Legislative Library
OCT 28 1909
VICTORIA B. C.

MICHEL REPORTER

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Smoker's Sundries

Just Received some special values in Pipes, including Meerschaums, Calabash, Peterson, B. B. B., etc., etc.

Pouches, Smoking Sets, Cigar and Cigarette Holders.

Smoke our Imported, Clear Havana Cigars

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

Agent for Kodaks, Phonographs, Gramaphones, Fishing Tackle etc.

Imperial Bank of Canada

Head Office: TORONTO

Capital Authorized $10,000,000
Capital Paid Up $5,000,000. :-: Reserve Fund $5,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Interest allowed on Deposits from Date of Deposit
Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued, available in Any part of the World

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

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

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Douglas & Stedman - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

'BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

Go to **KING'S KANDY KITCHEN**

For all kinds of
Fruit, Candy, Cigars, Nuts and Ice-Cream

NEW MICHEL

Reward Offered

We Offer you a Saving of
10 per cent.

On your Meat Bill, and the largest and choicest assortment of Fresh, Cooked, Smoked and Cured meats in the Pass
Five special brands of Creamery and Dairy Butter
WATCH OUR CARS COME AND GO

P. BURNS & CO. LTD.

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

Livery, Dray and Transfer

Bus leaves 7.40 a. m., 1.40 p. m., and 6.40 p. m.
Returns on arrival of trains

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

LUMBER YARD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

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

The man who wears 20th Century Clothes

is correctly, smartly and comfortably dressed. The styles for Fall are smart and snappy and prices are reasonable. Come in and look over our new

SUITS and OVERCOATS for Fall and Winter 1909-10.

Smartest Hats . . . in town | Latest blocks and colorings in all shades. Natty shapes

Seasonable Underwear | All weights in pure wool and fleece goods. Best makes at lowest prices
STANFIELD'S. WATSON'S PENMAN'S

Sweaters and Sweater Coats

We are showing a wide range of these seasonable garments in all colors and combinations

Latest Novelties in neckwear, belts, shirts, gloves and Everything in Mens' Wearables

The Trites-Wood Co. Ltd.

Michel

A Point to be Considered

Although the majority of the people in this country agree that the system of tariffs in operation is most beneficial to the Dominion as a whole, very few indeed appear to grasp the fact that the same principle can be applied to local as well as national matters with equally beneficial results.

The custom tariffs cause thousands of articles to be manufactured in this country which would otherwise be made abroad and thousands of dollars are thus kept this side of the border to the benefit of Canada. Yet so sure as every dollar spent in the Dominion benefits Canada, so sure does every dollar spent in Michel benefit Michel, and just as positively as the theory properly carried out is making this country a great and prosperous land, so surely will that principle faithfully carried out, make New Michel a fine, up-to-date town.

It may possibly be true that in spite of postage, freight etc., a dollar or two, can be saved by buying from a large store in one of our great cities. It may also be true that the customer has the advantage of a far larger and more varied stock to choose from, but on the other hand, goods must be purchased from an illustrated catalogue and that is apt to prove a disappointing transaction. Then again, although goods are as a rule, willingly changed, the said changing is a wearisome and patience-trying proceeding.

As we have already admitted, the great stores hold a large and varied stock, yet no one would be more pleased than your local man to show a wider and more plentiful selection if only you would give him a fair trial. A man can't build a palatial store and hold a fine up-to-date stock on the profit gained by matching ribbons or the disposal of an occasional babies comforter, neither can he prosper on the credit business of people who send their ready cash a thousand miles away.

There is no need to be afraid of making your local business man too prosperous, for just as soon as John Jones is making a trifle more than a living, so soon will William Robinson walk into the town, and, after a keen look round, set up in opposition. Then there is a race for novelties, goods are better displayed and prices come down. In a few years there are a dozen shops in place of one, and when the town wants improving, there are a dozen pockets to dip into, for no one is more willing to pay out for the general welfare than the storekeeper. Broad, well lit streets bring more trade and handsome thorofares make a first-class town.

Increasing business brings increasing advertisements to the local paper, too, enabling the editor to spare no expense in getting the brightest articles and the most interesting news. The printer gets the finest and most varied type and the latest machinery, with the result that the town possesses the very best advertisement it can possibly get— an increasingly bright, reliable and up-to-date local paper.

17 17 17

Send a Copy of the Illustrated Home,

Hold YOUR MONEY

until you inspect our values. Clothing, hats, fur band caps, sweaters, working shirts, Stanfield's underwear, gloves, mitts, "Peabody's" and "Iron Horse" overalls, "Traveller" and "Artisan" boots & shoes.

It will pay you to examine our goods and get prices.

BOYD & MUIR, Gt. Northern Hotel Block, **New Michel**

Suits Cleaned and Pressed.

GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL

NEW MICHEL

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked With the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCOOL & MOORE, Proprietors

"Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and Pleasing. | Manufactured from Canadian Malt, Bohemian Hops and the now Famous Crystal Spring Water

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

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

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

Patronize Home Industry

Smoke Crow's Nest Special and Miner's Favorite Cigars

Manufactured by the Crow's Nest Cigar Factory, Fernie.

The Hotels all through the Pass handle these goods and Union men should ask for Union Label Goods.

E. V. Holding Co.,

Builders and Contractors

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

New Michel

Have you renewed your Subscription to The Reporter? It's only $1.00 now.

PRIVATE JONES' CHEATING.

He'd Even Cheat the Goats That Would Feed Over His Grave.

By LEO CRANE.

"'E was a coal passer, was Jones, an' 'e slung a shovel on the bloomin' tramp Koolah until his mouth got him inter serious trouble affairs by recklessly slippin' lurid names toward the chief engineer. O' course we men knew 'e didn't mean anythink outer the way by the langwidge, but the chief engineer was a wicious man, an 'e allowed his turrible anger to become uncontrolled.

"So we men laid Jones away in the free ward o' a leetle horspital that half hid itself shylike behind a row o' scraggy palms. Then we men went off on a hoot, eight o' us. Seven got back to the ship in time to sail with her. The eighth man 'e was left on the wharf deserted amid a multichude o' coolies. Hi was that man.

"An' being as Hi wouldn't shift cargo fer a livin' wage, Hi presented meself, body an' soul, to a recruitin' officer who was out after one devil called Juan Torres. This same Juan Torres was up country some'res hidin', an' 'e didn't have no idear o' bein' ketched; hence it needed men, an' Hi was a man.

"Now, on the mornin' afore we marched away who in all the worl' o' rascals should heave in sight but Jones. 'E had a rag about his head, an' 'e wanted to 'list. Now, Hi had never expected to see Jones again in this worl' an', bein' pious inclined, didn't want to meet him in the next. Hi always watched my terbacker when 'e was about. Sam Rawlins had tol' me o' that, an' Sam Rawlins had lost terbacker.

"Well, they needed men, an' Jones was one, so 'e went along. 'E tol' me that the doctors at the leetle horspital had been very confident that 'e would die, but in spite o' it 'e fooled 'em.

"Anyway, up country we goes after Juan Torres, an' the first beastly town we gets inter down goes Jones with the fever. The doctor o' the regiment said 'e would die certain, but Jones didn't. 'E scraped through, s'elp me if 'e didn't. Two weeks after 'e began to creep about the camp mule kicks him a reg'lar smasher in the side, an' away to the leetle horspital they carries him to mend up.

"Hi didn't see Jones no more for near a half year; neither did Hi see Juan Torres. One day when we thought we had 'im spotted at last inter camp Jones walks, smilin' grimly. 'E goes to the colonel an' says, 'Hi'll show ye just where they are,' says 'e. An' in ten minutes out we marches, Jones leadin' the way.

"'How have ye been?' asks the colonel, leggin' it 'longside o' Jones.

"'Werry well,' says Jones back to him, pleasant-like. 'Hi ain't been outer the horspital more 'n ten days.'

"'Guns!' cries the colonel. 'Did it take 'em all that time to patch up three broken ribs?'

"'No,' explains Jones. 'They fixed up them ribs in six weeks, but after Hi got discharged from that spell Hi went inter town on a leetle smootch aroun', ye know, an' some William knifes me. In fact, 'e knifed me two or three times afore 'e was satisfied with his contract, an' so they bustles me back to the leetle hospital without any great loss o' time. That were a four month job, but they did it, an' nary a grumble. Oh, this gettin' well is my long suit,' says Jones, proud-like. 'What troubles me most,' says Jones solemnly, 'is that maybe when the blow comes again Hi'll be too far up country an' wont reach the hospital in time, but Hi hopes not.'

"'Why, you must like bein' sick,' says the colonel, s'prised.

"'It ain't the bein' sick,' says Jones; 'that's nasty. But the soup—my, the soup! Delicious!' says Jones, smackin' his lips 's if 'e could taste it. 'Hi've been in forty-two horspitals in my time an' have been discharged cured nigh on to sixty-seven times, so Hi know.'

"'Sixty-seven times,' echoed the colonel.

"'Return wisits,' explained Jones quickly. 'But Hi don't despair o' betterin' that record, 'cause Hi knows my vitality an' what Hi can stand.'

"On we men went silently. The reports 'll tell ye how we cornered them rats in the center o' a thick forest, but the reports won't tell ye how one Jones carried fire an' sword into the habitation o' Juan Torres.

"It stood in a clearin'. Jones beat us to the inclosure by a good twenty feet, an' Jones was first to show his leg over the top. Some native feller punched a bayonet through the calf o' it, but that native feller troubled no other man. Jones fought like a demon, an' we lost him in the smoke o' battle.

"Late in the day, when the struggle had ceased an' the smell o' rank powder was beginnin' to sieve away through the forest, we started to hunt up our men. We found Jones lyin' across a pile o' severely used natives over again a secluded portion o' the stockade. There he had cornered six desperate men, an' the sight o' his handiwork was exceedin' fair to look upon. We carried Jones tenderly away. The doc, 'e looked at him, an', says doc softly, ''e's dead, poor fellow,' an' there were tears in more eyes than one.

"But that night a man came racin' inter the colonel's hut an' bawls out, ''E ain't dead!'

"'Who ain't dead?' yells the colonel.

"'Jones!' cries the man. ''E's come to life again!'

"Down to the surgeon's hut rushes the colonel, all excited an' puzzled. Doc meets him at the door an' cautions him to be quiet.

"'''E's kinder wild in his head,' says the doctor, 'an' he's makin' all sorts o' crazy requests.'

"'What does 'e want?' asks the colonel.

"'''E's mumblin' all the time about goin' back to the leetle horspital,' says the doc.

"'''E's a hero,' cries the colonel, 'an' 'e shall go.'

"'Why, man,' says the other, ''e's got three bola wounds, shot twice through the body an' has been clouted across the head. 'E can't possibly live till mornin'.'

"But Jones heerd him say it, an' he calls out weakly, does Jones, 'It's a lie,' says he, 'an' Hi'm goin' back to the leetle horspital!'

"Well 'e don't die a bit. At the end o' a week two natives shouldered his bed an' started for the coast. Hi an' five men went along to guard 'em. Five paces in the rear more natives sullenly wrestled with the heavy coffin. Our orders were to plant him decently wherever 'e died, an' we determined to do it. After we had marched a week the town came inter sight. By that time Jones was able to sit up an' take notice, but when 'e saw the town an' the leetle red roof o' the horspital 'e started to wave such a frantic welcome with his hand that a hemorrhage resulted. We ordered the two sullen natives to hustle to the front with their burden. But Jones rallied.

"'It's no use,' says he, grittin' his teeth. 'Ye can't bury me in this worn-out soil. If Hi don't reach the leetle horspital throw me overboard inter clean water.' An' we promised. 'E seemed to be sinkin' again, so we takes the shortest cut to the sea. When we got in view o' the docks we saw a vessel loadin' there. Jones peeked at it, then yelled an' set bolt upright. 'It's the Koolah,' says he. 'Get me aboard, men; get me aboard! I'll be cured to onct if ye'll only heave me up the gangway!'

"'What'll cure ye?' Hi queried.

"'Spite,' says Jones, mutterin' a curse.

"So we did. The chief engineer saw us comin' an' nearly had a stroke. But the fun o' all was to see them two sullen natives. They had hustled an' wrestled with that coffin all the way from up country, an' they were all fagged out. With a rich burst o' tropic oaths they cast it out inter the water an' waved their maledictions at the ring o' expandin' ripples that marked its burial.

