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MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 1. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1909. NO. 42

Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, - : - Proprietor

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

Michel, - British Columbia

Soaps

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

For Hard Water
We Recommend Gosnell's Eau de Cologne

For Removing Grease Stains
Etc., Nothing can be Compared with
"Snap"

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

Imperial Bank of Canada
Head Office: TORONTO

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

Savings Bank Department.
Interest allowed on Deposits at Current Rate from Date of Deposit.
Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit issued, available in any part of the World.
MICHEL BRANCH, T. B. BAKER, MANAGER.

41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers
New Michel

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

The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

King's Kandy Kitchen
Ice Cream. High Class Fruit, Nuts, Tobacco, Cigars.
Chocolates and Confectionery.
NEW MICHEL

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

Bamboo Fishing Rods, Your Choice for 15 cents

Right Prices, Right Goods and Right Treatment.

The Model Bakery
NOW OPEN!

Bread, Cakes, Pies, Buns, Etc. Fresh Every Day
Driver will call for orders and deliver
The Model Bakery New Michel

Fine Art Printing
At the Reporter Office

A Good Game

Fernie and Michel Played a Friendly Game on Tuesday

The baseball match between Fernie and Michel on the Recreation Grounds on Tuesday last, was one of the best played games witnessed in Michel. Both nines were in first class shape and played the game as it should be played, and those who attended the match were well pleased at the excellent manner in which the umpire, J. Carney, gave his decisions. The score was 6 to 1 in favor of Fernie, C. Estabrook making the only score for Michel. The Fernie boys made the following runs: Mills 1, Henderson 2, McDonald 1, McMillan 1 and Walters 1.

The result by innings was:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Fernie	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Michel	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0

The teams' line-ups were as follows:

FERNIE	MICHEL
Mills, rf	B. Smith, rf
Henderson, lf	Lauselle, 2b
McDonald, 2b	Spence, 1b
Hicks, ss	M. Estabrook, p
Hall, cf	C. Estabrook, cf
McDougal, c	Christmas, 3b
Spilman, 3b	Lauselle, ss
McMillan, 1b	Woods, c
Walters, p	B. Estabrook, lf

Football

The greatest football game ever played in Frank and which is declared by football men the greatest ever played in the Pass, was that of Saturday last in which Frank took the league leaders into camp by a score of 3 to 0. The game was played with marvellous skill by both Michel and Frank, but the greater skill was on the side of the home team, with the result that while Michel made numerous attempts to score that were both thrilling and beautifull to behold, the visitors could not quite connect, while the home team was able to reach the Michel flags for three goals.

Features of the play were the magnificent combination of the Frank forward line, the spectacular defensive play of McGetchie, and the stone wall impregnability of the Frank goal keeper, who in one instance actually broke the goal bar in jumping to stop a kick. But these were but features, the work of the home team was of the utmost superiority throughout.

The result is most gratifying from many view points. First, it puts Frank in striking distance of the championship and obviates the cinch which would have been Michel's could the visitors have won. Then it is gratifiying from the point that it is the first defeat Michel has sustained, and again, it indicates that the team that has more points at the end of the league series than Frank will certainly carry off the bunting.

Frank has yet six games to play. They are, one each against Coal Creek, Bellevue, Fernie, Hosmer, and two against Coleman. After so signal a defeat of the leaders who have hitherto made a runaway race, it would seem that Frank, if nothing happens to weaken the team, can scarcely fail of coming very close to winning the championship, when all the remaining games are against teams, no one of which has been able to defeat the leaders thus far. Some football fans think there is nothing to it now but Frank.

Frank's next game is against Coal Creek Saturday at Coal Creek.

The Frank football team got trimmed by Coal Creek at that place Saturday by a score of 2-0. The game was even till two-thirds finished with no score. Then it rained and play had to wait, but the team got wet and had to go back in their wet suits, while Coal Creek donned dry togs. Thereafter the Frank boys seemed to play just as they must have felt and—well they got skinned.

The same day Michel defeated Hosmer 4-0.

Following is the standing of the team to date:

Teams	Won	Lost	Draw	Points
Michel	7	1	1	15
Fernie	3	1	5	11
Coal Creek	4	0	2	10
Frank	3	2	2	8
Bellevue	2	5	1	5
Coleman	2	4	1	5
Hosmer	0	5	0	0

—Frank Paper.

What about the Recreation Ground that the Athletic Association were boosting a few weeks ago. Has the enthusiasm all oozed out?

Pat Miller's Chicago Trip

Pat Miller advertised a dance for Wednesday night, but owing to his failure to complete arrangements the dance did not materialize. He however gave the boys the time of their life with his ragtime selections and songs at the Great Northern Hotel: Pat has left Fernie on a bet of $400 to get to Chicago in four months, starting from Fernie with only one dollar. This dollar is marked, and must be produced at the end of the journey. He has to play his way, and earn enough en route to defray expenses.

New Bakery

The Model Bakery will be open and ready for business on Monday. They will supply bread, buns, cakes and pies, fresh every day. Orders called for and delivered. They will occupy the premises on Pacific Ave., around the corner from Wright Bros.' store.

TO OUR CUSTOMERS

Printed matter is chiefly labor, not merchandise. It is paid for in wages in advance of its completion by the printer. The element of risk in its production lies in the fact that it is useless for any other person than those for whom it is primarily intended. For these reasons a prompt settlement of all bills, as soon as job is delivered, is a consistent request which your spirit of fairness will concede as a demand worthy of our insistence.

Fulfilling Instructions.

The managing editor wheeled his chair around and pushed a button in the wall. The person wanted entered. "Here," said the editor, "are a number of directions from outsiders as to the best way to run a newspaper. See that they are all carried out."

And the office boy, gathering them all into a large waste basket, did so.

Geo. Robinson, agent of the Manitoba Government telephones at Ninga, has been informed that his services are no longer required. Mr. Robinson has been nominated as Liberal candidate for Killarney, and it is contrary to the policy of the Roblin Government to maintain an active Grit politician on its payroll. The folly of nourishing enemies while friends are in need is a characteristic found only in Liberal Governments. —Neepewa Press.

The fact that the father of the Wright brothers, the aeroplane experts, is a bishop, may tend to explain why they excel as sky pilots.—Ottawa Citizen.

We will send this paper to any address in the world for two dollars Let us send a paper home for you every week. It will save you writing a letter, and will tell them lots of things you'll forget to mention when you do write. We will be in the office until 9 to-night to write you a receipt.

A man stopping his paper wrote: "dear editor: I think folks ottend to spend their munny for paper, my daddy didant and everybody said he was the intellijents man in the country, and had the smartest family of boys that ever dugged taters."

Great Northern HOTEL

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked with the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCool & Moore, : : Proprietors

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Laurenson & Douglas - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

"Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and Pleasing.

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

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

Livery, Feed and Transfer
Bus service, five trips daily between the C. P. R. Station and the Kootenay Hotel
Fare, Round Trip.....
Single Fare.....
GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

SLICK UP
Get Your Hirsute Appendage Clipped and Your Whiskers Pushed in at the Great Northern Tonsorial Parlors—You're next.
P. M. MacLanders, Prop

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

COLDSTORAGE

One of the Sights of the Town

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

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

P. BURNS & Co.
LIMITED

LUMBER YARD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

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

MY LUCKY DAY

Mr. Thomas Wylie (Box 384), Galt, says:—"It was the luckiest day of my life when I struck PSYCHINE, for I truly believe I shouldn't be alive now but for that.

"A neglected cold was the beginning of my trouble, and what seemed to be a simple ailment, soon developed into a serious and dangerous condition. I got so low that it was scarcely possible for me to walk around, and I lost so much flesh that I looked like a skeleton. I was just about ready to 'hand in my checks,' although only 20 years of age. The medicine the doctor gave me made me worse and I got disgusted. Then I struck PSYCHINE."

"PSYCHINE did miracles for me. The first bottle gave me new life and courage, and in less than no time I began to put on flesh rapidly, and I felt I was on the high road to recovery. My appetite returned, and I 'ate like a hunter,' as the saying goes. My friends were surprised, and hardly knew me. In three months I was as strong and well as ever, and returned to work in the mill. I have not had a day's illness since. Nobody could wish for better health than I enjoy, and it is all owing to PSYCHINE. It should be in everybody's hands."

For Coughs, Colds, Loss of Appetite, Throat, Lung and Stomach Trouble, take Psychine. Druggists and Stores sell at 50c and $1.00. Send to DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Spadina Avenue, Toronto, for a TRIAL FREE.

PSYCHINE
PRONOUNCED SIKEEN
THE GREATEST OF TONICS FOR HEALTH AND ENERGY

His Bluff Called

"Scuse me, ma'am," said the husky hobo, "but I'm hungry ernuff t' eat a raw dog."

"Well," replied the woman on the back porch, "just wait here a second and I'll call one up for you."

But the h. h. was trying to beat his own getaway record down the pike.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

A New York woman hit her husband with a flatiron for noting exception to her statement that Portugal is in South America. He was a fool. If a man's wife says that Portugal is in South America it is.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

"Isn't it a shame to keep those poor lions caged." "Lady," answered the keeper at the zoo, "they're much happier and safer there than they would be roaming the African jungles."—Washington Star.

For Women's Needs

Every woman should fortify herself against those weaknesses and derangements which are usually present at times when Nature makes extra demands upon the system.

For women's special ailments there is no known remedy so safe and reliable as

Beecham's Pills

These pills possess corrective and tonic properties which have a marked effect upon the general health and promptly relieve nervousness, sick headache, depression, backache, weakness and other unpleasant symptoms. Beecham's Pills establish healthy conditions and furnish

Help at the Right Time

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

"Mauretania" is the all-the-year-round collar. Men who wear it in summer for its style and comfort, wear it all winter for the same reasons.

2 FOR 25c.

Most every dealer sells Tooke Collars. 1

TOOKE BROS. LIMITED, MONTREAL

EL DORADO OF THE AMAZON.

Streams From the Andes Bring Down Golden Sands.

Not more than two or three hundred miles away from the crest of the Andes the foothills cease and the edge of the great Amazon plain is reached, stretching thence some 3,000 miles away eastward to the Atlantic seaboard. For the most part the forest is relatively healthy, but there are fever spots well known to the river Indians and carefully avoided. Among the foothills, except at such fever spots, the climate is good and the temperature not too high.

Here it is that a great future awaits the colonies of a coming day, for the foothill region is one of the richest in the world. Everything that grows there grows to perfection. The coffee, the sugar, the cocoa, the bananas—all are the very best. Moreover, here is situated one of the great remaining gold fields, practically unworked since the days of the Incas. All the streams that flow from the Cordillera Real of Peru and Bolivia bring down golden sands of astonishing richness. Prospectors that have visited them unite in describing these river gravels as of unequaled wealth.

Over an area several hundred miles long and about a hundred miles wide there is any quantity of gold awaiting exploitation. It would have been exploited long ago but for the difficulty of access. Poor men cannot go there and work on their own account for lack of food. The forest must be cleared and the ground planted before that can be produced. For exploitation on a larger scale machinery is needed, and to carry machinery over the two parallel ranges of the steep hillsides and precipitous gorges, where there are no roads, is no easy matter. Still, the day will come and is, indeed, now close at hand when these difficulties will be tackled and overcome.—Travel Magazine.

Tailor Who Looked Like the Kaiser.

The German emperor is in the peculiar predicament of having no less than two doubles. One, a certain Herr Nitsche, follows the humble and prosaic calling of a chimney sweep. A year or two ago when the emperor was staying at a small German watering place, so the story goes, a tailor of the locality, suddenly waking up to the fact that he was rather like his majesty, had his mustache trimmed accordingly, copied the style of dress as nearly as possible and boldly sallied forth into the town. His reception even exceeded his own expectations, but the incident got to the ears of the authorities. Next day the ambitious tailor received a visit from a police officer with a peremptory recommendation to alter his appearance or else leave the town. He chose the latter course.—London M. A. P.

Puzzling Canadian Time

A traveler at the Union depot was looking up some Canadian connections.

"You connect with a train leaving at 13:20 o'clock and arriving at your destination at 22:10," O. E. Barbre, the information dispenser, said.

"What in thunder are you talking about?" the traveler demanded.

Then Barbre had to explain that several of the Canadian railroads use the twenty-four hour system of time, using clocks with figures beginning at midnight and counting the hours straight through to midnight again. The train the traveler desired to take left his connecting station at 1:20 o'clock in the afternoon and arrived at the destination at 10:10 o'clock that night.—Kansas City Star.

Tall Men In Tall Hats.

A man who walked down Broadway below Fourteenth street in the middle of the afternoon on a business day came to the conclusion that few men in New York now wear silk hats, in business hours anyway. In the course of ten blocks, along which he met hundreds of thousands of men, he encountered only three wearing high hats, and of these two were men of more than fifty, and both were tall and slender, while the other, though under forty years of age, was like the other two in altitude, and he approximated them in slenderness—three tall, slim men wearing tall, slim hats, and these the only men met wearing silk hats in ten blocks of Broadway.—Washington Post.

An Accomplished Monkey.

One of the most singular captures ever effected by the Paris police was made recently when they arrested an acrobat named Miguel Androval, who is attached to a traveling circus playing near Paris. In a large establishment the man requested to be shown some jewelry. While he was examining it the detectives observed the head of a tiny monkey emerge from Androval's coat pocket. Then the monkey's paw shot out, and while the salesman's attention was diverted the animal seized several valuable rings and withdrew to its hiding place. Tests made after the arrest proved the monkey to be an accomplished pickpocket and shoplifter.

Wearing Pajamas.

"You Americans don't seem to have learned how to wear pajamas yet," said a Jap. "I have never known an American to wear them the way every Japanese does. We always roll up the trousers to the knee when we sleep in the things. They are vastly more comfortable that way."

Good Neighbors.

Nodd—You live next to a burying ground, don't you? How do you like it?

Todd—Very much. Good neighbors. Quiet and peaceable. Never running in unexpectedly.

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.

From Her Viewpoint

Stout lady (in theatre, to youth who has asked her to remove her hat)—Sit still. "The play isn't fit for a boy like you to see."

KEEPING CHILDREN WELL.

Every mother should be able to recognize and cure the minor ills that attack her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness—perhaps save a little life. A simple, safe remedy in the home is therefore a necessity, and for this purpose there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. They promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds, make teething easy and keep children healthy and cheerful. Mrs. Jos. Levesque, Casselman, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have always found them satisfactory. My child has grown splendidly and is always good natured since I began using this medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Death does not end all; the doctor's bill invariably survives. — Dallas News.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

A man doesn't always go in the right direction when he follows his inclination.

They Cleanse While They Cure.—The vegetable compounds of which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are composed, mainly dandelion and mandrake, clear the stomach and intestines of deleterious matter and restore the deranged organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available to-day. A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion and do more to convince the ailing than anything that can be written of these pills.

A Promising Apprentice

Carpenter—Now, I told you this morning to grind all the tools during my absence. Got 'em all done?

Apprentice—All but the saw, sir. I haven't finished that yet.

Carpenter—How's that?

Apprentice—Haven't got all the gaps out of it yet, sir.

Pills of Attested Value.—Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of careful study of the properties of certain roots and herbs, and the action of such as sedatives and laxatives on the digestive apparatus. The success the compounders have met with attests the value of their work. These pills have been recognized for many years as the best cleansers of the system that can be got. Their excellence was recognized from the first and they grow more popular daily.

WHEN KITTY SINGS.

When Kitty sings, by jings,
'Tis then the welkin rings!
I've never heard it ring, but well I know
Twould ring if Kitty's voice had half a show.
When Kitty sings, by jocks,
The very woods and rocks
The sounds prolong
And add wild elfin echoes to her song!
When Kitty sings the lark
Stops singing in the park.
Full well he knows no one would hear or care
For him when Kitty's voice is ringing there.
When Kitty sings, you know,
Even the stately crow
Forbears to caw—
Just from respect, the rogue, for harmony's law!
When Kitty sings I swear
And sink down in despair,
For when her voice my heartstrings smite
I sit entranced; I cannot write.
I sometimes wish she'd stop,
But hint I dare not drop
For fear she'll go—
For Kitty is our cook, you know!
—Will S. Gidley in New York Times.

Luminous Idea.

"Grigsby," says the friend, "I'll be hanged if I can see how it is you always get the best there is to eat in every restaurant you patronize, and yet you never tip the waiters a cent."

"I've got the greatest scheme on earth," says Grigsby proudly.

"What is it?"

"If you'll promise not to give it away," replies Grigsby, "I don't mind telling you that when I give my order I pretend to be the owner of a rival restaurant."—Chicago Post.

AN INDIAN MURDERER.

His Fearful Punishment by a Primitive Mexican Tribe.

Speaking of primitive law among the Mexican Indians brings to mind a curious case that was told me some years ago in the state of Oaxaca by an old Zapoteca chief who had become a convert to Christianity.

He said that a long while ago an American botanist was traveling through the mountains of Oaxaca studying the rare and beautiful flora of that region. He had with him a mozo from another part of the country.

He carried several gold pieces sewed in the lining of his jacket. The mozo became aware of that fact, and one day when the botanist got down on his knees to drink at a little spring the mozo cut his head off with a machete, took the gold pieces and fled to the higher sierras.

Not long after the body was found by some Zapoteca Indians who had seen the botanist in former days studying the flowers and plants near their village. They knew that he was a harmless and good man because he loved flowers. All Mexican Indians love flowers. So they took the body to the chief and told him what they had seen and found. "What!" he said. "Shall the kind stranger with the white face who loved flowers and sought not our goods nor insulted our women come to such a dog's death among us and not be avenged?"

He then dispatched four swift Indian runners in different directions with orders not to return without the murderer. After a week's time they returned bearing the malefactor bound in their midst. A council of old men was called, and the case was examined. The guilt of the mozo was proved, as he still had with him the strange pieces of gold.

Then the old chief gave the sentence. It was speedily performed. They led the trembling murderer to the center of the little plaza. There four green stakes were driven in the ground. The murderer was stripped naked and stretched by the wrists and feet in the air among the four stakes, to which he was lashed. Then the Indians made a great heap of unslaked lime under the wretched man's body, and when the heap touched his breast and sides they poured water over it until the scalding steam of the burning lime had cooked all the flesh from the bones. Then they took the bones and threw them into a hole on the mountain side.

And so was the stain of the murdered man's blood covered and vengeance was wrought by the Indians in behalf of "the white stranger who was good and loved flowers."

Art In Selling Hats.

"It makes you look small," says the saleslady to the big woman who is trying on the hat. Sold.

"It makes you look plump," she says to the slender woman. Sold.

"It makes you look young," she says to the obviously middle aged woman. Sold.

"It makes you look tall," she says to the short woman. Sold.

"It makes you look short," she says to the tall woman. Sold.

"It brightens your face," she says to the dark woman. Sold.

"It brings out your color," she says to the pale woman. Sold.

And all the hats were alike.

Waiting Her Choice.

