fighting, and not "Jem" Mace.

Later on Mr. Mace himself was encountered. He had been taking his evening meal in the family circle of some professional friends in Clerkenwell, and was cleaning up his plate with what was left of the loaf of bread. A lithe, erect, handsome old man still, with fine eyes and wavy grey hair above a good forehead, and strong, well-formed features.

"Since I lost my wife," he said, "nothing has gone right. I always wanted a master," he added, "and since she died I have had nobody to tell me."

On the back of each hand below the wrist there is a big, bony swelling. Asked what caused that he said, "Punching did that—punching men."

"Punching which men?"

"Punching more than five hundred men. My memory is going, and I can't remember all their names. More than five hundred I have battled with and beat them all."

"And were you never beaten then?"

"Two of them beat me. Bob Brettle beat me and Tom King beat me, but they were accidents, and in other battles I beat both of them. I was a bit careless the day I fought Bob Brettle—took him to cheap, and he caught me with his right and smashed my jaw, knocked me clean out. But the next time I beat him, and beat him fair.

"They never gave me no thick ears, none of them. I suffered more in my hands from punching them than from them punching me. I knew more than they did, had a better headpiece; but since my poor wife died I've had nobody to tell me.

"A quarter of a million pounds I have took out of the prize-ring, and all gone. Ten championship cups and four championship belts I have won, all silver with diamonds and precious stones, and they have all gone. I have got a bust of old Tom Sayers left, and I would let it go for a couple of sovereigns, for I have got nothing."

"You are my old friend, Bill, for fifty years," he said to his septuagenarian manager. "You've got a good business headpiece. You stick by me and I'll do whatever you tell me to, and I can box three rounds with anybody as well as ever I could."

"I will, Jem," said the business manager, "I'll stick by you. I'm walking wonderful well this last day or two."

And the principal of seventy-seven with his manager of seventy odd went off hopefully together to look for a likely opponent and a sporting backer.

The Lost H.

Sergeant Channell, who was in the habit of dropping his h's, and Sir Frederick Thesiger were once trying a case about a ship called the Helen. Every time the former mentioned the vessel he called it the Ellen. Every time the other counsel mentioned her they called her the Helen. At last the judge, with a quaint gravity, said: "Stop," (a favorite word of his.) "Stop. What was the name of the ship? I have it on my notes the Ellen and the Helen. Which is it?" And the Bar grinned.

"Oh, my lud," said Thesiger in his blandest and most fastidious manner, "the ship was christened the Helen, but she lost her 'h' in the chops of the channel."—London Spectator.

Daring Lady Explorers.

Probably no other lady has such a record of exploration as Mrs. French-Sheldon, who, amongst other claims to distinction, possesses that of having been the first woman elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. In addition to three journeys round the world, she has personally conducted more than one African expedition, and has traveled alone on the Congo. Mrs. Workman, too, has accomplished wonders among the Himalayas—where she and her husband, in 1903, attained an altitude of 23,394 feet—and Miss Gordon-Cumming has also climbed many of the almost inaccesssible peaks among the mountains of Northern India and Thibet.

He Started Young.

"The Baby" is the nickname which has been bestowed upon Lord Winterton, because he was only a few months over twenty-one when he was returned as M.P. for Horsham. "The Baby" is one of the best shots in the House. He has just returned from a big game expedition in the Soudan.

Not an Infallible Method.

"I diagnose all my cases from the patient's eyes," said a doctor emphatically. "Now, your right eye tells me that your liver is affected." "Excuse, me, doctor," the patient remarked, "but my right eye is a glass one."

BAD LEG FOR 60 YEARS.

Zam-Buk Works a Complete Cure.

Mrs. J. Minett, of 192 Thurbers Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island, has been cured by Zam-Buk of a bad leg, which had defied all remedies for sixty long years. She says:—"When a child of eight, I was bitten on the leg by a dog. A doctor cauterised the place, but it never healed up soundly, and I have suffered with an ulcerated leg for over sixty years. This occurred in England, and many English doctors tried in vain to heal the sore. At one time I was an in-patient at the East Suffolk Hospital for a long period, and for three years I was in and out of hospitals. I was continually in pain, and the sore would not heal, but continued to discharge. Twelve months ago I came out here to my daughter, and during the voyage I had to keep my bed. The ship's doctor examined my leg, and gave me a plaster, which I had to take off again as it made the pain so intense. When I reached my daughter's house, she sent for a medical man, who said nothing could ever do it any good, and although I tried other American doctors, they did me no good. They said my leg would never be well.