"'Was that for Jones?' asked a voice.

"Hi looked up to see Sam Rawlins starin' at him. Hi nodded.

"'It don't s'prise me,' 'e said slowly an' thoughtfully. ''E'd cheat anythink. 'E'd cheat the goats that'd feed over his grave! Hi guess Hi'll go an' lock up my terbacker,' says Sam Rawlins. An' he did it."

A Scriptural Explanation.

When William Pengilly was a sailor boy, weather bound on the coast of Devonshire, he had his earliest geological experience, and S. Baring-Gould, the author of "Cornish Characters and Strange Events," says he was wont to relate it as is printed below:

I received my first lesson in geology at Lyme Regis very soon after I had entered my teens. A laborer whom I was observing accidentally broke a large stone of blue lias and thus disclosed a fine ammonite—the first fossil I had ever seen or heard of.

"What's that?" I exclaimed.

"If you read your Bible you'd know what 'tis," said the workman, somewhat scornfully.

"I have read my Bible. But what has that to do with it?"

"In the Bible we're told there was once a flood that covered all the world. At that time all the rocks were mud, and the different things that were drowned were buried in it, and there's a snake that was buried that way. There are lots of 'em and other things besides in the rocks and stones hereabouts."

"A snake! But where's his head?"

"You must read the Bible, I tell 'ee, and then you'll find out why 'tis some of the snakes ain't got no heads. We're told there that the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head; that's how 'tis."

The Department of State.

There is an ancient tale of a treaty between two Greek states by which one was to return to the other, as a condition of peace, the half of its captured navy. The implementing of this treaty was accomplished with the sawing of each trireme in two. Whether all the bows or all the sterns were given back does not come down to us in history. Some people probably think this might be done today. But diplomacy is as good as the national conscience.

The welfare of peoples rather than the ambition of rulers is the basis of the diplomacy of modern times. Mediaeval trickery has almost disappeared. What is wanted today is a good case for one's country and an able man to advocate it. It is very surprising, then, that there should linger as a heritage from the days gone forever the superficial and conventional idea that diplomacy is polite dishonesty. That the idea does linger in the minds of persons unfamiliar with the subject is fully shown by the absurd use of the word "diplomatically" as almost synonymous with "disingenuously" and the survival of all such canting and misleading dogmas as the remark that "a diplomat is an honest man sent to lie abroad for his country."—National Magazine.

MEN OF MANY NAMES.

Oddities of the Baptismal Font Shown in Great Britain.

One cannot help sympathizing with Lieut. Tollemache, who, after groaning for many years under the burden of seven Christian names, containing no fewer than sixty letters, has at last decided to jettison five of them and to be known for the future as plain "Leo de Orellana Tollemache," a designation long enough surely to satisfy any reasonable man.

And yet the gallant lieutenant was an enviable person compared with the other members of his many-named family, nine of whom share one hundred and three Christian names, among them, ranging in number from ten to seventeen, the latter number being the baptismal dower of one of his sisters, who, if she ever has time to sign her full name, must write "Lyona Decima Veronica Esyth Undine Cyssa Hylda Rowena Viola Adela Thyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache."

That a multiplicity of names is not the prerogative of the higher classes was proved a few years ago when the infant boy of a Buckinghamshire farmer was presented at the font with twenty-six Christian names, each beginning with a different letter of the alphabet, from Abel to Yariah and Zechariah, and when a farm laborer handed a list of twenty-one names to the vicar of a church near Tunbridge Wells as the dower of his baby boy. Fortunately for the child the father was induced to cut down the allowance to half a dozen. Even thus we can imagine that in future years that boy will look with envy on the offspring of a Mr. Penny, who labelled his children One Penny, Two Penny, and so on, up to the full shillings-worth of pennies.

The absurdities of Christian names are illustrated in a Sussex jury list of the 17th century, which may be seen in the British Museum. Among the jurors of that time were Safety-on-High Snat, of Uckfield; Kill-Sin Pemble, of Westham; Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith White, Small-Hope Biggs, Faint-Not Hirst, and Earth Adams; although, after all, the names are no more remarkable than those given a few months ago to twin infants in the Midlands, who will go through life as Faith Hope Charity Rogers and Pentateuch Rogers.

Champion of Tariff Reform.

Whatever views one may hold in regard to tariff reform, one cannot help admiring the spirit in which Mr. Austen Chamberlain is carrying on the campaign instituted by his father. They speak of him in the Midlands as a "rare chip of the old block," and the veteran statesman, whom illness has compelled to retire from the political arena, must indeed feel proud of the son who has followed so creditably in his footsteps. Mr. Austen Chamberlain was once asked what qualities he considered contributed most to the success of a politician "The powers of diplomacy and flattery," he is said to have replied. Apparently he studied the latter in his early days. The story goes that on one occasion, when his father had had a large number of trees planted in the grounds at Highbury, he gave a luncheon in honor of the occasion. Mr. Austen was late, and he knew that if there is one unpardonable sin in his father's eyes it is that of unpunctuality. He came in with an apology, and when he added that he had lost his way in "this new forest" he was speedily forgiven.

Little Mary and the Pig.

The Marchioness of Graham, who is now receiving congratulations on the birth of her second child, was, as Lady Mary Hamilton, one of the richest heiresses in Europe, for her father, one of whose many titles was Duke of Hamilton, left as much of his land and money as was legally possible to his little daughter. Lady Mary's upbringing was, however, very simple, many of her childhood's days being spent at Brodick Castle, on the Isle of Arran, which she entirely owns, and her realization of her own great power was long in coming. During her father's lifetime, to train the little girl in the ways of economy and charity, her mother each year gave a pig into her charge. The supervision of the pig's rearing and the account referring to its cost, were made the duty of the little Lady Mary, and when the pig was sold at the end of the year she gave the profits to her poorer friends among the tenantry. Immediately after her father's death, begging letters of all kinds came to her in shoals, much to her own mystification. "Isn't it queer, mother?" she remarked after reading through the first pile, "everybody seems to have heard about my pig."

Two Hearts.

The teacher in a country school was explaining to a class in physiology the different organs and their functions in the human body.

She had just explained how the heart was divided into four chambers and that the right and left halves of the heart were entirely distinct. Then she asked Annie, aged thirteen, how many hearts a person had.

"Two," answered Annie.

"How is that?" asked the teacher.

"Well, don't some people have a sweetheart?" answered the undaunted girl.—Los Angeles Times.

Learned Compositor.

The Court of the Stationers' Company has awarded a pension of £30 a year to Mr. Andrew Davidson, a journeyman compositor, under the terms of the will of William Bowyer, made in July, 1777. Among the conditions laid down were that the pension must be given to a compositor who is able to read and construe Latin, able to read Greek fluently with accents, and who is "a man of good life and conversation."

Digested Jokes.

The Duke of Cumberland once said to Samuel Foote, the fearless satirist and versatile actor: "Well, here I am, ready as usual to swallow all your good things." To which Foote replied: "Upon my soul, your Royal Highness must have a most excellent digestion, for I never hear that you bring any up again."—John Fyvie.

ROSY-CHEEKED BABIES

Nothing in the world is such a comfort and joy as a healthy, rosy-cheeked, happy baby. But the price of Baby's health is constant vigilance on the part of the mother. The ills of babyhood come suddenly and the wise mother will always be in a position to treat them at once. No other medicine can take the place of Baby's Own Tablets in relieving and curing the ills of babyhood and childhood, and there is no other medicine as safe. Mrs. Wm. Viggers, Perretton, Ont., says:—"My baby was troubled with his stomach, and was very cross while getting his teeth, and did not sleep well at night. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets with the best results. He is now one of the best natured babies one could wish." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Business Letter

Uncle (helping Harold to write to athletic outfitters for an air-gun)—And now how are you going to end up—"Yours affectionately," eh?

Harold—No. I know better than that; this is a business letter. I'm going to say, "Yours to hand."

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. 77, Windsor, Ont.

What He Found

"He went into the country to find solitude."

"Did he find it?"

"No, quite the opposite; he sat down on an ant-hill."

Regarded as one of the most potent compounds ever introduced with which to combat all summer complaints and inflammation of the bowels, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial has won for itself a reputation that no other cordial for the purpose can aspire to. For young or old suffering from these complaints it is the best medicine that can be procured.

Matter of Business

Highbrow (boastfully)—I get twenty cents a word for my stuff. I'm a word painter.

Lowbrow (scornfully)—That's nothing. I get two dollars a word for mine. I'm a sign painter.

Practically all Canadian druggists grocers and general dealers sell Wilson's Fly Pads. If your storekeeper does not, ask him why.

No Soothing Passage

Critic (as the composer plays his last piece)—Very fine. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back?

Composer—That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought to him.

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief.

Blobbs—In France I understand they eat horse meat.

Slobbs—Yes, but they generally begin the meal with a pony.—Philadelphia Record.

Carterhall, Nfld.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes, so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and did so. The effect was more than I expected, a few applications completely curing the irritation, and preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,

W.A.V.R.

Many a man's so-called moral courage is laziness, pure and simple.

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When energy flags and the cares of business become irksome; when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver, and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

"Love is the wine of life," quoted Wiseman.

"And marriage is the morning after," added Simpleton.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Up-to-Date Lunatic

An angler was trying the water near a lunatic asylum, when he espied a strange object floating down the river. As it neared him he saw, to his great astonishment, that it was a man, nearly submerged beneath the water. "Hi," he shouted, "what are you doing there?" "Sh-s-sh!" came the reply; "don't touch me; I'm a submarine!"

W. N. U., No. 760.

Had All the Symptoms

When Bloggins, senior, on the occasion of his annual party was obliging his guests with "'Tis Love That Makes the World Go Round," Master William Bloggins seized the opportunity to retire for a few minutes behind the Japanese screen with his sire's half-smoked cigar.

The applause subsiding, Master Bloggins was observed by one of the company to be looking far from well. His face had taken on the hue of putty and his eyes stood out like small hatpegs.

"Good gracious, Willie! What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Bloggins in alarm. "I believe you have been smoking."

Willie shook his head.

"'Taint that," he declared untruthfully, "if it's true what father has been singing about I—— re-reckon I'm in love!"

A country visitor to a big city contemplated with amazement the huge sign displayed over the entrance to an institute in a prominent thoroughfare: "Stammering Institute. Trial Lesson Free." "Upon my soul," exclaimed the rural traveller, "if that don't beat all! I knew they taught most everything these days, but who the dickens wants to learn stammerin'?"

"Hurrah!"

"What's the matter?"

"Here's a magazine with an article in it about something that the other magazines haven't any article about!"—Cleveland Leader.

Lifebuoy Soap is delightfully refreshing for Bath or Toilet. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies. tf

Editor—"Did you interview the leader of the suffragettes?"

Reporter—"I tried to, but she wouldn't talk."

Editor—"Wouldn't talk? Good heavens, man, was she dead?"—Circle Magazine.

Hope for the Chronic Dyspeptic.—Through lack of consideration of the body's needs many persons allow disorders of the digestive apparatus to endure until they become chronic, filling days and nights with suffering. To these a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is recommended as a sure and speedy way to regain health. These pills are specially compounded to combat dyspepsia and the many ills that follow in its train, and they are successful always.

Professor's English

How often we misuse words to the extent of saying the contrary to what we mean is pointed out in the following anecdote:

A college professor who prided himself on correct English heard his wife remark:

"I intend to call Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water."

"You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," corrected the professor. "I wish you would pay some attention to your rhetoric; your mistakes are curious."

A few moments later the professor said:

"My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."

"Ah!" she replied, quietly, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock we could not tell the time. I wish you would be more careful with your rhetoric, my dear; your mistakes are curious."

And the professor all at once became very much interested in the book he was reading.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Do you know the difference between working and having the work done for you?

Sunlight Soap actually makes the dirt drop out—saves you time and money—but injures neither hands nor clothes. That is just the difference between Sunlight Soap and ordinary soaps.

"Why, the firm I represent," said the travelling salesman, "can sell you anything a civilized man or woman can conceive of. There's no end to the business branches in all parts of the world, and as for our central office"—"You employ a lot of people, I suppose?"

"Employees! Why, at the first of the year when we took a census of the employees it was found that eight bookkeepers and sixteen cashiers were missing, and it was the first we knew about it."

