

MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 2

NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, DEC. 25, 1909.

NO. 14

Xmas Gifts FOR MEN

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

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

The Reporter

wishes you one and all

A Merry Xmas

UNION SECRETARIES

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

BADGE OF HONOR

— THE —



TUESDAY Crahan's Hall

Clark's Moving Picture and Vaudeville

The talk around town

Entire change of program

New faces in Vaudeville

6,000 feet of the best Life Moving Pictures procurable

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

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

ADMISSION
Children 15 and 25c Adults 35c
Dontmissthisshow?

District 18 Elects Officers

Fernie, Dec. 19.—The annual election of officers for district 18 U. M. W. of A., took place last week and resulted in the return of district president Powell unopposed, and the re-election of vice-president Stubbs and secretary-treas. A. J. Carter, and the election of Charles Garner, of Michel, over former International Board Member, Peter Patterson, by a large majority.

Nat Howells, of Michel, was elected district board member for sub-district 1; J. O. Jones, of Coleman, for sub-district 2; John Larson, of Lethbridge, for No. 3; and A. H. Fox, of Canmore, for sub-district No. 4.

These with the executive of District No. 18, compose the district board for District 18 for the year. This board is the body through which the miners of the big district transact their routine business.

The membership of the district now numbers 4,500, and is constantly growing. The feeble attempt to start a rival organization in the territory over which the U. M. W. of A. has established itself, met with sudden death, and it is not likely that any other coal miners' organization can ever supplant the present union.

Michel Xmas Tree

The Xmas presents for the children of Old and New Michel will be given out on Xmas Day, December 25th, from 1.30 p. m. till 6 p. m. All children are requested to bring their tickets along before they receive a present. Any child residing in New or Old Michel who has not received a ticket kindly see the secretary of Michel Local Union. Any person desiring to donate towards same kindly send their donation to Chas. Garner, secretary Michel Local Union, a list of which will be published in the Michel Reporter by request. MICHEL XMAS TREE COMMITTEE, Chas. Garner, secretary, Michel, B. C.

Road to Serve Interior B. C.

Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 23.—It is reported here that the townsite of Midway, B. C., in the boundary district, and owned by a Montreal company, of which Peter Lyall, contractor is president has sold out its interests to the Kettle Valley line for \$45,000. The railway proposes to extend the system west via west fork of Kettle River through the Okanagan and Similkameen districts and over the Hope mountains to Hope in the Fraser river valley. Legislation granting a subsidy of \$5,000 a mile to the enterprise from Midway to Nikola, a distance of 150 miles, will be introduced at the coming session of the provincial legislature in accordance with Premier McBride's ante-election pledge.

Suitable Gifts FOR Everyone

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

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

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

The Most Complete Line of Toys in the Pass

The Trites-Wood Co. Ltd. Michel

Canada's Forests

Progress of Forestry Work during 1908 - 1909

The work of the Forest Service of the United States is spoken of in the highest terms of praise and with good reason, but it may be pointed out that, although the extent of Canada is not less than that of the United States, the forest service of the latter has an appropriation of \$4,640,000 and a permanent staff of over 2,000, while the Canadian forest service has an appropriation of \$100,000 and a permanent staff of about forty. If the Canadian people wish a service equally efficient with that of the United States, they must be prepared to deal much more generously with it than they do now. The foregoing words form part of the introduction to the report of the Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, (Mr. R. H. Campbell), lately laid before Parliament. In addition to the forestry work proper the Forestry Branch has charge of the irrigation work and the national parks.

PROTECTION OF THE FORESTS FROM FIRE

The main divisions of the forestry work carried on are protection of the forests from fire, work on the forest reserves and work in tree planting on the prairies. At present the protection of the forests from fire is accomplished by means of rangers, who patrol their respective districts, discover and extinguish fires and warn travellers and residents of the danger of setting fires. While the season of 1908 was exceptionally dry and the risk correspondingly great, few serious fires occurred on Dominion lands. The most serious fires were at Salmon Arm, Manson Creek and White Lake in British Columbia, and in the valley of the Spray river in Alberta. For the B. C. fire squatters on timber berths were chiefly responsible and the carelessness on the part of a lumber company was a partial cause. For the Spray valley fire the carelessness of tourists is responsible. By the B. C. fires 200,000 feet, board measure, of lumber was destroyed and 10,000,000 feet damaged. The Spray valley fire burned about 3,000,000 feet of timber.

The total number of rangers employed during the season of 1908 was 82, and compared with 47 during the season of 1907. A special patrol was maintained along the line of the G. T. P. and no serious fire occurred there. Additional rangers were employed north of the Pass, in the country north of Prince Albert and on the Peace and Great Slave rivers. Despite this extension, however, there is the most pressing need of protecting the great Northern Forest Belt, a district reaching from Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains (a distance of 1000 miles) and from 300 to 600 miles wide; there is also great need of the same along the many lines of railway projected into the northern country.

A Warning

An editor approached St. Peter at the Golden Gate and handing him a long list of delinquent subscribers said: "Look this list over carefully and see if any of these fellows have sneaked through the pearly gates." "No," said St. Peter, "there are none of them inside, but a fellow slipped through here the other day who took the paper a year without paying for it and had the postmaster mark it 'refused,' but we are after him, and when caught he will be consigned to the place where he properly belongs. He is meaner than the delinquent subscriber, and Heaven is not his home."

Christmas Gifts

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

Special lines in

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

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

KENNEDY'S DRUG AND BOOK STORE NEW MICHEL

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

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Douglas & Stedman Proprietors

RATES \$2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO

Capital Authorized \$10,000,000

Capital Paid Up \$5,000,000 Reserve Fund \$5,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on Deposits from Date of Deposit

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued, available in Any part of the World

Branches at Michel and New Michel. T. B. BAKER, Manager

Somerton Bros.

Wish All Their Customers

A Merry CHRISTMAS

and heartily thank them for their generous patronage in the past.

SOMERTON BRO'S Jewelers, Opticians, Photographers

New Michel Blairmore Frank

\$1.00 is not much to pay for this newspaper FOR ONE YEAR. SUBSCRIBE TO IT NOW

SUNLIGHT SOAP



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

Henry's Regrets

Henry VII. of England, while sojourning in America, visited a divorce court in Chicago.
"And to think, I was only able to get rid of five of 'em in forty years," he moaned, as he saw the judge uncouple couples at the rate of three an hour.

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

Engineers are figuring on piercing Mont Blanc for a double track, electric railroad. The tunnel would be eight miles long, and would shorten the distance between Paris and Genoa over 30 miles.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

"A horse! A horse!" the actor cried; In accents of disdain
A little gallery god replied:
"Gwan! 'Git an aeroplane!"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, hoarses the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

Hurry Ends in Indigestion

Use your teeth on your food or your stomach will suffer. Quick lunches, hurried eating, bolting food, are sure to end, sooner or later, in some form of indigestion, more or less troublesome.

Beecham's Pills

quickly relieve the distress caused by hurried eating. They act directly on the stomach nerves and actually help the food to digest and assimilate. They are particularly good for nervous dyspepsia, bloating, hiccoughs, bitter taste in the mouth, and flatulence. With reasonable care in eating, Beecham's Pills will soon

Put an End to Stomach Ills.

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.



By its antiseptic influence Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment prevents all danger from blood poisoning when applied to scalds, burns, sores and wounds. It is soothing and healing. Takes out the fire and inflammation, heals up the sore, forms new, soft skin.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is best known because of its wonderful record in curing eczema, piles and all sorts of itching skin diseases. There are a score of other ways in which it is invaluable in the home.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment has no substitute which can be compared to it as a means of stopping itching and healing the skin. Wherever its merits are known it is considered of utmost value in the cure of itching skin diseases. Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment 50 cts. a box, at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy Dr. Chase's Receipts.

DOVER A GREAT PORT.

A Great Deal of Work Is Being Done on Its Navy Yard.

It is not generally realized that the naval harbor works at Dover have been in hand for twelve years. Dover was used as a base for the fleets which the Romans maintained for the suppression of the pirates of Northern Europe. Sir Walter Raleigh recommended Dover for development as a naval base, and Henry VIII. did much for its benefit, building a new pier there.

In more recent times Dover has been the subject of much talk and comparatively little action. Three royal commissions sat on a proposal to build a harbor there in the middle of last century—one in 1340, another in 1844, and a third in the following year. All that resulted, however, was the Admiralty Pier, begun in 1847 and not completed until twenty years after.

Many years later the Dover Harbor Board brought forward a scheme for the commercial development of the port, and their plans were actually sanctioned in 1891. Soon after, however, they were modified owing to the decision of the Admiralty to construct there a "national harbor of refuge," the contract for which was let to Messrs. Pearson & Son in 1895, and which the Prince of Wales opened recently.

The work has been a tedious one, and it is open to doubt—in naval circles, to openly expressed doubt—whether the place will ever be worth what has been spent on it. The result of the twelve year's work is a naval harbor 610 acres in extent, and a tiny commercial harbor (by courtesy) of eighty acres. The harbor is enclosed by the Admiralty Pier, 4,000 feet long, the "eastern arm," 3,320 feet long, and the detached southern breakwater, 4,200 feet long. In addition, a sea wall 3,850 feet long was built in connection with the reclamation of twenty-three acres of land at the eastern end of the harbor. During the twelve years of work, as many as two thousand men have been employed at one time.

The construction of the eastern arm and of the Admiralty Pier extension were proceeded with simultaneously. Most of the concrete blocks used weighed forty tons each, and were placed in position by powerful cranes. Three of these machines always followed each other on the works, the first preparing the sea bed, the second placing the blocks, and the third working the great diving bells for underwater work. The gantries for the crane railways were made of Australian blue-gum, specially selected in the tree by a representative of Messrs. Pearson, sent to Tasmania for the purpose. Each of the piles was about 100 feet long, and their value, when prepared, was \$2,500 each.

Old Iron Ships.

Modern war vessels become obsolete with ruinous rapidity; but the mercantile marine shows many instances of iron vessels now in regular service at ages rivaling those of the ancient timber fabrics. Readers will recall the disastrous wreck of the New Zealand steamer Penguin on Cape Terawhiti; but it will surprise many to learn that this vessel was built on the Clyde as far back as 1864 by Tod and MacGregor, the historic builders of Jules Verne's famous blockade-runner. The same year saw the graceful Iona, still accounted a model craft, take the water from J. and G. Thomson's yard.

In 1859 the Lough Foyle was launched by J. Barr, Glasgow, in 1846 the Mary Jane by Tod and MacGregor, and in 1844 the Edinburgh Castle by Smith and Roger. These packets, under other and well-known names, are still in active service, and are to all appearance as staunch now as when they were launched over half a century ago, though the firms who built them have long disappeared. Steel vessels have yet to prove their relative durability, as the oldest example now running is probably the comparatively youthful and popular Royal Mail steamer Columbia, built in 1878 of mild steel from the mills of the Steel Company of Scotland.—Chamber's Journal.

A Quaint Wedding.

A quaint and pretty wedding celebrated in Trowsley, Kent, recently, was a genuine old English affair. The bride was Marjorie Nach, daughter of a retired army officer. The "bridal carriage" was a farm wagon, hung with strings of roses. There were two seats in front, and one was vacant on the ride to the church. Behind the bride were the eight bridesmaids in a double row. Three heavy farm horses, led by farm laborers in smocks, drew the wagon. On the return from the church the bridegroom sat beside the bride. Fiddlers and dancers went ahead of the bridal party, and there was a stop at the village green, where all the villagers were treated to cakes and cider. Outside the carpenter shop the bride received the gift of a wooden spoon. The village blacksmith came out in his apron and presented a horseshoe to her. She received gifts from all the shopkeepers in order through the village. Girls scattered roses in the road, and the bride and bridesmaid were in old-fashioned costume.

Sir Thomas Lipton's First Stroke.
Sir Thomas Lipton tells of a commercial stroke which he effected on his first crossing of the Atlantic at the age of sixteen. "I had no money, nor any one to go to, when I arrived in New York, and before we landed I coughed my brains as to what I was to do. As the steamer drew alongside the pier I took up my few belongings and rushed away to the nearest hotel before any one else had left the vessel. As it seemed a clean, well-kept place, I asked to see the proprietor, and told him that I could get him forty patrons, provided he would board and lodge me for a month. To this he consented. I made my way back instantly to the boat, and was just in time to catch my fellow-passengers and persuade them to go to this hotel, where I assured them they would get excellent accommodation. And they did."—Strand.

A Little Cold
He caught a little cold—
That was all.
So the neighbors sadly said,
As they gathered round his bed,
When they heard that he was dead.
He caught a little cold—

That was all. (Puck.)
Neglect of a cough or cold often leads to serious trouble. To break up a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable, mix two ounces of Glycerine, a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and eight ounces of pure Whiskey. Take a teaspoonful every four hours. You buy these at any good drug store and easily mix them in a large bottle.