"One day my youngest daughter brought home a box of Zam-Buk, and induced me to try it. With the first application I seemed to find ease, and further treatment with Zam-Buk did me so much good that I sent for a proper supply. I kept on with the Zam-Buk treatment, and soon saw that the wound was getting better. The discharge was reduced, and the pain was eased. I persevered with the Zam-Buk, and, to cut a long story short, it effected a cure. It is marvellous to think that, after suffering for sixty years, Zam-Buk has been able to make my leg perfectly sound."

Zam-Buk is a combination of power and purity. Purely herbal, it is superior to all known remedies for chronic sores and wounds, eczema, salt-rheum, ringworm, eruptions, varicose ulcers, cuts, burns, bruises, skin diseases. It also cures piles. All Druggists and Stores sell at 50c. a box, or post-free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Three boxes for $1.25.

Out of Danger

The millionaire had been very ill, but the doctor's smile was cheerful and encouraging. "At last, my dear sir," he said, grasping the patient's nerveless hand, "at last I am happy to say that you are completely out of danger." "No risk of a relapse?" None whatever." "Break it gently to my poor nephew," whispered the invalid, faintly.

Meerschaum, when freshly mined, is so soft that it may be used for soap, giving a plentiful, cleansing lather.

After the Airship Wreck

Reporter—What was the cause of the accident?

Descending Passenger — Nobody seems to know. The captain thinks it was a derelict or an uncharted skyscraper.

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

"People praise my work," said the artist, boastingly. "And they laugh at mine," rejoined the sad-faced party, "but I don't mind." "What is your line?" queried the artist. "I'm a professional humorist," replied the other. —Chicago Daily News.

The Plowboy Bard

The garden seed air seed, all right—
That's righter than it's wronger—
But when we puts 'em outa sight
They can't be seed no longer.

The Uses of Bile in Indigestion

Bile is quite as important as are the gastric juices in the process of digestion.

Chronic indigestion disappears when an active liver supplies bile in sufficient quantities.

You think of bile as something disagreeable and poisonous, something to be well rid of. In the blood the bile is poisonous and harmful, but the liver takes the bile out of the blood and pours it into the intestines, where it fulfills a most important mission.

Without bile human life is short; for,

Bile hastens the passage of the food along the alimentary canal.

Bile neutralizes the acid which passes from the stomach to the intestines.

Bile prevents the fermentation of food in the intestines, which in turn causes gas, wind, flatulency.

Bile, in short, is Nature's cathartic and maintains a regular and healthful process of digestion and of elimination of waste matter by way of the bowels.

But to have a regular flow of bile the liver must be kept healthy and active and just here is where Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills come in, for they are definite, specific and direct in their action on the liver.

It is only by setting the liver right that constipation can ever be cured. It is only by making the liver healthy that biliousness and bilious, sick headaches can be thoroughly overcome. It is only by making the liver active that the most difficult cases of indigestion and dyspepsia will ever vanish.

A single box of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at 25 cts. a box will convince you of their extraordinary merit. One pill a dose, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A RECORD PIKE.

Largest Ever Caught In England Landed a Few Days Ago.

A giant pike, which is for English and Scotch streams the record catch, was caught recently on the Hampshire Stour by the orthodox method of rod and line.

This fish turned the scale at 37 1-4 pounds. Its length is 45 inches and girth 24 inches. When first taken out of the water it was weighed with a spring balance and reached the figure of over 40 pounds, but in the intervening time it has shrunk to its present size. It lies, a wonder to all beholders, in the shop of Messrs. Milestone and Stanforth, Swallow Place, Oxford street, with the tiny roach with which it was caught still stuck fast in its gills.