Health Demands

that the bowels be kept regular. Neglect means sickness. Sluggish bowels are quickly regulated by

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents

VERMIN DEATH

Will exterminate Bed Bugs.

VERMIN DEATH

can be rubbed on bed springs as it will not rust iron.

VERMIN DEATH

is antiseptic and will not discolor varnished work if used as a cleanser.

VERMIN DEATH

is a beautiful brown stain that can be used on floors or other unpainted woodwork.

Ask your store keeper or write Sales Manager.

Carbon Oil Works, Limited,

WINNIPEG, CANADA.

Manufacturers of "COWL BRAND" Oil Specialties.

Eddy's Toilet Papers

CHEMICALLY PURIFIED

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

shines instantly at the first rub or two of the brush or cloth.

Will not rub off. Is waterproof. Softens and preserves the leather. No substitute even half as good.

10c. and 25c. Tins

MRS. BESANT IS BACK

THEOSOPHIST LEADER MAY VISIT CANADA.

Englishwoman Who Has Been In the Public Eye For the Last Forty Years Is Now Lecturing In America—Home Is In India, and She Heads a Large Cult—Has Always Been a Fighter.

The arrival in America of Mrs. Annie Besant has aroused great interest among her followers in Canada, and she will no doubt be much in the public eye during her stay here, owing to the extensive lecture tour she has planned. A native of England, but by choice a resident of Adyar, India, Mrs. Besant has been at the head of the Theosophical Society for several years, succeeding Col. Henry S. Olcott in that position, and she is

MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

now sixty-two years of age. Since her twenties she has been fighting, first to get a separation from her husband, Rev. Frank Besant, who resented her advanced ideas, brother of Walter Besant, the author; then by the side of Charles Bradlaugh; in connection with the promulgation of a pamphlet advocating the limitation of poor families; then to hold her daughter, sought by her husband; again in the ranks of a good many kinds of radicalism, including socialism, and finally for theosophy.

Mrs. Besant is a little stouter than she used to be, and her gray eyes are clear and sharp, as they have always been, and her face, strong lined and masculine, indicates a masterful mind behind it. Theosophy, or divine wisdom, numbers many thousand Americans adherents to its doctrines and has numerous disciples in all quarters of the globe. The largest branch is that of India.

"What is theosophy?" is a question being asked more often now than formerly, and at the same time doctrines of the cult are more widely understood.

Reincarnation, the living of a succession of lives on this sphere until perfection is reached and one graduates to a higher life, is the primary belief that actuates the followers of theosophy.

During her stay in America Mrs. Besant will visit the principal cities, lecturing to theosophists, and will probably visit Canadian cities.

Another Link With Dickens Lost.

The closing of the old Saracen's Head Hotel in Snow Hill, London, will soon remove another link with Dickens. The old place has been compelled to close by the pressure of the new budget taxes. The Saracen's Head was an important place in its day. Dickens immortalized it in Nicholas Nickleby. He made Mr. Wackford Squeers, of Dotheboys Hall, in Yorkshire, stop there when he went to London to interview the young gentlemen who were to be "accurately educated" at his academy. Parts of the building are about 400 years old, and there are records showing that it has been used as a hotel for at least that period. Of course it has been rebuilt a number of times, and the structure now looks quite modern.

In the mail coach days it was one of the recognized stopping places. The guests at the hotel used to collect on the balconies which surrounded the old yard to watch the coaches arrive and depart. This yard has long since disappeared, its site being covered with business buildings. It is expected that the old hotel building will either be torn down or converted into warehouses.

Brother of the King.

The Duke of Connaught, whose resignation from the post of Inspector-General of the Mediterranean Forces is announced, seems to possess the happy knack of winning the esteem of everyone with whom he comes into contact. To a certain extent this is due to his affableness. As a soldier once put it, "There's no la-di-da foppery about the Dook. 'E'll stop and talk to you in the street, and you can talk to 'im pretty straight, as man to man, without bein' ate up." The duke, by the way, seems to have inherited something of Queen Victoria's power of repartee. On the occasion of a visit paid by him many years ago to Dublin, a certain Mr. Henn insisted on being introduced to His Royal Highness because, he said, his son had sat next the prince when both were passing their examinations for the army. "I was then," observed the duke, "between two birds, for on my other side was a Mr. Peacock, and none of us was plucked."

A Bicycle Clock.

A Frenchman has made a clock twelve feet high, entirely composed of bicycles or their component parts. The framework is a huge bicycle wheel, and twelve ordinary-sized wheels, fitted with pneumatic tires, serve for the hours. The hands are made of steel tubing, which is used for the framework of bicycles. The chimes are ordinary bicycle bells.

PAUL JONES' PROMISE.

Our Great Naval Hero and the Duchess of Chartres.

The Duchess of Chartres was an enthusiast in the cause of American liberty and a warm friend of its great naval champion, Paul Jones, whom she nicknamed the "Untitled Knight of the Sea." The duchess was a royal princess and a very great lady, and Captain Jones was a sailor, self educated and the son of a Scotch gardener, but in the exchange of gifts and compliments which, according to the custom of the day in France attended their friendship, he was not to be outshone.

At a luncheon which she gave just before he sailed from France in the Ranger on that famous cruise of his which carried the war to the very shore of Britain it was the good fortune of Paul Jones to share in a conversation touching a French naval engagement in which the grandfather of the duchess had borne a conspicuous part and to defend and explain his maneuvers on that occasion, showing a knowledge of every ship and every captain engaged and winning on the spot the ardent personal adherence of Mme. de Chartres.

At the close of the feast she presented him a valuable watch which had been her grandfather's. Taken by surprise, the American captain nevertheless accepted it with a grace that charmed the courtly company, promising that in return, if fortune favored him, he would some day "lay an English frigate at her feet."

It was a daring boast, but in A. C. Buell's biography of Paul Jones it is related how he kept it. Within two years occurred the marvelous victory of the Bonhomme Richard over the Serapis, concerning which the victor wrote the duchess a letter, ending, "The enemy surrendered at thirty-five minutes past 10 p. m. by your watch, which I consult only to fix the moment of victory."

That was a phrase to delight a society that reveled in pretty phrases, and the duchess was amply satisfied. When Paul Jones reached Paris she gave a grand banquet in his honor. Just before it ended he reminded her of her gift and his promise. A servant was sent to his room and returned with a long leather case, which the duchess took amid the exclamations and eager curiosity of the company.

"Your royal highness perceives the impossibility of keeping my promise in kind," explained the knight of the sea, smiling. "The English frigate proved to be a forty-four on two decks, and she is now at Lorient with French colors flying. The best I can do toward keeping my word of two years ago is to place in your dainty hands the sword of the brave officer who commanded her. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest of men—the sword of Captain the Hon. Richard Pearson of his Britannic majesty's late ship, the Serapis."

Fooled.

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient.

Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out."

He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers.

"Here's a chance!" said he and followed him home.

Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours, and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps.

He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly:

"Do you want a doctor?"

"No!" replied the man roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"—London Answers.

The Bride's Linen Room.

If a groom elect has not provided an extra room to his house for storing his bride's linen he should build it in time for in these days whenever a girl marries her mother closes her lips grimly, goes after pa's pocketbook and does the right thing with nine dozen towels, fifteen dozen napkins, eighty-four pairs of sheets, etc. She doesn't expect her daughter to open a boarding house, but she has proper pride and intends to do the right thing by the girl even if it breaks pa.—Atchison Globe.

Couldn't Forget It.

"Saturday night some miscreant lugged off a whole cord of my wood, and somehow I can't forget about it!" declared Silas.

"Have you tried to forget it?" inquired his friend.

"Yes. Sunday morning I went to church hoping I could get it off my mind, and before I had been there five minutes the choir started in singing 'The Lost Chord,' so I got out!"—Judge.

Lunch and Luncheon.

"We don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding house any more."

"You have lunch, I suppose?"

"No, luncheon."

"Well, that's the same thing."

"Oh, no, it isn't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."—Puck.

Cure For Lonesomeness.

The redheaded girl is a winner—and the man who gets one will not be lonesome. He will soon find out whether he has drawn a Titian haired angel or a combination of a cyclone and a sunset.—Baltimore Sun.

The learned man conceals his erudition, the silly man clothes himself with it.—Houssaye.

A MAORI HEROINE.

Dusky Princess Known as "the Grace Darling of New Zealand."

Huria Matenga, a Maori woman, who died recently, was known throughout the islands of the South Seas as "the Grace Darling of New Zealand." Huria was a heroine and when the fact of her death became known not only her own people among whom she was a princess, were filled with sorrow, but the white folks of New Zealand, as well.

Just a girl in her teens was Huria on that frightful day in 1863 when she saw the brig Delaware being driven to her doom on the rocks near the Maori settlement of Wapapuaka. On the ship desperate efforts were being made to weather the storm, but the jib had blown away, and one anchor had gone, carrying away its windlass. The only hope that remained was the other anchor. Through the early hours of the morning it held, but the gale grew in violence, and soon after daybreak the cable parted. She was lost now; but if she could gain the beach the lives of the men might be saved.

It was such a storm and such a sea as no ship could live in—so one of the crew told the story. Yet in sheer despair the mate, a powerful swimmer, volunteered to try to reach the shore with a line. With a rope tied around him, he jumped from the bulwarks. A few minutes of the angry waves' buffeting left him powerless; he was unable even to grasp the life belt that was thrown to him. The limp form was hauled back and laid on deck. The crew made such efforts as the lurching of the ship would allow to restore him, but with a groan he fell back and his eyes closed. No one else dared to repeat the attempt. They would get a few moments of dear life by clinging to the wreck.

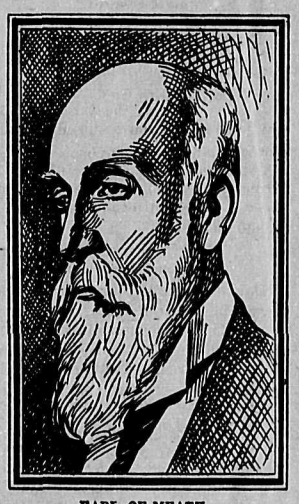
While seas were thundering over one end of the ship and broken spars were falling, the despairing sailors saw three figures approaching along the narrow strip of beach. Opposite the wreck they stopped. In a few moments the smallest of them, a girl, plunged into the surf, battled through the shore breakers, and then came on swimming. Now dashing through the spray, now flung backward and buried beneath the foaming rollers, she had to fight every inch of the way. It was 100 fathoms to the ship, and the girl could not make it, but she reached a rock that was within throw. A lead line was thrown to her, but it fell short again and again.

She clung there till a strong throw brought the line within her reach. It was not until then that one of the Maori men swam out to help her. Between them they brought the line ashore. That line saved the crew—all but the unfortunate mate.

EARL AS FIREMAN.

Clergyman and His Daughter Also Assist at Blaze.

The Earl of Meath, despite his 67 y[illegible] p[illegible] in extinguishing a fire which broke out near his residence at Ottershaw, near Chertsey, recently. The earl was walking in his garden when he saw smoke issuing from one of the sheds



EARL OF MEATH.

at the nurseries of Messrs. Fletcher Bros., opposite his house. He at once ordered his men servants to turn out, and then telephoned to the Children's Homes nearby for some of the chemical fire extinguishers which are kept there. The earl then seized a similar extinguisher which stood in his hall, ran to the burning shed, and set to work, holding the appliance until a servant relieved him of it. Lord Meath afterwards took his place in a chain of people formed to pass buckets of water to the fire. His clothing was completely soaked. The amateur firemen, who were helped by Rev. W. Beachcroft and his daughter, got the fire under control.

Whence the Whistle.

Seventy-five years ago the steam-whistle, which is metaphorically shrieking the ears off excursionists on holiday bent, was unknown. In those days engine-drivers were provided with a small tin horn, which they blew as occasion demanded. Apparently, however, they did not always blow loud enough, for in 1833, despite the warning blast, a train ran down a farmer's cart, and utterly destroyed one thousand eggs, a hundred pounds of butter, two horses, the vehicle, and the driver. When the bill for damages was presented to the railway company the managing director sent for George Stephenson.