Chinese Law of Nationality

A recent Chinese newspaper states that the law of nationality, consisting of twenty-four articles, has been decided upon. By this law any person who has lived in China over ten years and is above twenty years of age, of good moral standing, being helpful to China, may be allowed to assume Chinese nationality, if asked for. Unless one has lived in China more than twenty years he will not be allowed to serve in the Grand Council, Imperial Household department, or as a military official in any position above the fourth grade, neither can he become a member of parliament nor of the provisional council.

The Governor of Sierra Leone declares in his report that the special identification of the colony with the phrase "The White Man's Grave" is now a libel. The governor suggests that the graveyard metaphor should itself be decently interred.

The Count (despairingly)—Now zat you have given me the mitten I shall go away from everybody—away to ze North Pole.

The Heiress—Good idea, count. Have some other girl give you the mitten, and you will have a pair to protect you from the cold.

It is said that most of the suicides regret it after swallowing the fatal dose—just as some men do after getting married.

"Jabez it gettin' used to public speakin', ain't he?" "Oh, yes. I remember when you could hardly get him to stand up, an' now you can hardly get him to sit down."

Easy to Tell

With hisses and groans the audience greeted the principal scene of the new drama. All hope, then, was at an end.

"It's hard to tell just what the public wants," murmured the heart-broken playwright.

"It's easy enough to tell in this case," said the manager grimly. "It wants its money back!"

The women of the Yankee States may think they are clever at driving bargains, but the claim is made that in Guthrie lives a woman without a parallel for commercial wit. Several months ago she entered a large department store in New York City to buy a yard of silk, which the clerk told her would cost her thirty-five cents. Her purchase left a remnant of one and one-half yards. The clerk suggested that she buy the remnant.

"What will you take for it?" asked the Guthrie woman.
"Twenty cents, madam," replied the clerk politely.
"Well, I'll take it, but you can keep the yard you've just torn off."
The clerk was staggered for a moment, but, appreciating the humor of the proposal, smilingly made the exchange. Not the least merit of this story is that it is true.—Lutheran Observer.

Tuberculosis

Plenty of fresh air, sleeping out-doors and a plain, nourishing diet are all good and helpful, but the most important of all is

Scott's Emulsion

It is the standard treatment prescribed by physicians all over the world for this dread disease. It is the ideal food-medicine to heal the lungs and build up the wasting body.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
Send 10c. name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch Book. Each book contains a Good Luck Penny.
SCOTT & BOWNE
125 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

Exquisite Designs
When you wish beautiful silver, you naturally ask for
"1847 ROGERS BROS."
Knives, forks, spoons, etc., so stamped have a permanent beauty and durability.
Best tea sets, dishes, wafers, etc.
MERIDEN BRITA CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS
"Silver Plate that Wears"

Why Stanfield's Make Underwear



UP to 20 years ago, most everyone considered that all Underwear—no matter how well cut and made—would shrink and harden.

In those days, the makers were working on the wrong idea. They were trying to find a way to finish Underwear so that it would not shrink, instead of trying to find a way to get the shrink out of the wool before the yarn went to the knitting machines.

The late C. E. Stanfield—who knew wool as only a man can know it who studies it from the sheep's back to the wearer's back—gave his attention to the problem for years.

Living in Nova Scotia, he soon realized that woolen underwear, and the best of pure woolen underwear, was the only kind that would and could protect the Canadian against the rigorous Canadian Winter. He found that as underwear was then made, he could not make woolen underwear that would not shrink, mat and harden. He devoted himself to this problem and after many years of experimenting, he finally discovered a method by which he could take the shrink out of the wool before the garments were knitted.

This method, improved and perfected, has made possible the immense business of Stanfield's Limited, with a larger output of their special classes of Underwear than any other factory in Canada.

The Stanfields make underwear today because Canadian people find Stanfield's Underwear the most comfortable, the most durable, and the warmest for its weight.

The Stanfields are making more underwear every year because the buying public demands more of it. Popularity is a good test of quality.

In 3 standard weights—Light (Red Label), Medium (Blue Label) and Heavy (Black Label) and 17 other weights and qualities to suit the needs and requirements of every man and woman.

The best dealers everywhere handle Stanfield's Underwear. Catalogue showing styles, and sample of fabric, sent free for your address.

John Stanfield
President
Stanfield's Limited
TRURO, N.S.

NOT FOR MONEY SAYS MR. QUIRK

WOULD HE BE WITHOUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

They Cured His Lumbago of Twenty Years Standing, and Made Him Feel Twenty Years Younger.

Fortune Harbor, Nfld. (Special).—Sixty years of age but hale hearty and with all the vigor of a young man, Mr. Ricard Quirk, well known and highly respected here gives all the credit for his good health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered for over twenty years from Lumbago and Kidney Disease," Mr. Quirk says, "and after consulting doctors and taking their medicines, made up my mind I was incurable. I was unable to work when I was persuaded to buy a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. To my great and happy surprise I had not taken half a box when I experienced great relief. Seven boxes cured me. That was in 1900 and I am still cured. I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills for any money. I am twenty years younger than before I took them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood. That's why they cure Rheumatism, Sciatica and other diseases caused by the presence of uric acid in the blood.

Teacher—Johnnie, where is the South Pole?
Johnnie—Dunno.
Teacher—You don't know after all my teaching.
Johnnie—No. If Shackleton can't find it, there's no use of me trying.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE

Smiling, happy, healthy little ones are found in every home where Baby's Own Tablets are used. An occasional dose regulates the stomach and bowels and keeps little ones well, or will speedily restore health if sickness comes unexpectedly. Ask any mother who has used this medicine for her children and she will tell you there is nothing else so safe and sure. Mrs. N. Paquin, St. Wenceslas, Que., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for most of the little ailments of childhood, and have not known them to fail. From my own experience I can recommend them to all mothers." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Winner
The manager of the Steakanam restaurant recently received numerous complaints concerning the negligence of the waiters, who, it was alleged, talked incessantly about horse racing. Anxious to find if the accusation had any foundation in fact he was all eyes and ears to find a culprit, and ultimately succeeded. A diner had just given his order and the waiter yelled down the hoist: "Oalf's head one!" Then a voice from the depths beneath filtered into the manager's ears. "Great Scott!" it said. "What's second and third?"

Occasionally you will find a man so lazy that he would rather pay rent than move.

W. N. U., No. 770.

One Thing Needful
The Highwayman—"Hands up! Give us yer money, or I'll blow yer brains out!"
The Victim—"Blow away! You can live here without brains, but not without money."—The Sketch.

A woman can't understand why her husband is more interested in the brand of tobacco the new next door neighbor smokes than he is in the kind of lace curtains in the parlor windows.

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

For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Eczema, Shipping Fever & Catarrhal For...
Sore cure and positive preventive, no matter how horses at any age are infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue; acts on the Blood and Glands, expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among human beings and is a fine Kidney remedy. 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$6 and \$11 a dozen. Cut this out. Keep it. Show to your druggist, who will get it for you. Free Booklet, "Distemper, Causes and Cures."
DISTRIBUTORS—ALL WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS
SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists and Bacteriologists, 605 E. 10th, U.S.A.

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

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
IS USED BY THE BEST BAKERS, CATERERS AND HOME COOKS, AS WELL AS BY THE LARGE STEAMSHIP AND RAILROAD COMPANIES, AND IS REFERRED TO ANY OTHER.
E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

EARLY to BED



"Obliged to bend over books till 11 o'clock."



up the torture for nine months of the year. The more conscientious and ambitious child, and the more eager his parents that he should not fall behind his class, the more cruel the strain upon him. Testify, ye mothers who are never free from headache and fearful looking forward as to what shall the end be, from the beginning to the conclusion of the term: Am I not speaking the words of truth and soberness? How much sleep do your children average for six nights out of seven? And how sound and healthful is their slumber when at last the books are laid by and the throbbing heads are upon the pillow?

TRY THE EXPERIMENT

If the middle-aged bachelor whose school training was of a less advanced type, doubt the accuracy of my sketch, let him borrow the schedule of his nephews' studies for this week and month and "put himself through" it in imagination. Let him bend his mental muscles to the task of doing three of the ten examples in algebra that 12-year-old Dick must hand in at recitation time tomorrow, and then sleep if he can!

IF Poor Richard did not write—
Early to bed and early to rise,
If you would be healthy and wealthy
and wise.

he might have been the author, so much does it resemble other of his cut-and-dried maxims. It belongs to the same school with—

He who by the plough would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive.

And—

When house and lands and gold are won,
Then learning is most excellent.

One and all, they are founded upon sound common sense. If they bore us in the repetition, it is because they are such palpably self-evident truths that nobody would trouble himself to dispute them.

Conservation of vital forces for the acquisition of health, wealth and wisdom is a necessity. And without sleep, and enough of it, the human creature is handicapped. We may excuse our neglect of this physical duty, an obligation as binding upon every intelligent being as the duty of cleanliness and eating digestible food, by flippant and shallow pleas. I wonder how many times I have had hung at me, when I have argued with the young upon the importance of this matter, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool." If I grow impatient at the unreason and banality of such talk, it is because I am so firmly convinced in my own mind that not one young man or woman in ten gets all the sleep the Creator intended that he or she should have in order to play aright his or her part in life.

MERELY AFFECTATION

The day has, happily for the race, gone by when Laura Matilda feigned to live without eating, regarding hunger as a coarse and brutish sensation to which the ultra-refined "lady of high degree" should be a stranger from the cradle to the grave. Her granddaughter confesses to a fondness for the good things of life, including the pleasures of the table. Why she should cling to the affectation of being able to live and thrive

upon four hours' sleep in the twenty-four remains a mystery.

It is to me as puzzling that her brother exploits his owlish habits as proofs of manliness. Where one young fellow avers that he had "a jolly night's sleep, never stirring from 10 P. M. to 7 A. M.," after a hard day's work or play, forty boast of dancing or studying or snoring until 2 or 3 in the morning. A sensible, God-fearing householder told me, in the hearing of his two sons, that, when he was in college and after he began the practice of his profession, he seldom undressed for bed three nights in the week.

"I would throw myself down in my evening togery, too tired even to take off my necktie, and sleep until 6.30, when my alarm clock called me up. Then a bath and breakfast set me up for the day."

ALMOST CRIMINAL

He said it with quiet pride in the achievement. Don't ask me why he and hundreds of other men plume themselves upon the sin against the bodies committed to them as a sacred trust. It is low; I cannot attain unto it!

Sleep, and in abundant measure, is absolutely essential to the preservation of the proper balance of mental and physical powers. Ignorance of the cardinal truth is stupidity; disregard of it is a sin.

So much—and all too little—of the importance of this natural refreshment to the adult. He requires it for recuperation of wasted energies, the unavoidable wear and tear of the working day or the round of exhausting pleasures. Our children have so much more to lose and to make up by sleep that neglect to insure long hours of healthful slumber for them is infanticidal. In addition to the waste I have spoken of as common to all ages, they must make good the vigor expended in growth. We make too little account of the fearful drain upon the most robust

"Let the bachelor uncle put himself through Dick's algebra lesson."

child by this process of growth. We all recall the mortification we felt when, going to our elders with the complaint of racking pains and tire-some aches in back and limbs, we were put off with, "Nothing but growing pains. Run along to play!"

It may not hurt the child all the while to grow, although it does so often that he would seek relief from parent and nurse more frequently but for the dread of ridicule. It pulls heavily upon his strength, and with peculiar severity upon his nervous system. The delicate child is either under-nourished or he "runs up" with abnormal rapidity.

"He has outgrown his strength," we say, glibly. Does it occur to the anxious mother that the best and surest remedy for the loss of vigor is more sleep than is needed by his sturdy brother, who gains more slowly, but steadily, in stature?

INHUMAN PRESSURE

It is not in my power, however agonised may be my protest and my anxiety, to alter the policy of our great educators with regard to the degree of labor exacted from students in our schools and in our colleges. Now and then one hears of a private school where the curriculum is more merciful. I am speaking within bounds in declaring that the work demanded of the growing child by our public school system, claimed by press and rostrum to be the finest in the world, is arduous to cruelty. But for the gymnasium and ball ground that go with the institution, the next gen-



"The poor little things get tired waiting for father."

eration of American citizens would be dwarfed and anemic beyond the conception of parents who meekly assume that what boards direct and teachers obey must be the proper thing for the education of their offspring. There is neither propriety nor humanity, nor anything short of a monstrous offense to child and parent, in a course of study that robs growing boys and girls of their rightful allowance of sleep, obliging children 10 and 12 years old to bend over their books until 10, 11 and 12 o'clock for five nights in the week; that sends them, languid, appetiteless and tremulous, to school next day, and keeps

If this digression weary by its length those who have no personal interest in this branch of my subject, I beg him to recollect that I am Dick's friend and champion and, I add proudly, his confidante and would-be comforter. Furthermore, that having five grandsons in high schools and colleges, and a granddaughter in a private school of high repute, I am well behind the scenes in this matter.

It is, thank heaven! still practicable for the "Early to Bed" rule to have free course in the nursery. Here it should be as binding as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and with so few exceptions that it may be said to be invariable.