The captor of this noble prize was interviewed by a representative of the press. "I caught her," he said, "on Sunday morning on Lord Wimborne's estate. The stream was in flood, and I was fishing with snap tackle in a very fast stream. I had an hour before caught and given away a 14-pound pike, which is probably the male fish. I dropped my bait into the run and it was carried by the swirl round the corner into a backwater which shelves gradually up towards the bank from the point of the island.

"The pike took me fairly quietly, for she was old and sluggish, and not for some time did I realize that I was fast in one of the biggest pike that have ever been caught in the British Isles. She fought me for nearly half an hour, and at last I managed to get her toward the shelving bank. My keeper, wild with excitement, plunged into the water, and we got her out somehow.

"She looked lovely on coming out of the water. The shading of her body was exquisite, and the pink spots which have since grown blurred and faded showed up splendidly. My chief reason, however, for congratulation is that she must have been one of the worst thieves in our duck decoy. There is no close season for pike on the Stour, otherwise she might long have survived as the terror of the wild ducklings which we rear there every summer, and have missed in large quantities."

A GRAVE STATEMENT.

Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane Says Britain Cannot Take Chances.

Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, British Secretary for War, has just made the following pronouncement on the European situation:

"For three years past," he said, "I have been going up and down the country preaching from the text that if you wish to make war unlikely you must prepare yourself against being taken unawares.

"I hate war, and I wish to avert its horrors, but when the nations are piling up armaments it is not safe for us to shut our eyes to the risks. We must prepare while there is time to prepare.

"The fault of our country is that we do not look ahead. We are very practical, very energetic, but we do not make far-reaching plans or look to the possibilities of the future. We insure against risks in business and we ought to do it in our national life.

"There has been too little of that, and I desire to impress on the country that we must look ahead if we are to be safe.

"The people of this country should meditate on the fact that we are not merely the centre of a great Empire, but that we have to police, with what I may call a long-range professional army, our dominions across the seas.

"We want not only a great army, but a great navy with the command of the sea. Because we are an island we should be fools if we neglected the defence which the sea makes possible to us.

"During the last few days there has been awakened deep interest in the state of the navy. I will only say one word about that. The Government is determined to preserve the command of the sea.

"The command of the sea must be preserved from the point of view of the army as well as the navy itself.

"No man can say we are never likely to be invaded, and the more we are prepared the less likely is it to occur."

Is Lord Milner a German?

It may be remembered, apropos of the meteoric career of Lord Milner, who was fifty-five the other day, that when he got his peerage certain newspapers contended that he was a German alien, and, as such, could not sit in the House of Lords. As a matter of fact, Lord Milner, though educated in Germany, was born in England. His father, Dr. Milner, might perhaps have been described as "a German subject," since he was born in Germany. But Dr. Milner's father was English, and the son of an Englishman is always an Englishman too, wherever he may have been born. Lord Milner has been described as society's most incorrigible bachelor. His engagement has never even been rumored.

Didn't Startle Rossetti.

Among authors there are some who take but the slightest interest in social or political questions. So far as public questions are concerned, they are hardly better informed than Dante Gabriel Rossetti. During the French revolution one of his friends burst into Rossetti's studio with the incredible news, "Louis Philippe has landed in England." "Has he?" said Rossetti calmly. "What has he come for?"

Readily.

"Willie, did you put your money in the contribution box in Sunday School to-day?" "No, mamma; I asked Eddy Lake, the preacher's son, if I could keep it and spend it on candy, and he gave me permission."

Teacher Wanted to Know.

"How do you like your teacher, dear?" little Mary was asked, after her first day at school. "I like her," said Mary, "but I don't think she knows much, for she just keeps asking questions all the time."

EARLY ADVERTISEMENTS.

England Took a Long Time to Realize the Value of Printing.

One of the first English printed advertisements was a handbill or poster got out by Caxton in 1480 and reading:

"Pyes . . . of Salisbury . . . good and chepe . . . if it please any man spirituel or temporel to bye."

This was not a baker's advertisement, Caxton had printed "Pyes" or clerical rules telling how the clergy at Salisbury dealt with the changing date of Easter; and as the clergy could read he was bold enough to print advertisements of his "Pyes."