"But," pleads the ardent young millionaire, who has secured the license to marry the beautiful chorus girl, "why should we postpone our marriage for two weeks? We can just as well run around to the minister, have the ceremony performed and start on our honey"—

"It looks all right from where you sit," she interrupts him. "But I wouldn't even get a look in for press notices if I got married this week while all those grand opera stars are taking up the space. Pet, the best wedding notice we'd get would be a line in the vital statistics."

Caught Bending.

Professor Cube Root's class of geometrical geniuses were receiving instructions. They were first taught that a circle was a thing like this—O. They then learned that a straight line was one without wabbles in it, so ——.

"Now, boys," said Professor Root, "can any of you describe to me what a half circle is like?"

Up shot half a dozen grasping hands.

"Well, Teddy," said Professor Root, "let's hear your definition of a half circle first."

"Please, sir," answered Teddy, "it's a straight line caught bending."—London Express.

Knew He Was Safe.

"You seem to be going home in a very cheerful manner for a man who has been out all night."

"Yes. You see, my wife is an amateur elocutionist, and she's saving her voice for an entertainment tomorrow night."

As He Remembered It.

"Shadbolt, did you ever have a touch of anything like the appendicitis?"

"Once. Have you forgotten, Dinguss, that when you were operated on for it you touched me for an even hundred?"—Chicago Tribune.

Not His Fault.

Madame—What do you mean by coming home at 3 in the morning? Monsieur—I ash-shure you, m'dear, iss not my fault. The cafe has only juss shut up.—Illustrated Bits.

To commonplace people the extraordinary seems impossible.—De Reta.

Very Grand Opera.

During the grand opera season, Covent Garden, London, is the most expensive theatre in the world. There is, of course, the half-crown gallery, but the rest of the house is charged for at rates that are clearly intended for the very rich, especially as boxes and seats are let for the entire season.

A box at Covent Garden costs from $1,250 to $2,500 for the season, the price varying according to the number of performances per week it is taken for. For a single night the charge is $42 to $12.50, but these are practically unprocurable on the best nights of the season. It is the custom for the leaders of society to book up all the boxes, and most of the stalls, for the whole of the period during which opera is being performed, and when they are not able to be there they lend their boxes to their poorer relations.

Railways and Real Estate.

All over the West, writes the Winnipeg correspondent of The Standard of Empire, there is a distinct movement in real estate. With the increased railway facilities over last year an enormous amount of development is promised. The news from the West tells of towns springing up all along the new lines of railways. In nearly every town there are at least a dozen new business buildings in course of erection, and large sums are being spent throughout on improvements. The land along the Grand Trunk Pacific line is filling in rapidly, and the great influx of settlers is performing miracles in the small villages, which are taking on the appearance of towns with amazing rapidity.

Hope.

"Have you seen the account in this morning's papers about Dr. Cutting having brought a dead man back to life?"

"No. Did he do that?"

"Yes. It was a wonderful demonstration of his skill."

"Well, I shall be more hopeful now than I have been for some time. If he can bring the dead back to life he may be able to bring back the book he borrowed from me about two years ago."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Zam-Buk Cures Sunburn

Don't have your vacation spoiled by the pain of sunburn; and don't have your skin permanently freckled from the same cause.

Zam-Buk contains herbal extracts and juices which not only ease the pain of sunburn, but prevent unpleasant results from it. Zam-Buk applied to a bad burn gives speedy ease. It also soothes blisters, aching feet, chafed places, insect stings, etc. See that you take it with you to the country!

Mothers should know that for baby's chafed places it is better than powder. Also for heat rashes, eczema, prairie itch, etc. Sufferers from piles will find it indispensable. All druggists and stores.

Within a circle of sixty miles in diameter, with its centre in New York, there are more telephones than in all Great Britain.

Mothers can easily know when their children are troubled with worms, and they lose no time in applying the best of remedies—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Weary—Wotchda fishin' fer?

Willie—I like it.

Weary—Chee! Dat looks like work to me.

Willie—It ain't. Dere ain't no fish in dis crick an' I don't hafter pull 'em out.—Cleveland Leader.

THE FINEST TEA
The World Produces
is
"SALADA"
Sold only in sealed lead packets
At all Grocers.

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

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED
I. FOUR YEARS' COURSE FOR DEGREE OF B.Sc.
II. THREE YEARS' COURSE FOR DIPLOMA.
a. Mining Engineering.
b. Chemistry and Mineralogy.
c. Mineralogy and Geology.
d. Chemical Engineering.
e. Civil Engineering.
f. Mechanical Engineering.
g. Electrical Engineering.
h. Biology and Public Health.
i. Power Development.

SEND FULL DESCRIPTION
Of Your Farm, Whether Improved or Raw Land. I CAN SELL IT FOR YOU.
I have customers from all over the East and from the United States wishing to buy from 160 up to 10,000 Acres of Ranch, Mixed Farming and Wheat Lands.
Send full particulars, lowest price and terms
WILLIAM A. LOWRY
Leading Farm Lands Agent
807 FIRST STREET EAST CALGARY, ALBERTA
See the Miniature Farm in my Office during Provincial Fair

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

2 in 1
SHOE POLISH
BRIGHT AND INSTANTANEOUS
One application—two rubs—and your shoes are shined for three days.
"2 in 1" softens the leather—keeps out moisture—won't stain the clothes—and emancipates you from bottles, mops, brushes and hard work. No substitute even half as good.
10c. and 25c. Tins
TWO IN ONE SHOE POLISH 2 DEUX DANS UN CIRAGE SUPERIEUR CONTAINS NO TURPENTINE
210

The Return Of Gypsy.

By ADDISON HOWARD GIBSON.

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In the amethystine haze of an April morning on the Arizona foothills the cowboys of Circle H wheeled their bronchos into the gray dust of the trail.

There was a wild jangle of spurs, a clatter of restive hoofs, and they were off like one of the brown whirlwinds of their own desert to meet Gypsy and "the boss," who were coming to the ranch to spend a week.

They had decisively hurled "Arlos, Layne!" at the bronzed young foreman as he leaned against the corral gate. They could not understand why he had persistently refused to join their reception committee.

It really was not the coming of Herington, "the boss," that was calling forth the unusual demonstration, but the return of Gypsy, their little comrade of the range, whom they had not seen for four years. It never entered their simple heads that two years of school in France, followed by two more of travel and society, might have changed their merry, fun loving little pet.

She was coming back as she had promised—that was the dominant consideration—and off they went, whooping.

Ned Layne, however, knew differently. He had seen her a year ago, and the knowledge had come to him then. She was a young lady, and they—and he—were only cowboys. As he leaned against the gate he thought of the old days. He remembered her eyes and voice on the evening before she departed into the world, and he remembered how she had said to him:

"Goodby, Ned. Father is going to give you the place of foreman. Make the most of your opportunities and buy out the Bar T. Don't forget me, Ned," and her eyes had been moist when she suddenly dropped them.

"I'll never forget you, Gypsy," he had promised stoutly, pressing the hand that fluttered in his.

"When I come home to the ranch I want you to be here to meet me," she added.

"I'll be sure to meet you," he returned. Then the train had borne her away to the new life, so different from that among the boys on her father's ranch.

Ned Layne and Gypsy Herington had been great comrades in those care free days, and if now he was the only one not riding out to meet her it was because he felt that those old days were gone forever and would best be forgotten. There should be nothing on his part to remind her of old promises and old thoughts that could have no place in her life any more.

Just a year ago Layne had seen her once at a great hotel in New York, where the wealthy ranchman and his daughter were stopping. He had gone all the way to the far eastern city for no other purpose than to see her, but the result had been a sadly discouraging one, and he had said farewell to his dreams. Gypsy, dressed in a bewildering gown and moving with bewildering ease and elegance among the elegant throng that oppressed the ranchman, was on her way to the opera under escort of an immaculately clad young Englishman possessed of a big title, and Layne was left to be entertained by her father.

She had asked him to come back and breakfast with them, but her changed bearing and the cool treatment accorded to him by the condescending nobleman had nettled Layne. He took the very next train back to the land of sunshine, where people were not proud and stuck up and did not forget old friends.

On his return the cowboys of Circle H had besieged him eagerly for news of their little chum of the ranch.

"Yes, I saw her," he answered, veiling the bitterness in his heart, "and she's a great belle in her society togs. She has a beau, Lord Percy Ellington, one of those plug hatted chaps, and she seems to like his attentions all right. The boss says he followed them back from Europe."

Having imparted this information to the news hungry men, Ned had gone off by himself under the starlight and finally abandoned all his old plans and hopes.

Ever since that night the young man had been formulating a plan for his future which he kept strictly to himself, resolved to execute the first step toward it when the owner of the ranch returned to his own again. Accordingly he mounted Muggins, his own pony, and rode rapidly away across the brown mesa before the party could arrive.

From an eminence his well trained eyes caught the blur of rising dust far up the trail. Nearer approach enabled him to recognize the ranch buckboard driven by Bob Cat Nick. Seated by the driver was the trim figure of Gypsy, while the stout form of Herington and a slender man wearing a derby occupied the back seat. Trailing behind or galloping proudly on either side of the vehicle rode the adoring cowboys, chatting merrily with their old friend.

At sight of the derby hat a frown crossed Ned's face, and, putting spur to the unoffending Muggins, the disgruntled young horseman rode off down the gulch.

"Ellington alone!" he exclaimed. "Yet what right have I to be surprised or care for that? No doubt Herington wants to show his prospective son-in-law what a fine ranch he has for his daughter."

When he had reached the live oak thicket quite a distance away he let Muggins rest. Throwing himself upon the ground, he surrendered his mind to a train of miserable thoughts.

He had lain there a long time, when suddenly he was aroused from his bitter reflections by the clatter of hoofs over the rocky trail.

Pushing back his sombrero from his eyes, he looked up into the smiling face of Gypsy, seated upon Slap Dash her favorite pony.

"And this is the way you keep your promise?" she said reproachfully.

He scrambled to his feet and, throwing one arm across the saddle on his pony's back, leaned there till he could summon self mastery.

"What do you care, Gypsy?" he finally interrogated, his eyes stubbornly refusing to meet hers.

Some of the brightness left the girl's face as she noted the misery on his.

"Tell me what it all means, Ned," she begged. "Why are you not yourself? Why do I find you so changed?"

"Changed? Heavens!" and he could not forbear a gesture of impatience. "You"—

"Here," she interrupted in the scolding tone of her privileged girlhood, "we come all the way from New York to pay you a visit at Circle H, arrive and find this on the table," and she held up a letter. "What do you mean by resigning? Why do you want to leave father's ranch? He is wild over it and sent me to find you."

"I should think Ellington might object to your riding after me," he remarked, his bronze cheeks reddening with scorn.

"Ellington?" Then a light broke over her face. "That funny lord? Why, Lord Percy is in England long ago. Finding me too loyal an American to buy a foreign title, he ended the long siege and departed."

"Who came with you and your father, then?" he inquired.

"Oh, that was Cousin Cyril, who is just out of college and needs the tonic of our mountain ozone."

Slipping lightly from the back of Slap Dash, she came over to Ned and in her old way put both hands on his strong young shoulder.

"Now, Ned," she said, "you won't leave Circle H, will you? Father needs you."

"Why did you treat me as you did in New York?" he moodily demanded, evading the question.

"Before a stranger—and Lord Percy at that?" asked she, laughing roguishly. "If, sir, you had come to breakfast next morning, I—I might have treated you otherwise."

He turned, facing her squarely. With one of his strong hands he imprisoned both of hers and held them against his breast.

"What would you have done if—if I had come?" he said breathlessly.

Her lovely face went very crimson under the searchlight of his eyes, but she answered bravely, "Ned, I'd have kissed you right out."

The foothills looked natural again. The sun shone with its old time glint and shimmer upon the gray desert sand. He had no longer the feverish desire to get away to fresh scenes.

"I'll stay at Circle H always, Gypsy, since you wish it," and, taking his written resignation from her, he tore it into fragments. "Say, sweetheart," he added, putting an arm tenderly round her waist, "I'll buy out Bar T tomorrow, and we'll run both ranches together."

Some Bathroom Mottoes.

It is very odd that while mottoes have been made, invented and borrowed for every other room in the house, the bathroom should be mottoless. Verses appropriate to the guest room come prettily framed, the dining room walls sometimes show a mural decoration of good cheer, an appropriate verse is carved into the library mantel, while smoking room, den and living room each boasts a special incentive to smoke, loaf or indulge in cheery chatter in painted, pyrographed or stenciled verse or prose. Only the bathroom remains mottoless.

Surely, with so vast a field for invention or imitation, there should be no dearth of mottoes for the bathroom. For example, take Bacon's "Cleanness of body was ever esteemed to proceed from a due reverence to God."

And here's one from sixteenth century's John Heywood:

> The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
> As sages at all time assert.
> The happy man's without a shirt.

Or Pope's scornful prod, "A heap of dust alone remains of thee." "Aye, there's the rub!" might be carved into the towel rack, while let into or over the tub Byron's "Once more upon the waters, yet once more."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why the Indian Wanted a Desk.

A story is told of Quanah Parker, one of the old Comanche chiefs. Parker had been extremely valuable in bringing the Comanches into friendly relations with the whites. He found himself getting on in years, but without any property, and his white neighbors thought it would be a good idea to collect money to build him a house. They did this, and when the house was ready they told him, and he went to see it.

"There is no furniture here," he said.

"What do you want?" they asked.

He replied he wanted this and that and added, "I want a big desk—a great big desk."

"What do you want that for?"

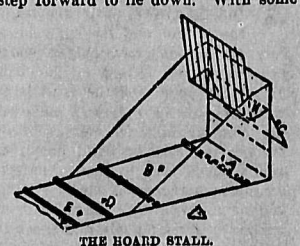
"Well," he said, "I want to go in there and sit back in my chair and put my feet up on that desk, and some one will come in and knock at the door and say, 'Is this Mr. Parker?' 'Yes.' 'I want to speak to you.' And I will say, 'Oh, go away; I'm busy today.'"—Delineator.

THE HOARD STALL.

So Arranged That the Bedding Is Kept Clean and Dry.

One of the best authorities on dairy subjects is ex-Governor Hoard of Wisconsin, and this is the cow stall that Mr. Hoard recommends. He says that in his experience the gutter is quite unnecessary, although he thinks that with some cows a gutter not to exceed two inches in depth might be desirable if placed well to the rear. He considers deep drops injurious.

This stall gives a cow three and a half feet in width, and she has perfect liberty in stepping ahead or back. A bar across the stall floor just in front of her hind feet keeps the bedding clean and dry, and she soon learns to step forward to lie down. With some



THE HOARD STALL.

cows a little training may be necessary at first, but the results are well worth a little extra time and effort.

In the drawing A represents the manger, B the main floor where the cow lies down; C is the piece of 2 by 4 that may be moved front or back, according to the size of the cow; D is the space where the cow places her hind feet when standing, and E is a shallow gutter, while F is the floor space behind; G is a door in front of the cow, and I is a rack over the manger to hold hay and other kinds of rough feed.

INJURED UDDERS.

Treatment For Severe Cases That Will Afford Quick Relief.

Many times the wounds and injuries are slight and involve only the superficial structures of the gland, and no well marked symptoms are present. In these cases no special treatment is called for, as nature under favorable circumstances will soon effect a cure.

There is nothing that affords greater relief and so quickly as application of hot water or poultices to wounded or injured udders. Woolen cloths wrung out of hot water and held against the affected part several times daily will be followed with good results. Where the pain or soreness is excessive an anodyne, opium or belladonna may be added to the water. Follow the applications of water with soothing ointments or anodyne liniments. These should be rubbed in well and the udder gently hand rubbed. Belladonna or camphorated ointment is a very valuable remedy where the pain is severe, or the tinctures of belladonna or opium may be applied direct where necessity demands it. It is better not to resort to extreme measures if they can be avoided, as the results from these heroic measures are often injurious to the gland.

Cuts, lacerations and contusions are treated in the cow the same as in man. Where the wounds are large and gaping they should be washed out with clean water and antiseptics, all ragged edges removed and the wound sewed up.

THE VETERINARY.

A veterinarian gives this remedy for worms in horses: Use one tablespoonful of powdered acea nut every morning in feed for ten days and then a physic ball. Substitute bran if you give corn in his feed.

Horses With Shell Feet.

A horse that has poor or shell feet must be treated carefully, as follows: First see that they never become excessively dry. Poultice the feet for two weeks in warm bran mash tied to the feet in bags. Change twice a day. After using it for two weeks mix two drams of cantharides with an ounce of lard and rub it in well around the coronets. Leave this on for three weeks and apply again. If this is persisted in a new growth of horn will be formed.

Caked Bag In Ewes.

Hot water applications will often relieve a simple case of caked bag in a ewe, and rubbing with camphor is also good. The best plan is to prevent this trouble by seeing that the udder is well milked out after lambing.

Coal Ashes For Lice.

For many years I have known that for lice on hogs, horses, cattle and chickens coal ashes are a sure cure, says a breeder. I sift my coal ashes and dust the hogs well with the fine ashes and throw plenty in their sleeping apartments, and the lice go. For colts put the fine ashes along the back from the top of the head to the tail and work the ashes in with the hand along the back and down the sides. Treat cattle the same way.

For Mange In Cattle.

Mange or scabies, called eczema by some, is a parasite that burrows in the skin of young or unthrifty old animals and causes trouble. Apply thoroughly to cattle oil of tar one ounce and whale oil twenty ounces.

Cutting Tushes From Pigs.

For cutting tushes from very young pigs to prevent fighting while nursing use any kind of small tweezers or nippers. Cut or break them off even with the gums. It is not generally necessary unless the litter is large, but is then quite so, as it prevents the little pigs from cutting each other's jaws and causing sores on the sides of the jaws.

Fiction

The Return of Bill Carver.

By DAVID H. TALMADGE.

Conductor Wilson of the "Electric Flash," a term applied in kindly derision to the passenger train on the Goose river branch of a certain great railway, was called upon one morning to apologize in behalf of his engineer, and his apology from end to end, including stops and slowdowns, as the saying is, was not entirely devoid of entertaining features.

"The truth of the matter is," said he, addressing the principal kicker, a traveling salesman from Milwaukee, "that there's only one man on earth who understands the teakettle that we use in place of a real locomotive on this line, and his name's Bill Carver. Bill knows her from the track up. He gives her a pat here and a jab there, and she settles down to her paces like an old family horse. But let a new man take her and she either gets on to her hind legs and goes crazy or else she sulks and won't go at all worth mentioning. She's sulking this morning."

"I should think so!" growled the Milwaukee man, looking at his watch. "We're forty minutes late now, and I'll miss my train on the other road. Where is Carver anyway? What do they let him go away for without taking his hanged old steam pot with him?"