Stephenson pondered. Then he visited a musical instrument maker, with the result that he constructed a horn which screeched most terribly when blown by steam. And successive generations have toned that horn down into the familiar whistle of to-day.

Christened His Wife.

Lady Saye and Sele died at Hereford the other day in her 84th year. The late Lord Saye and Sele was a canon residentiary in Hereford Cathedral, and had the remarkable experience of christening the lady who afterwards became his wife.

NOTED BY A TOURIST.

Some of the Queer Things That Were Observed Abroad.

About half one's time in traveling abroad is spent in buying stamps. No matter how many I put on a letter I had no faith to believe that it would reach America. I found that I could send a letter with one stamp on it if I paid enough for it, also that I could get a denomination of which it would take twenty. In Cairo I put fifteen sphinxes and pyramids on the front of a letter and five on the back. As for postal cards, imagine asking for one in the Belgian language—Wereidpostvereeniging!

But it is in a Mohammedan country that an American mind needs readjustment. We woke one morning in Constantinople and found our calendar nine days ahead of theirs, our watches seven hours behind and the name of the month Ramadan. The Mohammedans seem to live up to their religion in a more definite way than we do, and we soon learned what to expect. The porter would drop one's trunk when the muezzin called to prayer. The sacredness of animal life compelled us to walk around the hundreds of lazy dogs asleep on the sidewalk. We were required to take off our shoes instead of our hats when entering a mosque. Women were not allowed to pray, because they "have no souls." Friday was the day for Sunday, and a camera was an "evil eye" and could not be carried into any sacred place. Our artist was once charged 20 cents extra for keeping an evil eye in his room all night.

Before the journey ends the tourist has lost his identity completely. At first he is from "Kalamazoo, Mich.," then from "Michigan," later "the United States," soon the "States," and the writer was once introduced to a gentleman from Tuscany as "the lady from North America." — Delineator Magazine.

THE KINGFISHER.

A Bird Whose Ways Are Most Difficult to Observe.

Perhaps there is nothing in nature more difficult to observe than the ways of the kingfisher. Any one may see him glancing down midstream or making his sudden arrow flight from bank to bank under the bright June sunshine, but to track him down to his secret fishing place and watch him at work is a vastly more difficult thing.

You come from the gold clad meadows into the shady river path as into a cathedral aisle. The willows crowd down to the water's edge. In the green reeds a sedge bird is fretting. There is a low twittering song of nestlings all round you. And now, in the shadiest deep of the willow wood, a shrill, piping note cuts the silence, a flash of emerald passes, a kingfisher has gone by on his way to his favorite pool.

A common notion is that he sits perfectly still on some branch overhanging the water, a picture of crafty vigilance. But this is rarely if ever the case. The truth is, says a writer in the London Chronicle, that the kingfisher, like the master he is, sets about his work with an easy surety, almost a nonchalance. Peering down upon him warily through the screen of branches you would judge that the last thing in the world he was thinking about was the gliding brown water below him. He twirls round on his perch, making his vivid green and turquoise and amber plumage scintillate like a dewdrop in the one beam of sunlight that has found him out.

He preens his feathers, stretches a lazy wing now and again, looks about him with a casual eye, and then, as if it were the merest trifling detail in life, he suddenly points his two inch long fishing spear of a bill at the water beneath him, plunges and is gone.

The Withering Wind.

The name of harmattan has been given a periodical wind which blows from the interior of Africa toward the Atlantic during the three months of December, January and February. It sets in with a fog or dry haze, which sometimes conceals the sun for whole weeks together. Every plant, every bit of grass and leaf in its course is withered as though it had been seared by heat from a furnace. Often within an hour after it begins to blow green grass is dry enough to burn like paper. Even the hardened natives lose all of the skin on exposed parts during the prevalence of this withering wind.

Painful Ailment.

Though gout is generally reckoned a disease of rich men and free livers, one of the worst of sufferers from it was a well known English minister who died not long ago.

A friend once said to him, "Dr. So-and-so, what is gout like?"

The clergyman smiled sadly. "If you put your hand in a vise," he said, "and let a man press as hard as he can, that is rheumatism, and if he can be got to press a little harder, that is gout."

Why He Came Back.

"Wasn't you here a few weeks ago?" asked the woman of the house at the back door.

"Yes'm," replied the wanderer, "but I understood from a pal that you've got a new pastry cook since then!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Surer Way.

"How can we interest her?"

"Tell her it's a worthy cause," suggested one.

"Tell her it's getting to be a popular fad," interposed a wiser head.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

One of the luckiest things that can happen to a man is not to count on his luck.—New York Press.

ODD JOBS ON WARSHIPS.

Many Ways For the Bluejackets to Make Extra Money.

The possible methods of making extra money on shipboard are manifold. "Tailorizing" is one of the most profitable. While a ship's tailor is detailed to most of our ships, his duties are limited to making necessary alterations in the uniforms which are issued to the members of the crew. Many enlisted men own sewing machines, upon which they do repair work, and they also do odd jobs for officers, such as pressing and cleaning. A handy man with the needle can also make a handsome sum by doing fancy work. Some of the most delicate embroidery work has been done by sailormen.

The ship's barber also makes a comfortable living in addition to his regular pay, and the distribution of prizes at target practice enriches the coffers of the gun crew by a considerable sum. Men who are detailed to duty on board submarine boats are allowed an additional $5 a month and besides $1 a day for every day the boat is submerged. Bluejackets detailed as signalmen, as cockswains of power boats or in charge of holds are allowed extra pay. A crew messman receives $5 a month for performing that somewhat menial function, and the man who is not ashamed to "take in washing" can easily double his navy pay. Every bluejacket is expected to perform the laundering himself, but there are always men who prefer to pay for having the service done.

One of the novel methods of earning an honest penny is for a man with a descriptive knack—usually a yeoman—to prepare an interesting letter upon the cruise of the ship or some of the strange ports visited, the honors paid the vessel, the entertainments offered and describing the customs of the inhabitants. These letters are manifolded and sold to the members of the crew for 50 cents to $1 a copy—and usually cheap at that. The parents or relatives of the sailor boy thus are kept informed of his adventures and experiences and he is relieved of a task that is irksome to most boys.—John R. Cox in National Magazine.

STAR GAZING.

The Study of the Constellations as a Pastime.

Probably every reader has often admired the beauty of a starlight night. A little careful observation on such a night will show that the brighter stars may be divided into groups or "constellations," as the astronomers call them, most of which are known by the names of animals or legendary persons, such for example as "the Great Bear," "the Swan," "Hercules," "Andromeda," etc. The easiest method of learning these "constellations" is from some one already acquainted with them, but if the beginner is not fortunate enough to know any such person the majority can be learned from any cheap star maps such as are sometimes contained in almanacs.

Now, if the budding astronomer will notice the position of any of these groups or constellations at a particular hour of any night and then look a few hours afterward he will see that during the interval the stars which appeared low down in the east have risen to the south in a somewhat similar manner to the apparent motion of the sun and moon, while closer attention on several evenings will show a circular or rotary movement around the north pole of the heavens, the motion being the opposite way to the hands of a clock.

Near the north pole is a bright star called the "Pole star." This star is easily found when the observer has once noted the seven bright stars of the "Great Bear," the two outer stars of the four forming the "square" known as the "pointers" point almost directly to the Pole star. This majestic movement of the stars around the pole of the heavens is a most sublime and wonderful sight.—Country Side.

The Shorter Word.

The day before Christmas Edith, aged ten, had a number of packages tied up for distribution. The doctor felt of one intended for "Uncle John"—and the rest is as the New York Sun prints it.

"That's some tobacco," said the doctor, as he fingered the package.

"How can you tell?" asked Edith.

"Because I am a good diagnostician," he replied.

Then, as Edith seemed somewhat dazed at the big word, the doctor inquired:

"Do you know what a diagnostician is?"

"Yes," she answered promptly. "It's a good guesser."

He Took the Cake.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "dere's wuss t'ings dan gold bricks."

"What's happened?"

"De lady up de road said dat if I'd chop an armful of wood she'd gimme a cake."

"Didn't she keep her word?"

"Yep. She handed me a cake of soap."—Washington Star.

When It Started.

"Captain, what time does the boat start?"

"It starts, madam, when I give the word."

"Then I've always had the wrong idea. I thought it started when the engineer pulled a lever or did something. Thank you ever so much."—Chicago Tribune.

The Banyan Tree.

A regiment of 1,000 men could readily find shelter under a single banyan tree. In India there is one of these trees which has 400 main trunks and over 3,000 smaller ones.

IS A POPULAR CHOICE

SENATOR DERBYSHIRE HEAD OF I.O.O.F.

Cheese King of Canada Has Long Been Prominent In the Odd Fellows and Is Promoted From Deputy Grand Mastership — Was Elected to the Commons In 1904, But Gave Up Seat to Graham.

At its 55th annual meeting the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Ontario, which was held in Ottawa recently, chose Senator D. Derbyshire to be its grand master for the coming year.

Senator Derbyshire has been prominent in the Odd Fellows for a long time and last year was deputy grand

SENATOR DERBYSHIRE.

master. He is very popular in the order and the honor conferred upon him by the Grand Lodge is very satisfactory to the members. He is known as "The Cheese King of Canada." For 20 years he was president of the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association and he has done more than any other man to raise and maintain the standard of Canadian-made cheese. For years he was an active worker in politics and a staunch supporter of the Liberal party. In 1904 he was elected to the House of Commons, but later he resigned his seat to open a constituency for Hon. G. P. Graham, who was taken into the Laurier Cabinet as Minister of Railways and Canals. In 1907 Senator Derbyshire was appointed to the Senate of Canada.

Not So Popular Then.

Lieut. Shackleton is the hero of the hour, in geographical circles at least. The audiences which crowd the lecture halls to hear him tell the story of his Antarctic expedition prove that. But he himself contrasts the present crowds with his audiences two years ago, before he became the fashion. It was in Scotland, and he advertised a lecture to be given in Leith, telling of his personal experiences in the Antarctic Circle with Captain Scott and Captain Wilson.

He drove down from Edinburgh at the hour appointed, and found one half-drunken man, two old women, and a half-dozen boys assembled as "the audience." In despair, he went back to his cabman and asked whether he would not like to come and in and hear the lecture. The man was grateful, but unappreciative and declined, declaring he was quite comfortable where he was—i.e., inside his cab, while the horse dozed between the shafts. Eventually twenty people turned up, and the lecture was delivered. Shackleton had spent £7 on the hire of the hall and in advertising, and the receipts he calculated would be 20s. "No," said Mrs. Shackleton, "only a possible 18s., for I sent the cook and the housemaid to hear you, and that is 2s. off, as they had your cards, marked 'Free'."

Son Beheads His Father.

During his service on the Indian Frontier, Lieut.-Gen. Sir James Willcocks, who is expected home on short leave next month, has collected a number of interesting anecdotes. One of the best of these relates how some years ago, during a small campaign against these marauding hillsmen, his column was constantly annoyed by the "sniping" of one individual who stalked them day by day, relentlessly, and usually found a human target. Eventually one of the newly-joined tribal levees with the column volunteered to attempt to end the trouble by stalking the stalker. His offer being gladly accepted, the man set off on his dangerous errand. Before many days had elapsed he returned with the head of the sniper in his hands and laid it at the feet of Lieut.-Gen. Willcocks. When asked how he had achieved his success, he answered, "I knew his ways, sahib." "Why? Was he a friend of yours?" asked Willcocks. "No, sahib, only my father!" was the man's surprising retort.

Westminster Museum.

A new feature of interest is to be opened in Westminster Abbey. This will take the shape of a museum of Westminster objects and will be situated in an hitherto generally unknown part of the abbey buildings. The condition of this section until quite recently has precluded its being open.

Architecturally the part to be opened is of great interest; for it dates from the reign of Edward the Confessor and is one of the most remarkable examples of pre-Norman architecture in England. Access is gained to these buildings by means of doors leading out of the eastern side of the great cloisters. They consist of a long, low Norman vaulted substructure, destitute of any ornamentation or decoration, but utilized as the basis for the subsequently built dormitory of the Benedictine monastery, now represented by the chapter library and the great schoolroom of Westminster school.

Satan Sanderson

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

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(Continued.)