GLASS BRICKS.

Building Uses to Which They Are Put in Germany.

Germany uses glass bricks for building purposes with measurable success. In Berlin is constructed a small villa the walls of which are built of glass bricks of several shades of dark green and blue. The glass bricks are especially adapted to construction where light, cleanliness and neatness are particularly in demand. In Hamburg they are utilized in place of windows. They admit light in walls which police regulations require to be fireproof and windowless.

In addition to admitting light to dark hallways, rooms, etc., they are said to possess the same strength as ordinary clay bricks. They are also utilized in walls in yards and partitions in the interior houses, salesrooms, offices, workshops, etc., as well as for the construction of verandas, hothouses, kiosks, bathrooms, hospitals, ice factories, butcher shops, railway stations, breweries, stables and in other places where cleanliness, light and uniform temperatures are especially desired.

The bricks are also made with a wire coating for fireproof walls. In some of the recently erected buildings in Milan, Italy, bricks made of glass have been adopted for ground and upper floors on account of the light obtained. They are also coming into use for partition work in some of the hospitals on account of hygienic principles.

In one of the leading banking institutions of the city of Turin the lobby office floor, which is about 86 by 68 feet, is entirely paved with glass bricks laid in iron frames for the purpose of admitting light into the basement, where are located numerous private boxes or vaults. In the Netherlands hollow green transparent glass bricks are used principally for light giving purposes in machine shops and conservatories.—Chicago Tribune.

Preparing For the Census.

Over 65,000 enumerators will be engaged in the census work next April, and supervisors will be provided in every congressional district. These officials will be selected by the director of the census, but the appointment of all other employees must be through competitive civil service examinations. This arrangement will secure a force tested for efficiency and will prevent pressure upon congressmen by persons looking for census appointments. The census will embrace each state and territory and District of Columbia, Hawaii, Alaska and Porto Rico. June 30, 1900, marks the beginning of what is known as the decennial census period. The scope of the census will be substantially the same as that of the last one. Statistics of the number of employees out of employment at the date of enumeration will be gathered. A new inquiry is provided to show the nativity of foreign born persons on farms, and the acreage of farm woodland and the character of the timber will be obtained.—National Magazine.

Westminster Abbey.

The finances of Westminster abbey are in a very precarious condition. On the advent of Dean Bradley in 1882 the outer fabric was discovered to be in a fearfully dilapidated state, while the revenues of the abbey, mainly derived from landed property, were sinking lower and lower. It was a crisis, but fortunately it was met by so competent a master as the late dean. While the revenues were placed on a secure foundation, they remained wholly inadequate, and an immense grant was made by the ecclesiastical commissioners to save the building. Today the abbey is staggering under a tremendous debt, while one of its canopies is suspended for an indefinite period.—Exchange.

The Housemothers' Exchange

"Heavenly Hash"

IF YOU are not tired of recipes for so-called "Heavenly Hash," perhaps you may make room for mine. I use it instead of fruit-cup as an introductory course to a dinner, as a dessert with cake, served in champagne glasses with a "dash" of whipped cream on top, or, sometimes, between steamed pudding made of dried cake steamed.

Heavenly Hash.

(Alias Tutti Frutti).
One pint of pure grain alcohol in a stone crock (I use a four-quart jar). Put into the alcohol all the fruits that are in season—berries, and whatever in the fruit line you can lay your hands upon. Also two pints of shelled nuts. If almonds, blanch them. I use halved English walnuts and blanched almonds, dried bananas, oranges, pineapples, grapefruit, peaches, pears, plums, berries (blueberries harden; don't use them), seeded Malaga grapes and stoned cherries. As you add the fruit, day by day, strew over each layer a few spoonfuls of granulated sugar, allowing a cupful to the pint. When the jar is full, fit on the cover and set away to ripen and mellow.

It will be eatable in a month, but it improves with the keeping.

ONE OF THE FAMILY (Philadelphia).
Your recipe reads to me like an old friend. Thirty-five years ago, probably when you were in the cradle, I used to put up fruits in precisely that way. They kept well for years, when they were not called for so importantly that the store was exhausted prematurely. White whiskey is even better than alcohol for this conserve.

Grape Jelly

Now is the time when peroxide housekeepers will begin to beg you to tell them how to make grape jelly that is without sugary lumps all through it.
My dear lady, they really mean without the cream of tartar crystals. You and I, who make our jelly of green or of partially ripe grapes, never have that trouble. The poor city people, and those who have not been taught, to make it in that way, use the ripe or the overripe grapes. Hence "sugar trouble." Can't you tell them how the cream of tartar is made? The use of the

grape sugar crystals, and how the grape in ripening stores up the sugar in that form?

Now for your friend, the chronic boarder. She is right about many such places, but they are not all alike. There are landladies and landlads, and if she were energetic she could find the right one. As for myself, I've quit boarding and do light housekeeping instead. For the same money I can get two housekeeping rooms in a good neighborhood, near the park, and do my own cooking. It is ever so much more satisfactory. Of course, I attend to my own rooms the same as if I were keeping house in my own little home. The landlady furnishes the little kitchen-dining room with a dining table, chairs, cupboard, gas plate for cooking and utensils for the same and a clean white cloth for the table every week. The bedroom parlor is the same as in any boarding house. I have a sanitary couch to make it pleasant and more like a sitting room during the day. I can have my friends in to see me, and I even give little dinner parties.

Sometimes there is quite a crowd of us, and it is a great pleasure to plan and set up an elaborate meal in small quarters and to have everything just right.

The landlady furnishes all the gas that a light housekeeper needs both for light and cooking, and seldom "kicks" unless you are very extravagant in the use of it. I have my own little gas oven, and even bake bread occasionally.

My two rooms cost me \$4.50 per week, and my cooking whatever I choose to make it.
M. R. P. (Chicago).
A "heartsome" letter, full and brimming over with excellent and practical ideas. I have often speculated to myself as to the causes that crowd single women by the hundreds into boarding houses when each might make for herself a genuine home such as our lively correspondent describes. The streets are "decorated" with signs setting forth the attractions of tiny flats with all the "modern conveniences" and in good neighborhoods.

one's own pictures and as secluded from the roaring, selfish outer world as if one were a hermit in a mountain cave, may be bright and fragrant with domestic peace and happiness.

A Treasure Restored

I am more than happy to serve the Exchange. I have gleaned from its harvest of good things so long without ever sowing any of the good seed myself that I am glad to restore "Mrs. J. G. J." a lost treasure.

I wonder if she has other little gems? If so, I should like to exchange some with her. Housemothers really need some helpful, inspiring thoughts, as well as our fine receipts for baked beans, corned beef, etc.

Sombody has said: "If I had but 'two bits,' with one I would buy bread and with the other—hyacinths!"

And I that there are daily more and more like yourself to diffuse that sunlight. I thank you for the poem and bless you for the letter. It should have appeared long ago, but it was crowded out by prior claims.

Tamale Mat

That is what the friend who gave me the recipe called it.
Boil beef very tender. There should be at least a pint of liquor left. Chop the meat fine; return to the liquor; let it boil again and stir in cornmeal, as in mush. Season with salt and pepper; turn into a mould to cool and, when it is stiff and cold, slice and fry. It is good.

2. Did you ever try making winter "pancakes" for your little girl out of old stocking legs?
If I had a stenographer I would send "lots" of little hints to the Exchange, some of which I have found out for myself and some of which were "handed down." I cannot write them out myself.
ONE OF THEM (Redondo, Cal.).

ECONOMY AND THE GAS RANGE

THE last word has not been said on gas-range economy, and it will be many a long day before the subject is exhausted.

In fact, the discussion of gas versus coal never can be settled, or even approached a solution, so long as the housewife leaves the maid in charge of the meter.

I think it is safe to say that nobody whose pursestrings are not touched when the gas bill is due will ever have as watchful an eye on the kitchen gas flames as she whose dubious privilege it is to meet expenses.

Be they never so kindly, the younger, irresponsible members of the family and its cooks seem not to have acquired, even after long practice, that "feeling" for the gas range that renders them capable of its control.

Firstly, there is the prevalent habit, almost too trifling to mention, of lighting the burner and filling the teakettle afterward; and the companion to it, the continued boiling of water that is already hot enough. There is also the mistaken gas-stove method that leaves a flame high after the vegetable or meat has begun to boil. A correct theory is the use of a high flame until the boiling point is reached, followed by just flame enough to keep the kettle boiling.

A vast deal of waste heat goes in the same way into the oven. Once heated it will roast or bake quite as well after some of the excess of flame has been turned off. The oven top (if there be a Dutch oven in use) is an excellent place for the melting of butter for sauces, etc., and the free use of matches in connection with the gas stove is an economy. The man who came into a well-regulated kitchen with the inquiry, "Hello! Are we burning gas or matches?" simply didn't know. His

wife did. Turn off your gas every time you can and remember the parting injunction of a kindly gas man, "Matches are cheaper than gas!"

Putting aside the question of actual waste, there is much to be learned in gas-stove cookery which may well be gone over again for the inexperienced. It is entirely different from that of the continuous-performance stove, on whose half-hot lids may simmer slowly the soup-that-is-to-be and such lengthy vegetables as beets and soaked beans. These and a few others of the same sort are an extravagance for the users of gas stoves, unless the science of gas-stove cookery has been mastered and the simmering burner has been introduced into your particular stove.

The various patents in stove plates and utensils for the cooking of several vegetables over one burner rank as first aids to the gas bill, but more intelligent methods may be employed in the choice of foods and their preparation.

We have, for instance, the oven which is the horror of the economical. "Half the price of a roast for the gas to cook it!" wails the untrained in the science of ovens, but the addition of a good many cents to the cost of the roast is canceled by the fact that tomorrow's meat, and still again tomorrow's, is cooked, except for a second's reheating in some left-over form. Also, at the time of the cooking of the roast have we not baked beans (finished a baking of beans), scalloped today's tomatoes and tomorrow's Creole rice? And in the waning heat of the same oven have we not dried the stale breadcrusts for rolling into crumbs and freshened the last loaf of a baking of bread?

The left-over, no longer scorned, but highly respected dish, has come into its own at last, and is liberately planned by the gas-stove expert, who invariably

boils half again the quantity of potatoes and, indeed, of many other vegetables for tomorrow's croquettes, scallops and souffles. Having been done, they can no longer require a second lengthy cooking, but the merest heating in their acceptable disguise.

Dishwashing, too, comes in for a share of the lecture. This may or may not be an economical "function." The woman who hurried through her meal so that she may wash her dishes in "the water in which the lima beans were boiled" is outside the pale; but she who makes a practice of rinsing and scraping under cold running water every dish, pot, pan and kettle and then finishing them with one good kettle of hot water seems, indeed, to have mastered the science and the economy of the up-to-date gas stove.

The Incompetents

BUT oh! the mighty army of incompetents that infest us! I grow fierce as I think of the women who have come into my house, and received and destroyed the material given them; of the careless, botchy, dirty work; the sewing, every stitch of which had to be ripped out and then put in again, the skirts which fell to pieces, the crooked, frayed buttonholes, the slovenly machine work, the utter, wilful disregard of directions, the persistent inattention to the expressed wishes of the employer, not to name the speculations, big and little, and the downright, gratuitous insolence to a woman who can truthfully say she has never in her life spoken to a seamstress otherwise than as she would wish to be spoken to herself.

This was the army (not noble) of incompetents—the great horde of those who "can do anything."



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Christmas

God rest ye, little children; but nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas
day. —D. M. MULLOCK

Ring, merry, joyous, happy Christmas bells. Day of
glad greetings, happy gatherings, good cheer and kind
wishes. Enjoy the blessed occasion—enjoy it fully and
rightfully, lay aside the sad and somber things of the day—
forget them. It is true there may be many dear and precious
memories that you would not and could not banish for the
world, and it would not be right to, but for the time live in
the sunshine, brighten the atmosphere and bring joy to those
about you; for the day live for others, live for those that love
you and are left for you to love. Earth's transitory things
have their heavenly side as well as their earthly; look to the
former and it never fails to remit some ray of light, while the
latter may only impart appalling darkness. It has been said,
and most truly, too; that life is much what we make it, and
so will be your Christmas; it may be the sunshine of your
whole life of which you may absorb so much it will so bright-
en the rugged way you have to tread, half of the sorrows of
life will be mitigated, and a large share of its griefs assuaged.
Then drink your fill of its joys, and sip sparingly of its
sorrows, and thus, dear readers, may you one and all have a
most truly joyous, happy and merry Christmas.