"He's at Geneva Lake by this time," replied the conductor. "He came down with us last night. He's on his wedding trip. By George, you wouldn't have known him togged out as he was in the regulation black, with his hands in kid gloves and his feet in patent leathers. He could hardly drag his gaze away from his bride long enough to recognize the teakettle; that's a fact. He was simply soaked full of love or whatever it is, and he was purring like a kitten. I'd never have believed it of him, for of all the mean things I ever heard any one say about women as a sex and about marriage as an institution he'd said the meanest. He never had any patience with idiots who repose confidence in petticoats. He said women were all false and were as foolish as barnyard fowls. He was married to his ridiculous old engine, he was, and he never wanted anything better in this world.

"Of course we married fellows knew when he spouted that sort of stuff that he'd been disappointed in some love affair and that he didn't really mean all he thought he meant, but none of us was ever able to pump him out. So we just laughed at him and told him that sooner or later he'd meet something in petticoats that would jerk him over the line and into the roundhouse as a mogul jerks a sick switch engine. It made him snort to tell him that, but it's precisely what happened. If I ever saw a man who'd lost the last vestige of his power of resistance it was him last night. He was coal in the scoop of the fireman, nothing else."

"How did it happen?" asked the Milwaukee man, glancing again at his watch and settling resignedly into his seat.

"Well, as near as I can make out from what I was told at Whippleville yesterday by a chap who lives next door to Bill's bride's folks up at Correy Center it was mostly Bill's fault that he didn't get spliced long ago instead of going away in a huff and turning himself into a make believe woman hater. The girl liked him all right, but she was like most girls—she didn't like to seem too easy. Bill might have understood her if he hadn't been so lacking in ordinary—what do you call it?—perspicuity. He sized up a woman just as he did an engine. He expected definite results. When he pulled the throttle he expected her to go, and when he put on the air he expected her to stop, and when she didn't do these things he got mad.

"Furthermore, he gave the girl to understand plain enough that he was dead gone on her, and that was another mistake. He's fair, square and aboveboard, Bill is, and he has mighty little patience with any one who tries to take advantage of him. He's no fish to be played on a string, he says.

"Now, there never was a healthy girl, I suppose, who wouldn't play with a chap after she was sure she had him hooked. It's the nature of 'em. And this girl did things just to make Bill mad. She flirted with other fellows, and she had little spells of false agony, when she made him think he'd done something she didn't like and wouldn't tell him what it was, and she twitted him on his looks, which aren't specially handsome, and altogether she carried on in a way to drive an honest man to desperation, although most men in Bill's place would have brought her up with a round turn.

"And at last one night four years ago Bill reached the limit, and for about an hour he read the riot act to her. He was like a life or death special on a new track—simply shut his eyes and made her run. Then when he'd got through he slammed his hat over his eyes and bolted, never looking at the girl. I'll bet $6 she was holding out her hands to him and trying to get her talk pipe to work. A woman can tell usually when she's gone too far, and almost always she'll come down from her perch peaceably enough if she's given the right sort of a chance.

"He didn't go back to Correy Center after that until about two weeks ago. He wouldn't have gone then only that his mother was sick and wanted to see him before she reached the end of her run. So he got a ten days' layoff and set his teeth together as if he was going into a den of lions or a baby show, or something like that, and went. The old lady was better when he got there. Within a week she was sitting up, and Bill's excuse for staying in the house with her wore pretty thin. He saw the girl go past several times, and he noticed that she looked in with an expression on her face that resembled anxiety, but it never occurred to him that she was so anxious to make up with him that she couldn't eat or sleep. And I expect he'd have gone back to his dear old teakettle without finding it out if it hadn't been for an accident.

"He was standing in front of the village postoffice one morning waiting for the mail to be distributed. He was keeping his eye peeled for the girl. He didn't want to meet her. He was afraid. He reasoned that it could do no good and would be confoundedly embarrassing. He never carries a false face with him, Bill doesn't. And then, too, he wasn't absolutely sure of himself. He knew down deep in his steam chest that he had about as much affection for the girl as he'd ever had, and he rather suspicioned that if he met her face to face he'd make three or four kinds of fool of himself. He could see her house from where he stood, a pretty place in a regular snarl of roses and honeysuckles and flower beds, and I've a notion that he looked at it with something of longing and regret. It was only natural that he should.

"Well, while he was standing there an old friend of his came up on horseback and asked him if he wouldn't do a favor for him. He wanted Bill to take the horse home. Some business had unexpectedly claimed his immediate attention, and he didn't like to leave the horse standing on the street. He thought Bill might like a ride anyway. Of course Bill said he would. He didn't know any more about riding horseback than a woodchuck knows of dairying, but he never hesitated to accommodate a friend. He got his mail and climbed into the saddle, and in less than three minutes something was doing in his vicinity.

"The horse was a spirited beast, with a habit of shying at everything which seemed to offer an excuse for it, and every time he shied Bill stuck in his heels, and every time Bill stuck in his heels the beast took it as an invitation to make speed. Halfway down the street he was galloping right merrily. A little farther Bill was bouncing like a rubber ball. He said 'Whoa,' but it didn't seem to have any effect. His mail, which he had tucked under his arm, was scattered broadcast.

"It dawned on Bill presently that he was being run away with, but he didn't lose his head. Bill never loses his head. Said he to himself, 'I've got to shut off steam.' And he stretched himself on the beast's neck, reaching for the nose, and he got a grip on it, and the first thing that horse knew he couldn't breathe, and something was on his neck, for Bill had bounced clean over the shoulders, and he stopped dead, stiff legged as a sawhorse.

"But Bill didn't stop—not at once. He went on, and he landed plump on a pansy bed in the yard at the end of the street, and when he opened his eyes he was looking square into the face of the girl, who had been sitting under a tree reading. Neither spoke for a moment. The girl's color came and went, and Bill's breath did likewise, but pretty soon the girl's wits, which were in working order, it seems, asserted themselves. 'Oh, Will,' she said, 'I'm so glad you've come back to me!'

"Bill raised himself on his elbow in a dazed sort of way and tried to say something, but his breath wasn't quite equal to it. And the girl went down on her knees and wrapped her arms about him. 'So glad, dear!' she murmured.

"They got married. That's all there was to it. And we're doing the best we can till they get back from their honeymoon trip."

The semblance of a smile appeared upon the Milwaukee man's face. "I suppose that under the circumstances we'll have to forgive him," he said. "But, by jingo, I'm sorry we're going to miss connections at Whippleville. I'm to be married myself tonight if I can get to Carlinsburg."

"Pshaw!" said the conductor. "You don't say?" Then he chuckled. "Guess you'll have to go horseback, won't you?"

"Not on your silver plated punch!" replied the Milwaukee man decidedly.

Knew Him as a Sharper.

Lord Brampton when he was Mr. Justice Hawkins, when on circuit, finding a long summer evening drag on his hands, took a turn in the lanes, and, staying at a rural inn for a cup of tea, his ears were assailed by the charmed sound of the falling ninepins. With a lively eagerness he inquired of the landlord if there was an alley on the premises. By way of answer the landlord conducted him thither. The goodly company assembled eyed the newcomer with greedy eyes, thinking they would lead him on to an advantageous game. The learned judge at once acceded to their invitation, in the course of a very short time relieving every gentleman in the place of his spare shillings. Then the landlord thought it time to intervene and, touching his lordship on the back, said:

"Look here, my fine friend; we have had your sort here before, and if you don't want to shake hands with the police you'd better get out of this!"

His lordship went.—London Standard.

HOW DO, MR. Q. CUMBER

ABOUT CHILDREN WHO DON'T LOVE THEIR PARENTS.

Mahershalalhasbaz Is the Record Christian Name For a Baby, But Talitha Cumi Runs It Close—Mr. Quintus Cumber Also Got a Rough Deal In the Matter of Names—Other Odd Names.

It is said that a gentleman had his two infants christened Cherubim and Seraphim, "because they continually do cry." As a matter of fact, many offspring have been labelled with names which in later years they bear with disgust.

On the momentous point of parental responsibility, it would be interesting to have the opinion of Miss Boadicea Basher, Mr. Happy Jiggins, Haystack Brown, and Anno Domini Davis, all of whom appear in the register at Somerset House.

Mr. Jolly Death, whose name figured not long ago in a lawsuit, would probably have chosen a more reverent Christian name if he had had any voice in the matter; as would also Mr. Judas Iscariot Burton and Ananias Culling, who are, no doubt the most upright of men.

Savage Bear, Esq., was probably a charming man to live with; and so, for anything we know, were—or are—Shady Scarrott, Odious Heaton, and Stormy Petrel Hodgson. Joseph Lyon Lamb probably combines the courage of his Christian name with the gentleness of his cognomen; Partridge Roast might tempt cannibals, if there is anything in a name; and Mineral Waters ought to be allied with good spirits. Ernest Frosty Winter is probably a cool customer; and Alfred Days Weeks will flourish, we hope, for many a year.

Even names such as these are not so uncomplimentary as those which mark either a cold or a frivolous welcome on the part of parents. We wonder what "One-too-many Johnson" and "Not Wanted Smith" think of the Fifth Commandment. Bovril Simpson has a commercial suggestiveness; Married Brown was early destined to the altar—has he reached it yet, wonder?—and Merry Christmas Finnett ought to feel cool and jovial even in the "dog days."

But of such grotesque baptismal names the registers supply literally hundreds, all so appealing in their ludicrousness that it is difficult to pick and choose among them. Here are a few, taken at random: Noah's Ark Smith, Affability Box—any relation, we wonder, to Miss Sardine Box, who was cradled in Hackney, Eng., a few years ago?—Jocose Ann Reynolds—a name which should J. A. R.—Chancery Lane Illingworth, and River Jordan.

Floral names make quite a sentimental appeal to us. Who, for instance, could fail to find Miss Ivy Violet Primrose McGinley a very flower of maidenhood, or Ivy Verbena Mignonette Slocombe perfectly sweet?

It is almost equally unkind to send a child into the world with such a name to write and pronounce as this, Mahershalalhasbaz—a name which was borne until a year or two ago by an old man in Norfolk, Eng. No wonder his friends struck, and called him "Maher" for short. Talitha Cumi is rather a dreadful name to put on a visiting card; and Tryphena and Tryphosa are no doubt trying for their bearers. Azile, as an ingenious transposition of Eliza, is rather pretty; as also is Louvima, a combination of Louise, Victoria and Maud, the names of King Edward's daughters.

For a mild, peace-loving man to be condemned to go through life as Richard Coeur de Lyon Tyler, Horatio Nelson Wellington Marlborough, or Kitchener Buller French Gatacre—all names actually borne to-day—is enough to make him seek oblivion in the waters of the Thames. Personally, we would prefer to sign our name Edward Byng Tally Ho, or even Quinine, as two very worthy people still living must perforce do.

There is something to be said for naming children in order of arrival, as Primus, Secundus, Tertius, and so on. It has the merit of settling all disputes as to seniority. But it has its dangers, as a certain well-known Canadian, one Quintus Cumber, admits sadly when he reads his name in the papers as Mr. Q. Cumber.

Grizzlies That Eat Violets.

In one locality the grizzly of the Rockies is found eating the fresh sprig of the dogtooth violet and the green leaves of the spring beauties, while a few hundred miles farther on to the north or south, as the case may be, the grizzly doesn't touch them. Instead, he may be discovered munching at the young shoots of the shooting star down in the Bitter Root mountain country, for instance, among the towering peaks of the higher Rockies. Upon this question of locality, which is often overlooked or even ignored by nature writers, lies the solution of many warmly disputed points between those who tell the public at large all about nature and its animals.

Discouraging.

Lecturer on Art—Before I sit down I shall be happy to answer any questions that any of you may wish to ask. Gentleman in Audience—I have enjoyed the lecture much, sir, and have understood it all except a few technical terms. Will you please tell me what you mean by the words perspective, fresco and mickle-anjelo? (Lecturer sits down discouraged.)

Too Much French.

He was out with his best girl, and as they strolled into the West End restaurant he tried to put on an I-do-this-every-evening kind of look. When they were seated at a table a waiter approached them.

"Will monsieur have a la carte or table d'hote?" he asked.

"Both," said the young man, "and put plenty of gravy on 'em."

The Lure of the Tents.

By S. B. HACKLEY.

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"I shall never ask you again, Annette. Tell me—you absolutely refuse to give it up even for—even for me?"

Forsythe's voice trembled and a repressed light burned in his black eyes as he laid his hands, slender, but brown and strong with the strength that three years of cowboy riding had given, on the shoulders of a girl standing on this April afternoon just outside the women's dressing tent of the new Wild West show.

The girl, who wore a dark green corduroy divided skirt, a short white coat with fringed sleeves, a dark handkerchief knotted about her soft throat and a cowboy's hat on her red-gold hair, thrust off his hands with her gauntleted ones and gave him a merry look, underneath which were defiance and determination.

"Bobby Forsythe," she cried, "it's me for the show forever!"

The young man's dark face turned crimson.

"My ring, please, Annette!"

The girl's glowing cheeks paled slightly, but she slipped off her glove and laid the solitaire in his outstretched palm. Then, with a gurgling laugh that might have passed for a sob, she bowed mockingly before him and, lifting the tent flap, disappeared within.

It was Buffalo Bill's show to which these two belonged, but it was a pretty good Wild West show, and Annette Lucile Blossom was the best "cowgirl" rider of the twenty that dashed twice a day fearlessly around the arena. How she could ride—even better than the daring young wife of one of the show's owners who rode with him now and then for the benefit of the public.

Robert Forsythe, the most daring rider of the cowboys, the pride of the troop, always had hated to see the Blossom riding. When he glanced over the ropes and saw some woman spectator looking on calm and dignified and then glanced toward Annette astride Western Wind, the bay pony with the black spot on his left shoulder, her cheeks brilliant, crying in mad merriment with the other girl riders, his heart boiled within him.

Forsythe, of a fine old South Carolina family, had become known for his horsemanship on every western ranch. Reckless of nature and ready for a frolic, he had not said "No" when besought by the managers of the new Wild West show to join it.

On the day that he joined the troupe—a spring day in Oklahoma—he first saw Annette disentangling her skirt from a Cherokee rosebush. With the courtesy to a woman that is the southerner's birthright Forsythe offered to assist her.

When the thorns were conquered Annette was no longer heart free, and Forsythe went back to his quarters feeling like one who has looked into paradise and received a blow in the face.

That life might be all right for a man, but at his home it was like a crime for a girl of his station to ride thus for exhibition.

Was this girl with the glorious beauty, with the eyes of heaven, as public a thing as the armless woman in the sideshow?

Forsythe clinched his hands. In after weeks he clinched his hands many times. He scorned himself for the flame of admiration that the guileless young girl had kindled in his heart and for the fact that he could not hold aloof from her.

It was in Winnipeg, when midsummer and the show entered Canada together, that he threw aside pride and tradition and told Annette that he loved her. Then for the girl, for whom since the April day in Oklahoma all commonplace things had been bathed in glory, begun a life of torment.

Forsythe began the moment his ring shone on her finger to beseech her to leave the show as no fit place for a refined woman.

Her kinsmen, the show's owners, would have released her, but the spell of the circus held her, and, secure, as she thought, in Forsythe's love, she laughed at his entreaties.

Forsythe grew sick with loathing of the tent life. Every part of the performance disgusted him.

Forsythe overtook her just outside the dressing tent wild with humiliation and besought her to marry him that evening and let him take her home to South Carolina.

She refused laughingly, but when he demanded that she stop riding immediately, even though she did not marry him, his arbitrary tones angered her, and it ended in a broken engagement.

For two months Forsythe gave no sign of wishing to renew his friendship with Annette, but treated her with a formal politeness that rendered her miserable.

"I wish he would leave the show," she thought daily, but he remained, held as by a magnet.

In the quadrille on horseback she never was his chosen partner again, and when he had to touch her fingers in an interchange of movements his face was stern and inscrutable and his hands were like ice.

Annette's friends were not told of her broken engagement, but they noticed that her blue eyes were often dark circled and that in the riding she rode fastest and most wildly of all.

At last they arrived in south Texas. Hurrying toward Mexico, the show stopped at the small towns only. There came a night of terrific rain that soaked the ground until it was dangerous for riding, but an exhibition was held whatever the weather, so 2 o'clock in the afternoon saw the performance at its height.

The parade around the ring was over—broncho "busters," Indians, Mexicans, cowgirls and cowboys, Cossacks, all had passed in review. The stage holdup and the Indian dance were over. Then came the cowboy feats of difficult riding.

Robert Forsythe rode most recklessly of all—vaulting over his galloping horse, supporting his weight solely by one hand clutching the pommel—around the arena.

The Cossacks, most daring riders of the world, hated him for his skill, and Forsythe in the latter weeks of his misery had become more reckless in riding than even a Cossack.

"Somebody's going to be hurt today," remarked one of the spectators. "Look at that fellow riding the game little sorrel with the white feet, won't you?"

"Somebody's going to see his finish," remarked the performers behind the weather beaten retiring curtain. Annette shivered and whitened as she listened.

"The sorrel's down!" rang a cry.

The spectators leaped from their seats by hundreds. The horse struggled up and shook himself—unhurt. The man lay still. Then came a woman's scream from behind the curtain, "Oh, Bobby, Bobby Bobby!"

The young man was raised and hastily carried out. The program continued as if nothing had happened, and the show moved on that night toward Mexico.

When Robert Forsythe, bruised and with a broken leg, opened his eyes in the City hospital late that evening the tear stained face of the best cowgirl rider of the new Wild West show bent over him.

He stared at her a moment wonderingly.

"Oh, Bobby," she whispered humbly and uncertainly, "if you still want me I'll leave it—I will—I will!"

A transfiguring light came in Forsythe's eyes. "When?" he asked eagerly.

"Now," she answered, "this minute, Bobby!"

Robert fumbled weakly in the purse which the nurse handed him.

Presently the ring that had been taken off in Kentucky was put on in Texas, and the electric lights that twinkled within the hospital walls were as the lights of heaven.

Presently Robert Forsythe broke the silence.

"Annette," said he, "will you mind very much—if—if"—

"If what, dear?" said Annette. "I won't mind anything except you. If what?"

"If," said Robert, smiling quizzically, "we stay with the show. You know, I kind of like it now. And I can't let that sorrel beat me."

Do Crows Recognize Sunday?

A large number of crows were foraging for food not long ago close to the house of a farmer in West Virginia. They were unusually bold, as though hunger had driven them to forget their usual shyness and distrust of their natural enemies—men.

Two of them alighted close to the back door and picked up the crumbs with an apparent assurance of their safety not easily accounted for. The farmer was telling a neighbor about the tameness of the birds, and the latter remarked:

"You won't see them foolhardy tomorrow."

"Why not tomorrow as well as today?"

"Because today is Sunday, and these crows know it. They know that one day in seven they are not popped at by boys and men. They can count, crows can, and they know that on the seventh day they are exempt from persecution.

"I once lived near a swamp where thousands of crows made their roosting place, and early in the morning they used to start for the mountains for their food. I was often out with my gun trying to get a shot at them. Week days they were shy of me, and I seldom got a shot at them, but on Sunday morning it was different. Then they would fly low and close to my house, their wings almost flapping the ridgeboards of house and barns. Do crows know when it is Sunday? Of course they do."—Exchange.

Where the Cow's Kept.