Chapter 17

THE little town had been unconsciously grateful for its new sensation. The return of Hugh Stires and his apparent curious transformation was the prime subject of conversation. For a half year the place had known but one other event as startling. That was the finding some months before of a dead body—that of a comparative stranger in the place—thrust beneath a thicket on Smoky mountain, on the very claim which now held Prendergast and his partner.

The "amen corner" of the Mountain Valley House had discussed the pros and cons exhaustively. There were many who sneered at the loss of memory and took their cue from Devlin, who, smarting from his humiliation and nursing venom, revamped suspicions wherever he showed his battered face. In his opinion Hugh Stires was "playing a slick game."

"Your view is colored by your prejudices, Devlin," said Felder. "He's been a blackleg in the past—granted. But give the devil his due. As for the other ugly tale, there's no more evidence against him than there is against you or me!"

"They didn't find the body on my ground," had been the other's surly retort, "and I didn't clear out the day before either."

The phenomenon, however, whether credited or poohpoohed, was a drawing card. More than a few found occasion to climb the mountain by the hillside trail that skirted the lonely cabin. These as likely as not saw Prendergast lounging in the doorway smoking, while the younger man worked, leading a trench along the brow of the hill to bring the water from its intake, which Harry's quick eye had seen was practicable.

The spectacle of Hugh Stires, who had been used to pass his days in the saloons and his nights in even less becoming resorts, turned practical miner added a touch of opera bouffe to the situation that to a degree modulated the rigor of dispraise. It was the consensus of opinion that the new Hugh Stires seemed vastly different from the old; that if he were "playing a game" it was a curious one.

On the one side was a black record, exemplified in Prendergast—clouded infamy, a shuddering abhorrence of his past self as he saw it through the pitiless lens of public opinion; on the other was a grim constancy of purpose, a passionate wish to reconstruct the warped structure of life of which he found himself the tenant, days of healthful, peace inspiring toil, a woman's face that threaded his every thought. As he wielded his pick in the trench or laboriously washed out the few glistening grains that now were to mean his daily sustenance he turned often to gaze up the slope where, set in its foliage, the glass roof of the sanitarium sparkled softly through the Indian haze. Strange that the sight should mysteriously suggest the face that haunted him!

Prendergast saw the abstracted regard as he came up the trail from the town. He was in an ugly humor. The bag of gold dust which he had shown to Harry he had not returned to the hiding place in the wall, and with this in his pocket the faro table had that day tempted him. The pouch was empty now.

Harry's back was toward him, and the gold pan in which he had been washing the gravel lay at his feet. With a noiseless, mirthless laugh Prendergast stole into the cabin and reached down from the shelf the bottle into which each day Harry had poured his scanty findings. He weighed it in his hand—almost two ounces, a little less than $20. He hastily took the empty bag from his pocket.

But just then a shadow darkened the doorway, and Harry entered. He saw the action and, striding forward, took the bottle from the other's hand.

Prendergast turned on him, a sinister snarl under his affectation of surprise. "Can't you attend to your own rat killing?" he growled. "I guess I've got a right to what I need."

"Not to that," said Harry quietly. "We shall touch the bottom of the flour sack tomorrow. You expect to get your meals here, I presume."

"I still look forward to that pleasure," answered Prendergast, with an evil sneer. "Three meals a day and a rotten roof over my head. When I think of the little I have done to deserve it, the hospitality overcomes me. All I have done is to keep you from starving to death and out of quod at the same time. I only taught you a safe way to beat the game, an easier one than you seem to know, and to live on Easy street."

"I am looking for no easy way," responded Harry, "whatever you mean by that. I expect to earn my living as I'm earning it now. It's an honest method, at all events."

"You've grown all fired particular since you lost your memory," retorted Prendergast, his eyes narrowing. "You'll be turning dominie one of these days. Perhaps you expect to get the town to take up with you and to make love to the beauty in the green riding habit that brought you here on her horse the night you were out of your head."

Harry started. "What do you mean?" he asked thickly.

Prendergast's oily manner was gone now. His savage temper came uppermost.

"I forgot you didn't know about that," he scoffed. "I made a neat story of it in the town. They've been gabbling about it ever since."

Harry caught his breath. As through a mist he saw again that green habit on the hotel balcony—that face that had haunted his waking consciousness. It had not been Prendergast alone, then, who had brought him here. And her act of charity had been made, no doubt, a thing for the tittering of the town, cheapened by chatter, coarsened by joke!

"I wonder if she'd done it if she'd known all I know," continued the other malevolently. "You'd better go up to the sanitarium, Hugh, and give her a nice sweet kiss for it!"

A lust of rage rose in Harry's throat, but he choked it down. His hand fell like iron on Prendergast's shoulder and turned him forcibly toward the open door. His other hand pointed, and his suppressed voice said: "This cabin has grown too small for us both. The town will suit you better."

"The town will suit you better."

Prendergast shrank before the wrath whitened face, the dangerous sparkle in the eyes. "You've got through with me," he glowered, "and you think you can go it alone." The old suspicion leaped in the malicious countenance. "Well, it won't pay you to try it yet. I know too much! Do you understand? I know too much!"

Harry went out of the cabin. At the door he turned. "If there is anything you own here," he said, "take it with you. You needn't be here when I come back."

His fingers shaking with the black rage in his heart, Prendergast gathered his few belongings, rolled them in the white horse skin which he drew from beneath his bunk and wrapped the whole in a blanket. He fastened the bundle in a pack strap, slung it over his shoulder and left the cabin. He settled his burden and went rapidly down the trail, turning over in his mind his future schemes.

As it chanced, there was one who saw his vindictive face. Jessica, crouched on the Knob, had seen him come and now depart, pack on back, and guessed that the pair had parted company. Her whole being flamed with sympathy. She could see his malignant scowl plainly from where she leaned, screened by the bushes. It terrified her. What had passed between them in the cabin? She left the Knob wondering.

All that evening she was ill at ease. At midnight, sleepless, she was looking out from her bedroom window across the phantom peopled shadows, where on the face of the pale sky the stars trembled like slow tears. Anxiety and dread were in her heart; a pale phantom of fear seemed lurking in the shadows; the night was full of dread.

Chapter 18

ON the day following the expulsion of Prendergast, Harry woke restless and unrefreshed. Fleeting sensations mocked him—a disturbing conviction that the struggling memory in some measure had succeeded in reasserting itself in the shadowy kingdom of sleep. Waking, the apparitions were fled again into their obscurity, leaving only the wraiths of recollection to startle and disquiet. A girl's face hovered always before him—ruling his consciousness as it had ruled his sleeping thought.

He took down from its shelf the bottle he had rescued from Prendergast's intention and emptied it of its glistening grains—enough to replenish his depleted stock of provisions. He paused a moment as he put on his hat, smiling whimsically, a little sadly. He dreaded entering the town. But there could be no remedy in concealment. If he was to live and work there, appear he must on the streets sooner or later. Smoky Mountain must continue to think of him as it might. What he was from that time on was all that could count to him.

If he had but known it there was good reason for hesitation today. Early that morning an angry rumor had disturbed the town. The sluice of the

The jeweler weighed the dust with a distrustful frown.

hydraulic company had been robbed again. Some two months previously there had occurred a series of depredations by which the company had suffered. The boxes were not swept of their golden harvest each day, and in spite of all precautions coarse gold had disappeared mysteriously from the riffles, this, although armed men had watched all night. There had been much guess work. The cabin on the hillside was the nearest habitation—the company's flume disgorged its food in the gulch beneath it—and suspicion had eventually pointed its way. The sudden ceasing of the robberies with the disappearance of Hugh Stires had given focus to this suspicion. Now, almost coincident with his return, the thievery had recommenced. It had been a red letter day for Devlin and his ilk, who cavilled at the more charitable. Of all this, however, the object of their "I told you so" was serenely ignorant.

Entering the town, there were few stirring on the sunny streets, but he could not but be aware that those he met stopped to gaze after him. Some indeed followed. His first objective point was a jeweler's, where he could turn his gold dust into readier coin for needful purchases. He saw a sign next the Mountain Valley House and entered.

The jeweler weighed the dust, with a distrustful frown, but Harry's head was turned away. He was reading a freshly printed placard tacked on the wall, an offer of reward for the detection of the sluice thief. He read it through mechanically, for as he read there came from the street outside a sound that touched a muffled chord in his brain. It was the exhaust of a motor car.

He thrust the money the goldsmith grudgingly handed him into his pocket and turned to the door. A long red automobile had stopped at the curb. Two men whom it carried were just entering the hotel. Something in the sight of the long, low "racer" reminded Harry—of what? His eye traced its polished lines, noting its cunning mechanism, its build for silent speed, with the eager lighting of a connoisseur. He took a step toward it, oblivious to all about him.

He did not note that men were gathering, that the nearest saloon was emptying of its occupants. Nor did he see a girl on horseback, with a tiny child before her on the saddle, who reined up sharply opposite.

The rider was Jessica, the child an ecstatic five-year-old she had picked up on the fringe of the town to canter in with her hands gripping the pommel of the saddle. She saw Harry's position instantly and guessed it perilous. What did the men mean to do? She leaned forward, a swift apprehension in her face.

Harry came back suddenly to a realization of his surroundings. He looked about him, startled, his cheek darkening its red, every muscle instinctively tightening. He saw danger in the lowering faces, and the old lust of daring leaped up instantly to grapple with the rejuvenated character.

Devlin's voice came over the heads of the crowd as, burly and shirt sleeved, he strode across the street:

"Hand over the dust you've stolen before you are tarred and feathered, Hugh Stires!"

Harry looked at him, surprised, his mind instantly recurring to the placard he had seen. Here was a tangible accusation.

"I have stolen nothing," he responded quietly.

"Where did he get what he just sold me?" The jeweler's sour query rose behind him from the doorway.

"We'll find that out!" was the rough rejoinder.

(To be Continued.)

BALL PLAYERS MUST KNOW.

Stars of the Big Leagues Leave Little to Guesswork.

Each man in a major league must know not only the strength but the weakness of every opponent, and the array of facts and information concerning players that each pitcher can muster up is amazing to the layman. Late last season Boston presented a new outfielder who, as far as I can learn, never had played in a major league before, and no one of the Chicago club knew him or ever had seen him play ball, yet all were perfectly familiar with him, his peculiarities, batting habits and disposition. On the way to the grounds Brown and Reulbach, one of whom was to pitch, went minutely over that new man, analyzing his position at bat, the way he swung at a ball, the kind of ball he could hit and what he could not and exactly how fast he could reach first base. Steinfeldt was warned that the man was dangerous and a tricky bunter and that he always bunted toward third. When the pitchers got through discussing the newcomer Kling and Chance analyzed him as a base runner.

"I think," Kling remarked, "we can catch that fellow a couple of times if he gets on bases today. If he reaches second I'll pull off that delayed throw. Let Joe cover and Johnny stall."

In the third inning of the game the unfortunate youngster reached second base on a hit and a sacrifice. On the first ball pitched to the next batter he raced up toward third. Kling motioned as if to throw, Tinker covered second base like a flash, and Evers stood still. The recruit at first made a jump toward second base; then, seeing Kling had not thrown, he slowed down. Tinker, walking back past him, remarked: "We'd have caught you that time, old pal, if Kling had thrown." For just one fatal trice the youngster turned his face to retort to Tinker's remark, and in that instant Kling threw; Evers met the ball at second base, jabbed it against the runner and before he knew what had happened he was out. That man really was caught in the bus on the way to the ball grounds, for the play was executed exactly as Kling planned.—American Magazine.

A BODY BLOW.

Novelist's Experience With a Man Whom He Dismissed.

A novelist who lives near Indianapolis once engaged an individual who claimed to be a gardener. That this claim was without basis of fact was soon made evident to the employer, for the man proved well nigh useless—so useless, in fact, that it became necessary to discharge him.

The man took his dismissal with such jaunty indifference that the novelist was somewhat nettled. "You seem rather pleased than otherwise," said he to the man.

"Oh, I ain't a-worryin'!" was the prompt response.

"Indeed! Perhaps you won't do so well as you think. May I venture to inquire what you have in view?"

"Well," answered the gardener, "if the worst comes to the worst I may take up writin' books. Sence I've been here I've found out it don't take sech an awfully bright man as I used to think it did!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Needed Shower.

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

"Yes; we need it so badly."

"Need it? I should say we did! It's a godsend! Why, our golden glows, hyacinths and roses out in the back yard are shrinking for the want of rain! The sprinkler can't take the place of rain, you know."