Hang up the Stockings

The Christmas tree is all very well it is "splendid" in
fact, and how beautiful it looks with the candles lighted and
the bright tinted balls and bells and eggs and hearts and
stars shining all over it; but it is nothing to the stocking in
the chimney place on Christmas eve. Have the tree by all
means. But if you want to make the children happy don't
omit the stockings. It is English and fashionable to have
the tree, with all the aunts and uncles and cousins asked,
and gifts for everybody, and music, dancing and games, and
cakes, oranges, lemonade and funny recitations and all sorts
of things. But, oh, the stockings! When everyone has
brought a pair of the longest and biggest, and papa has taken
pains to hang them so that they are strong, and all is quite
still in the streets, and it is bedtime, what wonderful ideas
come into the little minds, and what pleasant memories into
those of the grown-ups. What mother would like to miss
the little exhibition of hope and faith. The child who
trusts most ardently in the benevolent Santa Claus will be
the most likely to put faith in Heaven's mercies in his after
life; for Santa Claus always comes when he is expected, and
when mother and father hang the stockings up he is sure to
put something in them.

"PARKDALE"

(A) New sub-division of Calgary has just been put on the
map. This sub-division is located west of the city
about two miles from the post-office, perfectly level, over-
looking the river, city park on opposite side and a beautiful
view of the city. The new park three miles further west of
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TAKE NOTICE that the partnership heretofore
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Notice is hereby given, that all outstanding
accounts against the said firm will be paid by
Alex. J. McCool, and all accounts due the said
firm must be paid to Alex. J. McCool.
Dated at New Michel, B. C., this first day of
December, 1909.
ALEXANDER J. McCOOL
ROBERT H. MOORE

Satan Sanderson

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

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(Continued.)

Harry's heart contracted as if a giant hand had clutched it. His elation felt like a rotten tree girdled at the roots. If Hugh did not die! He chilled as though in a spray of liquid air. Hugh's escape—the chance his conscience had given him—was cut off.

The judge reached for the newspaper the lawyer held, ran his eye over it and brought his gavel down with an angry snort.

"Take him away," he said. "His testimony is ordered stricken from the records. The fine is remitted. Mr. Felder, we can't make you responsible for lunatics. The court stands adjourned."

Felder had been among the last to leave the courtroom. He was discomfited and angry. At the door of the courthouse Dr. Brent slipped an arm through his.

"Too bad, Tom," he said sympathizingly. "I don't think you quite deserved it."

Felder paced a moment without speaking. "I need evidence," he said then; "anything that may help. I made a mistake. You heard all the testimony?"

The other nodded.

"What did you think of it?"

"What could any one think? I give all credit to your motive, Tom, but it's a pity you're mixed up in it."

"Why?"

"Because, if there's anything in human evidence, he's a thoroughly worthless reprobate. He lay for Moreau and murdered him in cold blood, and he ought to swing."

"The casual view," said the lawyer gloomily. "Just what I should have said myself—if this had happened a month ago."

His friend looked at him with an amused expression. "I begin to think he must be a remarkable man!" he said. "Is it possible he has really convinced you that he isn't guilty?"

Felder turned upon the doctor squarely. "Yes," he returned bluntly.

"He has. Whatever I may have believed when I took this case, I have come to the conclusion—against all my professional instincts, mind you—that he never killed Moreau. I believe he's as innocent as either you or I!"

"He has as good as admitted to Miss Holme that he knows who did it."

"Come, come! Putting his neck into the noose for me? Quixotic feeling? And who, pray, in this God forsaken town, should be sacrificing himself for?" the doctor asked satirically.

"That's the rub," said the lawyer. "Nobody. Yet I hang by my proposition."

"Well, he'll hang by something less tenuous, I'm afraid. But it won't be your fault. The crazy evangelist was only an incident. He merely served to jolt us back to the normal. By the way, did you hear his splutter after he got out?"

"No."

"You remember the story he told the other night of the minister who was caught gambling on his own communion table?"

"Well, Hugh Stiles is not only the Reverend Henry Something-or-other, but he is that man too! The crack-brained old idiot would have told the tale all over again only the crowd hustled him. There he is, now," he said suddenly as a light sprang up and voices broke out on the opposite corner.

"The gang is standing by. I see your friend Barney McGinn," he added, with grim enjoyment. "I doubt if there are many converts tonight."

Even as he spoke there came a shout of laughter and warning. The spectators scattered in all directions, and a stream of water from a well directed hose deluged the itinerant and his music box.

Ten minutes later the street preacher, drenched and furious, was trailing his melodeon toward Funeral Hollow, on his way to the coast.

That was what he himself had seemed to her in those old days. The edge of a flush touched his forehead as he said slowly, almost appealingly:

"He was not a hypocrite, Jessica. Whatever he was it was not that. At college he did what he did too openly. That was his failing, not caring what others thought. He despised weakness in others. He thought it none of his affair. So others were influenced. But after he came to see things differently from another standpoint—when he went into the ministry—he would have given the world to undo it."

"Men's likings are strange," she said. "Because he never had temptations like yours and has never done what the law calls wrong you think he is as noble as you—noble enough to shield a murderer of his own danger."

"Ah, no, Jessica!" he interposed gently. "I only said that in my place he would do the same."

"But you are shielding a murderer," she insisted fiercely. "You will not admit it, but I know. There can be no justice or right in that. If Harry Sanderson is all you think him, if he stood here now and knew the whole

der the painted crucifixion.

The words he had once said to Hugh returned to him with a kind of awe: "Put myself in your place? I wish to God I could!"

Fate—or was it God?—had taken him at his word. He had been buried like a stone from a catapult into Hugh's place—to bear his knavery, to suffer his dishonor and to redeem the baleful reputation he had made.

A step outside the cell, the turning of the key. The door opened, and Jessica, pale and trembling, stood on the threshold.

"I cannot help it," she said as she came toward him, "though you told me not to come. I have trusted all the while and waited—and prayed. But today I was afraid. Surely, surely, the man you are protecting has had time enough. Hasn't he? Won't you tell them the truth now?"

He knew not how to meet the piteous reproach and terror of that look. She had not heard the street preacher's declaration, he knew, but even if she had it would have been to her only an echo of the old mooted likeness. He had given her comfort once, but this was no more to be, no matter what it meant to him or to her.

"Jessica," he said steadily, "when you came to me here that first day and I told you not to fear for me I did not mean to deceive you. I thought then that it would all come right. But something has happened since then—something that makes a difference. I cannot tell you who was the murderer of Moreau. I cannot tell you or any one else, either now or at any time."

She gazed at him startled. She had a sudden conception of some element hitherto unguessed in his makeup—something inveterate and adamant. Could it be that he did not intend to tell at all? The very idea was monstrous. Yet that clearly was his meaning. She looked at him with flashing eyes.

"You mean you will not!" she exclaimed bitterly. "You are bent on sacrificing yourself, then? You are going to take this risk because you think it brave and noble, because somehow it fits your man's gospel. Can't you see how wicked and selfish it is? You are thinking only of him and of yourself, not of me."

"Jessica, Jessica!" he protested, with a groan. "In the self torture of her questionings she paid no heed.

"Don't you think I suffer? Haven't I borne enough in the months since I married you for you to want to save me this? Do you owe me nothing, me whom you so wrangled, whose?"

She stopped suddenly at the look on his face of mortal pain. For she had struck harder than she knew. It pierced through the fierce resentment to her deepest heart, and all her love and pity gushed back upon her in a torrent. She threw herself on her knees by the bare cot, crying passionately:

"Oh, forgive me! Forget what I said! I did not mean it. I have forgiven you a thousand times over. I never ceased to love you. I love you now more than all the world."

"It is true," he said, hoarse misery in his tone. "I have wronged you. If I could coin my blood drop by drop to pay for the past I could not set that right. If giving my life over and over again would save you pain I would give it gladly. But what you ask now is one thing I cannot do. It would make me a pitiful coward. I did not kill Moreau. That is all I can say to you or to those who try me."

"Your life!" she said with dry lips. "It will mean that. That counts so fearfully much to me, more than my own life a hundred times. Yet there is something that counts more than all that to you."

His face was that of a man who holds his hand in the fire. "Jessica," he said, "it is like this with me. When you found me here—the day I saw you on the balcony—I was a man whose soul had lost its compass and its bearings. My conscience was asleep. You woke it, and it is fiercely alive now. And now with my memory has come back a debt of my past that I never paid. Whatever the outcome, for my soul's sake I must settle it now and wipe it from the score forever."

She rose slowly to her feet, with a despairing gesture.

"He saved others," she quoted to a hard voice; "himself he could not save." I once heard a minister preach from that text at home. It was your friend, the Rev. Henry Sanderson. I thought it a very spiritual sermon then. That was before I knew what his companionship had been to you."

"If there were any justice in the universe," she added, "it should be he immolating himself now, not you. But for him you would never be here. He ruined your life and mine, and I hate and despise him for a selfish hypocrite."

That was what he himself had seemed to her in those old days. The edge of a flush touched his forehead as he said slowly, almost appealingly:

"He was not a hypocrite, Jessica. Whatever he was it was not that. At college he did what he did too openly. That was his failing, not caring what others thought. He despised weakness in others. He thought it none of his affair. So others were influenced. But after he came to see things differently from another standpoint—when he went into the ministry—he would have given the world to undo it."

"Men's likings are strange," she said. "Because he never had temptations like yours and has never done what the law calls wrong you think he is as noble as you—noble enough to shield a murderer of his own danger."

"Ah, no, Jessica!" he interposed gently. "I only said that in my place he would do the same."

"But you are shielding a murderer," she insisted fiercely. "You will not admit it, but I know. There can be no justice or right in that. If Harry Sanderson is all you think him, if he stood here now and knew the whole

he would say it was wicked—not brave and noble, but wicked and cruel."

He shook his head, and the sad shadow of a bitter smile touched his lips. "He would not say so," he said.



"It should be he immolating himself now, not you."

A dry sob answered him. He turned and leaned his elbows on the narrow window sill, every nerve aching, but powerless to comfort. He heard her step. The door closed sharply.

Then he faced into the empty cell, sat down on the cot and threw out his arms, with a hopeless cry:

"Jessica, Jessica!"

(To be Continued.)

TELEPHONE DON'TS.

Temper Justice With Mercy In Your Treatment of Operators.

Do not allow yourself to get into the habit of long conversations over the telephone. People who do this lose all perception of the times when they may be annoying or disturbing others.

Particularly in the case of party wires is there call for consideration. Some one else may urgently desire to use this same telephone over which you are gossiping.

Do not use the telephone of the woman upon whom you are calling unless it is absolutely necessary. Thoughtless women often make a convenience of their friends in this respect. Your hostess may not wish to take you into the part of the house in which the telephone is situated, or when frequently done it may prove a considerable expense to her.

Do not call up men in business hours if you can possibly help it.

If it is necessary to do so, be as brief as possible.

Do not tell things which you do not wish known over the telephone. Conversations are often audible to all of the persons in the room with the person to whom you are talking.

If it is a business conversation it is well to think what you are going to say beforehand. Orders or requests are frequently misunderstood through the hesitation and changeableness of the person giving them.

Finally, temper justice with mercy in your treatment of the young woman operators who answer your calls. Their business is a tedious and wearisome one, and it is almost impossible to be always eagerly attentive.

Rare Paintings on Stable Wall.

Emily Elchhorn, grandniece of Jean Louis Agassiz, famous American naturalist, has discovered paintings of high artistic merit on the walls of a stable in the village of Merna, in the Tyrol. Miss Elchhorn lives with her mother, who is a writer. The stable was once used as a chapel, but that fact was forgotten, and the paintings were covered with the dust and dirt of decades. Miss Elchhorn had the walls cleaned, and the pictures stood out clearly. They are in panels, and experts from Berlin are to examine them. An old villager remembered having seen the pictures when he was a boy, but he said "nobody thought they had any value." This attitude parallels that of country folk in the north of Ireland who whitewashed out of existence one of the most interesting relics of Dean Swift. He scribbled stray thoughts on the walls of a substantially built shanty of a single room. The place was preserved many years until a farmer went in one day with his bucket of whitewash and obliterated every word written by the cynical Swift. Miss Elchhorn is more fortunate in her pictures having escaped a coat of whitewash.

Wastebasket For the Kitchen.

One often reads in the woman's column, which is bristling with advice, that there should be a wastebasket in every room in the house, and if the tractable housekeeper does as she is bid it is probable that she puts one in every room in the house, with the exception of the room that needs one the most, the kitchen. Perhaps it never occurred to you to have one in the kitchen. In the days of the coal range it wasn't really needed there, but with a gas or gasoline stove it is a great help in keeping the kitchen in order. Try one under the kitchen table and see how many pieces of wrapping paper and string it will catch in the course of the day.

The Ideal.

Conductor (astonished)—You only gave me 8 cents, madam. The fare for you and the old gent is 10 cents.
Lady (indignantly)—I gave you the correct fare. This old gentleman is in his second childhood.—Judge.

HUNTING ROCK HARES.

A Fleet Little Animal Found Among the Sand Hills of Arabia.

How long the Arab has inhabited the deserts of the near east is a much discussed question. How long he has indulged in the old time sport of falconry it is equally difficult to say. Sure it is that this keen blooded race has not lived all these centuries in those sun scorched wastes without some sort of recreation, and his delights today are probably much the same as those of his ancestors a couple of thousand years ago.

Curious to see what natural sport these barren regions could afford, the writer accepted an invitation to join a party of Syrian Arabs for a week's hunting. Our quarry was the rock hare, an animal about the size of an English rabbit, but with very fine developed ears, which frequents these deserts in small numbers, living on what scanty herbage it can find.