For two centuries after it was introduced, printing, which should have boomed advertising — if advertising depended primarily upon printing—had little or no effect upon it. The public had to be reached by the rebus over the shop, the public criers in towns, and by boys in front of stalls calling, "What d'ye lack, master? What d'ye lack?"

Even the newspapers, when the civil wars in England in the seventeenth century brought them forth and they began to develop readers, had an extraordinarily small effect in developing advertising. Book notices, rewards for the arrest of runaway servants and quacks began to appear about 1652. And a little later the germ of modern advertising began to develop in the "Mercurius Politicus," "The Kingdom's Intelligencer," and the "Publick Advertiser" and others in an effort to introduce tea, coffee, and chocolate into England, thus:

Tea: "That excellent and by all Physitians approved China drink called by the Chineans Teha, by other Nations Tay, alias Tee."

Coffee: "The grain or berry called coffee, growing only upon little trees in the deserts of Arabia. Brought from thence and as drunk generally throughout all the Grand Seignor's dominions. It is a simple, innocent thing composed into a drink."

And chocolate: "An excellent West India drink called Chocolate.'

The contrast between popular dependence upon advertising then and now cannot be better shown than by the experience after the great London fire. In 1666 London was practically wiped out by fire. The printer of The London Gazette, with almost prophetic acumen, offered his columns for notices of new locations of shops. But though practically every important shop in the city was moved, there was absolutely no response to this offer. The old locations had never been known through the newspapers, so why should anyone look there for the new?

Walking Over the Fire.

On the anniversary of the twentieth day after the death of Imam Hussain, which fell recently, the usual ceremony of walking over the fire, which is held annually at Mushirabad, a suburb of Hyderabad, took place in the presence of a crowd which was greater than in past years. "Walking over the fire," is a wonderful sight. Two or three carloads of firewood are gathered in an open space in front of the "Ashoorkhana," and at midnight the wood is set on fire. This takes about two hours to burn, and the heat is so great that no one can stand within a distance of at least a dozen yards from the fire. After the fire has burnt out, the live charcoal is spread out evenly on the ground in the form of a circle. When everything is ready, two men jump barefooted into the fire and walk across the fiery carpet, not once, but at least a dozen times. The heat from the glowing embers is fiercer than when the wood was burning. The example of the two men is followed by several hundreds. The strangest feature of the ceremony is that not a single man receives any injury. Even children of all ages jump into the fire and run across it without the least hesitation, and all seem to be at home. The only effects after passing through the ordeal seems to be that one perspires profusely.

Marianne Farningham Dead.

Thousands residing in Canada have read at some time or other those novels which appeared in weekly form in The Christian World, and were afterwards reproduced in book form at the customary price of three shillings and sixpence, and have had a most extensive reading in the novel religious world only equalled by those of Edna Lyall and other authors of the serio-religious school which has found such a following among the religious readers of to-day. Miss Hearn, better known as Marianne Farningham to readers of religious papers for the last half century, died a few days ago in a boarding-house at Barmouth, to which she was taken a day or two ago before her death on her arrival from Northampton. She was 74 years old. Miss Farningham was editress of The Sunday School Times, and for 52 years she never missed a contribution either of prose or verse to the Christian World, for which she wrote her first poem in 1857. Many of her verses have become standard hymns, which are sung every Sunday in thousands of churches throughout the world.

Longshoreman George.

Lord George Hamilton is known by a few of his intimates as "Longshoreman George." The name is the sequel of an old joke. One night, many years ago, Lord George had to respond at a dinner to the toast of the Admiralty, but between the toast and his speech a well-known comic singer was called upon for a song. This genius chose "The Longshoreman," with its chorus, declaring that its "hero ain't no sailor bold, and he never was upon the sea."

Accounted For.

Old Lady (rather deaf)—"Are you any relation to a Mr. Green?"

Green—"I am Mr. Green."

Old Lady—"Ah! Then that explains the extraordinary resemblance."

Cruel.

Sportsman (wishing for fresh fields to conquer)—"I should like to try my hand at big game."