"Indeed not."

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

"What's the matter?"

"I've left the baby out in the yard!"—Circle.

Rushing Them Off.

"What's Zeke Crossby doing rushing down to the barn in such an excited state for?" drawled Hiram Hardapple.

"Why, Zeke heard that one of his seven daughters is going to elope tonight with a summer boarder in Zeke's auto," whispered the hired man.

"Do tell! And I suppose Zeze is running down to lock the machine up so they can't get it?"

"Oh, no! Zeke's running down to grease it up and put the motors in order so it won't break down and break up the elopement."—Chicago News.

One Only.

Margaret, who lives in the city, went to the country to visit some cousins. At breakfast the first morning there was a dish of honey on the table, and Margaret to show her cousins that she was familiar with country life carelessly remarked, "Ah, I see you keep a bee!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Summer Travel.

Mrs. Goodhart—All the way from Chicago! Didn't you find it very hot traveling?

Dusty Trax—Not at all, madam. I always take a refrigerator car in the summer.—New York Life.

A Slave to Pleasure.

"What induces you to spend all your time in your touring car?"

"I'm economizing," answered Mr. Chuggins. "It's the only way I can stop the wear and tear of joy rides."—Washington Star.

Precocious Americans.

"Do you permit your little boy to carry a knife like that?"

"Hush! I'm gradually breaking him of the habit. Why, last year he carried a revolver!" — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

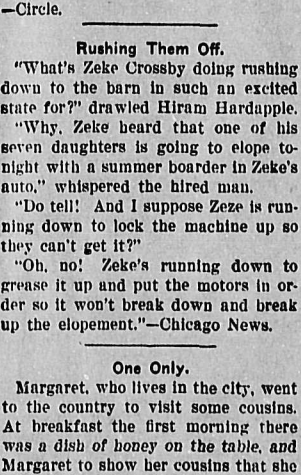
Quick Reply.

Jack—Reginald was sorely in need of a summer suit, so he sent a distress message to his tailor "C. Q. D."

Eva—And did he get a reply?

Jack—Yes, C. O. D.—Houston Post.

Music For the Millions.



Millionaire's Daughter—Papa, here's Lord Mustairt come to call, and he's brought his coronet with him.

Man of Millions (busy making a few millions before dinner)—Take him to the other end of the house. I haven't time to listen to his confounded music just now.

Startling Reversal of Form.

Nan—I never saw Kit as plump as she is nowadays.

Fan—Plump! Huh! She used to have a dimple in her chin. It's a mole now.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Far as He Got.

Helen—Why, he yawned three times while I was talking to him!

Myrtle—Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something.—Modern Society.

PRIVATE HYGIENE.

What It Means to the Individual and to the Race.

Private hygiene is important and means a revolution in our habits of living. It means fresh air perpetually flowing through our houses and more of our lives spent outdoors. It means common sense in diet—the avoidance of bolting food, from which dyspepsia springs, and the re-education of normal food instincts, the avoidance of gluttony on the one side and body starvation on the other, the avoidance of alcohol, the most potent of the predisposing causes of tuberculosis, and the avoidance of dirty, infected milk and meat. It means the "simple life," free from overexertion on the one hand and indolence on the other, the habit of normal sleep and the emancipation from worry.

In giving this prescription Dr. Trudeau once said to me, "It is as simple as bathing in the waters of Jordan, and that is why people are so slow to follow it."

But today people are following, and following rapidly. When they see a man who only a few years ago was so ill of tuberculosis that he could scarcely drag himself out upon a porch now run twenty-five miles for pure love of exercise, or when they see nine college men inside of half a year double their endurance through rational diet alone, or when they learn that ex-President Roosevelt developed from a weak and timid boy into the personification of strength and courage and that Cornaro, about to die at thirty-seven, abjured all unhygienic habits and prolonged his life to 103, they begin to realize the practical value of personal hygiene.—Professor Irving Fisher in Century.

Artificial Coffee in Europe.

Horrible disclosures are made of methods in common use for the "manufacture of coffee." It seems that of factories for that purpose existing in France there are 106 which turn out 24,000 tons annually, while there are 568 such establishments in Austria-Hungary, including 412 for the manufacture of coffee from figs, and in Germany nearly 15,000 hands are employed in the trade, and the annual output is 100,000 tons. It follows that a large quantity of "coffee" which is drunk has not an atom of the real berry in it. The list of substances out of which it is manufactured is alarming—cereals soaked with beer, brandy or rum, chestnuts and horse chestnuts, haricot beans and broad beans, carrots, dates and, finally, the hard roe of cod. The annual output of what is charmingly called "fanciful coffee" for Europe is estimated at over 257,000 tons.—Paris Cor. Daily Telegraph.

French Convicts' Gold Mine.

Convicts in French Guiana seem to be in luck. They are reported to be working a gold mine on their own account. Their warders have apparently so far failed to discover where they have successfully pegged their claim. The convicts in turn escape from the settlement by twos or threes and remain hidden for a day or two. They then return with their pockets full of nuggets and have a great time. Others get away in their turn, but come back eventually, also with gold. The mine is thus kept regularly working by shifts of convicts. The latter when they return to the settlement are regularly sentenced to a few days' imprisonment for absence without leave, but this is a low price to pay for a share in a gold mine. Where the latter is the authorities have never yet been able to discover.—London Telegraph.

A Tutti Frutti Cordial.

Here is a tutti frutti cordial from the recipe book of a woman who is never caught by her summer visitors without a delicious, cooling drink. She takes three oranges and three lemons and scrubs them clean, then chops them fine, after removing the seeds. She adds a pineapple, chopped, and then a quart of some good berry in season, cherries or strawberries being especially good. Three bananas, cut into slices or small dice, she adds to the mixture, and three cupfuls of powdered sugar. Over the whole she lays a great piece of ice. She leaves this for three hours, and when ready to serve she adds two quarts of ice water. A single bottle of seltzer or some other effervescent water gives additional "go" to the mixture, which is voted delicious by all who try it.—Suburbanite.

Millions From Hunters.

A deer in the bush is worth more than a deer in hand, for the live deer attracts the tourists and the sportsmen, who leave money behind, money found because it cost the state nothing. This is borne out by Germany, where 600,000 people yearly pay for hunting in the forests. The returns from hunting licenses and rentals amount to $32,500,000 yearly for Germany. Germany is ahead of the United States in this respect. Only one state approaches Germany in revenues from hunting and tourists. Maine's 250,000 tourists yearly leave $25,000,000 behind them. Alabama collects yearly $25,000 in hunters' fees.—Outing.

Alfonso and the Journalists.

There are two French journalists who cannot say enough in praise of King Alfonso of Spain. He had his meals in the public dining room of the hotel, and in walking across to his table he noticed that his equerry exchanged salutations with two men in a corner. "Who are they?" he asked. "They are journalists, sire," was the answer. "Journalists!" said the king instantly. "Good! Ask them to favor me with their company at my table."—London M. A. P.

Selections

AN EARTHQUAKE MIRACLE.

One of Many Strange Stories Told by the Survivors at Messina.

Many curious and improbable stories were told in Messina after its disaster, according to Robert Hichens, who has written for the Century Magazine of his experiences and observations "After the Earthquake." One of the strangest of the stories he heard he tells as follows:

"A woman after the shock was buried alone in her room. The door was blocked by fallen masonry. There was no means of ingress or egress, and the rest of the house had fallen in ruins. She was uninjured, but she was imprisoned. In this room she remained for eight days. It was a bedroom and contained no food. During the eight days she gave birth to twins. When searchers, with picks and spades, dug down to where she was they found her and the twins strong and well. They took them out and questioned her as to how she had managed to live—why she had not starved.

"'Every day a woman came and brought me food,' she answered.

"They pointed out that this was impossible, as there was no means of getting into or out of the room and the rest of the house had fallen.

"'I know,' she said. 'Nevertheless it is true. I do not know how she came or went. She never spoke to me or looked at me. She was there each day, put food for me on the table and disappeared. I had never seen her before and do not know who she was.'

"They asked for some description of the visitor, but could obtain no details.

"This woman was not raving. She was in good health, well nourished and had nursed the twins, who are thriving. She persists in her story.

"I told it to a Sicilian.

"'It was the Madonna who brought her food,' he said. 'She often does such things.'"

A Three Legged Capital.

The only apology for the decision of the South African convention about the capital is that any other would have wrecked the scheme of union. But the fact that it was an unavoidable sacrifice to local jealousies does not make the arrangement desirable or even save it from ridicule. The legislative assembly or federal parliament is to sit at Cape Town, while the executive—i. e., the government offices—are to be at Pretoria. As a crowning absurdity the legal or supreme court of appeal is to be at Bloemfontein. Thus the provincial pride, not untinged with cupidity, of the Cape Colony, the Orange Colony and the Transvaal has each in its turn been provided for with the result that South Africa has no capital, or, rather, has three capitals.—Saturday Review.

From Gold to Copper.

There is no clearer example of the mining of the new day than these great copper camps set down in the heart of the old time gold country. Gold mining meant fortunes to the few. The argonauts came and gathered their millions and left the land almost as wild and unconquered as they found it. Few permanent towns and cities mark their trail. But copper enlists an army in its service. It sets big buildings rocking with the roar of machinery where the gold hunter pitched his tent and builds its railroads where he packed his mule trains. Science steps down from a Pullman now where romance tramped with blanket roll and rifle and gold pan, and telephone and telegraph wires follow the trails of the express riders.—Out West.

Woman's Courage.

"It is not unusual," said the observant man, "for women to die with the stoicism of Mrs. Farmer. Women at the hour of death have always had more strength and calmness and power of endurance than men. I don't know why, unless it is that they have more religion and greater faith in the betterment of their condition in the hereafter. The few women who have been executed here in America have been remarkable for their calmness, while it is a historical fact that during the French revolution it was the women who exhibited the greatest courage and strength of character upon the guillotine."—New York Press.

A Job For the Armies.

Camille Flammarion has revived his old scheme of digging a geothermic well 200 meters in diameter to ascertain the internal constitution of the earth. The imaginative Flammarion proposes to find an economic and almost inexhaustible source of heat to verify the rate of caloric increase to find out if the materials constituting the terrestrial globe are in a state of fusion—in a word, to do rationally and directly what has been done slightly and a little by chance up to the present time in mines. To carry out the work the standing armies of the world are to be called into requisition.—Scientific American.

"S O S" Supplants "C Q D."

The first distress signal used when the wireless became popular on ships was C Q D. It has been changed to S O S. In the continental code it is made with three dots, three short dashes and three dots, while in the Morse it is three dots, dot, space and dot, three dots. The new distress signal has been adopted by the Berlin treaty and is now official all over the world.—Exchange.

MY LADY DAFFODIL.

How She Happened to Wear Her Yellow Gown That Night.

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

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In Miss Priscilla's garden there was a clump of daffodils.

"I am going to pick all of them," said Judy Perkins, who was Miss Priscilla's niece.

"Please don't, Judy," said Miss Priscilla faintly.

"Why not?"

"Because," was Miss Priscilla's woman's reason.

Judy looked at her. "Tell me," she urged. "You are blushing, and you can't have any secrets from me, Aunt Pris."

Miss Priscilla beamed. It was such a new delight to be bossed by this beautiful being who had come all the way from Europe to the little country village to see for the first time her father's sister.

"Tell me,'" Judy repeated and drew the little lady down beside her on the garden bench.

Judy listened intently while Miss Priscilla stammered out her little romance. "So you and he always sat on this bench by the daffodil bed, and you wore a little yellow dimity gown, and he called you 'My Lady Daffodil?'"

"Yes." Miss Priscilla's voice was dreamy. "And he used to quote some verses that ended:

"And then my heart with pleasure fills
And dances with the daffodils."

"Why didn't you marry him?" Judy murmured.

"There was a misunderstanding," Miss Priscilla said, "and he went away, and I haven't heard from him since, and that was twenty years ago."

Judy enveloped the shabby black figure in a big hug. "Dear Aunt Pris," she said, "and you have been alone and lonely all these years, while I have been having a good time."

"You couldn't know," Miss Priscilla said, "that after father and mother died I invested all of my money in a mining scheme that failed."