We started straight away in search of it by forming a chain about a quarter of a mile long and drawing likely tracts of desert in long semicircular sweeps. The herbage was very scant indeed. These sand hills, being scorched by a tropical sun and having a yearly rainfall of only some three inches, support but few plants of any kind. I noticed a few insectivorous birds pursuing their prey with keen voracity, as though they found it hard to make a living, but saw no trace of wild animals.

On we marched in silent order, merely following the lead of our falcon bearer, whose face seemed invariably, his manner unmoved. Hours passed by. It was now 11 o'clock. The sun was hot above us, drying up our parched lips. I began to think that rock hares must be a myth when suddenly the bound leaped forward with a great bound, our horses instinctively following at full gallop. But we had not far to go. It was only a "garbour." The hound was soon up to it, and I thought it was all over; but no—the little creature leaped, as it were, right out of his mouth.

One spring brought the greyhound alongside again, but again this agile quadruped had slipped out of the grasp of his sharp teeth. The speed of the (toy) thing was so great and his actions so sudden that it was as much as the eye could do to follow it at all. Again its great pursuer sprang upon it; again this nimble animal slipped from his very jaws. But it was no good. It was outclassed in size. These great leaps shook the very life breath from its frail body.

At last it fell an easy prey to its relentless enemy, and one crunch put an end to its miseries. It was an interesting little beast, its body about the size of a rat. It carried a long long coat, was gray on the back, with white under the belly, having a long bony tail with a pretty tuft at the end. But its hind legs were its great feature. They were very long, being, like those of the kangaroo, specially adapted for jumping. I noted, too, that each hind foot was provided with only three toes, whereas on those of the fore legs, which were very short, there were the normal five. Altogether it was a most interesting and sporting specimen.—"Near East."

Descendants of David.

The history of the Sassoons is one of the most dramatic in the very dramatic story of the Hebrew race. The original Sassoon was a Bombay merchant, but the family is descended from a group known as Ibn Shoshan, who at one time held the position of nassir of Toledo. The name Shoshan, which signifies "hilly" in Hebrew, was gradually transformed into Sassoon, signifying "gladness." The family claim Davidic descent, and Abraham Sassoon, who flourished in the seventeenth century, stated that he was a direct descendant of Shephathiah, the fifth son of David. Not only are there many references to the name in Hebrew mediæval literature, but mention of it is made in the Talmud.—London M. A. P.

Three Tightwads.

Speaking of tightwads, a Texas paper says: It is reported that three of the stingiest men in the state were in town yesterday. One of them will not drink as much water as he wants unless it is from another man's well. The second forbids any of his family from writing anything but a small hand, as it is a waste of ink to make large letters. The third stops his clock at night in order to save wear and tear on the machinery. All of them decline to take their county paper on the ground that it is a terrible strain on their spectacles to read newspapers even in the daytime.

Food Scarce.

"This circular describing the Mounting says you can sit at the dinner table and see the beautiful mountain peaks," said the man who contemplated going.

"That is true," replied the one who had been, "and that's just about all you can see."

He Wouldn't Die.

Mrs. Peachblow—Why does your husband carry such a tremendous amount of life insurance when he's in such perfect health? Mrs. Flicker—Oh, just to tantalize me. Men are naturally cruel.—Life.

Not Unanimous.

She—There's Mrs. Toozle. She seems quite reconciled to the death of her first husband. He—Yes, but I'm afraid her second never will be.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something which does not dispense us.—Rochefoucauld.

LANDMARKS OF SANDWICH.

Many Evidences of Jesuit Pioneers Still Stand.

During the recent old boys' reunion in Windsor, Walkerville and Sandwich a beautiful and suggestive pageant was enacted depicting the landing of the Jesuit Fathers Richardis and Potiers, who came in early days to establish a mission to the Huron Indians in Sandwich. The day was brilliant with sunshine, and the broad sweep of the Detroit River reflected the gladness of the blue sky and rippled in response to the summer breeze. The grassy bank and rolling meadow between the Catholic Church and the river were overrun with a company of 5,000 people, and the melody of summer attire and the variegated parasols made a scene of unusual animation. The chatter of the crowd was at last hushed and their patience rewarded by the arrival of a fleet of canoes, from which landed a company of priests in long black soutanes and broad-brimmed hats. They were set in relief by two score Indians dressed in all the crude brilliancy they so much admire. Great, strapping fellows they were, painted and decked with feathers, beads, fringed leggings, moccasins, and all that go to make up the striking costume of the redman. After scouting to see that the way was safe they fell into a procession and followed the solemn tread of the priests, who, book in hand, chanted the hymn "Vexilla Regis." They proceeded to a grassy knoll in what was the old Huron burying-ground and there planted a huge black cross inscribed with the dates 1723 and 1909.

The interesting roles of the missionaries were taken with simple dignity by Fr. Cote, parish priest of Sandwich, and Fr. Aboulin, for years in charge of the Sandwich flock, now pastor of old St. Anne's, Detroit.

This was the very spot where nearly 200 years ago the Jesuits set themselves the task of founding a church in the wild, beautiful wilderness. "Where trees," as Cadillac said, "of prodigious size grew. Trunks straight as arrows, without knots and almost without branches, save at their very tops, growing with the lustiness of centuries upon them."

In 1721 Charlevoix said: "The shores on the south side of the strait are bluffs of clay from 15 to 20 feet high, commencing opposite the foot of an island (Belle Isle) where stands an Ottawa village and continuing with unbroken front for four miles, then sinking gradually to the water's edge and ending in a crescent-shaped bay, with beautifully gravelled shores."

There the Jesuits pulled up their canoes and built the first house in Sandwich by other than savage hands. The clear surface of the river could be seen for miles from this point, while crowning the bluffs on the opposite side of the river stood the prominent bastions of Fort Pontchartrain, then swarming with French soldiers, commanded by the ambitious Cadillac, founder of Detroit.

And what is left to remind us of these bygone exploits? There is an old avenue of maple trees, familiarly called the "priests' walk," which runs from a handsome modern L'Assomption church to the river, and was formerly terminated by a huge wooden gate, which, however, has sunk into picturesque decay. To the right of this walk is an old gnarled orchard in the midst of which stands the "Presbytery," latterly called the "Old Convent," for in the early seventies it sheltered a company of nuns. This is the original building erected by the Jesuits. It has been patched and added to and finally moved to another part of the orchard, but still the old, old house stands, with its French roof, blind gables and wide stone chimney whitened by countless rains and dashings of sleet and snow. It has a frontage of thirty feet and was built two stories high, with an attic. The roof rose in the old French style and was pierced with dormer windows. It was constructed of square pine timbers and had a foundation of solid stone.

Just Fish.

Commissioner George M. Bowers of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries said recently in Washington of the black bass that he is sending to South Africa at the request of Col. Roosevelt. "These fish will do well, but no miracles are to be expected of them. Many persons seem to think that our bureau is as miraculous in all its works as—well, as the Canadian salmon."

"Two Canadians were boasting. 'Where I came from,' said the first, 'we have a salmon river that rises in some boiling springs. As the salmon climbs up the river they gradually get acclimated to the heat of the river and don't mind it. In fact, when we fish in the highest reaches of the stream we catch our salmon ready boiled.'"

"I don't doubt that," said the second Canadian, calmly. "Down my way there's a curious salmon river, too. It rises in some tin mines. As the fish work up they meet the suspended ore in gradually increasing quantities. They get quite mineralized if they keep on up-stream, so that if we fish at the head of the river we catch the salmon ready tinned, and all we have to do is to pack and ship them to market."

Ontario Fruit In London.

Ontario people would glow with pride could they see the magnificent peaches displayed in some of the great stores in London, Eng., above which appear a legend telling that these are grown in the open in Ontario, and are the first peaches to be brought from Ontario to England. The Emigration Office and the C.P.R. office also display Ontario peaches, which are the wonder and admiration of all who see them. In the Army and Navy Stores the other day the manager was kept busy answering enquiries from curious customers, who expressed much interest in the fact that this beautiful fruit was grown out of doors in Canada. The peaches are sold for sixpence each, after passing through several hands from the time they are taken from the trees until they reach the London dinner tables.

CLEANING UP COBALT

PROVINCIAL INSPECTOR BELL HAS HAD A HARD TIME.

There Have Been 700 Cases of Typhoid Since August and Camp Has Been In a Terrible Condition—Only a Threat of Quarantine Woke Up the Residents—Mayor Lang Also Put Up a Hard Fight.

Dr. R. W. Bell, Provincial Health Inspector for Ontario, expects to conclude his labors of scouring the Cobalt camp some time next week. He has now been there about six weeks. During that time three deputy inspectors have been engaged in scouring the camp with the aid of a large gang of men and a dozen teams and wagons. Dr. Bell has been supreme in authority, and it has been the first time in the history of the Province of Ontario that the Provincial Health authorities have been called upon to clean up a town.

Since the first day of August there have been over 700 cases of typhoid fever in the camp, and the disease is still prevalent, from four to ten cases developing daily. Of this total



MAYOR LANG.

number 307 cases broke out among the 4,000 miners in the camp, and the town authorities have records of 333 cases among the residents of the town. It is impossible to obtain a record of the number of deaths among the residents, but it is known that there have been a large number. There have been twenty deaths among the miners.

Even after Dr. Bell took charge the residents of the town were loath to clean the town, the provincial officer said, and it was not until he issued an ultimatum that unless they did something toward preventing the spread of the disease he would quarantine the town, and if necessary place a regiment of militia around it and prevent anyone to either enter or leave it until the disease was entirely wiped out. This caused the town officials considerable uneasiness, and they immediately took steps toward erecting a temporary hospital, but it was not until two weeks ago that this institution was in readiness to accommodate patients, despite the fact that the provincial authorities had sent four tents to the town three weeks previous. There are now twenty-one patients in the town hospital, while the average number accommodated at the Miners' Hospital is about 175.

One of the hardest workers in behalf of a clean Cobalt has been Mayor Lang, chief executive of the camp, and one of the most loyal Cobalters living. But Cobalt is not where it is on the map for the purpose of becoming a beauty spot nor a residential town. Its residents are there to make money and then get away, so Mayor Lang has had a hard fight of it.

Thunder-Sounding Smoke.

The Victoria Falls—the native name for which is Mosi-oa-Tounya, or the Thunder-Sounding Smoke—have rightly been called the most beautiful gem in the whole of the earth's scenery.

Since the completion of the railway to the Zambesi in 1904 thousands of persons have visited the falls, and several have tried to give in writing their impressions.

No pen-picture or photograph can, however, give the faintest idea of the marvellous grandeur and beauty of the scene. The majesty and mystery of the gigantic gorges, the foaming torrents, the wonderful atmospheric effects—all come upon one with a force and power as though nothing had ever before been read or heard in connection with them. The falls by moonlight are a truly fascinating spectacle. The roaring clouds of spray, the sombre Rain Forest, the stream of the Zambesi shimmering far above the trembling earth, the lunar rainbow, combine to make an inimitable picture.

Where the Zambesi takes its mighty plunge of a sheer 400 feet the river is over a mile wide—or, to be exact, 5,808 feet.—Rand Daily Mail.

A Jowett Story.

In spite of the reputation for latitudinarianism he gained from his early trial for heresy, the late Prof. Jowett of Oxford was intolerant of pretentiousness and shallow conceit. One self-satisfied undergraduate met the master one day. "Master," he said, "I have searched everywhere in all philosophies, ancient and modern, and nowhere do I find the evidence of a God." "Mr. —," replied the master after a shorter pause than usual, "if you don't find a God by 5 o'clock this afternoon you must leave this college."

Presence of Mind.

"Yes," mused the returned Arctic explorer, "at one time we came within an inch of freezing to death. Luckily, however—"

"He gazed reflectively at the ceiling. "We had the presence of mind to fall into a heated discussion."

Chapter 28

Harry stood again in the obscure half darkness of his cell it came to him that the present had a far-reaching significance; that it was but the hand-work and resultant of forces in his own past. He himself had set Hugh's feet on the red path that had pointed him to the shameful terminus. He had gambled for Hugh's future, forgetting that his past remained, a thing that must be covered. He had won Hugh's counters, but his own right to be himself he had staked and lost long before that game on the communion table un-

At the End of The Summer

The Game of Golf That Richard and Marcia Played.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Marcia, in a red sweater, made a bright spot on the other side of the green.

Richard waved to her, and she waved back, dropping her bag of golf clubs and standing on tiptoe so that he might see her clearly above the bushes. When he came up to her he said: "Such energy! It's only 7 o'clock."

"I hoped to be early enough so that I could go around the course alone." The words were severe, but her eyes twinkled.

"You know you'd rather go with me." Richard built up a tee of sand neatly and topped it with his round white ball.

"I've made my drive," Marcia said, "and my ball is lost over there somewhere in the bushes; so, if you please, I'll follow my nose and find it."