It was examination day at a council school in the outskirts of Leeds. Six rows of neat little "tykes," with polished faces and clean collars, had been carefully coached by the teacher in the difficult art of evading the pitfalls set by the wily inspector. To a boy they were ready.

The class room door opened and admitted the dreadful personage.

"Now, boys," he commenced in his most insinuating manner, "can any of you tell me a few things that are made in Leeds?"

"Clothes!" said Tommy Jones.

"Right!" said the inspector.

"Engines!" yelled Sammy Jenkins.

"Right!" said the inspector.

Then the replies came to a sudden stop.

"Now, then, you bright boys, hurry up!" said his majesty. But the dreadful silence was unbroken. "Well, now, boys, what is the skin of a cow used for?" asked their examiner in order to jog their memories.

Little Johnny Binks fell off his seat in his eagerness to be seen.

"Please, sir—please, sir," he yelled, "the skin is used to keep the meat in!"—Liverpool Mercury.

Harmonious.

"What is the matter with the hack driver?"

"He has a hacking cough."

QUEENSBORO BRIDGE.

The Greatest Structure of Its Kind in the World.

Measured by the combined length and capacity of its five main spans, the Queensboro bridge, across the East river from Fifty-ninth street, New York, to Ravenswood, Queens, is the greatest bridge in the world. Including approaches, its total length is 8,600 feet, width 86 feet and greatest height over 300 feet above the water. It crosses from shore to shore, 135 feet above the river, with three enormous spans of 1,182 feet, 630 feet and 984 feet, the middle one reaching across the full width of Blackwell's island. Besides these there are two more great "anchor" spans, one at each end, wholly over dry land, with a length of 3,724 feet for the five, which together contain over 105,000,000 pounds of steel. No other spans in this country, except suspension bridges, approach the longest of these, and the only trussed span in the world which exceeds it is the Forth bridge, which, although 1,710 feet long, has a capacity for only two railroad tracks, less than one-third of this. There are two decks, the lower carrying a wide driveway and four electric car tracks and the upper one two sidewalks and two elevated railroad tracks and having in all an estimated capacity of 200,000,000 car passengers and millions of vehicles and pedestrians annually. It cost over $20,000,000.—Exchange.

RULE OF THE SEA.

Old Whaling Law Applied to a Twice Caught Cod.

That etiquette is observed among the fishermen that journey to the fishing banks was discovered by an amateur angler on his first trip.

The amateur hooked a codfish, but his line parted just as the fish was above the water. Back fell the codfish, carrying with him two sinkers and the hook.

Twenty minutes later another angler cried out that he had captured a cod with two sinkers and a hook! The amateur went up to the angler, who appeared to be an old salt, and asked for his hook and sinkers, which had his name stamped on them. He was surprised when the old salt told him to take the fish also.

According to the rules generally followed on the fishing boats, the second angler was entitled to the fish, but the hooks and sinkers should be returned to their owner. The old angler explained why he wanted to give up the fish.

It seems that he had followed the sea a great part of his life. When a young man he was a whaler, and, according to whaling law, a dead whale belongs to the ship whose name appears on the harpoon that killed it. Therefore the old salt figured that the amateur owned the codfish he had taken.

Euler's Wonderful Memory.

Leonhard Euler, who was born in 1707 and died in 1783 at St. Petersburg, where he spent his life as a teacher of great power and as a prolific writer, was an instance of the genuine mathematician endowed with almost superhuman powers. He left more than 200 manuscript treatises on his favorite subject, and the bulk of the works published by his academy between 1727 and 1783 were from his pen. In his old age he was totally blind. Then he carried in his memory a table of the first six powers of the "series of natural numbers up to 100."

It is related that on one occasion two of Euler's students attempted to calculate a converging series. As they advanced they found they disagreed in the result by a unit in the fifteenth figure. The question was referred to Euler, who decided to make the calculation. He did this mentally, and his result was found to be correct.

The Codmoppe.

Herrings are still eaten as much as in the days when Yarmouth had to send a hundred yearly to the king, baked in four and twenty pasties. But where is the codmoppe gone, and what was it like when kings dined off it in Lent? "Codmoppe sauce Hollandaise" would sound most intriguing on a Savoy menu. More original still would be the "rostid perpes" of a Henry V. banquet, which was the "sea swine" of the unrefined Saxon, the "porco marino" of the mediaeval ecclesiast. A maister coke gives an early receipt for "puddyng of purpasse," another teaches how to "saite porpyesse and seele," another how to "undertraunche that purpos." From which it may be seen that enterprise extended also to the spelling of the porpoise.—London Chronicle.

Candymakers' Tricks.

An Atchison man went into a candy factory. He was surprised to see one of the candymakers reach with his bare hand into a pot of boiling candy. He brought out a handful of the boiling fluid. He was testing its consistency. He first put his hand in a pail of water. After he had jerked out his hand he put it back in the water. The Atchison man tried the same thing and did it without getting burned.

Another Boring Question.

"I say, pa, is a man from Poland called a Pole?"

"Yes, my son."

"Then, pa, why isn't a man from Holland called a Hole?"—Comic Cuts.

Insult Added.

Big Man (with a grouch)—Will you be so kind as to get off my feet? Little Man (with a bundle)—I'll try, sir. Is it much of a walk?—Cleveland Leader.

THE ELEVATOR BOY.

He Tells What Causes Trouble in a Skyscraper.

MISTAKE OF JANE SKELDON.

Pretty Stenographer Realizes the Influence of Sammis and Makes Love to Him, but Starts in the Wrong Way.

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It is all very well for the would be tenant of a skyscraper to make full inquiries about the agent the janitor and the engineer before renting quarters, but he should not stop there. Indeed, he should begin at the head, and the head is the elevator boy. He doesn't make out the monthly bills for office rent nor furnish the heat or light, but it depends upon him to make the skyscraper a paradise on earth or a hotbed of misery. Only about half the tenants understand this, and hence the troubles that arise. If I were the president of a $5,000,000 trust and I went to a skyscraper to see about renting a whole floor I should say to the agent:

"Oh, I don't care anything about your credentials. Your engineer may be a murderer and your janitor a pirate, but what I want to know is what sort of an elevator boy you have got. Can he be fixed? If not, he would drive us out of here in six weeks."

And as president of that trust I should interview the elevator boy before a stick of furniture was moved in. I shouldn't try to bulldoze him, and I shouldn't try to buy him. I should softly and gently say to him:

"My son, I have met over a million elevator boys to date, and each and every one of them has been the son of a widow. Each and every widow has had a gigantic mortgage on her home, and each and every son has been breaking his youthful back to pay it off. I see that you are no exception. Come up to me every Saturday night and get $5. It's for the interest on the mortgage. It's to prove to you that a trust is a blessing instead of an oppression."

That would settle things right off the reel. That trust would prosper like a green bay tree, and I shouldn't have

"WITH A RAZOR IN MY HAND AND KILL US BOTH."

to borrow the ready at 50 per cent interest to buy my cigarettes and make an occasional bet on the horses.

If I were a young woman stenographer, thirty-five years old and not too good looking, and I didn't know exactly when or how or where some one was going to come along and ask for my lily white hand I'd be even sharper than the trust president. I wouldn't try to work the goo-goo racket on that innocent youth and set his heart aflame, knowing that in the end I must throw him over and darken his whole life, but I'd appeal to his honor and chivalry to aid a poor girl in making a living. I'd ask his advice on all things and seek to gain his powerful influence. I'd call him Brother Sammis and encourage him to call me Sister Jane. What would be the result? Why, that stenographer would go about walking on air, and you'd hear of her investing in real estate every week or two.

Smiles at Sammis.

When Miss Jane Skeldon came to our skyscraper to do stenography she realized my influence all right, but she started in the wrong way. She smiled at me. She made eyes at me. She called me Sammis within two days. Within three days she toyed with my curly locks and claimed to have dreamed about me. Inside of a week my young heart was a seething caldron of love. Mother could cook nothing at home to tempt my appetite. Every night I dreamed of scaling precipices 200 feet high to rescue Miss Jane, and during the days it seemed as if I must get sight of her every hour or drop down dead. It should be known to the public that when an elevator boy loves it is with an intensity that makes every telephone wire within a mile of him hum like a harp string.

For four weeks I lived midway between the heavens and the earth, and mother run the house on $1.50 a week. Then came the downfall. A telegraph boy whose life had been wrecked ten or twelve times by just such a female fiend put me next. He realized how I would suffer, but he felt it his duty to tell me that my Jane was pulling my leg. I could not, would not believe it at first, but he went ahead and made such a strong case that I had to investigate. Investigation proved that the agent for the Scotch Granite company on the twelfth floor was boqueting her every morning and taking her out to lunch and the theater very often. My first thought was to go out into the woods and die, leaving a note that would bring tears to the eyes of the public. My next was to rush up to Jane's room with a razor in my hand and kill us both. I adopted neither of these plans, however. Give an elevator boy half a day to think things over and he will hit the target. It was the telegraph boy who told me of the family in a flat up town, and it was for me to corroborate things. I found the trustful wife and five children. Jane continued to smile at me, and I continued to return them, but within my being a voice was crying out for vengeance.

I went home one night and read "The Murder of the Rue Morgue" and "The Memoir of Sherlock Holmes," and next morning I was ready for the last act of the drama. Was there any mercy in my heart? Not sufficient for a mosquito to bite at. Had any capitalist offered to raise a dozen gigantic mortgages like the one on my mother's home I would not have foregone my vengeance. My heart had been toyed with, and I was implacable. No matter how I found out that the Scotch Granite man and Jane were to take the Coney Island boat that afternoon; no matter how the trustful wife and innocent children got word to be at the dock and take the trip with the husband and father. When you have read Poe and Holmes all things become possible. I went to Mr. Rasher, the agent, and told him that I had been working my heart over time and must give it a rest, and he gave me half a day off.

I was at the dock when the false hearted Jane and the stony hearted Granite man went aboard. They were smiling as the people on the slopes of Vesuvius smile when anybody predicts an earthquake. Hist! They come! They are mine! Fifteen minutes later the family arrived. Notwithstanding the gigantic mortgage weighing me down I had the tickets for them, and I directed them aboard—innocence and vengeance walking hand in hand! I followed on. The woman who is scorned always follows on. So does the elevator boy. He isn't the guy to go out before the last act is played.

Granite and false heart had chairs in the center of a large and growing audience. They smiled and cooed. Not the slightest warning of what was about to break loose came to them. The sun shone, the Hudson river rippled, and it seemed to them as if things would roll on forever without a jar. Did any feeling of pity come to me at the last moment? Did I say to myself that such revenge was unworthy of an elevator boy working for $8 per? Never! Never!

I did not point out the truants to the wife and children. I simply left them to do their own pointing. It wasn't three minutes before they were next. Then there was a rush forward, with cries of "Oh, husband—oh, papa, how good of you!"

An Awful Silence Fell.

Then an awful silence fell upon that boat—a silence lasting about thirty seconds. It was as if she had been in midstream and waiting to collide with a ferryboat. It was broken by female screams and a masculine voice attempting explanations, and then the air was full of hats and ribbons and other adornments. I turned and left the boat. I was on the dock when the others came ashore. I was watching when the false hearted Jane made for a cab and the others for a street car. I even gathered up some pieces of her hat for souvenirs. I even kicked Scotch Granite's panama into the river as I made my way ashore. The false Jane never returned to our skyscraper, but Scotch Granite slipped in after office hours to pack and remove his belongings. He hangs out in some other office now, and his wife and dear ones come down to see him every day, and Jane wanders here and there with drawn, pinched face and tears in her eyes and would meet me if she could and ask me to forgive, but the gulf can never be bridged.

SAMMIS,
The Elevator Boy.

Per M. Quad.

End of Ambitions.

"What's become of that girl who wanted a career—said she felt herself fitted to do headwork in the world?"

"She's doing it all right—got a good job with a fashionable milliner."—Baltimore American.

Garden Hose.

—Harper's Weekly.

Bad Handicap.

"He was probably spoiled by lack of application of the rod in his youth."

"What are the symptoms?"

"He has suffered from lack of application ever since."—Kansas City Times

GREETING SPRING.

An Old and Picturesque Custom In Switzerland.

The first of March is a day of joyful festivity among the school children in most of the Engadine communes in Switzerland. At 4 o'clock in the morning a party of schoolboys march through the village clanging cowbells, big and little, with all their might to proclaim the dawn of a boisterous day to their slumbering schoolmates still abed.

As the day grows bright the boys gather, each one with a huge bell hung around his neck, on the village square, where they form in ranks, according to their size. When the preparations, always conducted amid great excitement and juvenile jubilation, have been completed the procession starts on a tour through the streets to the accompaniment of furious bell ringing and noisy yodeling.

One of the eldest of the demonstrators, with a milk pail on his shoulder and dressed in the costume of a dairyman, with yellow breeches, white stockings, low shoes, finely embroidered braces over a shirt of spotless white, turned up sleeves, displaying a brawny arm, the dairyman's hat perched jauntily on the back of his head, marches proudly at the head of the herd. At the end of the procession is another big boy with a big staff in his hand like a herdsman.

All this reminds us of the way the cows go to the Alps to the sound of bells. The whole festival is nothing but a spring celebration to herald the return of the milder season, which has been looked forward to with longing for months.

The custom is said to be of Roman origin; hence its name, "Chalanda Marz" (from Kalendare), which justifies the assumption that, from the period of the year chosen for the observance of this festival, it must have originated in the mild climate of Italy and not in the cold clime of the Engadine.

In the way described the troop marches on from house to house and is presented by the matrons with rice, chestnuts, sausages, bread and even money. The hotels are all visited, and the guests always contribute some small change. Out of the proceeds a general jollification is provided, in which the girls of the neighborhood take part.

How intense is the youngsters' enjoyment of the Chalanda Marz festivities can scarcely be imagined by any one who has not looked on at these annual junketings.

In the Days of Sir Allan MacNab.

A Hamilton paper says the remains of Sir Allan McNab will be removed from Dundurn Park to Holy Sepulchre cemetery, after resting in the former place for nearly seventy-five years.

Hardly so long. Sir Allan was still very much alive when The Toronto Examiner of June 16, 1847, said of him:

"Sir Allan McNab is a great man. Speaker of the House of Assembly, juggling director of the Great Western Railroad Co., the representative of Hamilton, president of the Gore District Turf Club, and the pious defender of the rights and wrongs of mother church. The races are coming on. Pity Sir Allan cannot be in two places at once—cannot attend to the important business of the turf and the petty business of the Legislature at the same time."

How courteous were these old-time papers in their references to public men, and how full of news! One looks in vain for a report of said races, but finds instead an editorial jeremiad. The races and the circus, said The Examiner, filled the police court, and it called upon the Government for their abolition.—Toronto Saturday Night.

Rubinstein's Free Seat.

A pianist who was pre-eminently successful in his day was Rubenstein, who traveled nearly the whole world over delighting people with his genius. He was very much annoyed by requests for complimentary tickets, but most of the time he maintained his composure, even though justly irritated. It is told of him that just before one of his recitals in London he was accosted by an old lady in the entrance hall and thus addressed:

"Oh, Mr. Ruberstein, I am so glad to see you! I have tried in vain to purchase a ticket. Have you a seat you could let me have?"

"Madam," said the great pianist, "there is but one seat at my disposal, and that you are welcome to if you think fit to take it."

"Oh, yes, and a thousand thanks! Where is it?" was the excited reply.

"At the piano," smilingly replied Rubinstein.

Toasted Bread.

Bread that has been toasted until it becomes brown has had the starch in it largely converted into dextrin, and hence, so far as the brown portion is concerned, one of the processes of digestion is gone through before the bread is taken into the stomach. It will be found that the thinner the slices of bread and the more thoroughly toasted—not burned, but changed to a deep brown color—it will be found still more easily digested.—London Standard.

Courteous Cabby.

A pompous looking lawyer once chartered a hansom cab, and on reaching his destination he only gave his driver the shilling required by law.

The driver looked at the coin and bit his lip. Then in the most courteous manner he motioned to his fare to get in again.

"Do step in again, sir," he said. "I could ha' druv ye a yard or two further for this 'ere."

Looking Forward.

"Johnny," said Mr. Bliggens, "I want you to study hard and learn all you possibly can."

"Did you do that?"

"No, my son, I did not. But I want you to escape the trouble my inattention has caused me. When you grow up and have a son I don't want you to be humiliated by being unable to answer your boy's questions."

Love, Tomatoes and Finance.

By ESTELLE CLAYTON.

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The big man of the town of Strongsville was Jacob Strong. First, his grandfather had founded the town; second, he had been a justice of the peace for some years; third, he had received almost votes enough once to send him to the legislature, and, lastly, he was worth about $30,000.

Mr. Strong felt his bigness and exacted respect accordingly. He did his best to make his son Horace and his daughter Maude feel their superiority over all other human beings in and around Strongsville. He succeeded admirably with the daughter, but the conduct of his son gave him no little anxiety.

One morning he said to the latter:

"Horace, I am pained and humiliated to learn that for months past you have been paying attention to the daughter of Scribner, the carpenter. You have been riding with her, and you have frequently called at the house. What does it mean?"

"Miss Scribner is a nice young woman, sir," was the reply. "She is as well educated as our Maude and has as good manners."

"Tut, tut, sir! Make no such comparisons. If you forget who and what I am, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Being the son of a man of position and wealth, with more wealth and social prestige coming, you must look higher, sir, far higher."

It was true that Miss Nettie Scribner was the daughter of a carpenter, but as the favorite of her Aunt Hilda Bascomb, a rich old spinster, the girl had been sent to a seminary and enjoyed exceptional opportunities. In all but wealth she was the peer of any girl in the county.

As a matter of fact the couple were engaged, but keeping it a secret. Horace had hopes that when the time came to announce the fact to his father it would be received at least in a reasonable way, but the conversation of the morning showed him the breakers ahead.

What Mr. Strong meant when he referred to more wealth and social prestige coming was the fact that he had organized the Strongsville Cannery company. The cannery building was already under way. It was a fertile farming country around the town, but with poor facilities for shipping fruits and vegetables, and he had conceived and entered on the idea of a tomato cannery.

He had investigated until he was certain that the profits would be large. He put in almost all the money and controlled things, and what few other stockholders there were did not belong to Strongsville.

As president of a tomato cannery Jacob Strong felt himself to be a tangible object. He was right there and all there in his pomposity. He didn't propose to have any of his neighbors feel that as stockholders they need not have too much awe of him.

Of course the magnate's son informed the carpenter's daughter of the situation of affairs. Young Horace was determined to disobey his father at any cost; but, fortunately, Aunt Hilda arrived on her annual visit. She didn't exactly believe that all people were equal, but she bowed to none. If a carpenter and a blacksmith were honest and respectable men they were just as good in her eyes as magnates. The Scribners attempted to keep the secret from her, but she hadn't been in the house a day when she turned on her sister and said:

"Mary, there's something going on here, and I want to know all about it. I find Nettie looking piqued and sorrowful, and she hasn't eaten enough at three meals to keep a bird alive. No use trying to keep it from me. What's the matter?"