The Lady—"Yes; I suppose you find it very hard to hit these little birds?"

INDEED THEY ARE WONDERFUL

WHAT THOS. McDONALD SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

He Had Lame Back, Kidney Disease and Heart Flutterings, and One Box Cured Him.

Shubenacadie, Hants Co., N. S. (Special).—"I suffered from Lame Back, Kidney Disease and Heart Flutterings, caused by cold and a strain, for three years. I was looking over some papers and saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised and I bought one box which completely cured me. Dodd's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

That is the simple, straightforward statement of Mr. Thomas McDonald, a well known resident of this place. It shows how quickly Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Kidney Disease when taken in its earlies stages. Lame Back is one of the first symptoms of sick Kidneys. Heart Flutterings is another symptom. It is caused by blood, from which the sick Kidneys have failed to strain the impurities, increasing the work of the heart. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the sick Kidneys well, the lame back disappears, the blood is purified, the heart is relieved and the flutterings stop.

If the case is of long standing, it may take longer to cure it, but Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to do it.

Helping Them Out

"Your cousin's medical practice, I suppose, doesn't amount to much yet?"

"No, I'm sorry to say. We relatives do all we can, however, but, of course, we can't be ill all the time!"

"She—Jack told me that that hospital was built entirely at his expense. Is it possible?

He—Well, Jack's uncle cut him off with a hundred pounds, and left the rest of his money to build the hos-

Airing your troubles will not mitigate them.

The manufacture of oleomargarine and other artificial butters is one of the leading industries of Holland.

There's one sure thing, and that is that you can't be sure of anything

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

Dolly—We had to practice Chopin for three hours to-day, mamma!

Mrs. Parvenoo—Really, my dear, shoppin' is all very well, but your papa sent you to the ladies' hacademy to learn music an' that sort o' thing!"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

King Leopold of Belgium has offered a $5,000 prize for the best treatise to be brought out this year.

Eyes Are Relieved by Murine

when irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Room. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,928 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain? Murine doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Is compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles; You will like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

"I have an heirloom on this table," said the landlady, "that has come down to me through four generations." "I thought so," mused the new boarder. "Why don't you get a different butter dealer."—Cleveland Leader.

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

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

Chaplain—What brought you here?

Prisoner—Youth, sir.

Chaplain—Youth! Why, you look to be fifty if a day!

Prisoner—I'm past that. It was the youth of my lawyer that did it.

Sores Flee Before It.—There are many who have been afflicted with sores and have driven them away with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which acts like magic. All similarly troubled should lose no time in applying this splendid remedy, as there is nothing like it to be had. It is cheap, but its power is in no way expressed by its low price.

Jobbery

Another important difference between governmnet jobs and glory is that there are not enough of them to go round.—Indianapolis News.

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

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

SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS
A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, -- MANAGING-EDITOR

In and Around Town

The Duke of Sparwood was in town this week.

The Great Northern hotel now has a white chef.

Miss Rae Pickering is visiting friends at Hosmer.

Who shed, by the wood shed, those tears for Jack?

Dr. McIntyre of Winnipeg is here assisting Dr. McSorley.

Teddy Van the old G. N. conductor is visiting at Fernie.

The Imperial bank building is finished and ready for occupancy.

Kennedy the druggist expects to move into his new store next week.

Quotations on the G. N. stock market for train robbers have advanced.

H. Watson of Calgary and R. B. C. Hammond of Fernie, were here yesterday.

The Great Northern official car with the whole bunch, was here on Wednesday.

In the football match at Fernie last Saturday, the result was a draw Score, Fernie 2; Michel 2.

Mrs. M. McFarlane has returned from Ontario, where she was called by the death of her father.

J. R. Pollock of Fernie was here yesterday, attending a meeting of the Elk Valley Brewing Co.

Bert. McCullough has taken up his residence in his new quarters over P. Burns & Co's store.

J. Beynon a well known mixerologist has taken a position behind the bar at the Great Northern.

New Michel will play Michel baseball on the tipple grounds on the 24th. Play ball at 10 a. m.