"No; we didn't know," Judy said, "and you have scrimped and saved and gone without pretty things while I have simply squandered piles of money on gowns."

"The one you have on is a beauty," Miss Priscilla said. "You look like a rose."

Judy laughed. "The rose and the daffodil," she sang. "We belong in your garden, Aunt Pris."

"Miss Priscilla," said some one from the other side of the fence, "may I have a rose from your garden?"

"I told you last night you couldn't, Bobbie," Judy retorted.

"Don't quarrel," Miss Priscilla expostulated. "Come up presently and have lunch with me."

As she left them Judy stood looking after the slender, old fashioned figure. "Did she ever tell you about the daffodils, Bobbie?"

"No."

"He was her lover and he went away—and his name is Constantius Mercer."

"Do you know," Bobbie said, "there's a man at the hotel named Mercer—C. Mercer?"

Judy grasped his hands across the fence. "Bobbie, boy," she said, "suppose it should be the same one—and suppose he is coming back here to look up Aunt Pris."

"She must have changed awfully in that time," Bobbie said. "She—she isn't very pretty now, you know, Judy."

"She's beautiful," Judy said defiantly. "Her hair is lovely and her eyes"—

"Constantius is probably old and bald and ugly—but of course that doesn't count."

"Well, one doesn't exactly look for beauty in a man"—

"If one did one might be disappointed," Judy murmured pointedly. Then she went on, "If it is Constantius he'll probably be over this evening, Bobbie."

"Why."

"Because she said he always came at twilight, and—and lovers don't forget such things, Bobbie."

"Don't they?" Bobbie demanded with some interest. "Will you remember that I always came at high noon in time for lunch, Judy?"

"Aunt Pris," Judy said a little later when they were at lunch, "I'm going to get the dinner tonight and I want it late. Bobbie's coming and I'm going to put on style."

Bobbie looked up in amazement, but Judy's eye warned him. "You are to come at 7:30," she said. "I want to show you what a fine cook I am."

After Bobbie left Miss Priscilla protested.

"Please," Judy began, "let me get the dinner and—and I want to dress you up and have you play lady for once in your life. You are going to wear a pretty gown tonight," Judy said decidedly. "Come on upstairs and choose one, Aunt Pris."

Once in Judy's room that enthusiastic maiden dumped on the bed a dozen gowns before she found the one she sought.

"There," she said at last, as she took down a fluttering fluffy thing of pale yellow chiffon. "Put that on and see how you look, Aunt Pris."

"Oh, my dear," Miss Priscilla protested. But Judy commanded, and soon Miss Priscilla was incased in the wonderful gown.

"But your hair's wrong," Judy decided and pulled out hairpins and curled and patted and puffed the shining brown locks into a wonderful cuff fore-topped with a gold comb.

"Why, it's just the way I used to wear it," Miss Priscilla said.

"And now you are to take a book and go down to the garden seat and stay there until I call you to dinner."

A half hour later Bobbie appeared at the kitchen door.

"Judy," he said in an awed voice, "I didn't know clothes could make such a difference."

"What?" asked Judy, abstracted. She was deep in the mysteries of mayonnaise.

"Miss Priscilla is down by the daffodil bed in a yellow gown, and she looks like a girl with her hair done that way. And Constantius is headed for the garden. He is a good looking old duffer, Judy."

"I hope he has piles of money," Judy said.

"I'll run back and dress," Bobbie said. "But I wish you'd let me get the Lady of the Roses if he gets My Lady Daffodil, Judy."

"Go 'way," said Judy, but her eyes were kind.

There were golden shadows across the grass as Bobbie went toward the gate, and Miss Priscilla's gown made a spot of gold in the dusky corner where the daffodils grew. And at the gate Bobbie met Constantius, but the man scarcely bowed. His eyes were on that golden spot in the dusky corner.

"My Lady Daffodil," he said softly.

Miss Priscilla turned, started up, and her eyes were like stars.

"Connie"— she gasped, and then Bobbie fled.

And when he crept back later he found shades on the silver candlesticks.

He produced a great bunch of daffodils and Judy put them in a silver bowl in the center of the table.

"Judy, this is my old friend Constantius Mercer," said a happy voice.

Constantius held Judy's hand and looked down at her. "Priscilla and I have been wondering how you happened to make her wear that yellow gown today."

"A little bird told me you were at the hotel."

"A little bird?"

"Bob-o-link," said Bobbie from the other side of the table.

"Oh," and Constantius grasped the other's hand. "I told you I knew Miss Perkins?"

"Yes," said Bobbie, "and I told Judy, and thereby hangs the tale."

But Constantius was not listening—hand in hand with Miss Priscilla he was looking at the daffodils that nodded under the golden light.

And Judy, watching the old lovers, turned her eyes presently on her young lover and then her hand went out to him and behind the backs of the others he bent and kissed her.

Willing, but Helpless.

"Shave," was all he said, and he snapped it out as if he wanted to be let alone during the operation.

"You oughter have a hair cut, sir. Needs it badly," said the barber.

"No; I want a shave," said the man.

Everything was quiet for the next few minutes, and the barber scraped away. Then, the bristles removed, the barber ran his hands through his hair, preparatory to combing it. That seemed to remind him of something.

"Hair's getting thin, sir. Shall I put on some follicular freshener?" he inquired.

"No!" snapped the man.

The barber fussed about some more and then, "Try a facial massage—just what you need," he said.

"No; I only want the shave," said the man firmly.

This appeared to get past the barber, for as he was flirting with the combs and brushes and looking over the customer's cranial development he remarked in a friendly and kindly tone, just as if the idea had that moment occurred to him, "You oughter have your hair cut, sir."

The tired man's patience was all gone now. "Hang it," he exclaimed, "if you are so anxious to cut somebody's hair, why don't you cut your own? It's four times as long as mine."

Sadly the barber looked at himself in the glass. His locks were best described by the mid-Victorian terms "ambrosial and umbrageous."

"If I could I would," he answered.—New York Press.

To Was or Not to Was.

"Dear me, now!" exclaimed the nervous old lady with the seventeen packages and the parrot, bound for Cockle-on-the-Shell. "What did the guard say was the next station? Did he say Cockle-on-the-Shell?"

"Excuse me," remonstrated the girl from Girton. "You mean what is the next station. It's still a station, you know."

"You're wrong, madam," interposed an octogenarian. "What is was, isn't it?"

"Is is was?" asked the Girton girl sharply.

"Don't be ridiculous!" snapped the nervous old lady. "Was may be is. But if was was is, then is isn't is or was wasn't was." She passed her hand across her fevered brow. "If was is, was is was, isn't it?" she continued. "But if is is was, then"—

"Listen!" interposed a fifth. "Is is, was was, was was was, is is is."

"Oh, well, anyway," cried the old lady, "is the next station my station—Cockle-on-the-Shell?"

"No, madam," replied the octogenarian. "But it was. We have just gone by it."—London Scraps.

A Candid Retrospect.

"Why are you in this prison, my friend?" asked the philanthropist.

"It was the result of my own folly."

"In what way were you foolish?"

"I didn't employ the right kind of a lawyer for my case."—Washington Star.

THE LONELY HUSBAND.

His wife's away,
There is no doubt,
Because he's searching
In and out
To find these things
He needs the most:
The can opener, cork screw, salt and pepper shakers, carving knife, milk tickets, frying pan and
The patent thing
For making toast.

Both day and night
We hear him swear,
He's looked high, low
And everywhere,
But still for these
He seeks in vain:
His change of underwear, clean collars, socks, negligee shirt, extra shoestrings, shaving mug, bath towels, pen and ink, bird seed, his derby hat, rain coat and clothes brush,
And then he wires,
"Come home again."
—Detroit Free Press.

A Family Likeness.

Cissie—Oh, Reggie, don't give it to him; give it to his father!—Comic Cuts.

Nerve.

He shambled into the fashionable lunch room and seated himself under an artificial palm.

"Er—well, me man?" snapped the swell waiter, elevating his nose until it was on a line with the ceiling.

"How much is your planked steak?"

"Three dollars and twenty-five cents."

The unwelcome caller looked as though he had been hit with a baseball bat.

"Three dollars and twenty-five cents for a planked steak?"

"Yes."

There was a painful pause, and then the stranger fished deep down into the pocket of his trousers and drew forth a dime. "Here, boss, take dis. I only want de plank."—Chicago News.

Tough on Sandy.

"Lady," began Sandy Pikes, as he stopped at the wayside cottage, "two weeks ago I passed here and you told me to emulate the busy ant."

"Yes, my poor man," responded the housewife. "And did you?"

"I did, mum, to me sorrow. When I passed a picnic in de grove I watched de busy ant tackling de ice cream and cakes, and when I tried it de men licked me, de boys stoned me and de dogs chased me. No more imitating de busy ant fer me, mum."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Not Within His Jurisdiction.

A well known judge invited a barrister friend of his to go for a short trip on his yacht. A storm came up and the boat began to roll and toss in a manner which the lawyer did not relish.

The judge laid a hand on his friend's shoulder and said, "My dear fellow, is there anything I can do to make you comfortable?"

"Yes," was the grim reply. "Overrule this motion!"—Modern Society.

Presence of Mind.

Mr. Phan (roaring from the top of the stairs) — Mildred! What is that young man doing down there so late?

Mildred (sweetly)—He's just doping out how the teams will finish for the pennant.

Mr. Phan (mollified)—All right. Tell him to take his time, not overlooking past performances and the possibility of a slump, and when he gets done he can compare it with my list behind the clock on the bookcase.—Puck.

Seeking an Estrangement.

"How can you reconcile your previous statements with your present opinions?"

"I don't want to reconcile 'em," answered Senator Sorghum. "My desire is to keep them so far apart that they can be considered as strangers."—Washington Star.

Tabbed and Filed.

Mrs. Crawford—You must love your husband very dearly if you save all the letters he sends you while you're in the country.

Mrs. Crabshaw—I'm keeping them for comparison, my dear. I'm sure to catch him in a lie.—Judge.

No Use of Stopping.

Nervous Friend—I—I almost fancy you've run into some one. Hadn't you better stop?

Experienced Driver—What for? The car's running beautifully. I can tell in a minute if anything's damaged.—Bystander.

Against All Tradition.

"That wealthy old fellow is a queer chap."

"How so?"

"Never claims he was happier when he was poor. Always says he's happier now."—Kansas City Journal.

Used to the Place.

Mrs. Hoyle—The force of habit is a great thing.

Mrs. Doyle—That's so. My husband has got into the habit of going to church, and he can't sleep anywhere else.—New York Herald.

DIAMOND HEAD.

Uncle Sam's Great Volcano Fortress in the Pacific Ocean.

Since England instituted her vast and mysterious system of defenses in the great rock of Gibraltar the world has witnessed no project of military fortification so important as that which has been undertaken by the United States in the island of Oahu of the Hawaiian group.

In the belief that the Pacific ocean is to be the theater of the next great international struggle for commercial and territorial control, the American government has entered upon a project which is destined to give it an invincible base and outpost in midocean at Hawaii. To that end it has begun to fortify what is known as Diamond head, which is a vast extinct volcano in Oahu, on which Honolulu is built, and when the works are completed the place will be justly entitled to be called "the Gibraltar of the Pacific."

Situated as it is at the lower extremity of the island, with its northern slope forming part of the city of Honolulu, says Edward, P. Irwin in the World Today, Diamond head commands the seaward approach from all directions to the city, and the fire of its guns, combined with the cross fire of the Pearl harbor fortifications seven miles away on the other side of Honolulu, is sufficient to render the town safe from attack.

The crater itself is comparatively shallow, being only a couple of hundred feet deep. But the walls are steep and rugged, and it would be practically impossible for a ship at sea to drop a shell into the cavity. This is being taken advantage of to form a safe shelter for the gunners who are to man the battery.

The guns themselves, eight 12-inch mortars of the newest and most powerful type, are not located in the crater itself, but are mounted on the Leahi slope, toward Kaimuki, behind the mountain. Should there be occasion to use them in time of war the gunners would not see the vessel at which they were firing, but would direct their aim according to the telephoned instructions of the range finders stationed at various points on the circumference of the crater's rim.

Such is modern gunnery, a matter of mathematics rather than of accuracy of vision. But to such a degree of perfection has the modern science of gunnery attained that the crews of the Diamond head battery would be able to drop on to the deck of a battleship miles distant and completely out of their range of vision a projectile which would sink the vessel before ever it had a chance to get close enough to the island to use its own less powerful guns.