She was told, and when she had the particulars she set her jaw and nodded her head, which showed that she had made up her mind. Just what it was she didn't say that evening, nor did she tell it next morning when she put on her rusty old bonnet and sallied out. She said merely that she had a business matter to attend to.

Mr. Magnate Strong had a business office in the town, of course. Aunt Hilda made a straight course for it and plunged herself down in a chair in front of the great man to say:

"Jacob Strong, my niece and your boy were attracted toward each other, and they have fallen in love and are engaged. I understand that you oppose the contemplated marriage."

"With all my soul, and if you are here to say anything in favor of it you may as well save your breath. I wonder that you had the impudence to appear at all."

"And what are your objections?" quietly asked Aunt Hilda as she got a strong hold of her temper.

"You have no right to ask!" he shouted at her. "But I will tell you at least one objection. No son of mine can mate with the daughter of a common carpenter."

"No? Jacob Strong, how long did your father get a skinny living off a mighty poor thirty acres of ground in Michigan and what did he amount to as a man? How far back is it since you were running an old sawmill on Ten Mile creek in the same state? Mr. Scribner is a carpenter, but his pedigree is as good as yours."

"If you were a man I'd throw you out of the office!" shouted Jacob Strong.

"But, being I'm a woman, I'll walk out as fast as I can. I just called to let you know, Jacob, that I have arrived in town. Please keep a little track of me for the next two weeks, will you?"

The aunt reached home smiling and chuckling. She laid a hand on Nettie's head and said soothingly:

"I talked up to old Strong today. It was right that I should. But I haven't spoiled anything. Give me two weeks and I'll have him here begging you to marry his son. You tell the young man to remain quiet and do nothing rash. Hilda Bascomb is managing this affair, which will be one of finance from now on, and if she makes a failure it will be for the first time. Now I've got to go back downtown and see a lawyer, and then I'll have some riding around the country to do. Oh, but won't I make old Strong jump before I am through with him!"

In planning for the cannery Mr. Strong had called upon most of the farmers and had informed them pompously that thereafter he would buy their tomatoes at the market price. He had made no definite agreement with them, however, for he had determined to pay a mighty low price when the time came.

Miss Hilda Bascomb saw lawyers and had contracts drawn up. With a boy to drive her, she covered most of the county the week after the interview with the magnate. Contracts were signed right and left, and something was added for secrecy among the signers.

Meanwhile the tomato cannery was hurried along, and the fixtures arrived to be put in place. In her walks about the town the spinster met Mr. Strong several times face to face. Every time he scowled and she chuckled. There was anxiety at the Scribners' to learn what was afoot, but the only explanation they could get was:

"I am simply doing a little financiering to help Cupid and the tomato market along. When it's time to explode the torpedo you'll all hear the racket."

She had been in Strongsville almost a month when the racket was heard. The cannery was ready for business, and the farmers had been notified to begin delivery on a certain date. The date came, but there were no tomatoes.

A messenger was dispatched with a horse and buggy. He had been back about half an hour when Miss Bascomb entered Mr. Strong's office for the second time and plumped herself down in the same chair.

Mr. Strong was at the telephone. He was using vigorous language and dancing around.

"Well, and how's the tomato market?" asked the caller as he glared at her and rung off.

"It is you—you who have done this thing," he exclaimed, "to revenge yourself! You! You!"

"Yes, I have cornered every tomato in the county. It wasn't for revenge, but to give Cupid a chance. How much will you take for your factory, cash down? It hasn't any pedigree to speak of, but I think Mr. Scribner, the carpenter, can give it one."

"I won't sell to you! Your tomatoes can rot on your hands!"

"Oh, no, they won't, Jacob!" chuckled Miss Hilda. "I can sell them at a very nice profit. But your factory can stand idle while I build one of my own! Better talk business, Jacob Strong. That son of yours is a nice young man, and I think a heap of my niece. It's a love match, and it would be a pity to see it broken off. Isn't there some way that I can turn these tomato contracts over to you and let your factory begin work? There's money in the canning business, and I don't want to kill an industry."

Mr. Strong fought for an hour and then gave in and shook hands. By the time the contracts were assigned to him he was smiling. By the time the woman in the rusty old bonnet was ready to go he was ready to remark blandly:

"Just so, Miss Bascomb; just so. Mr. and Mrs. Scribner are most worthy people, and if Horace is in love with their daughter I have no objections to a marriage. He is old enough to judge for himself, and it is not for me to interfere. Good day, ma'am, good day, and thank you ever so much for calling."

Unpoised Lives.

The life of the criminal is simply an unpoised life. If a person were perfectly poised wrongdoing would be so repugnant that it would be unthinkable.

It is the one sided, the unpoised mind that goes wrong. It is just as normal for the balanced mind to choose the right, the good, as for the magnet to draw to itself whatever is kindred.

Just as the needle in the mariner's compass always points to the North star, no matter how thick the fog or how the tempest rages, there is a needle within every human being which always points to the North star of rectitude, of right, of truth, no matter what storms of discord, of weakness or of crime may be raging in the individual mind. Nothing can prevent this little indicator from pointing to the right, no matter how far the individual may drift from it, how low he may sink in vicious living.—Success Magazine.

A New Part of Pork.

The teacher had been reading to her class of the industries of Russia. Among others mentioned was pig raising. The pig is used almost exclusively as an article of food, very little of his body being valued except his flesh and his bristles.

"The Russians have much to learn from the Americans in this respect," she continued. "In America all parts of the pig are used except his squeal."

At this point a pupil raised her hand and asked in all innocence:

"What part of the animal is the squeal?"—Lippincott's.

HAMPTON COURT GHOS'

Specters That Haunt the Historic English Palace.

The discovery at Hampton Court palace of some arches bridging a long forgotten moat reminds a correspondent of several other curious discoveries made in this royal palace. One concerns Mistress Sibell Penn, who was Edward VI.'s nurse and died in the palace in 1562. She was buried in Hampton church, and a monument was erected, which was irreverently destroyed when the old church was pulled down in 1825. Soon after this strange noises, as of a woman working a spinning wheel, were heard in the southwest wing of the palace. Search was made; an ancient chamber was discovered, in which was an antique spinning wheel, and the old oak planks were worn away where the treadle struck the floor. After this Mrs. Penn's ghost is said to have disturbed many occupants of the palace; but, according to Mr. Law's history of the palace, she has not been seen since 1886, when her tall, gaunt figure nearly frightened a young soldier to death.

Another discovery arose through the experiences of a lady of title who lived on the west side of the fountain court in 1870. She was conscious of the presence in her rooms of two invisible beings, and, disturbed by mysterious sounds, she complained to the lord chamberlain, but he declined to interfere on the ground that there were no funds at his disposal for any such work and that, moreover, his jurisdiction did not extend to the spirit world. However, on Nov. 2 1871, some workmen excavating in the cloister of the fountain court found two perfect skeletons of full grown men opposite the lady's door. They were given Christian burial in Hampton church, and the strange noises from that time ceased.

Now the only ghost seen in the palace is that of Jane Seymour, queen of Henry VIII., who, according to certain veracious residents, still occasionally walks, lighted taper in hand, through Silver Stick gallery.—London Chronicle.

Largest Floating Dock.

The largest floating dock in the world is at Hamburg. Dock V., as it is called, has a bearing capacity exceeding 35,000 tons, nearly twice as great as the American dock Dewey, hitherto the most capacious of its kind in the world. This is the fifth floating dock built by the Hamburg yard, the present giant's immediate successor carrying but half the above mentioned tonnage. The dock consists of separate pontoons combined by the lateral cases to a solid unit. These several pontoons can also be docked in the dock. At each of the side cases the dock possesses complete steam engine and boiler plant, with dynamos and air compressors, so that it is wholly independent from the land and can be anchored anywhere. Electric cranes, with their arms reaching to the middle of the dock, run from end to end of the two lateral cases. Its keel and fundamental arrangements are such as to accommodate the greatest merchantmen or heaviest warship afloat.—Exchange.

The Eucalyptus Tree.

Hard, fine grained, durable wood usually grows slowly. A most remarkable exception is the eucalyptus, and this it is which gives the tree its great value as a means of reforestation. It is said that it grows five times as rapidly as any other tree. Seedlings have been observed to make an average growth of six inches in height a day, and one tree in California has attained a height of 125 feet and a diameter of 36 inches in nine years. The eucalyptus will not thrive where there are frosts, but in the south it promises to go a long way toward filling the place once occupied by other hard woods, which have been greatly reduced by demands for furniture, carriage and cooperage stock.—Youth's Companion.

More Than an Officer Could Stand.

There is a man who served as a special police officer in a suburban town for several years, but never made an arrest. A few days ago the keeper of the lockup was much surprised to have this officer bring in a man in a helpless state of inebriety.

"Why, Bill," said the keeper, "how is this? You have been an officer nine years, and this is your first arrest."

"That is true, Dan," said the officer. "I have taken many persons home when intoxicated rather than bring them here. But when a man gets drunk and lies down on the lawn in front of my house and goes to sleep that's more than I can or will stand."—Boston Herald.

London's Homeless.

On one night in each year the London police take a careful census of the homeless. This year the night selected was that of Jan. 15, when the officers found more than 2,000 persons, of whom nearly 200 were women and 23 children, sleeping outdoors without shelter. On the same night nearly 22,000 persons were occupants of common lodging houses of the poorer type, and about 1,200 more were accommodated in the casual wards of workhouses.

Gowns and Grace In Bowing.

It is said that King Edward has signified his disapproval of the directoire gown not upon the ground that it implies an artificial deformity of the body, but because it interferes with the depth and the grace of the courtesy. The king is an admirer of the full, old fashioned bow, and he dislikes a costume that gives rigidity to the figure and makes everything beyond a slight bend impossible.

BOWSER HAS FEVER.

Takes Night Trip Into the Country In Search of Spring.

ADVISED TO TAKE A LANTERN.

Philosopher Scorns Wife's Suggestion. Alarm of Natives Before He Is Seized and Returned to His Home and Comforts.

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THE Bowsers had finished dinner without the gas meter blowing up or the cook quitting her job, but after reaching the sitting room Mr. Bowser did not sit down to his evening paper, as usual. On the contrary, he wandered about until Mrs. Bowser asked:

"Did you want to go somewhere this evening?"

He waited a couple of minutes before replying and then said:

"Mrs. Bowser, spring is here."

"Well, hardly, but we can say it's coming."

"It is a warm, balmy evening. The feel, the scent of spring is in the air. It thrills me. It reminds me of my boyhood days on the farm."

"Yes?"

"I want to smell the violets in the woods. I want to see the mandrakes peeping out of the ground. I want to hear the robin sing and listen to the notes of the frogs as they come forth from their hibernation."

"You will only have to wait a little while."

"But I don't want to wait. I want to take a suburban car and get right out into the country this evening. I have got what the Germans call the wanderlust."

"But you can't see robins and bluebirds and mandrakes at night," protested Mrs. Bowser.

"But I shall know they are around me."

"If you feel that way I have no objection to your going, but I think it

MR. BOWSER STANDING BY THAT POND AND HOLDING HIS BREATH.

would be almost the same thing to sit in the back yard for an hour or two.

"There you go!" he shouted. "You have no more sentiment about you than a horse block. I don't believe you'd even look up if a dozen robins flew against the window."

"I should wish they had waited two or three weeks longer. There is a sentiment about spring, of course, but wait until spring is here. I think the weather predictions for tonight are"—

"Never you mind the weather predictions. I am going to take a trip out into the country. I can go out and greet the vernal spring and be back in three hours."

"Very well. I shall be glad of a few violets. Shall you take a lantern along?"

"What in blazes do I want with a lantern?"

"To see to pick the violets. Perhaps you don't want to bother with it, however. Yes, if you have that feeling, go on. I suppose one can hail the vernal spring in the night as well as by daylight. I never heard that it was so very particular as to the exact hour. Better take along your fur collar and mittens."

Mr. Bowser had spoken of going to the country, but he hadn't intended going. He had suggested it just to say something. Now, however, as he saw that Mrs. Bowser was guying him, his mind was instantly made up to go. He'd have gone if the United States had passed four different resolutions that spring was a month away. He scorned the lantern, fur collar and mittens. Indeed, he went beyond that and scorned his overcoat. He had said it was spring, and he would be consistent. He wasn't ten minutes in getting ready, and he was so sulky when he did go that he wouldn't say goodby to Mrs. Bowser and the cat on the steps. He had been gone thirty minutes when the telephone bell rang. Mrs. Bowser answered it to hear this message:

"I am the conductor on the Jamaica suburban car. I have a passenger on the car who says that his name is Bowser and that he is going out into the country to look for spring and violets. Is he your husband? Is he all right in his head? I have stopped the car to wire you?"

Searching For Frog Pond.

Mrs. Bowser straightened out matters in sixty seconds, and then there came an interval of ten minutes before she was summoned again:

"Hello, hello! Is this Mrs. Samuel Bowser?"

"It is."

"Wife of a short, pudgy and bald-headed man who seems to have lost some of the stuffing out of his top story?"

"I don't understand you, sir!"

"Well, there's a man of that description just got off at the terminus here and asked for the nearest frog pond. He says it's spring, and he wants to hear the frogs croak. Some of us think he's escaped from some asylum, but if you say it's all right he can go on. The nearest frog pond is half a mile away and has two feet of ice on it."

The man was instructed not to physically interfere with Mr. Bowser's movements and to chime in with him in his assertions that spring had arrived, and then there came a longer wait. During the interval Mrs. Bowser took a look from the front door and found that it was snowing. She was picturing Mr. Bowser standing by that pond and holding his breath in his anxiety to hear a frog send forth a croak when the telephone bell summoned her:

"Is this Mrs. Bowser?"

"Yes. Go ahead."

"Is your husband home?"

"No. He left for the country some time ago."

"Was his idea to look for mandrakes, violets, robins and all that?"

"Yes."

"All right, then. I thought he was either a lunatic or a liar. He knocked at my door ten minutes ago and said he was looking for spring. As it is snowing here I didn't believe him. My two sons are holding him down on the floor as I talk to you. I have just told them to let him go. Is that all right?"

"Perfectly all right, and I thank you. Mr. Bowser gets queer notions into his head sometimes, but he is perfectly harmless."

The wind rose and brought a mingling of hail and snow, and Mr. Bowser's overcoat hung there on the peg like an accusing witness. Mrs. Bowser's conscience was almost ready to cry out when the telephone bell interrupted:

"Am I speaking to Mrs. Samuel Bowser?"

"You are."

"What kind of a place are you running there in town? Is it a boarding house, kindergarten or lunatic asylum?"

"That's a curious question to ask. Who are you, sir?"

"Farmer Henderson, and I've got a curious man here. He says his name is Bowser and he can prove by you that he came out here to greet the vernal spring. Never heard of that sort of spring before, but I guess it's a spring with a foot of snow in her pocket. So you know him?"

"Yes; he's my husband."

"Gosh all fishhooks, but you don't say! We were just going to bed when he knocked on the door and wanted to know if we had seen any mandrakes or heard any spring frogs. Isn't he a bit buggy?"

"No, sir; he's just as sane as any man."

"You don't say! Just got what they call the spring fever, eh?"

"That's it. Please tell him that I want him to start for home at once."

Will Greet Spring or Perish.

There was a wait of a minute, and then the farmer's voice was heard again:

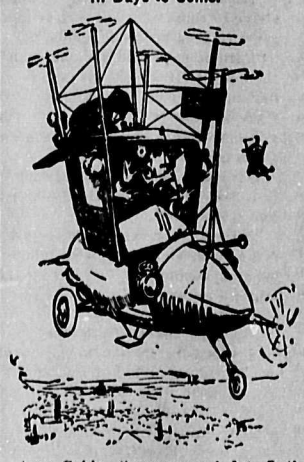
"I've told him, but he says he'll greet that vernal spring or perish in the attempt. I can lend him an old overcoat and get one of the boys to go as far as the car with him."

"I wish you would. I'll gladly pay for any trouble you take."

"Oh, that's all right, ma'am. My wife gets such spells, and I feel to pity you. We may have to tie his legs and carry him part of the way, but we'll get him there, never fear. Good night, ma'am. My wife is just now tying a bedquilt around him for protection, and my son is whistling like a robin to deceive him."

And at 2 o'clock in the morning, when a half frozen, wild eyed creature came creeping into the house, he found a hot fire going, hot coffee and a lunch ready, and Mrs. Bowser never even asked if the spring lambkins were frisking and the frogs turning hilarious somersaults. M. QUAD.

In Days to Come.



Aero Cabby (to nervous lady)—Let's see! Where do I drop yer?

The Author.

Author's Wife (interrupting his after dinner siesta for the third time)—What title did you decide on for your new book, John?

Author (sleepily)—"How to Be Nappy Though Harried."—Puck.

Dubious.

"You look like one of the nobility," averred the admiring acquaintance.

"Is that," demanded the man of distinguished bearing haughtily, "intended as a compliment or an insult?"—Kansas City Times.

MODERN HOTELS.

Ingenious Mechanical Devices With Which They Are Equipped.

The new hotel buildings which are being put up mark the culmination of a business to which the best of American ingenuity and desire for luxury have been concentrated. Time was when the hotel that cost half a million dollars was considered palatial. Now no new hotel in the larger cities is considered first class unless it costs at least $1,100,000, and many of the new hostelries cost $3,000,000, $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, including their site of ground lease.

The modern hotel is a house of marvels. The casual guest who spends a night in one between trains or orders a simple dinner for a few friends does not realize perhaps the cost and ingenuity of the mechanical devices that are summoned to his service. Not only is his room lighted and ventilated by electricity, but his carriage is signaled, the potatoes for his breakfast are peeled and his bread is kneaded by the same force.

One of the latest hotel devices is a telautograph, by which orders written in one department are automatically transmitted to paper by a moving pencil in a totally different part of the building. Another electrical device is a delicate apparatus installed in every room of a New York hotel, which sends in an alarm of fire whenever the temperature around it is abnormally high.

The old broom with its cloud of dust is a thing of the past. Pneumatic brooms have taken its place, sucking up every particle of dirt and depositing it in a bin in the basement. Even the chambermaids who run these brooms are kept in constant touch with the main office by electricity. When one enters a room she inserts a small glass bulb in a socket on the frame of the hall door. This connects a circuit which not only lights the bulb, but also a glass button on a switchboard in the office, thus enabling the clerk to tell exactly where every maid in the house is at a glance.—Boston Globe.

A Grim Toy.

A citizen of Paris, a pensioner, boasts that he has witnessed thirty-seven executions, and now that he is getting old, being unable to follow M. de Paris, the idea of the guillotine has so obsessed him that he has had made a model on a small scale, which he has used for cutting cigar ends. Recently he had friends to lunch, and after the repast the model was produced. For some reason the knife refused to act. The host, feeling that his reputation was at stake, set about to discern the cause. Examining the machine very closely, his nose got into the lunette. Probably the machine was shaken. At all events, the blade fell and with it the tip of the morbid gentleman's nose. His first care was to visit the surgeon, and after the injury had been attended to he went home, broke up and burned "la Veuve."