J. E. McCool was mistaken for a human match box, the other day and had his face badly scratched.

Work on the Coal Company's lots is progressing more rapidly since contractor McCool put in 7 more men.

Summer Signs—the Trites-Wood awning, Alec's overalls, Mac's panama, high water, ice cream, outdoor sports and bull-frogs.

The night policeman has been retained, notwithstanding the number of people contributing to his support has been diminished.

Somerton Bros have erected a flag pole on top of their store and will float their colors on the 24th. This is the first flag pole erected in New Michel.

The football club hold their sports here on the 24th of May and are putting out a good program. A dance at night in Michel hall will wind up the day's fun.

A horse belonging to the G. N. hotel, met with a bad accident the other day. Being turned loose it got amongst the stumps and in some way nearly tore a hoof off.

S. C. Matthews, one of the oldest commercial travellers in the west, was here yesterday, looking as spruce as ever and with the same command of English as he had when we first met him some 25 years ago.

A newspaper is the natural place to look for announcements and if type-written notices stuck up on telephone poles or on sides of buildings were less in evidence, we might profit occasionally to the extent of of being able to cut out, what appears to some people as objectionable dope.

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

SEVENTY MILLION, TIMBER — SAW MILL — Great Northern Railway passes through — 5 limits—running 18 years— annual dues $575 or $115 annually each. Cedar, tamarac, fir, spruce, and some white pine. Price is $30,000, half cash, balance on terms, Address the Editor of this paper for further particulars.

FIFTY MILLION FEET OF FIRST-CLASS TIMber on drivable stream. Easily logged to Columbia River. This can be bought for $16,000, ½ cash, balance one and two years. These licenses run for 18 years more. Cost of continuing licenses in force, $115 each. The above are snaps, and if you are a lumber or timber man communicate at once, as the owner must sell. For any further details, address the Editor of this paper.

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH

MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL
SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY

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

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

Rev. S. Cook, Pastor.

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

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.

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

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

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

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

Easy To Locate This Kind

When you hear a man eternally crying "graft, graft" against his neighbors who are in better circumstances than he, you can safely put him down as a grafter, and a failure even at graft. Generally he is like the devil-fish that clouds the water so he himself cannot be seen. Many who cry "tainted money" are chiefly vexed because taint theirs.—Ex.

Board Now in Session

The board of conciliation established to enquire into the difficulty of the Western Coal Operators and Coal Miners in Southern British Columbia and Alberta, and endeavor to adjust the same, consists of Rev. H. N. Grant, Fernie; Colin McLeod, Macleod and F. H. Sherman, Taber.

The board is now convened at Macleod and from latest advices, a settlement of the trouble is looked for to-night.

Elk Valley Beer

The fact is that good, properly made beer is (says a medical paper to-day) a beverage containing a very small amount of alcohol and a relatively large amount of nutritive material.

It is time (says the "Hospital") that the erroneous view that beer has no nutritive value in itself, and merely consists of a beverage upon which a certain portion of the community intoxicates itself, should be exposed and discredited.

In a base ball game between Michel and New Michel last night, the score stood New Michel 4; Michel 1.

L. W. Kribs who has been confined to the house with rheumatism in the knee, is reported to be around again to-day or Monday.

C. W. Davey of Fernie was here today and carries back with him the same old story "New Michel is a crackerjack of a town."

BIRTH

WEBER.—At New Michel, on Monday, May 17th, *the wife of H. F. Weber of a son.*

Notice of Application for Renewal for Liquor License

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

ALEXANDER J. McCOOL.

Dated at New Michel, B. C., May 1, 1909.

Application for Transfer of Liquor Licence

I, JOHN S. LAURENSON, of the town of Michel, B. C., hereby apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police for a transfer to G. B. Stedman of my licence to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of the Statutes in that behalf, in the premises known and described as the Kootenay Hotel, situated at New Michel, B. C. to *commence on the 1st day of July, 1909.*

JOHN S. LAURENSON.

Michel, B. C., April 24th, 1909.

Notice of Application for Renewal of License

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

GEO. B. STEDMAN.