And away she went, and Richard, putting all his skill into his drive, sent his ball halfway to the first hole. Then he picked up his bag and marched in leisurely fashion after Marcia.

"Found it?" he questioned.

"No."

"That's a woman's trick—to lose a ball."

She whirled around on him. "Just as it is a man's trick to lose his heart!" she blazed.

He grew white. "I didn't think you'd say a thing like that," he said and turned and left her.

She went running after him. "Oh, Dick, Dick!" she cried, "I didn't mean it." He rambled on, unheeding, and at last she came up to him and laid her hand on his arm. "Really, I didn't mean it," she pleaded.

He stopped and looked down at her gravely. "I'll admit it wasn't very nice of me to make that remark about the ball," he said, "but there's a difference between making fun of a girl's game and making fun of a man's love."

"Yes, there is," she admitted. "And I'm sorry, Dick."

Of course he forgave her, as he had forgiven her all summer, ever since that first night when he had been presented to her in the ballroom of the big hotel and she had divided his waltz with some one else. But she had begged pardon so prettily that he had felt almost as if he were the offender.

"But this is the end," he said sternly. "Let's have it out right here, Marcia."

"Have what out?"

"All of it. We are going home tomorrow, and try as I will, I can't get an opportunity to ask you to marry me."

"Oh!"

"You've held me off and parried and run away, but it's got to be settled here and now." And with that this very fierce young man sat down on a hillock and motioned her to another.

"Oh, my goodness!" said Marcia faintly, but she did as she was told.

"Of course I know I'm not worthy of you and all that. I haven't much money, but I've got health and strength and the will. I've got ambition, and I'm going to win out in the fight of life, and I'll make a place for you if you'll let me. And I'd do anything to save you from Doring."

Her head went up. "I like Mr. Doring," she emphasized. "He's very polite—and—and—"

"I'm not," said Richard bitterly. "Oh, you needn't rub it in! But you keep me so stirred up, I'm not half bad when I'm normal!"

Her laugh had a tremble in it. "No, you're not half bad," she agreed.

He turned to her eagerly. "Marcia, you don't love—Doring?"

She arose quickly. "He is worth a million."

Richard stood up also. "As if that would make a bit of difference to you," he said. "You may have your faults, Marcia, but I don't believe you are mercenary."

She was flustering her cheek nervously. "But—but I am mercenary, Dickie, boy," she said very low.

He stared at her. "Marcia," he said sharply, "you wouldn't marry Doring for his money?"

She looked up at him suddenly. "Oh, I don't know—I don't know! I've always been poor, and I've never had pretty things, and I want them. I want to go into the ballroom all in chiffon and pearls instead of in my old white dresses and my little chain with the gold heart. Think of it, Dickie—I've never had any jewel but that, and I want jewels. Every girl wants them, and Mr. Doring could give them to me."

But Richard was not listening. He took out his watch. "Marcia," he said in a practical way, "have you had your breakfast?"

She looked up surprised. "Why this change of subject?" she faltered.

"Because you're tired and nervous, and I don't think you are capable of saying what you think," he said. "I am going to take you over to the Inn. We'll breakfast on the bluff, and Cecile will make us an omelet and some perfect coffee, and we shall have a basket of white rolls. Will you go?"

"Why, of course," said Marcia uncertainly. "But it was such a funny thing for you to think of breakfast—right after you proposed to me."

"You've heard of bread and cheese

and kisses," said Richard flippantly. "Well, this is a case of adoration and omelet. Come on, Marcia, mine."

"I'm not yours."

"You're going to be," said Richard, and he picked up their bags and started.

The Inn was a little French place where delectable meals were served to those who tired of the regular hotel fare and where, it was whispered, certain gay souls sat somewhat late at night.

This morning Cecile, the trim landlady, met them at the door with radiant welcome. They should have the omelet and coffee—such coffee! And away she went, smiling, while they settled themselves at a table on the porch. Through the window they could see into the dining room, where there was one table not yet cleared of the half empty bottles, as well as other evidences of a midnight feast. Half sprawled across the table lay a man asleep.

Marcia, peeping through the window, said, "He evidently doesn't know it's morning."

Richard nodded. "Let's wake him up." And he began a silvery tattoo with his knife on the glasses.

The man yawned, stretched and raised a face red and sodden.

Marcia caught at Richard's arm. "Why," she whispered, "why, Richard—it's—Doring?"

But before Richard could answer Doring, stumbled out on the porch, gave one look at Marcia and fled.

Then Marcia looked at Richard. "You knew," she said, "that he was here?"

He laid his hand on hers. "I knew," he told her, "that he was no fit mate for you, Marcia. And I wanted you to see. What would his money amount to if you had to put up with that?" He pointed to the wine bottles in the other room.

She shuddered. "I—I didn't really intend to marry him—because I don't love him, Richard."

"And you didn't mean what you said about wanting money?" he questioned eagerly.

Her eyes met his bravely. "Yes, I do like money, Dick. But I wouldn't sell myself. I couldn't marry without love."

"Neither would I," said Dickie boldly. "So when are you going to marry me, Marcia?"

She laughed. "In the spring perhaps."

"As if I'd wait," said Richard masterfully. "After breakfast we'll go back to the links. And if I win the game you'll have to marry me in October, and if you win I'll wait until spring."

So back through the clear September air they went and played nine holes. And Marcia did her best. But a woman is only a woman, and Dick was famed for his good game. And so, after all, the wedding came at the end of the summer.

SIRENS AND SONS.

Herbert Henry Asquith, prime minister of England, was born in Yorkshire in 1852 and was a prize scholar at Oxford University.

Alfred H. Booth of Worcester, Mass., has been organist at St. Matthew's church for thirty years and in that time has missed but one service.

Speaking in Toronto recently, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the Labrador physician-missionary, outlined his project of erecting in St. John's, N. F., a home for seamen and fishermen.

Henry Savage Landon, the English explorer, who will soon make an attempt to reach the south pole, is of the opinion that Lieutenant Shackleton failed through having a cumbersome and unnecessarily large expedition.

It is estimated that General Luis Terrazas, the richest man in Mexico, has not less than \$200,000,000. His property holdings are located chiefly in the state of Chihuahua, but he also has large investments in other parts of the republic. He is the greatest land and live stock baron in the world. It is said.

Judge Robert Scott Lovett, who succeeds the late E. H. Harriman, was a playboy before he entered the railroad service. He was born in 1850 near Shepherd, Tex., worked on the farm, then in a neighboring store and at last for the Houston East and West as local agent. Once in the railroad business and admitted to the bar his advance was rapid.

The Duke of the Abruzzi is thirty-six years of age, and he has broken all climbing records by his ascent of Bride peak, in the Himalayas, 24,000 feet high and the highest mountain climb ever recorded. He was the first man to ascend Mount Ruwenzori, on the border of Leganda and the Congo Free State, while his arctic feats are among the most notable of the day.

English Etchings.

London has fifteen medical schools. Burglary was a capital offense in England till 1820.

Births of English children used to be taxed—a duke £30 and "a common person" 2 shillings.

In one year the number of taxicabs in London has more than doubled, and the horse drawn cab will probably soon be extinct.

No fewer than 206 persons lost their lives in the mines of Lancashire, England, last year as against an average annual mortality of 140 in recent years.

It is not often that a gate is made out of a window, much less out of a prison window, but the gate of St. Cedd's churchyard, Canning Town, East London, was at one time a window in old Newgate prison.

Electric Sparks.

A galvanic cell has been invented which generates an alternating current.

The electric lighting industry is represented in the United States by 5,264 companies and municipal plants.

Electric laundries are being installed on the big ocean liners, where all the washing, drying and ironing are done by electricity.

In a recent test of a new German high speed telegraph apparatus 2,500 distinctly recorded words were transmitted 430 miles in five minutes.

A new application of the electric light bath consists of a half cylinder, studded with incandescent lamps, which may be placed over a person lying in bed, the light being both radiated and reflected to him.

Household Hints.

A bare broom splinters matting badly. If you have no long handled, soft brush make a gray cotton flannel covering for top of broom.

All the cooking utensils should be washed with soda immediately after they have been used, which will remove every trace of grease.

When running dates, figs or raisins through the food chopper, add a few drops of lemon juice. It will do much toward preventing the fruit from clogging the chopper.

If you cannot use a scrub brush to get into all parts of the refrigerator when cleaning it, try using a small, stiff paint brush for the purpose. It reaches the corners.

The Art of War.

Although work has not yet been begun on two 28,000 ton battleships for the American navy, experts of the navy department already are figuring on 30,000 ton vessels.

The Austrian army is trying out a range finding rifle bullet which is hollow and carries a substance which gives off a puff of smoke when the bullet strikes anything hard.

For overhead firing against airships a German inventor has brought out a shell with a range of 20,000 feet, giving off a light by night and a smoke by day, so that its course may be traced.

Train and Track.

The death record of the railroads in New South Wales is one in seven years. Copper tubes are preferred to steel in locomotive boilers by many European experts.

Chinese railway cars have push buttons for food or refreshments, which are promptly answered by boy waiters.

The temperature of the fire of a moving locomotive has been determined to be 13,350 degrees at a speed of thirty miles an hour and 12,800 at a speed of nineteen miles.

PETS OF GREAT LADIES.

Some Curious Affections of London's Social Favorites.

Some pretty rough things have been said about the affections of English aristocracy from time to time, but the recent accounts of their household pets are about as incomprehensible as any of their other follies. The greyhound and the long, silky eared spaniel are things of the past. The Duchess of Marlborough is said to have a special fondness for serpents. She spends days also in the park at Blenheim with the gazelles, which in her society seem to forget their traditional shyness. Her other pets are grotesque looking penguins, which may be seen about the shores of the ponds. Lady Warwick, the titled Socialist leader, especially loves white animals, and in her grounds at Warwick are white peacocks, all kinds of white birds, even a white elephant. Her special treasure is a white parrot which is said to be more than a century old.

Lady Cadogan has a famous collection of snakes. She is able to drape some of them about her in such a way that they serve as jewelry. Among her pets are two trained lizards. Lady Cottenham nurses with great care her dormice, and Lady Churchill is said to be happiest when her crocodile is near her. Lady Hope's pet is an ape from Senegal, while Mrs. Rose Hubbard, one of the most popular of the women in Mrs. Keppel's set, raises geese. Miss Rose Boughton, one of the most liked of the unmarried girls in London society, insists upon taking to all the houses that will allow her a hyena that she brought from Constantinople and has tamed.

A NEW MATTRESS.

Foreign Affair That May Be Worthy of a Trial.

It has often been said that thousands of people live and die without ever having known the luxury of sleeping upon a really comfortable bed, for, strange as it may seem, the proper care of beds and bedding is one of the pet economies of the English housewife, writes a London correspondent. Her French sisters set her a better example, for at this time of the year every good housewife in France is employed in the overlooking and the thorough cleansing and remaking of her household mattresses, which, according to the latest hygienic theories, are veritable traps for collecting dust and dirt.

An improvement upon this state of affairs has lately been introduced in the form of a new sanitary mattress that does away with the need of this yearly overhauling. Its inventor has hit upon the plan of arranging some thousand coppered steel springs incased in ingenious woven calico pockets that are kept in place by rigid fastenings, so that each works independently without coming in contact with the other, the whole being incased in horsehair.

These new sanitary mattresses not only insure perfect rest, but they absolutely prevent the entry of dust or other objectionable matter. At the same time the new mattress is perfectly ventilated, so that it is always kept pure and fresh, and it should be a boon to hundreds of housewives.

Hat Supporter.

The illustration shows a hat supporter. You may wonder what this curious edifice is intended for, but when you are let into the secret you will at once realize its worth. It is used in a hatbox to hold up the present style of enormous chapeau, with its profuse underbrim trimming and the long, drooping ostrich plumes. Thus it prevents these costly trimmings from being crushed when not



HAT SUPPORTER.

In use. The hat rest is made out of two embroidery hoops, one a half inch smaller than the other. These are connected by three standards, made of cardboard, corset steels, whalebone or thin strips of wood. Standards and rings are closely bound with ribbon, and the joints, where the hoops are sewed to the standards, are hidden beneath smart little bows of the ribbon. The "rest" is now a thing of beauty and is ready to be a joy, if not forever at least for as long as the present fashion in hats lingers.

The Professional Woman.

Mrs. Lydia Kingsmill said at the recent quinquennial congress of the International Council of Women: "The professional woman—there are 800,000 of her in the United States. Of all self-supporting women she is the ablest and most successful. She has declined to be a sewer of wood and a drawer of water and has dared to earn her living by her brain. The professional woman has been making experiments that will eventually be of great value to all women. She has been a sort of occupation explorer, finding out what lines of thought and work are most suitable and congenial. Her motto has been, 'When in doubt try it,' and even her failures have thus been educational."

JUST IN TIME.

The Squire Wasn't Actually Nigh, but He Was a Little Close.

They were discussing the salient traits of old Squire Gregson's character, the funeral being a thing of the past. "Some way or 'nother, between his gold an' the buryin', nobody felt free to speak," Abel Nutting had said as an introduction to his remarks. "It seemed more'n likely he'd come to again an' call us to account, same as usual."