Evarts' Long Whip.

Years ago when before the state court of appeals Edward J. Meegan, then a stripling lawyer, saw a gaunt young man with a big head hurling sentences at the judges with a snap at the end of each one, very much as the old time stage driver used to swing his whip lash around his leaders' heads. "The sentences came out thick and fast and ponderous," says Meegan, "but he was dextrous, and each time the snap went where he intended, right by the judges' ears. It was as interesting to me as a man casting for fish. I asked a lawyer beside me who the little chap was. In astonishment he replied, 'Why, that is William M. Evarts, the great William M. Evarts of New York.'"—New York Press.

Ravens and a Black Cat.

The Berliner Tageblatt contains this notice in a recent letter from New York: "Died—The new German theater. We speak sympathy for H. Blitz, business manager, and Dr. Baumfeld and Eugen Burg, artistic leaders. The theater has already been leased to Americans, who will dispense there, in keeping with the fashions, dramatic lemonade for misses and mammas, a sad ending to a propitious beginning. I remember the festive opening night, with Wildenbruch's 'Rabensteinerin.' Superstitious theater people saw in the play, which dealt with ravens, a bad omen, and when a black cat ran across the stage before the curtain went up that finished it."

Microbes In Extremely Cold Lands.

We are accustomed to think of severe and continuous cold as being an enemy to life of every sort, but data furnished to the Pasteur institute in Paris by Dr. Charcot, the antarctic explorer, prove conclusively that the intense cold of the south polar regions still allows various forms of microscopic life to flourish. On examining the intestines of animals twenty-four different microbes were found, and of these fifteen were varieties already known in Europe. Even the microbes found in soil taken from the antarctic continent where the foot of man had never trod were found to be identical with those of the inhabited world.—London Globe.

Vegetable Salt.

M. Lapicque has informed the French Society of Biology that nearly 25,000,000 beings in the Kongo regions commonly employ salt of potassium instead of salt of sodium for seasoning their food. They obtain this salt from the ashes of certain plants. Recently ordinary salt has been largely imported, but the negroes regard it as insipid and abandon with regret the use of their familiar ashes. They take the imported salt only because it is cheap.

The Bachelor and the Cat.

By STUART B. STONE.

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The fluffy haired, hazel eyed young lady was speaking of the play at the Belleville Opera House.

"It is the prettiest bit of sentiment. There's the quaintest pair of lovers, and they go through fire, water, persecution and plague, but it works out beautifully in the end."

Thereupon bashful Captain Grant, at the head of the table, sniffed polite disapproval.

The cheery young bank clerk who sat next to the hazel eyed girl told of the "best selling" romance he was reading. It was "The Loves of Lady Perilla," and Captain Grant frowned at the title.

Then the young man leaned over and talked in low tones to the fluffy haired girl. The girl colored in delicious bewilderment. The young man's merry eyes sobered, and Mrs. Ogden Carter winked at Mrs. Newman Appleby across the table. Captain Grant saw the byplay of hearts and growled into his plate of Boston beans. After that, in a faint sweet cloud of heliotrope, the lilac lady entered.

She was in the early thirties, rather tall and thin, with a wreath of glossy black hair and big, gray eyes scattering sympathy. Touches of lilac here and there relieved the black.

The boarders "sized up" the newcomer—some with a tinge of envy of the splendid, shining hair, others with listless conjecture as to whether she came from Cape Cod or from Kokomo. But Captain Grant looked covertly at the lady and sighed so manifestly from the heart that a little ripple of amused wonder went around the tables. Blushing vividly, the captain arose and strutted hurriedly out.

The captain held little part in the babble of the table, but next day he spoke to Miss Inola Marshall, the new boarder, regarding the probability of rain. The lilac lady smiled charmingly, admitting the shrewdness of the forecast. From one labored confidence in a day this man, who had sniffed at the prospect of young hearts confiding, attained to a running comment of anecdote and observation.

Miss Inola was gracious; so, after a bit, noticing the captain and the lady deep in discussion, Mrs. Carter smiled at Mrs. Appleby, and the young clerk had his hazel eyed girl to himself, with no one to snort because they talked in the low, earnest tones of lovers.

Things went thus beautifully until the coming of Zenobia. Zenobia was plump and sleek and sandy and white streaked, like a faded tigress. She was endowed with a cavernous yawn and a lulling, musical pur, and she had a way of curling up on the precious skirts of women to dream fitful things of the chase of the hard pressed mouse.

The gianteess of a cat was as a picture of gold to Miss Inola, but the captain detested all of her kind. When Zenobia crept softly to the dining room and some unseeing barbarian stepped on her ringed tail, so that she squalled in despair, it was a question whether the captain did not chuckle grimly.

Miss Inola, loving Zenobia dearly, could not help but hold it against him in her heart. Finally Zenobia, sighing for sympathy, thrust her plump sides against the trousers leg of the captain, leaving soft, yellow hairs for remembrance. It affected him like the clammy contact of a serpent.

"What do you see in that cat?" he demanded.

"More than I see in you," Miss Inola flared back.

That settled it. The captain retired to his den and tried vainly to interest himself in three volumes of the history of the Sudan, and Miss Inola, petting and pampering the gianteess Zenobia, almost wished that she might die. For a month Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Appleby had only the young bank clerk and the hazel eyed girl for winking and smiling exchange.

The last night in the month the captain lounged disconsolately in his smoking gown, dividing his time between a dissertation on Moroccan bandits and the perversities of women in lilac.

"The Moorish bandit is gruff, grim and inured to hardship," read the captain and nodded, knowing they were miles and miles away.

"She is the only woman I could ever care a straw for," murmured the captain, alert and sighing, for Madam of the Lilacs was only across the narrow hall.

A full fed, lazy cat purred in the corridor, descended the steps and yowled for companionship in the yard below. The captain shut his mouth tight and went back to learn of the banditti. The Dutch windmill of a clock chimed 9. The cry was repeated nearer.

"Fire! Fire!"

The captain bounded to the door, arrayed like a rajah for glory. Miss Inola almost telescoped him.

"Where is it?" she demanded.

The window disclosed a fierce blaze quite near. "The Golden Rule warehouse," answered the captain, and they both descended hurriedly.

A crowd had gathered, shouting, gesticulating, yet not venturing near the burning warehouse.

"Why don't they put it out?" asked Captain Grant.

"Powder stored there—barrels and barrels of it," volunteered some one.

Mrs. Appleby approached Miss Inola. "Your cat Zenobia just went in there."

Miss Inola moaned: "Poor little Zenobia! She'll be blown into the moon!"

Captain Grant started to speak and checked himself. Then, coloring violently, he announced: "Don't go on in that way, Miss Inola. I'm going to rescue Zenobia."

Miss Inola stared, colored on her own account and extended her hand. "William," she called him for the first time, "you are good and brave and true."

The captain proudly raised his head girded his flowery, high colored gown about him and waded into the zone of glimmering light.

"Hey, there! Danger! Powder! Come back, man!" bawled the spectators. But Captain Grant strode grimly on. The last words of the lilac lady rang in his ears—"You are good and brave and true."

He heard the cat yowl frantically, and he charged like an Assyrian host. "William, William, William!" her voice kept calling to him. The door was fastened with a rusted padlock, but the captain easily broke through the rotten thing. "Brave and true, brave and true," he kept repeating.

The structure was doomed, but here just within the door it was rather dark and thick with smoke. He could make out the barrels and tried to avoid them. "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" he called.

He stumbled over something, caught at a barrel and plunged into its yawning top. His arms rammed into a soft, fleecy, choking mess. Scrambling up, he overturned two others and rolled on the floor.

Finally he regained his feet, covered from head to foot with the pulverized, clinging substance. A cat howled somewhere, and he turned toward the door. Zenobia sat upon her haunches twenty feet in front of the warehouse spitting and howling like a feline demon. The captain stepped out into the light. He was covered, plastered, buried, frescoed, coated with flour.

The crowd stirred in the distance. Tompkins, proprietor of the Golden Rule, had arrived. "There's no powder," he exclaimed. "Those barrels contain flour. Come on!" The mob came like a hurricane.

"Look at Captain Grant," they shouted gleefully—"flour all over his dressing gown and on his face and hair! Looks like a ghost!"

"Well, I'll be eternally jiggered!" fumed the captain. He kicked at the screaming Zenobia and, missing, nearly fell upon his back. Particles of dust adhered to the flour, giving him a glorious checkerboard appearance. He turned and ran from the madding crowd, a white, gorgeous specter of the night.

As he scaled the picket fence some one called to him, but he paid no heed. He bounded down the little lane with Berserker vim and fury. The person who had called ran through a gate and stood in the road to check him. The captain, wild, chagrined, unseeing, waved his arms, put on more steam and growled deadly menace.

"William, William!" called a soft, sweet voice.

The captain, checking, flapped at the flour in his eyes.

"Oh, you are brave and true, but you do look like a fright!" said Miss Inola, and she broke down and sobbed before the captain, taking alarm again, could bound away.

"There, there, don't cry!" he admonished. "That spitfire Zenobia's all right and will live to be ten thousand."

Then he took her in his arms until she became white with the dazzle of the flour.

Their Fortunate Escape.

They had walked halfway through the park at a smart pace, and she now sank on a shaded bench. He seated himself beside her. They were entirely alone save for an old man at one end of their seat immersed in a book. Their agitated conversation continued.

"Oh, it is too dreadful!" she shuddered, covering her face with her hands as if to shut out some unbearable sight.

"Fearful!" he agreed, deeply moved and mopping the profuse perspiration from his brow.

"Horrible!" she added. "I cannot bear to think of it. The loss of hope, happiness, perhaps even life itself"—

"Hush!" he interrupted. "Let us strive to think of it no more or it may grow to prey upon our minds."

"Pardon me," said the old man on the end of the bench, his watery eyes distended in lively apprehension. "Has there been some awful disaster? Have you been forced to look upon some awful tragedy?"

The young couple regarded each other in some confusion. Hesitatingly the youth answered:

"No, sir. You see, we have just become engaged, and we were talking of what a calamity it would have been had we never met."

Her Greenhorn Mother.

"I was going to Patchogue," said a woman at the Waldorf, "when I saw sitting near by a little girl with her mother, the mother evidently a foreigner, the child born in this country, both surrounded with bundles in the foreign way. The child was six. The conductor came along, and the child held out the tickets.

"'I want you to put us off at Patchogue,' she said, smiling at him, 'and help us with our bundles, please. My mother's a greenhorn. She doesn't know anything about traveling.'

"I watched her until the two arrived at their destination, and I think I have never seen a more polite little girl or a more seemingly dutiful daughter. It was quite evident to my mind that she meant no disrespect to her mother by calling her by what would seem to us to be an opprobrious epithet. She had merely adopted one of our slang words as the very best of English."—New York Press.

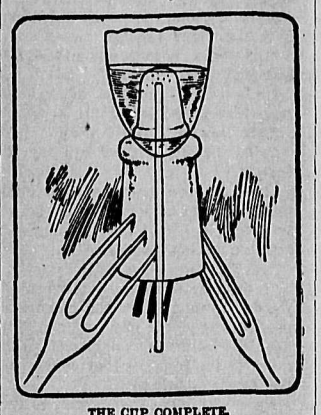
A TANTALIZING CUP.

Interesting Experiment With Eggshell, Cork and Straw.

Tantalus, according to the legend, having offended the gods, was punished by being made very thirsty, having a cup of water placed continually just out of his reach. From this story we get our word tantalize. To make a cup of tantalus—that is, a cup that can be filled part way, but never to the brim—follow directions:

Get an empty eggshell and break off the large end of it, say half an inch down. Through the small end bore a hole just the size to admit a good, firm straw. Now hollow out one end of a cork so that the shell will fit in it, and through the cork bore a hole to admit the straw.

Run the straw up through the cork and into the shell for half an inch or so. Make all the joints tight with



THE CUP COMPLETE.

sealing wax and fasten the shell to the cork in the same way.

Cover the top of the straw in the shell with a thimble, which will rest on the bottom of the shell and almost, but not quite, touch the top of the straw.

Now, to make a little tripod for this apparatus stick the prongs of three forks in the cork and then place a tumbler under it. Pour some water into the shell. It will not run out through the straw at the bottom at first, but when it rises as high as the thimble it will begin to run, for it goes up under the thimble and enters the upper end of the straw, thus finding an outlet. By fastening a wire around the cork and bringing one end up to the edge of the cup a manikin may be held in the position of bending over to drink. Have the lips of the manikin just above the level of the water.

CAPTURING SNAKES.

How Serpent Hunters of the Tropics Secure Their Prey.

The capture of snakes is simple and comparatively free from danger, says the Chicago News. In the great swamps of India they are caught in the early morning, when they are stiff from cold. The natives use nets for the purpose or else press a stick against the back of the snake's back, thus holding it fast until they can put it away safely.

Another method is to surround a spot known to be full of snakes with nets during the dry season and set the underbrush on fire. The snakes rush for safety in all directions and fall in great numbers into the nets. This method is often used to catch the biggest species of snakes. Hagenbeck states that many specimens of such monsters received by him from Calcutta bear marks of burning.

The giant snakes of Borneo fall a prey to the native hunters after they have gorged themselves to such an extent on food that they can scarcely move at all. Nets are then thrown over them, and they are delivered to Hagenbeck's agents.

Some snake hunters of India rely almost entirely on their sense of smell for ferreting out their victims. These hunters set out in the cold of the morning, knowing, more or less, where the holes are in which the snakes live. By means of their keen sense of smell they can tell whether a snake is at home. They then dig it out and, as it is half frozen still, succeed easily in imprisoning it in their baskets.

The Reason.

"I wonder why sailors are always dry?"

"Bein' called 'salt' so much makes them thirsty, I s'pose."—St. Louis Republic.

His Business Ability.

In the Adirondacks lives a man too lazy to work, but evidently of great business ability. One winter when he was sitting around smoking his family came so near starvation that some of his neighbors, who could ill afford to help him, took up a collection and bought for the suffering family a barrel of flour, a barrel of pork and a load of wood. They were not considerate enough to cut the wood, but the business man knew how to manage. He hired some of the neighbors who had not contributed to his donation to cut the wood and paid them with half the pork and half the flour.—Lippincott's

Fiction

HOPE OF THE HEART.

By BALDWIN SEARS.

The scuttle in the roof of the farmhouse opened slowly, and a girl's head appeared. As she held up her face to the evening breeze her fair face, yellow hair and delicate features made her appear like some faint star just glancing above the horizon.

A young man with a scythe over his shoulder crossing the lane below the barn looked up toward the house. Seeing the girl, he stopped, straightened his shoulders as though he half expected her to speak and to speak himself, then walked on with lagging steps and disappeared below the orchard where the brook flows into the woods.

Mary leaned her arms on the edge of the scuttle and looked out. The hot air from the garret blowing in gusts past her face was like a twitch at her sleeves reminding her of the household she had left below.

She was the only one who had not already gone to bed. It was harvest time. They were cutting the wheat in the meadows, and all day the hum of the reaper had come up from the broad white fields where the men were at work. Since dawn the house had been buzzing with lively toil, but now the day's work was ended.

In the front room off the porch the farmer and his wife were asleep. They had gone to bed immediately after supper, and while Mary had sat on the porch she heard their low voices talking over the potato crop and the grain, their drowsy words growing fewer, slower, until at length they sank away and ceased while yet the bobolinks were skimming over the meadow and the red of the sunset lingered.

Across the gate her married brother and a neighbor had talked politics. Mary had heard their nasal voices alternating like the wooden balls tossed by a juggler. In the south chamber just under the attic her sister-in-law had been putting her children to bed, the creak, creak of the rocking chair as it swayed over an uneven board dimly audible through the silent house. In the attic under the roof slept her little brother Bob, dreamless, tired and contented at the end of his long summer day.

Down in the kitchen yard the turkeys and chickens had gone to roost in the apple trees and the grape arbor, clucking and twittering in sleepy protest against the awkward ones as they settled themselves together.

In a few moments it had grown very still and dark.

The girl on the housetop drew a long breath and leaned her head back against the edge of the roof. It was only 8 o'clock, and the faint yellow twilight lingered on the border of the summer night. A new moon hung low over the crest of the woods. The west wind brought up the hot smell of ripening cornfields, and a bat darted out of the orchard in swooping circles against the clear night.

From her eyrie above the treetops the farm buildings, the neighboring houses, the fields and lanes, even the wide post road, looked quite small and cheap, like a toy village. The countryside in its irregular checkerboard of pasture, corn and woodland, pale yellow with the wheat stubble, somber green where half ripened orchards spread, marked here and there by a cluster of roofs, a spire that told a hamlet in the hills, became significant only in the mystery of distance as it mounted toward the hills and ended at last in one vast, gray, sealike level against the trackless sky. Mary looked at it all as one upon whose mind the meaning of these familiar scenes had just begun to dawn—these fields, the chickens she must pluck, the bread she must make, the raspberries she must preserve, all grouped themselves before her in a coherent scheme of life. From dawn till dark, each day alike, cooking, washing, preserving, holding the babies—the burdens of each side were hers. So far she had carried them unthinkingly, unquestioningly. It was only the lot of every farmer's life.

Tonight she was unusually tired. To escape a feeling of restlessness she had determined to go to bed. It was refreshing to lie in the cool darkness. But before she reached the top of the attic stairs she felt the dry heat of the sun baked roof. The great, timbered space, dark with its age blackened beams and scantly windowed twilight, held a strange odor of cedar shingles, of ancient leather trunks, of musty papers. In the solemn dust the candle lost its bold glare and drooped to a wavering spark, eyed by the glimmering gray panes of the gable windows high under the ridge.

The two chimneys, like huge stone giants whom she had been feeding all day, stooped over her as they towered toward the roof, reminding her of tomorrow's kitchen work.

As Mary sat on the edge of her cot, thinking of these things, she looked up vaguely. A star, the first in the pale night, shone through the window upon her, clear, unwinking, pensive, holy.

A lock of hair loosened by the wind floated softly across her cheek like the kiss of unseen lips. For the first time in her life she felt the restless longing for some good of which she was ignorant. What was it her simple, sweet existence lacked? Had she not everything that a girl could ask—father, mother, food and shelter, a place in the world? What else had any one? The aged farmer and his wife—those two good people fast asleep without a thought in their nightcaps beyond the potato crop—their daughter-in-law, the men at work in the fields, all those dependent on the great harvests, on the bountiful farm—were they not happy, contented, unquestioning? Was she not happy too? Had she anything to complain of, to regret, to wish for?

Suddenly out of the hush came the cry of the whippoorwill, that piercing, mournful voice of the vacant, wind blown fields, of meadows flowering unseen and far away. It thrilled her like a pain. It stabbed her through and through and cut her to the heart with its questioning, solitary call, hidden in the twilight of the woods.