Dated at New Michel, B. C., May 1, 1909.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that we intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, after thirty days from the first appearance of this notice, for a renewal of our wholesale licence to sell intoxicating liquors at Michel, B. C.

Dated this 7th day of May, A. D. 1909.

THE MICHEL LIQUOR COMPANY, LIMITED

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that I intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, after thirty days from the first appearance of this notice, for the transfer from myself to the Michel Liquor Company Limited, of my wholesale licence to sell intoxicating liquors at Michel, B. C.

Dated this 7th day of May, A. D. 1909.

THOMAS CRAHAN.

Licence to an Extra-Provincial Company
"COMPANIES ACT, 1897."

CANADA:
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA,
No. 484

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that "The Crow's Nest Pass Hardware Company, Limited" is authorized and licensed to carry on business within the Province of British Columbia, and to carry out or effect all or any of the objects of the Company to which the legislative authority of the Legislature of British Columbia extends.

The head office of the Company is situate at Frank in the Province of Alberta, Canada.

The amount of the capital of the Company is Twenty Thousand dollars divided into Two hundred shares of One hundred dollars each.

The head office of the Company in this Province is situate at New Michel, and Louis W. Kribs Hardware Merchant whose address is New Michel aforesaid, is the attorney for the Company.

(L. S.) GIVEN under my Hand and Seal of Office at Victoria, Province of British Columbia, this third day of May, One thousand nine hundred and nine.

"S. Y. WOOTTON"
Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The objects for which this Company has been established and licensed are:—

To buy, sell and carry on business as wholesale and retail dealers in hardware including builders' supplies, mining supplies, plumbing, heating and tinsmith supplies, household and kitchen utensils and everything pertaining to a general wholesale and retail hardware business. To manufacture and instal all kinds of tinsmithing, plumbing, hot air heating and steam fitting supplies. To act as agents for manufacturers in any of the above lines. To acquire by purchase or lease, hire or exchange or otherwise such lands, leases, buildings, machinery, tools, warehouses, rights of way, railway tracks or sidings as are necessary or conducive to the carrying on of the above hardware business. To do any or all of the things herein set forth as objects, purposes, powers or otherwise to the same extent and as fully as natural persons might or could do as principals, agents or otherwise. To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the foregoing objects.

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

PHOTOGRAPHS
SOMERTON BROS.
Studio Now Open Over The Store

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.

Does This Hit You?

You can easily detect a town that is on its way to the cemetery. The man who curses the town digs the grave. The man who does nothing but whine makes the shroud. The man who opposes every project for improvement furnishes the coffin. The man who does not advertise drives the hearse. The man who knows the town will soon begin to go backward, throws flowers on the grave. The man who howls hard times while investing money in outside enterprises, preaches the funeral sermon, and all the deadbeats, loafers, kickers, whiners and those envious of the successful, sing the funeral anthem.—Ex.

The base ball team has dug up the price and taken their outfit from the express office.

Stimulators For Next Week

46 children's dresses, .50c to $2.25

50 pairs of fleece lined drawers, broken lots, regular .65 and .75 cents, now .50

All wool, heather Sox, regular 35 cents a pair, during next week, 4 pairs for $1.00

Fine balbriggan underwear, per suit 90

Nickeled Alarm Clocks, regular $1.50
Now 95 cents

20 doz Exelda Handkerchiefs, 6 for 1.00

Black sateen Shirts, regular 1., 1.25, and $1.50, while they last, **95 cents**

Trunks, ... $2.35 to $8.00

The Bargain House

Weber, New Michel

NEW$PAPER ADVERT1$1NG

Cost$ money, but properly done it bring$ big reult
The Newspaper is the place
the proper place
and the only proper place
in which to make your advertising announcements

Get into THE REPORTER

Are You House Cleaning?

We have everything in
Paints
Oils
Varnishes
Alabastine
in all Colors

Crow's Nest Pass Hardware Co., LTD
New Michel

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

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

Moving Pictures

On Sunday Night in
Crahan's Hall.

On Monday Night in
Martin's Hall.

Admission .15 and .35

Roughead & Brown, Proprietors