"He was free to give to philanthropy an' the church," said Barton Sedgwick when his turn came, "but in the family circle I called him kind o' close. I won't go so fur's to say he was actually nigh; but he certainly was kind o' close."

"As how?" inquired three voices in unison. They all had plenty of instances of the old squire's "closeness," but it was Barton's privilege to speak first, he being a cousin once removed.

"Well, I was there to a Sunday dinner with him last December," said Barton slowly. "He invited Sally an' me, same as always, once a year."

"Well, Sally had one o' those stuffy colds that make you feel worse'n if you had pneumonia, an' she vowed she wouldn't go. She said she couldn't taste anything anyway, an' the mere thoughts o' his cold pork an' boiled potatoes went against her. But she wanted I should go for polly, same as all us relations went, an' I did."

"Well, when I got there an' told squire he said, 'Sally not comin', an' clipped it right out into the kitchen, leavin' the doors open all the way."

"Here," he said to old Jane Wells, that cooked an' done for him, "have those potatoes boiled soft yet? That's good. You lift out Miss Sedgwick's potato, an' it'll be just right to fry for my breakfast tomorrow," he said, "for Miss Sedgwick is kep' at home with a cold. Lift it out careful! That's right!"

"An' when he come back to me he was all croused up with smiles, he was so pleased with himself."

SEEING UNDER WATER.

The Refraction of Light and the Limiting Angle of Vision.

One of the most peculiar things in connection with life under water is what is known as the limiting angle of vision. This applies to fishes, divers, submarine crews and, in fact, any being possessing the power of sight and desiring to look through the water at objects in the air. The effect is not due to a defect in vision, but to the refraction or bending of light, and no telescope or other optical instrument can get around it.

The effect consists of the impossibility of seeing anything on the outside unless the observer directs his line of sight within forty-eight degrees of the vertical. If a forty-nine degree angle or over is taken, the surface, no matter how clear the water is, acts as a perfect mirror and reflects objects at the bottom of the water, thus not allowing anything on the outside to be seen. The consequence of this property is the most startling of all, for everything on the outside can be seen and thus has to be seen in the cope described by the forty-eight degree angle from the eye. This shows all outside objects huddled together and appearing high in air. Thus, if one dives into the middle of a wide river, on looking up the banks will appear close together, but at a great distance from the observer, high in air.

This angle is called the "critical" angle and of course varies with the two media in contact.

If one desires to make the experiment a square glass box or an aquarium will answer very well. Suspend this from the ceiling or support it on a wall bracket and look under it at an angle. The phenomenon will be observed as indicated. The clearer the water and the stronger the light the more clearly will things appear.

Why He Was a Heathen.

Sir Arthur Fanshawe related an amusing story of a Mohammedan servant who when asked his religion replied: "Beg pardon, sar, I'm a heathen."

When asked by his master what he meant by a heathen the man answered: "Beg pardon, sar, a worshiper of stocks and stones."

"Confound it," remarked the master, "I can't keep a man like that in my service."

To which came the immediate rejoinder: "Beg pardon, sar, in your highness' service no time to worship anything!"—London News.

He Spoke Too Soon.

A well known business man attended his daughter's commencement exercises at an eastern college. He had been greatly pleased with the beauty and dignity of the exercises and was discoursing to his wife upon the refining influences of college life. Suddenly his impressive monologue was cut short. A girl in cap and gown came dashing down the steps of the main hall waving her diploma and shouting, "Educated, by gosh!"

Not Anxious.

"You have quite a number of the poets," said Goodby, who was inspecting Woodby's library. "Ah, there's Browning; do you understand him?"

"No; I don't," said Woodby.

"Ah," said Goodby, continuing his examination, "have you Præd?"

"Certainly not. What's the use of praying? I ain't anxious to understand him."

True honor leaves no room for bestiality or doubt.—Plutarch.

TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.

LADY CARDIGAN IS OUTSPOKEN IN HER MEMOIRS.

Famous Victorian Belle Gives Some Remarkable Peeps Into the Society of the Last Reign—Husband Led the Light Brigade's Celebrated Charge—Disraeli's Sad Breath—Slaps at Royalty.

In London society even the budget has been obliged to render up first place, for the time being, to Lady Cardigan's book. There is one thing at least to say for the production, which pertains to the life and doings of the Countess of Cardigan and Lancaster, and her friends and acquaintances, and that is, it will sell. In fact we are told that the book-shops in the better portions of London are fairly teeming with people anxious to obtain copies of this remarkable work.

There is something almost uncanny in the thought that the authoress of this book—still enjoying life, still without a pang of indigestion, with the powers of satirical observation and enjoyment which this book shows—can remember personalities who seem to us the legendary figures of history—too legendary to realize as having



LADY CARDIGAN.

been seen by our own contemporaries, and as having lived and had their being like other people. But here they come forth from their tombs and their niches, and once again walk the earth, with Lady Cardigan making them give ghastly grins as she recounts and recalls their flirtations, their rivalries, their physical defects, their adventures, now farcical, now tragic.

Her husband, Lord Cardigan was in command of the famous Six Hundred when they made—"Oh, the wild charge they made"—in the Crimean war. "I have often," says Lady Cardigan, "been asked whether he counted to me anything particular about the Charge of the Light Brigade, but the truth is that he never seemed to attach any importance to the part he played."

This is her own story of how she came to marry Lord Cardigan. "The first Lady Cardigan died on the morning of July 12, 1856, and this is what happened: "On the morning of July 12, 1858, I was awakened at seven o'clock by a loud knocking at the front door. It was Lord Cardigan. I had just time to slip on my dressing-gown when he came into my room, and said: 'My dearest, she's dead; let's get married at once.'"

The writer of these Recollections actually refused Disraeli's offer of marriage.

In 1873 Disraeli, left a widower, proposed to her.

"I had known Disraeli all my life, and I liked him very well. He had, however, one drawback, so far as I was concerned, and that was his breath—the ill odour of politics, perhaps! In ancient Rome a wife could divorce her husband if his breath were unpleasant, and had Dixey lived in those days his wife would have been able to divorce him without any difficulty. I was wondering whether I could possibly put up with this unfortunate attribute in a great man when I met the King, who was graciously pleased to ride with me. In the course of our conversation, I told him about Disraeli's proposal, and asked him whether he would advise me to accept it, but the King said he did not think the marriage would be a happy one for me."

"There is realism for you," comments Mr. O'Connor. "The dazzling romancer, the most daring and successful adventurer—except Napoleon—in history. The man who made an ancient Queen into an Empress, who subdued and led the ancient aristocracy of England—climbing to the Premiership of the greatest of empires from a Jewish home and a lawyer's office—there he stands before us, belittled, ashamed, and made almost sordid and abhorrent by this cruel and undazzled female observer, as simply a man with a foul breath."

Side by side with these anecdotes and sketches of people, bitten into copper with vitriol, there run—with delightful female inconsequence—naive confessions of her own charms, the havoc they played in many hearts; and the impressions of some of her admirers would have made them turn in their graves if they could have read them, if regions beyond the skies enjoyed the luxury of a Lending Library. Now and then this audacious chronicler drags down an eminence from the pedestal. She meets a royalty, "The old Duchess of Cambridge was one of the house party at Egerton Lodge, and she very good-naturally offered to take care of me on my journey to London, as we were both leaving the same day. We traveled together, and, directly the train started, the duchess opened a large reticule and took out a German sausage, which she devoured with great relish, cutting slices off it with a silver knife, with which she transferred them to her mouth."

Lost Him a Sale

"He is a cynic," said Senator Tillman of a political antagonist. "He mistrusts all things. He's as bad as the Chicago drummer."

Now they say that merger was not cemented for purposes of public charity.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS. You cannot feel fit with rigid suspenders—you cannot feel free. To know real ease, try the "sliding cords." All dealers, 50 cents. Light, medium and heavy weights.

SILENT LEGISLATORS.

Members of British Commons Who Never Speak.

Most members of the British Parliament think it incumbent upon them to do a little talking in the House, if it be only to almost empty benches, in order that their constituents may have the pleasure of reading their weighty utterances in the local paper.

How He Fooled 'Em

Frank Nelson, former state superintendent of public instruction of Kansas and "Cap" Gibson, the veteran record clerk in Auditor Nelson's office, are great friends.

Not Bright to Him

Don't get down in the mouth, old man," said the optimist, "look on the bright side of things."

Physiological

"Effie," said Margie, who was laboriously spelling words from a first reader, "how can I tell which is a 'd' and which is a 'b'?"

"Mother—"Were you good at the party?" "Six-year-old—"Yes."

Mistress—"Now, remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming to dinner tonight."

Doctor (to his cook, who is just leaving)—Well, Mina, I am sorry, but I can only give you a very indifferent character—Well, sir, never mind.

Tommy (during a temporary lull in the conversation)—"I say, ma, isn't it a pity you haven't got the toothache instead of poor Jane?"

He—"Have you any reason for doubting what I say?" She—"Yes, I have."

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't get something for nothing."

The Canadian Pacific Railway are running their Annual Excursions from Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to Eastern Canada, and with the Touring Sleeping Cars, now run on all through trains, enables passengers from Western Canada to travel East with comfort, and at a minimum cost.

Mr. Crabshaw—People who quarrel in a low tone always say the meanest things.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia. Husband, who fell asleep while receiving a Caudle lecture, hears the morning alarm clock. "Oh, for goodness sake, Maria, shut up!"—Boston Transcript.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys.

After a visit to a famous entomologist, whose wonderful microscopes have proved that there is always some living being to be found preying on the last of the minutest creature last seen, an English writer turned to him and said:

These are the melancholy old problem recurs: S. rubbers this winter or let wet?



HANDS COVERED WITH ECZEMA

"For three weeks I actually had to be fed like one feeds a baby, because my hands and arms were so covered with eczema that they had to be bound up all the time."

So says Miss V. McSorley, 75 Gore Street, Sault Ste. Marie, and adds: "From finger tips to elbows the disease spread, my finger nails came off and my flesh was one raw mass."

Zam-Buk alone saved my hands and arms. I persevered with it, and to-day I am cured completely of every trace of the dreaded eczema.

Zam-Buk is without equal for eczema, ringworm, ulcers, abscesses, piles, cracked hands, cold sores, chapped places, and all skin injuries and diseases.

Mother—"Leave it to me, mum. I'll do my worst! They'll never trouble you again."

Just Like Her. The average woman is not satisfied to do as she pleases unless she can make other people do as she pleases.

When a man's wife will let him have a latch-key it's a sign he will pretend down town he's the master of his own house.

The Flavor and Strength OF "SALADA"

Are preserved by the use of sealed Lead Packets. Ask your grocer for a package today.

FURS

Do you trap or buy Furs? I am Canada's largest dealer. I pay highest prices. Your shipments solicited. I pay mail and express charges; remit promptly. Also largest dealer in Sealhides, Sheepskins, etc. Quotations and shipping tags sent free.

KELPION

A PERFECT HOME REMEDY. Endorsed by the English journals—"Lancet," "Science," "Health."

Mr. Crabshaw—My, dreadful, isn't it! That woman in the next flat does that; I can never hear a word she says.—New York Tribune.

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

"Black Knight" Stove Polish was made for women—made to save them work, worry and weariness.

It's ready to use—no mixing—no soiling hands—no dirty work—and cheaper than any other because it goes farther and you get a bigger can for 10c.

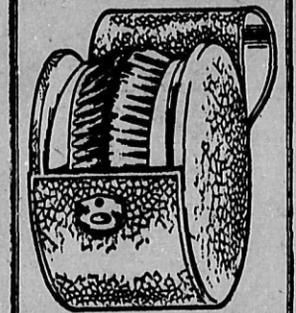
THE Y. F. BALLEE CO. LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont.

SICK HEADACHES

are not caused by anything wrong in the head, but by constipation, biliousness and indigestion. Headache powders or tablets may deaden, but cannot cure them.

DR. MORSE'S INDIAN ROOT PILLS

A GIFT THAT ANY MAN WOULD APPRECIATE



THIS \$5.00 set of Military Brushes is one of the best values we have ever shown.

Sent post-paid, for \$5.00, to any address in Canada—except the Yukon—order by the number—415.

RYRIE BROS., Limited 134-138 Yonge Street TORONTO

VETERAN SCRIP

THE FARMER'S OPPORTUNITY!

DO YOU realize the opportunity South African Veteran Scrip affords to secure title to 320 or 640 acres of land? Land adjoining that upon which you can locate Veteran Scrip is being sold to-day at from \$10 to \$15 an acre.

CANADA LOAN & REALTY CO. Limited. 315-317 McIntyre Block, Winnipeg.

A Failure. "It won't work," remarked Jones as he took his favorite seat in front of the hotel window.

"What won't work?" inquired Fritz Smith. "This idea of thought transference. Tried it on my tailor. I looked at him steadily until I had his undivided attention, then I said very slowly and with emphasis: 'That—bill—is—paid.'"