She had heard it so often, year after year, like the robin and the lark. Never had it sounded so lonely, so friendless and apart. A strange longing swelled up in her breast; tears filled her eyes. The years of her life, with their simple tasks, their ambitions, hopes and dreams, came to her like some vast tidal wave upon a sunny shore, withdrawing in a long resounding sigh at the absence of some unknown joy. She stared through the warm darkness toward the edge of the woods outlined against the evening as though one should try to read the soul of a silhouette. Then she dropped her face in her hands for a single minute.

At 6 o'clock in the morning Mary was in the garden picking the vegetables for dinner. The sunshiny, dew fresh day, the beans and cabbages in their prim symmetry, the tall scarlet hollyhocks nodding against the fence, made the experience of the night before very remote and visionary.

As Mary reached the end of the row of peas she pushed back her sunbonnet and looked up; then her song stopped, and she knelt silently.

A young man was standing on the other side of the garden wall looking at her. He blushed as he met her steady, smiling gaze. "Picking peas?" he asked. "You've got a lot, haven't you?"

"Yes, indeed; plenty this year. Have you?"

"All we can eat and more too. Getting old, though. How are these?" He crossed the wall and stood beside her. "Yours are pretty tender yet." He tore off another pod. "Shan't I help you? Two can work better than one."

"Oh, thank you; you needn't bother." Yet she smiled at him.

"Oh, I like to do this. I'll take the inside of the row."

"It's very kind of you," she answered, looking up at him sweetly.

How brown and strong and sinewy he had grown since he had begun to work in the harvest fields! She had not seen him for a long while, not since they were in school together. She was looking at him again when he glanced up and caught her eyes. This time they both blushed. They said nothing for some time. Mary picked busily, and the boy whistled half to himself. They were beside each other, with nothing between them but the slender trellis of pea vines, enough to give the boy courage to say, "Did you hear the whippoorwill last night?"

Mary felt a flash that made her nerves tingle.

"Oh, did you, too?" she exclaimed, then stopped, abashed at her own eagerness. How could Alvy understand the confession she had made to a whippoorwill just because it was unseen? "Where was it?" she asked, with all the carelessness she could summon.

"Down in the wood lot about half past 8. I was coming home 'cross lots back of your barn; been up at the other farm all day."

They were picking slowly now. How pretty Mary was with her braided yellow hair, her rose pink ears, her smooth lidded, down drooping eyes!

Alvy felt his heart throb dizzily. So many words and thoughts went round and round in his head that he could not say one. And there was the screen of brush and vines between them. The delicate film of green was strong as a prison grille, through which the serene face of the girl showed upon him. Somehow their hands met upon the same pods. Mary's trembled, then lay still in his.

"I saw you up on the roof," whispered the boy. "You were listening, weren't you?"

Mary nodded.

"Do you—do you like to hear it, Mary? Do you like the whippoorwill?" Mary's lip trembled. "I don't know. I guess so."

"Because he—he loves you, Mary."

"Mary, Mary, where are you?"

The two in the garden sprang up as the shrill voice called from the kitchen. As the boy leaped over the fence into his own orchard Mary looked after him. From the trees among which he disappeared came clear, low and sweet the call of the whippoorwill.

Australia and the Chinese.

Australia is perturbed by the discoveries of Mr. Batchelor, the commonwealth minister for external affairs, who has been inquiring into the illegal influx of Chinese. There is a wealthy organization in China with agencies in all the principal Australian ports, and with the connivance of ships' officers the systematic smuggling of Chinese into Australia has been carried on for a long time. The ships trading between Hongkong and the Australian ports have been so cunningly supplied with false bulkheads, walls and floors that hiding room has been provided for eighty Chinese stowaways on a single voyage. Ship cooks have been secretly paid to supply the stowaways with food. The trade is very profitable, as Australia is only a few days' steaming from China, and many thousands of Mongolians are always ready to pay large sums and run all sorts of risks to get to the land of gold.—Chicago News.

VETERAN LAW-MAKERS

FEW OF CANADA'S ORIGINAL LEGISLATORS SURVIVE.

Eight Who Dined Recently at Ottawa Are Nearly All Who Are Able to Go About—Story of the First Federal Election — Assassination of George Brown—He Was One of the Hardest Workers for Confederation

Of the score or so of men who sat in the first Parliament of the Dominion of Canada and who have not yet passed over to the great majority, eight sat down to dinner not long ago in the restaurant of the House of Commons as guests of the Canadian Club of Ottawa. Among the other guests were the Prime Minister, the Leader of the Opposition, and several other members from both Houses. Five of the eight veterans are members of the present, the eleventh Parliament of Canada, so that they dined with political associates of forty years ago and those of to-day. Among the surviving veterans are several of the most prominent members of that first Parliament, which, as Earl Grey aptly said, rocked the cradle in which reposed the Confederation baby. Several of them sat down that day to dinner, others were absent, in all probability destined never to meet again. Two who were missed were Sir Charles Tupper and the Hon. Edward Blake. For many years they were conspicuous figures in the political arena, but their battles are over and their armor laid aside.

In the list of names of surviving members of that first Parliament published in one of the newspapers, strange to say, the name of Sir Charles was omitted, a remarkable omission to make, when every history of Confederation mentions the fact that Sir Charles (Dr. Tupper then) was the only supporter of the new order of things elected in Nova Scotia. Cumberland stood firm against the anti-Confederation tide, electing Dr. Tupper by the rather narrow majority of 87. Perhaps the error occurred by not remembering that although he was not taken into the Cabinet at its formation, he was in the House from the first. A portfolio was offered Dr. Tupper when Sir John Macdonald was choosing his Ministers, but with great unselfishness it was refused in order that it might be given to a representative of another element of the population.

The elections that returned the members of that first Federal Parliament were held during the late summer and early autumn of 1867. Those elections brought many surprises. One was the defeat in North Ontario of the Hon. George Brown, one of the Fathers of the then infant Confederation, the leader of the Clear Grits, and a man who during the preceding twenty years had had so much to do with the making and unmaking of Ministries as any man living. It was Brown's last election campaign, and like his first, it ended in defeat. The first was fought in Haldimand, and the memorable feature of it is the fact that the Grit leader was defeated by the penitent and pardoned rebel leader, William Lyon Mackenzie. "The contest was an exciting one," writes Mr. Charles Lindsay in his Life of William Lyon Mackenzie, "and created widespread interest on account of the political prominence of the candidates, both of whom belonged to the Reform party, which, at that time, was composed of groups or sections not fully in accord on some of the questions of the day. The result of this election caused a certain amount of estrangement between Brown and Mackenzie, which was never wholly removed, on account of Mackenzie's independence in the Assembly and otherwise."

It has just turned twenty-nine years since George Brown's life came to a close. His end was tragic, for he was the victim of an assassin's revolver. Bennett, the man who killed George Brown, had been employed in the engine-room of The Globe printing house, but had been discharged for intemperance. On the afternoon of March 25, 1880, Bennett entered the private office of Mr. Brown, presented a paper for the latter to sign, stating that Bennett had been in the employ of The Globe for five years. Bennett was told to go to the head of the department in which he had been employed, but Bennett replied that the head of the department had refused to give the certificate. He was then told to apply to the treasurer of the company, but he kept insisting that Mr. Brown should sign the paper, and finally he began to fumble in his pistol-pocket, whereupon it occurred to Mr. Brown, to use his own words, "that the little wretch might be meaning to shoot me." Bennett got out his pistol but Mr. Brown seized the man's wrist and turned his hand downward. One shot was fired in the struggle, the bullet passing through the outer side of Mr. Brown's left thigh.

The report of the pistol and Mr. Brown's cries for help instantly brought assistance from the editorial rooms. Among the first to arrive were Mr. Avern Pardoe, now librarian of the Ontario Legislature; Mr. Archibald Blue, head of the Census Bureau at Ottawa; and Mr. John A. Ewan, now leader writer on The Globe.

The wound was not considered to be mortal, and for a number of days, but against the advice of his physicians, Mr. Brown transacted business in his room; but as April wore away the case began to look serious. Periods of delirium occurred, and then the wounded man became unconscious. Early on Sunday, May 10, George Brown passed away. Almost a third of a century has flown since then, and most of the men who worked with George Brown in public life or who fought against him are no more; but his name is not forgotten, nor will his career ever cease to be a matter of interesting study to those who would understand the long struggle in Canada for responsible government and the arduous and delicate task of those who laid the foundations of our Dominion.

"MY KIDNEYS HURT ME ALL THE TIME"

Gin Pills Cured Them. Free Sample Box Leads to Cure.

Only those who have been tortured with Kidney Trouble can appreciate how Mr. Trumper suffered. Being a railroad man, he was called upon to do all kinds of heavy work. The constant strain of lifting, weakened the kidneys.

I received the sample box of Gin Pills and was greatly benefitted by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes of Gin Pills, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad and did not lose a day.

FRANK TRUMPER, Napanee, Ont.

Do sharp twinges catch you as you stoop? Are you subject to Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago? Does your Bladder give trouble? Take Gin Pills on our positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded, 50c a box—6 for $2.50. At dealers, or direct if you cannot obtain from druggist.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 117

A Reason

Mr. Marlow—I left two bottles of whisky in the cupboard ten minutes ago, and one of them has disappeared. Can you account for that?

Bridget (under notice to leave)—Shure, sorr, the cupboard was so dark I didn't see the other one!

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes

Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

"Why do artists always sign their pictures?" "It's an agreement they have, so that nobody will be able to blame one on someone else."—Cleveland Leader.

It Has Many Qualities.—The man who possesses a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is armed agains many ills. It will cure a cough, break a cold, prevent sore throat; it will reduce the swelling from a sprain, cure the most persistent sores and will speedily heal cuts and contusions. It is a medicine chest in itself, and can be got for a quarter of a dollar.

"My good woman, is this son you speak of adolescent?" "Mercy on us, ma'am, he's just cranky."—Baltimore American.

After making a most careful study of the matter, U. S. Government scientists state definitely that the common house fly is the principal means of distributing typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox. Wilson's Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease germs, too.

By placing the stems of cut flowers in a weak solution of sal ammonia they may be kept fresh from fifteen to thirty days.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.

All the people use it.

HARLIN FULTON.
Pleasant Bay, C. B.

On one of the new transatlantic liners twenty-four bulkhead doors, each weighing half a ton can be closed from the bridge in thirty seconds by hydraulic power.

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Cure is within reach of all.

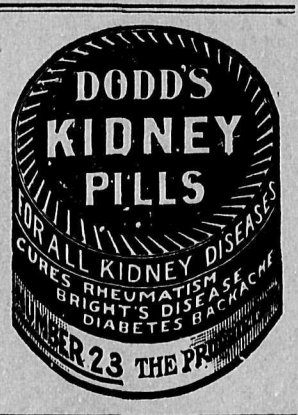
A prominent man called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband and concluded by saying: "Did he leave you very much?" "Nearly every night," was the reply.—Tit-Bits.

No other fly killer compares with Wilson's Fly Pads.

If a man could get his finances straightened out he would be willing to consider straightening out his morals.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

"To be in the swim I paid $4 admission to hear that new pianist last night." "Well, do you begrudge it?" "Yes, I do. He turned out to be the fellow I complained to the police for thumping the piano all day and all night in the next flat."—Judge.



W. N. U., No. 746.

TOWN OF GOLD BRICKS.

Wealth Found in the Walls of Mexican Adobe Houses.

There are many remarkable towns in Mexico, but none more interesting than Guanajuato, "the hill of the frog." It might more properly be called the "gold brick town," for the houses have been found to contain much gold.

This is a curious situation, but it came about naturally. Guanajuato—pronounced Wah-nah-wahto—is one of the oldest mining towns in Mexico, but the value of the place as a town was discovered when a railroad company decided to build a station there. It was found necessary to tear down about 300 adobe buildings, which were made of the refuse of various mines after the ore was extracted.

When it became known that the old adobe buildings would be torn down pieces taken at random were assayed. It was found that because of the old process, which left much gold and silver, they assayed from $3 to $24 a ton. The mean value was estimated to run about $8 gold a ton.

The old buildings have brought about $30,000 Mexican, in gold, and persons who have built since the new machinery has been installed in the mines are bemoaning the fact that the new houses do not contain as much gold as the old.

USE OF PILLOWS.

A Habit That Is Unnecessary and at Times May Be Harmful.

"Pillows are little more than a fad and a rather harmful one at that," said a Germantown doctor. "They should, indeed, only be used by those who sleep on their sides, as they are really injurious to others. When you sleep on your side your shoulder prevents your head from lying level on the bed, and pillows are useful to raise the head to this level.

"The natural and most healthful position for the ordinary person in sleeping is for one's head to be kept perfectly even, just as it would be standing up. Now, for the one who lies on his back while sleeping no pillow is needed to keep the head in this position, and yet 99 per cent of the persons who sleep on their backs use pillows, while those who sleep on their sides use far more pillow than is necessary.

"People get used to having their heads and shoulders propped high up and imagine they could not sleep any other way; but, as a matter of fact, if they would try sleeping with little or no pillow they would not only find that they would feel better in the morning, but also would actually be more comfortable in bed and sleep much sounder thoughout the night."

At the Head.

It is stated in Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's "Life of James MacNeill Whistler" in that part which relates to his brief West Point career that the great American painter was not "soldierly in appearance, bearing or habit." Whistler's horsemanship is said to have been hardly better than his scholarship. According to General Webb, it was not wholly unusual for him at cavalry drill to go sliding over his horse's head. On such occasions Major Sackett, then in command, would call out:

"Mr. Whistler, aren't you a little ahead of the squad?"

According to Whistler's version to the Pennells, Major Sackett's remark was:

"Mr. Whistler, I am pleased to see you for once at the head of your class."

She Almost Remembered.

Little Josephine, aged four, was intently studying the pictures in a book and seemed very much interested in a picture of Charles Dickens.

Taking the book to her mother, she inquired who it was.

"That is Dickens, dear," said her mother.

The picture was wonderfully fascinating to the little girl, and when her big sister came from college in the evening she ran and got the book, turned to the picture and said:

"Sister, see! This is a picture of Mr. Darn."

Her sister replied, "No, dear, that is Mr. Dickens."

"Well," said Josephine, "I knew it was some kind of a swear word."—Delineator.

Concrete Church.

"Colonel, we want a contribution from you to help build a mission church."

"Judge, you know well enough that, while I am in sympathy with morality and religion, I don't believe in churches in the abstract, and"—

"Neither do I, colonel. We're going to build this one of concrete."

Changed Her Mind.

Nearsighted Lady—The boy who is trying to tie that tin can to that poor dog's tail ought to be thrashed within an inch of his life—the horrid little brute! Maid—It's your boy, mum. Nearsighted Lady—My boy? Maid—Yes, mum. Nearsighted Lady—Tell him if he'll stop I'll give him some cake.

A Frank Confession.

Watchmaker—Your watch seems to be erratic. Have you had it near a powerful magnet? Customer (confused)—Why, I was carriage riding last evening with Miss Bright.—Jewelers' Circular.

There is a fellowship among the virtues by which one great, generous impulse stimulates another.—Garfield.

INDIGESTION CURED EVIDENCE IN PLENTY

Your Neighbors Can Tell You of Cures by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every case of indigestion, no matter how bad, can be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Not only cured, but cured for good. That's a sweeping statement and you are quite right in demanding evidence to back it. And it is backed by evidence in plenty—living evidence among your own neighbors, no matter in what part of Canada you live. Ask your neighbors and they will tell you of people in your own district who have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, of dizziness, palpitation, sour stomach, sick headaches, and the internal pains of indigestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure because they strike straight at the root of all stomach troubles. They make new, rich blood, and new blood is just what the stomach needs to set it right and give it strength for its work. Mrs. Geo. E. Whitenect, Hatfield Point, N. B., says: "I am glad to have an opportunity to speak in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they deserve all the praise that can be given them. I was a great sufferer from indigestion, which was often accompanied by neausea, sick headache and backache. As a result my complexion was very bad and I had black rings under the eyes. I took a great deal of doctor's medicine, but it never did more than give me the most temporary relief. About a year ago I was advised to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Before I had taken a couple of boxes I found relief, and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I found myself feeling like a new woman, with a good appetite, good digestion, and a clear complexion. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for this trouble and advise similar sufferers to lose no time in taking them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the troubles which have their origin in bad blood. That is why they cure anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, eczema, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the many ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or two boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How About It?

De Style—Yes, my wife is like most other women, in that she can't take a joke.

Gunbusta—Well, then, how did she come to marry you?

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

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

The ex-sultan is said to be safe, but there are no life insurance agents rushing to his door trying to tie him up with a $360,000 policy.—Montreal Star.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

In Suburbs

"How do you like your new neighbors?"

"I haven't called on them. I didn't like the look of their furniture as it was being carried in."

How is a Cold To be Cured

When it has reached the chest, is developing into bronchitis and threatens to become pneumonia.

There's no time for delay or experimenting—It's time to use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It seems too bad that there is not more pain and suffering associated with a cold, for then there would be less tendency to neglect treatment.

So gradually and stealthily does a cold pass from its simpler form of a cold in the head into inflammation of the bronchial tubes and then on to the lungs that many do not realize their condition until pneumonia is upon them.

Ordinarily, of course, the cold is thrown off, but with the system run down and weakened there is every reason to expect that a cold will end seriously.

Why should not every cold be taken seriously and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine used before a severe illness is upon you.

There are many reasons why you should use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is more thorough and far-reaching in its effects on the system than any mere cough medicine can possibly be. It keeps the cough loose and open, it aids expectoration and allays the inflammation.

It does more than this. It cures the cold as well as the cough. It is direct, positive and almost specific in action.

Mrs. Geo. Good, Tichborne, Addington Co., Ont., writes: "It is with pleasure that I certify to the wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for colds. It is the best and surest treatment for coughs and colds that we have ever been able to find." 25 cts. a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE SEPARATION.

Why One Victim Lost Faith In Side Whiskered Brethren.

"Uh-whilst yo' was gone," said Brother Smathers, relating the news to Brother Buckaloo, who had been on a journey, "a gen'leman 'peared on de scene yuh wid de noration dat he was a clarryvoyant and de seventh son o' suppin—I dunnah what—and was gwine to hold a secession in de lodge hall and show signs and wonduhs for de modest sum o' two bits for folks and 10 cents for betwixt sized child'en; po'tly pussonage, wid a striped vest and woolly side whiskers, and 'bout the shade, he was, of de opposite side of a fish."

"Wisht I'd a-been dar," enviously remarked Brother Buckaloo.

"Wisht yo' had, sah, uh-kaze I likes sympathy. "Well-uh, de side whiskered gen'leman took de money at de do', and de house was plumb packed, and den he blowed out de lights and 'nounced in a grizzly voice for everybody to set right still, uh-kaze for de fust spearmint he was uh gwine to whirl in and separate deir souls fum deir bodies."

"Mum-mum-muh Lawd, sah! Did he do it?"