"And what did he do?" "He said: 'you're—a—liar!'"—Lippincott's.

True love is something that is able to dispense with the advice of outsiders.

Ravages of Consumption

ALL HER RELATIVES HAD DIED OF CONSUMPTION. In the year 1890, 16 years ago, Mrs. C. S. Conner, of Belle Isle, N.S., was in a sad condition.

At this point her husband suggested to try Psychine. The doctor who attended said Psychine was worthless; but it effected a wonderful cure.

Dr. T. A. SLOCUM LIMITED, TORONTO

PSYCHINE PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN

Something in It

"Do you believe there is anything in luck?" queried the shiftless person.

A Pill That Proves Its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver.

Opinions and visits should never be forced upon people.

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

"What reason have you for thinking that he's a perfect gentleman?" "He must be. I had dinner at his house, and neither his wife nor daughter corrected him once."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Mrs. Maudsley—"Do your daughter and her husband live happily together?" Mrs. Oldham—"Alas! I'm afraid not. My daughter says they do, but every time I go to visit them there seems to be something present to mar the serenity of their lives."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen,—Last winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of LaGrippe, and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in cases of inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON.

First Fair Invalid—"Which kind of doctor do you prefer—the allopathic or the homeopathic?" Second Fair Invalid—"I prefer the sympathetic."—Fligende Blaetter.

Often what appear to be the most trivial occurrences of life prove to be the most momentous. Many are disposed to regard a cold as a slight thing, deserving of little consideration, and this neglect often results in most serious ailments entailing years of suffering.

Japan has apple trees nowadays as well as cherry trees; the money value of this year's Japanese apple crop is estimated at \$1,500,000.

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

Patron (viewing portrait of his wife)—Er—er—I congratulate you sir, on your wonderful imagination. Artist—Whatever do you mean? Patron—Why you actually painted my wife with her mouth shut.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff. The Secret. Wife (reminiscing)—Well, I very nearly didn't marry you, John. John (absent-mindedly)—I know, but who told you?—The Sketch.

For Frost Bites and Chilblains.—Chilblains come from undue exposure to slush and cold and frost-bite from the icy winds of winter.

Dressed in the latest and most improved motorcycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motorcyclist gaily toot-tooted his way toward the Zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted, and said to a small, grubby urchin:

"I say, my boy, am I right for the Zoo?" The boy gasped at so strange a sight and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens.

"You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said doubtfully, when he could find his tongue; "but you'd stood a better chance if you'd only had a tail!"—Answers.

It is better to be a financier of kingdoms than a king of finance.

Shakespeariana

Young Featherley—"Of Shakespeare's plays I think I prefer Richelieu."

Young Featherley (with an amused smile)—"Ah! I see, Miss Clara, you are one of the few left who believe that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays. I wonder if the question will ever be satisfactorily settled?"—New York Times.

"Pa, what is a football coach?" "The ambulance, I guess."—Boston Transcript.

WOMEN WHO SUFFER

Every woman at some time needs a tonic. At special times unusual demands are made upon her strength.

Weak women find in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the tonic exactly suited to their needs. Most of the ills with which they suffer are due to bloodlessness—a condition which the Pills readily cure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Give Regularity and Good Health

It would almost appear as if one chance of becoming Father of the Commons was dependent upon exercising a very wise discretion with regard to speech, for Sir Charles Burrell, who was "Father" at a period preceding Mr. Beach, and who held a seat in the House for over sixty years, was distinguished by the eloquence of his silence.

But even Sir Charles' great feat of silence has been beaten, for General Forester, who represented the notable constituency of Much Wenlock for nearly fifty years, never once allowed himself the luxury of speech in Parliament! It is said that all sorts of devices and plots were started, both by his admirers and detractors in order to induce or compel him to address the House at least once, but all these plots signally failed.

"Bob's" Defeat in India. It is not generally known that all through his military career Lord Roberts, who has just celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday, has been one of the finest riders in the army.

"Nothing lost here but the squeal," declared the pork packer. "Are you as economical in conducting your business?"

"Just about," answered the visitor. "I'm a lumber manufacturer. Nothing wasted but the bark."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

\$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity.

"Do you think that policeman on our beat ever does a thing to earn his money?" "You bet I do, and a good, fat, juicy tip besides. He's been the cause of our cook staying with us for the last seven years."—New York Herald.

George Washington, hatchet in hand, had just concluded the famous interview with his father. "It's lucky," he remarked to the nerved man, "that I went after a cherry tree instead of the North Pole. Otherwise my motives and veracity would have been subjects of controversy for generations."—Washington Star.

Unequal Housing. In England and Wales we find that the 20,000,000 acres of possible housing land is utilized by the 32,500,000 of population as follows: Seven and a half million people are spread over 19,800,000 acres, and the remaining 13,000,000 live on 48,000 acres.

Well-Known on the Worlds. William Moore, a postman, who died recently at Hovingham, near Malton, England, is said to have walked 226,500 miles during the forty years he was in the service of the postoffice department at Malton.

Why Actors Wear Long Hair. Marshall Hall, K.C., at the last dinner of the Playgoers' Club in London, referred to an early statute under which actors found wandering were liable to be branded through the right ear, and said that that was the reason so many members of the theatrical profession still wore their hair long. They wanted to conceal that particular decoration.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, PAINFUL URINATION, SANDS, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, PAINFUL URINATION.

W. N. U., No. 770.

In and Around Town

H. M. McGuire, of Shawville, Que., is here.

The C. P. R. has closed the camp up the Elk for the winter.

A. Weigart (Dutch Charley) was down this week from Elk Prairie.

Frank Harmer is going to work with his team for Strong & Forester in their camp.

The Miner's Union is figuring on a hall and store. The vote for the same takes place on the 29th.

J. S. Thompson, of the Great Northern railway, will act as customs broker at this port of entry.

The Customs House is opening in the Great Northern station with G. Ellis, of Fernie, as collector.

There will be a shooting match for chickens at the Rock Cut on Christmas morning, beginning at ten o'clock.

Bill Esmine will be down from his traps on Christmas, on his way to Pittsburg, where he is going with R. M. Narboe.

Fred W. Swain, of Cranbrook, the first J. P. in Michel, is visiting his old friend Chris. Maurer at the Kootenay this week.

W. E. Bullock, of Bremerton, a former resident here, dropped off the other day on his way to Quebec. He will stop off again on his return.

The winners in the raffle, held in the Kootenay hotel on Dec. 20th, are: 1st, No. 320, Corbin C. Compie; 2nd, No. 127, Jenkensons, Michel.

Provincial constable Morris has inspected the milk ranches of A. C. Murray and Wm. Weaver, and found everything in first-class sanitary condition.

Master Walter and Marie Beatty are home from Western Canada College and the Convent, Calgary, to spend the Xmas holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wright.

Presents from the Christmas Tree will be given out between one and six. All children holding tickets must be there in person in order to receive their presents. The distribution takes place in Crahan's Hall.

The Trites Wood Co. announces that on New Year's morning from 10 to 11 they will be pleased to see every boy and girl in Michel at their store, and will present each with a package of candy, nuts and fruit.

E. Estabrook has left for the coast, en route for Alaska. He will look over the hunting grounds there for big game and if not satisfactory will endeavour to turn the tide of big game hunters into our mountains.

On Sunday last Willie Whitehouse made his first appearance in public at Michel Methodist Church. His playing on the violin was much appreciated by the whole congregation and reflected great credit on his teacher, J. Bauer.

The Provincial government has at last decided to strictly enforce the Fire Escape Act, which calls for fire escapes on all public buildings, hotels, etc., over two stories, and all public buildings to have doors opening outwards. A. J. McCool, of the Great Northern Hotel is one of the first to comply with the above act, already having men at work.

English Church Service

There will be Holy Communion on Christmas day in the school room, New Michel, at 10 a. m. A. B. N. Crowther, curate in charge.

Bengough's Spell

People who missed Bengough's entertainment, on Monday night, missed something that if they only knew how good it was will always regret their absence. His local cartoons alone were well worth the price of admission, while his character sketches were just so much thrown in. The editor has had the pleasure of being acquainted with J. W. for the past 35 years and on numerous occasions has witnessed his handicraft and art, and it is a decided change from the old to meet again one of the boys that ever came out of

This Spells Prosperity

The output from the mines here is steadily increasing. Last July the number of men employed was 700, today the number exceeds 1,000. The coal company is starting up about 100 more ovens. Only about one-third of the ovens here have been in operation all summer, and from what we can learn, every oven will shortly be in commission. While not holding a brief from the coal company, we may be pardoned if we express the hope that this start in the right direction is permanent. The men have had their own troubles, and we are glad to note that the prospects for the future look so good. Nowhere along the line can be found more favorable aspects than confront both the employer and employee than at Michel, and as time goes on those towns that think they are it will be taking off their hats to the people of this section of the Pass.

Clark's Show

Shows may come and shows may go, but Clark's goes on—not forever, we hope not, for Clark and his estimable wife deserve a rest sometime, and when that time comes we look to meet them both in that home where St. Peter is the entertainer, and he knows enough to issue free passes to the press. Next Tuesday Clark puts on an entire change of programme. Victor a Powell will sing and dance and the whole performance will be in keeping with the festive season. Turn out, and take our word for it, you'll enjoy yourselves.

From the Corner Desk

Early in the fall the Indians prophesied an open winter and up to now it certainly seems as though the prediction was coming true. For the last few weeks we have had ideal weather and there seems every prospect of a continuation.

Whilst Old Michel must necessarily remain connected with the coal, there is every opportunity for New Michel to set up an entirely different line of business. With pine clad mountains all around, a splendid natural drainage, abundant pure water, magnificent scenery, and last but not least, a good train service, there is no reason at all why our town should not take its place in the front rank of Canadian health resorts. If one prominent doctor would kindly note the above points the trick would be done.

Now, Mr. C. P. R., give the Kicking Horse a rest and let the Crow have a turn.

There are dollars in "Healthies"—dollars and dollars and dollars!

Don't forget the sulphur springs, too!

Bengough gave an A. 1. entertainment which should have been better patronized. You missed a real clever show, boy. There was talent, with a big T, displayed—a top notch, brainy performance.

A Christmas toast: "Here's to the dusty diamonds. May we dig thousands of tons and make thousands of dollars."

A bitter memory of 1909—The Coalman coalmen were goalmen. Alas! poor Michel! How we do miss that cup from Tom Crahan's bar!

For she is the Belle of Michel, And oh! how we all adore her. Dainty and nice, Like sugar and spice, But when we glance, Just as cool as ice, Oh! she is a lovely girl Who sets all our brains in a whirl, Although she is the Belle of Michel, PLEASE NOTE! Her name isn't Laura.

To canvassers for new saloons: There's nothing like a sample to convince folks. Mine's a "port and ginger."

It wouldn't be a bad idea for the Editor to scatter a few pans and a gallon of ink around the town. Then, perhaps, some fellow would find that he had an opinion about something and send it along for another fellow to contradict.

S. R. J.

A Big Contract

Weber yesterday delivered the toys and other goods purchased by the Michel miner's Union for Xmas presents for the children of Old and New Michel, consisting in all, presents and candies, of 1162 packages, and it took five dray loads to haul it. This is, without a doubt, the largest contract of this kind ever handled by any merchant in the west. The idea is unique in itself and is a very commendable custom so generously carried out by the local union.

Tenders for Freight Supplies for the Yukon Telegraph Line

THE time for receiving tenders for the freight supplies for the Yukon Telegraph Line in the course of the seasons of 1910, 1911 and 1912 is hereby extended to Tuesday, February 15, 1910. Tenders are to be sealed and addressed "Tender for Freight Supplies," and addressed to the undersigned.

Forms of tender and specification may be obtained and form of contract seen on application to Mr. J. T. Phelan, Superintendent of Government Telegraphs, Vancouver, B. C., Mr. Wm. Henderson, District Superintendent Government Telegraphs, Victoria, B. C., and from the Government Telegraph Agents at Ashcroft, B. C., Quebec, B. C., Hazelton, B. C. and Telegraph Creek, B. C.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, with their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p. c.) of the amount of the tender for one year's packing, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

NAPOLÉON TESSIER, Secretary.

Department of Public Works.

Ottawa, December, 16, 1909.

NOTE.—Provision is being made by the Government to the extent of \$2,500, for general repairs, renewal of bridges, etc., along the trail between Hazelton and North C. bin, next season.

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.

HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED, A GOOD CARPENTER, APPLIED TO Fred. Pomakac, New Michel.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

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

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

FOR SALE

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

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

Business Bringers

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

DON'T MISS CLARK'S SHOW TUESDAY

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

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

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

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

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

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



We wish you and Yours

A Merry Christmas AND A Happy NEW YEAR

After the Holidays

We will have some important news for you, so Don't Forget to

watch this Space



WEBER

The Workingman's Store

New Michel

HOTEL WALDORF FERNIE

HOME OF COMFORT

S. JENNINGS Proprietor

LESLIE MILLS, MANAGER