"Not so's yo' could notice it. We dess sot and sot and waited and waited, and bimeby a gamblin' man dat wasn't skeered begun to snawt, and den he lit a light, and, behold, the puhfessah was gone! He'd done separated us smaht growed folks fum our two bits apiece and de innycent child'en fum deir dimes and was gone fum us. Dat's all dar was to it, 'ceppin' it clinches de sneakin' s'picion I's had for, lo, dese many days dat a nigger wid side whiskers dess natu'ally kain't be right."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

VISITING CARDS.

Names and Messages Used to Be Scribbled on Playing Cards.

It is somewhat curious that so useful an invention as the visiting card should have been unknown to society until comparatively recent times. Yet 150 years ago the carte de visite did not exist. The belles of the seventeenth century used nothing in the shape of a name card, or "ticket," as it was afterward called. Invitations to routs and drums as well as names and addresses were written across the backs of playing cards, which in those days were made with a white reverse and innocent of the intricate pattern familiar to us in modern times.

Mary Wortley Montagu, a lady of ton, says the Connoisseur, would be apt to use a red playing card—a queen of hearts—for ordinary social purposes, while an amorous beau inscribed his name and the most tender of inquiries on the back of a jack of spades. The great world of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a small world. It was rigidly exclusive. Living in the same quarter of the town, the quality sent each other scribbled messages by the hand of a favorite page. Society, in a word, was informal in the midst of stately formalities, and we have no difficulty in believing the Comtesse de Boigne when she tells us that in 1800 Lady Harington used to trot up and down Bond street picking up guests for a party for the same night.

Quite Simple.

It is told, no matter on what authority, that a telephone company in Chicago has no end of trouble with its wires. They were continually out of order. Nobody seemed to know why. An investigation was started.

Most of the subscribers in the territory where the trouble was were Poles, Hungarians, Russians, etc. An expert after due consideration of the matter decided that the wires were unable to withstand the onslaughts of languages like Polish, Hungarian, Russian, etc.

"Can you suggest a remedy?" asked the officials of the telephone company.

"Certainly," answered the expert. "Substitute barbed wire."

The suggestion was followed. There was no more trouble.

To Spade It Up or to Plow It?

I am not sure but that the spaded garden has some advantage over the plowed one. The soil can be turned up just where you want it and as you want it by the use of the spade, while the plow works alike throughout the garden, though the soil may vary in depth and nature to a considerable extent. A spaded garden always looks best at the beginning, and looks count in gardening as well as elsewhere. But the gardener who has a liking for neatness will make his garden look well after a little in spite of all obstacles.—"Home Garden," by Eben E. Rexford.

A Courteous Boy.

"Would you rather for your mother or me to whip you?"

"I dislike to show favoritism, father," said little Clarence. "You and mother had better settle the matter between you by flipping a coin."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Would He?

It hardly seems probable that a man should suffer from corns on a wooden leg, but if the leg is made of oak would it not be natural that there should be acorn on it?—London Punch.

A Dear Victory.

"In your little family arguments do you ever succeed in convincing your wife that she is wrong?"

"Yes, but afterward I always deeply regret having done so."

Whatever we conceive clearly we express with ease, and words flow with ease.—Boileau.

THE QUEER RUSSIANS.

They Are Kindly and Cruel at One and the Same Time.

No one can be long associated with Russians without reaching a condition of utter amazement at the extraordinary inconsistency of their mental makeup. The kindiest of men seem to receive placidly the most blood curdling doctrines. They enforce the cruelest of laws in the gentlest way, or vice versa. An odd tale illustrating their queer ideas of discipline is told by a revolutionist who has just come to this country. By those who ought to know it is said to be typical of a singular simplicity of mind which is also said to be peculiar to the Russians.

A follower of Tolstoy was called on for military service. He presented himself to the army officers, as required, and explained that he could not serve because of his beliefs.

"Ah," said the officer in charge politely, "but you understand that this means prison?"

"Of course."

"You will be sent," continued the officer, "to the Caucasus," naming a prison of dreadful repute. "The guard will have to start at once with you."

He turned to several other officers and discussed the matter of the guard for a few minutes. Then he had a happy thought.

"Why send a guard at all?" he said. "You," turning to the young man—"you can find your way there alone, can't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, that saves a lot of trouble," exclaimed the officers, delighted. So they wrote him a careful letter of introduction to the governor of the prison, explaining that the bearer was to be locked up as soon as he arrived in a most unpleasant cell.

"That's all right," they said in great satisfaction. "We hope your journey won't be too tiresome." And they parted with great cordiality.

The young man did as he was told and is now in prison. The chances are probably even that he and the governor will become sincere friends or that an order to put him to death will arrive and be executed in the same impersonal, eminently Russian manner.—New York Times.

Compressed Haversack Rations.

A Tonawanda (N. Y.) firm recently completed a sample order of 3,000 packages of compressed haversack rations for the use of the United States army. The rations are packed in a water tight box 2¾ inches long, 2¼ inches wide and 1⅛ inches thick. The articles contained are: Salt, .16 ounce; pepper, .02 ounce; sugar, 2.4 ounces, and coffee, 1.12 ounces, sufficient for one soldier for a day. The coffee is compressed under twelve tons pressure and is reduced one-third in bulk. The salt is prepared under five tons pressure, and the pepper is placed in a capsule inserted in a wooden holder. Each article is wrapped in waterproof paper.—New York Tribune.

How Henry Knew.

It was while H. H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate, was working at his first job, delivering the village newspaper, that his inborn capacity became evident. He brought in the name of a new subscriber, Isaiah West. Mr. Anthony, the publisher, wrote down the name. Then he turned to the boy. "How do you spell Isaiah, Henry?" he asked. "I-s-a-i-a-h," said Henry. "You'll do," said Mr. Anthony, with a chuckle. He told the story to a skeptic neighbor. "But how did you know how to spell it, Henry?" asked the neighbor. "I saw him write it down," said Henry.—Argonaut.

New Parisian Terror.

We are threatened—at least we are threatened in London, for we have it already in Paris—with a fearsome novelty in barrel organs. An ingenious descendant of Mephistopheles has invented a piano organ which is built on the lines of an automatic match machine. Its proprietor places it outside a house and goes around the corner.

The organ begins to play, and on top of it appears a notice, "Put a penny in the slot and the music will stop." A penny buys only three minutes' silence, though. Has anything more diabolical yet been invented?—London Standard.

Radium and Vaccine.

An Italian physician who exposed fresh vaccine virus to the emanations of radium for varying periods and then made use of it in vaccinating children found that there was no effect on the action of the virus produced by the exposure to the rays, but that the pustules produced by the virus were entirely free from any septic suppuration. There was no inflammatory area and no fever. He finds that this is an efficient method of purifying vaccine virus, but on account of the expense of radium not one that can be commonly followed.—Il Policlinico.

How a War Set a Fashion.

The calabash pipe is one of the after results of the South African war. To supply the demand to which popular taste has given rise quite an industry has grown up in South Africa, where the farmers are regularly planting calabash specially for pipes, while planting is already being carried out in the south of France and even in Australia.—Tobacco World.

At the Box Office.

"Give me two seats, center orchestra, fifth row, for Oct. 20, 1912."

"Are you crazy?"

"Very likely, but I thought I might get ahead of your speculators on the sidewalk."

THE DOSE IN TIME THAT SAVED NINE

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED DAN McGEE'S BACKACHE.

He Used the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy and found a speedy and complete cure for his trouble.

James River, Antigonish Co., N.S. (Special).—It has again been proven in the case of Mr. Dan McGee, a well known farmer living near here, that backache is only a symptom of kidney trouble, and that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure it quickly and completely.

"I suffered from Backache for two months," Mr. McGee states. "It started from a strain and grew steadily worse. I also had occasional attacks of Lumbago. I was always tired and at times my eyes were puffed and swollen. In the mornings I had a bitter taste in my mouth.

"Then I decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and the result is that to-day I am a well man. I advise all persons suffering from Backache or Lumbago to use Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Mr. McGee caught his Kidney Disease in its early stages, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it almost at once. Neglected Kidney Disease develops into Rheumatism, Dropsy, Bright's Disease or Heart Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure any and all of these.

Where Ignorance is Bliss

Mistress—Look here, Susan, I can write my name in the dust upon this table.

Susan — Ah, mum, there's nothing like eddication, is there, mum?

Attacks of cholera and dysentery come quickly, there seldom being any warning of the visit. Remedial action must be taken just as quickly if the patient is to be spared great suffering and permanent injury to the lining membranes of the bowels. The readiest preparation for the purpose is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It can be got at small cost at any drug store or general dealer's, and it will afford relief before a doctor can be called.

Why She Knew

She—Mr. Reid is a man of superior intelligence.

He—How do you know that?

She—Because he admitted that I knew more than he did.

$100 Reward, $100.

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

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Mrs. Gillet—So there is a tablet in your transept to her memory. Did she do anything to bring people into the church?

Mrs. Perry—Well, she wore a new hat every Sunday for three years.

If allowed to roam over your house those few innocent-looking house flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principal agents for the spread of those deadly diseases, typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox.

A Safe Prophecy

Mrs. Jones—And you really mean to tell me that a clairvoyant foretold your late husband's death?

Mrs. Smith—Yes, indeed. She said there were brighter days in store for me.

Queen's University and College KINGSTON ONTARIO

ARTS
EDUCATION
THEOLOGY
MEDICINE
SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

Students registering for the first time before October 21st, 1909, may complete the Arts course without attendance.

For Calendars, write the Registrar
GEO. Y. CHOWN, B.A.,
Kingston, Ontario

VERMIN DEATH

Is a beautiful brown wood stain for floors and other unpainted wood work, that will effectually exterminate

BED BUGS

It can be rubbed over any paint or varnish except white paint.

It will not rust metal and can be rubbed with a cloth over bed springs if vermin infest the bedsteads.

Has a slight tarry odor, which passes off in a few days.

$2.00 PER GALLON.

If your storekeeper does not keep it, write Sales Manager,

CARBON OIL WORKS, Ltd.

WINNIPEG, CANADA.
Manufacturers of "COWL BRAND" Oil Specialties.

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, - MANAGING-EDITOR

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

SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS
A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

In and Around Town

PAY-DAY

When you get your pay
As you will to-day
And salt some down for the winter,
Just get a hunch
And hold back a bunch
To pay what you owe the printer.

When are we to get those sidewalks?

Board of Trade meets Tuesday night next.

J. S. Gusty, of P. Burns & Co., was here on Thursday.

Don't you think this town could afford a street sprinkler?

That Sunday School convention at Michel did not come off.

Leslie Mills, of the Waldorf Hotel, Fernie, was a caller here on Tuesday.

Rev. A. B. N. Crowther has returned from his trip to Seattle.

A. J. Brady, of Fernie, came in with Pat Miller on Wednesday.

H. R. Huntington, of the Trites-Wood Co., Fernie, was here on Wednesday.

Mention the Reporter when dealing with advertisers. Tell them you saw it in the Reporter.

H. Watson and G. W. Munroe, of Calgary, were doing business here on Wednesday.

Has that brass band project dropped or may we look for some music before long?

W. C. B. Manson, Fernie, was here this week looking after the interests of the Home Bank.

The Coal Company expect the machinery for the new compressor plant to arrive any day now.

J. H. G. Murphy, of Swift Current, was registered at the Great Northern Hotel on Tuesday.

Harry Ryan is in the Fernie Hospital undergoing an operation and treatment for his disabled arm.

A. B. Campbell, the genial bookseller from Hosmer, was down to see the baseball match on Tuesday.

Sid. Armitage and D. Fleming, Fernie, Bert Conway, Lethbridge, and C. Hallan, Spokane, were here this week.

The Italian Society give their Sixth Annual Celebration on the Michel Recreation Ground on Monday. They are putting up a good program.

H. F. Weber has let the contract for moving his present store to the rear of Lot No. 1, Block 16, preparatory to the erection of his new block.

Jas. Derbyshire, late superintendent of Michel Collieries, has returned from his trip to the Old Country, and is visiting friends at Michel.

New Michel is being greatly improved in appearance by the painting of a large number of private residences, as well as business houses.

The Venerable Archdeacon Beer of Kaslo (organizing Missionary of the diocese of Kootenay) will preach at St. Paul's on Sunday next, at 7.15 p. m.

L. P. Eckstein, of Fernie, and Donald E. McTaggart, until recently of Vancouver, have formed a partnership under the firm name of Eckstein & McTaggart for the practise of their profession at Fernie.

D. McMillan, Sam Walter, L. A. Mills, D. J. McDonald, C. E. Hall, J. Henderson, J. McDougall, P. A. Spellman and C. Hicks, of the Fernie Baseball Club, were registered at the Great Northern on Tuesday.

There is just a little too much furious riding and driving on the streets here to suit the average citizen. If you want to speed your animals get out to the prairie, where you won't have the same opportunity to run over children that you have here.

J. S. Rankine, special agent for the Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Company, was here on Tuesday. He was specially pleased at the cleaning up the town had this spring, and when our waterworks get into shape, we can confidently look for a lowering of rates.

Rosedale Dairy

Open for business on May 15th.
Fresh Milk, Cream, Butter and Eggs
Delivered daily to all parts of both towns.

A. C. MURRAY, : PROPRIETOR

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

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

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

One Cent a Word

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

FOR SALE

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

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH
MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL
SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY

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

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

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

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
MICHEL, B. C.

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

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

Sinclair the Tailor
Gent's Repairs
and alterations
Dry cleaning a specialty
No. 90, Over the Creek.

Business Bringers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your patronage solicited.

Harry Ryan

GENUINE Closing Out SALE

FOR ANOTHER FEW DAYS, AT

SEIGLE'S

Call and See The Bargains

Biggest Chance to Buy Cheap, You Ever Were Offered

WEBER

New Michel

Red Letter Specials For

CASH ONLY **PAY-DAY** CASH ONLY

Children's Straws
Regular .35 to .50c., now..... .25

Children's Aprons
Good Quality Gingham..... .25

Children's Dresses
From 50 cents to.....$3.00
20 per cent discount, to make room for new shipment

100 Remnants
At prices that'll knock any former prices off the Christmas tree.

Ladies Black Mull Dresses
Regular $8.50, now.....$6.75

Ladies Medium Weight Underwear
3 for.....$1.00

Men's Balbriggan Underwear
Per Suit..... .80

.95c

100 Men's Shirts
Including broken lots of Fine Dress Shirts, Negligees Black Sateen and Colored Work Shirts.

.95c

Lot of Men's Silk Ties
Must be sold to-day. Regular .50 and .65c.
Now..... .35
3 for.....$1.00

6 Suit Cases
$5.00 Value, at.....$3.25

Ruben's Vests for children
Fine Cashmere Wool..... .25

WEBER

NEW MICHEL

The Little Store With Big Bargains

UNION SECRETARIES

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

BADGE OF HONOR
— THE —
TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL

The Summit

An Ideal Summer Resort
At Crow's Nest

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

Reasonable charges.

Andy Good, Proprietor

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms for Canada, $3.75 a year, postage prepaid. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Form No. 1.

WATER NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN than an application will be made under Part V of the "Water Act, 1909" to obtain a license in the Cranbrook Water District.

(a) The name, address and occupation of the applicant: The Michel Water, Light and Power Company, Limited, of New Michel, B. C. Capital $50,000, divided into 5000 shares of $10.00 each. Amount paid up.

(b) The name of the lake, stream or source (if unnamed, the description is): Aqueduct Creek on north side of G. N. Ry. track, in the vicinity of Michel Quarry, about one mile west of New Michel Townsite.

(c) The point of diversion: A point approximately 500 feet above Michel Quarry.

(d) The quantity of water applied for (in cubic feet per second): Four cubic feet.

(e) The character of the proposed works: A crib and stone-work dam to impound approximately one-tenth of an acre feet, to be constructed at the point of diversion. It is proposed to acquire two acres of land for reservoir purposes, from the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, Ltd., by purchase.

(f) The premises on which the water is to be used (describe same): The townsite of New Michel, and proposed additions thereto:

(g) The purposes for which the water is to be used: Domestic and fire purposes.

(h) The Memorandum of Association authorizes the Company (a) To construct and operate a water-works system to supply water to the unincorporated locality of Michel, together with the lands in the vicinity thereof in the district of East Kootenay, in the Province of British Columbia. (b) To sink wells and shafts, and to make build and construct lay down and maintain reservoirs, pump-houses and pumping works cisterns, culverts and filter beds, main and other pipes and appliances, and to execute and do all other works and things necessary or convenient for obtaining, storing, selling, delivering, measuring and distributing water or otherwise for the purposes of the Company. (c) To exercise all or any of the rights, powers, privileges and priorities in and by the "Water Act, 1909" or any amendments thereto, created, granted and conferred upon any companies incorporated for the construction or operation of waterworks, or the supply and utilization of water.

Waste water to be turned into Michel Creek.

(j) Area of Crown land intended to be occupied by the proposed works: The streets of New Michel, and the Government road for about one mile north west of New Michel townsite to the southerly end of said townsite.

(k) This notice was posted on the 7th day of July, 1909, and application will be made to the Commissioner on Monday, the 9th day of August, 1909 at two o'clock in the afternoon.

(l) Give the names and addresses of any riparian proprietors or licensees who or whose lands are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet: The Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company, Limited.

[Signature] MICHEL WATER, LIGHT & POWER CO.
Per G. B. Stedman
[P. O. Address] NEW MICHEL, B. C.

Form of Notice approved by the Water Commissioner, 2nd July, 1909.

Notices to be posted in two conspicuous places in the townsite of New Michel.

J. F. Armstrong,
Water Commissioner

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Excursion Rates

MICHEL TO SEATTLE

$26.40

Corresponding rates from other points.

Tickets on sale daily May 29th to Oct. 14th

Final return limit 15 days, but not later than Oct. 31.

For complete information apply to Agents, or write

J. E. PROCTOR, D. P. A., Calgary

Oh, Joy!

To-day when I got out of bed,
I nearly jumped with joy,
And looking in the glass I said,
"Shake hands with me, my boy!"
You ask why did I thus behave,
The reason's very slight,
It was—*I hadn't got to shave,*
I'd shaved myself last night!

—La Touche Hancock.

Estabrook Bro's. have the contract to move Weber's store.

R. J. Black, of Fernie, was at the Great Northern on Thursday.

Fred J. Scott, of Vancouver, was here this week in the interest of Henderson's Directory.

An engine and twelve cars were litched near Lundbreck on Wednesday, caused by a broken rail. The engineer was severely injured and is in the McLeod Hospital.

Kid Scaler, champion lightweight of the Northwest and Jack McFarland, of Butte, Montana, will box at Crow's nest on July 22. Battle to go 20 rounds or a knock-out.

Michel's pay-roll for the month is $60,000.

Miss McBride, matron of Michel Hospital, and Dr. McIntyre, visited New Michel on Thursday.

Michel will play baseball with Elko at Elko on Sunday, and with Fernie at Fernie on Tuesday.

The Eagles give a Smoker and Concert in Martin's Hall, New michel, next Saturday night, July 24.

The deferred meeting of the Canadian Club will be held in New Michel on Monday night owing to Crahan's Hall being engaged.