Through the thick rock walls of the volcano's crater grimy workmen, under the direction of United States military engineers, are driving a tunnel. This is to form a passageway to and from the batteries for the officers and range finders and, should occasion ever arise, for the crews of the mortar battery.

The sides of the volcano are very steep and cannot be scaled except in a few places where narrow paths lead up the precipitous heights. A few riflemen and machine guns could easily defend these passes against a force many times their number.

About the only way the volcanic fortress could be captured would be by starving the defenders out. Water would be the most difficult thing for a defending force to obtain, but it will be no insuperable task to provide a plentiful supply.

When this is finished Hawaii will have the most novel and at the same time one of the strongest fortresses in the world—a fortified volcano.

A Simple Trick.

Here is a magician with a new trick. He takes a duck from under a man's coat collar. Now, don't say that you have seen that done a hundred times. It was a rabbit that you saw taken from under a man's coat collar. This is a duck. It was time for a variation to be introduced in the rabbit trick. It be introduced in the rabbit trick. It is just as easy to do it with a duck as with a rabbit and a little funnier, because the duck can kick as hard as the rabbit and can also quack, which no rabbit can do, no matter how well trained it is. The explanation of the trick is simple. The magician simply does it so quickly that you cannot see how he does it. Nothing easier. Any one who doubts it can get a duck and try it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Dear and Cheap Meat.

According to Health Commissioner Ritchie of Boston, if meat eaters are looking for nutriment only they might just as well buy the cheaper cuts as the more expensive ones. "The value of different foodstuffs," says Mr. Ritchie, "is largely a question of amount of heat units they contain. According to good authorities, one-half the weight of beef, the most nutritive kind of meat, is water. About 10 per cent is waste. The remainder is fats and proteids. There is no difference between the nutritive values of the better or cheaper grades of beef. The amount of fats and proteids contained in each is about the same."

A Constitutional Monarch.

Recipe for making a constitutional monarch: Take a few thousand troops, a good general and ten or eleven machine guns. Turn the latter rapidly until a white flag appears out of the palace window. Sprinkle over the quivering ruler a few threats of what will happen to him if he isn't good. Then, when you take him out, the chances are that you will find a nice, tender, constitutional monarch fit to grace any table.—Syracuse Herald.

TWO OF THEM.

I'm fond of Kitty and her cat.
She truly is a pearl—
I mean the kitten, but at that
I also mean the girl.
She is so shiny, sleek and fat—
The cat I mean—I love
To stroke her fur the while we chat—
The girl I'm speaking of.

I chat with one and with my hand
The other softly pat.
I trust that you can understand
What I am driving at.
She doesn't like to have me stroke
Her back—I mean the girl—
No, darn it; cat! Well, that's a joke,
My head is in a whirl.

I mean that Kitty doesn't care
To have me pet her kitten,
For when I'm with my Kitty there—
With her I'm sorely smitten—
I lean so close to pat her head—
The cat's—and talk to her—
I mean the girl—her cheeks grow red,
And she will loudly pur.

It is the cat that purs, you see,
I wish I could be clearer.
Now, Kitty's bashful as can be,
And I keep edging nearer,
But when she jumps upon my knee—
Of course I mean the kitten—
And Kitty runs away from me
I'm stung, not scratched nor bitten.
—Chicago News.

Her Get-up.

"What's the difference between vision and sight?"

"See that girl?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's a vision, but her general get-up's a sight."

Opposed to Slang.

Donald had been to Sunday school and on coming home was asked what he had learned. The lesson was the story of Joseph, and the small learner was evidently full of his subject.

"Oh," he said, "it was about a boy, and his brothers took him and put him in a hole in the ground, and then they killed another boy and took the first boy's coat and dipped it in the blood of this boy, and"—

"Oh, no, Donald, not another boy!" his sister interrupted, horrified. But Donald stood his ground.

"It was, too," he insisted. Then he added, "The teacher said 'kid,' but I don't use words like that."—Woman's Home Companion.

Too Sympathetic.

"Women aren't nearly as sympathetic as they are cracked up to be," said the hardened old sinner. "When I tell my wife I want to go sit up with a sick friend she always objects."

"Mine doesn't," replied the gay young man gloomily. "She always wants to come along too."—Minneapolis Journal.

What to Push.

"Any one," remarked the old gentleman, "can build up a fortune if he has plenty of push."

"That depends upon the way the push is applied," rejoined the wise youth. "There isn't much money in pushing a gocart or a lawn mower."—St. Louis Republic.

Their Training.

"I should think baseball men would be particularly useful in the army in actual warfare."

"Why especially baseball men?"

"Because they would know better than others how to fight a pitched battle."—Boston Transcript.

Podgers' Ailment.

"What's the matter with Podgers? I met him limping along and holding his jaw."

"Got the foot and mouth disease."

"Heavens! You don't say so!"

"Yes. Corns and toothache."—Browning's Magazine.

Architecture.

"A man who is the architect of his own fortune should get a great deal of comfort out of life."

"But he doesn't, as a rule," answered Miss Cayenne. "He's too busy building additions."—Washington Star.

The Courageous Character.

"So Bliggins has written a historical novel?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Who is the hero of the book?"

"The man who has undertaken to publish it."—Houston Post.

A Decent Proposition.

Burglar—Hold up your hands!

Victim—All right, old man, but for heaven's sake don't ask me to hold up both feet at the same time. If there's anything I hate it's being made a monkey of.—Boston Globe.

Hypocrisy.

Dr. Cook—Briggs, what is a hypocrite.

Briggs, '12—A hypocrite is a stude who comes to freshman English class with a smile on his face.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Parched.

Stranger In Their Midst — Fishing any good here?

Native—Naw; town went dry last election.—Puck.

Selections

CHINESE DWARFS.

Their Ancestry Dates Back to the Building of the Great Wall.

Pygmy human beings who live like animals and seem lower in the scale than African baboons were discovered in the mountain solitudes of northern China by Dr. W. E. Geil, an American explorer and writer, who has just returned to this country. The discovery was made in the course of a caravan journey along the entire extent of the great wall of China, 1,800 miles, and it confirmed the legend that far in the interior dwelt a race of hairy dwarfs, the kind of beings described by Marco Polo and Baron Munchausen with damage to their reputations for veracity. But the dwarfs exist, and ancient inscriptions on the Great wall, deciphered for Dr. Geil by Chinese scholars, profess to explain their origin. Back in 210 B. C. the Emperor Chin decided that his country needed protection from the fierce Tartar tribes on the west and north, and he ordered the building of a horseshoe shaped barrier thousands of miles in length to inclose the empire from sea to sea. A work more monumental than the erection of all the Egyptian pyramids and temples was begun. Millions of Chinese toiled at the Great wall, cutting and laying granite blocks for the first courses and making brick for the superstructure. The towers were built first, and they served as military blockhouses while the connecting walls were put up.

Kept at their job by strict compulsion, the millions of laborers were inspired by the fear of an unusual penalty for error or rebellion. The workman who made a mistake or listened to agitators was promptly incorporated in the wall as so much building material. Burying alive proved to be good discipline with a majority of the laborers, obviating strikes and discontent, but some of them ran away to the remote forests on the Tibetan border. They took their wives and children with them. So affected were they by their terrible experience that some of them went crazy, and the rest had such a hard fight for existence that they deteriorated physically, transmitting dwarfishness to their present day descendants. The Chinese legend to this effect may not be entirely astray, since it is likely that deserters from the army of labor fled to the forests and that the hardships of a wild, isolated life should have had effect on them after many generations. The dwarfs have long nails, terrible faces and resemble apes. Dr. Geil believes that the Great wall has never been entirely explored in modern times previous to his expedition last year. He found a stretch of 200 miles that had not been mapped. At places the great wall climbed to a height of two miles above sea level. There were evidences of monumental barriers antedating Emperor Chin's celebrated inclosure.—New York Tribune.

Dainty Cooking of France.

"In Paris I am sure one gets the daintiest and most palatable food in the world, but I never enjoyed any good eating there that was not very expensive," said a banker who has been abroad.

"At any of the very superior and noted restaurants of the French capital the tariff is as high as in New York's best establishments or even higher. One thing I always kicked about, but in vain, over there was the item 'conviere' always included in your bill. It meant the charge for the dishes, linen and perhaps the dish of olives and is a franc, or 20 cents, for each person. That is a petty graft not yet adopted in this country. But don't worry; it will come in time, for we have imitated old world practices so rapidly in other ways of doing the public that this particular device will not long be delayed." — Baltimore American.

Berlin's Railway Porters.

The Berlin railway station porters, well known to travelers by their white tunics, have formed themselves for mutual protection into a limited liability company, which bears the proud title of Bahnamtlich Zugelassene Berliner Gepackbeforderungsgenossenschaft mit Beschrankter Haftung. Should the call for an official of the society not trip readily off the tongue nervous travelers will be relieved to hear that the Berliners themselves find the name rather cumbersome and that the organization is popularly known as the B. Z. B. G.

A Traveling Kitchen.

A Paris caterer has bought a mule and a small van, in which is fitted a kitchen range with several hot dishes all ready, and sends them out along the streets in charge of a cook. A horn announces the presence of the van to the people, who come out and are handed on hot plates a portion of roast meat or other dish, with vegetables, cheese and dessert. The scheme is a great success, and the caterer is doing a large business.

Dock For Brazilian Dreadnoughts.

The government of Brazil has called for bids for the construction of a great floating drydock to accommodate war and merchant vessels, and especially the new battleships of the Dreadnought type now being constructed in England for the Brazilian navy. The dock, which is to be built at Rio de Janeiro, is to have a length of 543 feet and a width of 83 feet.—Philadelphia Press.

TALES BY A TRAMP.

The Dilapidated Gentleman and His Many Experiences.

HISTORY REPEATED ITSELF.

How a Justice of the Peace Got What Was Coming to Him For Making a False Arrest—A Michigan Murder Mystery.

By M. QUAD.

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THE dilapidated gentleman was sitting on a park bench in the sunshine and enjoying his pipe with great gusto, and as the interviewer approached he was greeted with:

"I'm not much on old sayings, but I wish to remark that history repeats itself."

"Just how in this case?"

"Seven or eight years ago, as I was taking a saunter over the great state of Ohio and was approaching Youngstown, I was nabbed by a constable, rushed before a J. P. and sent to jail for three months as a vag. I had $25 in my pocket, had been at work for a farmer for weeks and was a vag in no sense of the term. I asked for

"FOR AN HOUR I MADE HER TASTE THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH."

a lawyer to defend me, but was refused. While I dug my way out of the old jail within a week, I've always wanted to get even with that J. P. After getting out I wrote him a letter that I would get even."

"Well?"

"Well, I've got even at last. Half an hour ago the worst looking old bum I've seen in three years came along here and struck me for a nick. We fell to talking, and hang me if he didn't turn out to be that same old J. P.! Lost his wife, lost his home and all else and has come down to tramping. Say, I got up, turned him around and gave him the boot six times, and now I feel that the matter is off my mind. Dr. Parkhurst would say that I ought to have taken him to my bosom and forgiven and sent him back to Ohio with a necklace of pearls, but I'm not doing business on that corner.

"I was telling you one time," continued the dilapidated, "about the absorbing interest farmers take in murders and robberies. It is because they seldom meet up with anything of the kind personally. I have stayed at farmhouses where such a thing as a robbery had not been known in fifty years. I told you at the same time that the general idea of a tramp is that he must have been a pretty wicked fellow at some time in his life. If he don't own up that he was and state that he has reformed he's considered as only half a tramp.

"Five years ago this summer I was touring Michigan. There's a town up in the northern part of the state named Bad Ax. Perhaps there's a Good Ax around there somewhere to match it, but I can't say. Five miles from the town I struck a farmer who offered me a certain sum and board to grub out some stumps. I went at it. After supper that night I was asked enough questions to prove that the family was curious about me, and I promised that on the next night I would relate an experience to make their hair stand up. That farmer was a thrifty man. He went among his neighbors and repeated my words, and the result was that when night came sixteen outsiders had gathered at his house, at a charge of 10 cents each, to hear me talk. Did he divvy with the undersigned? Oh, no! He knew a good thing when he saw it.

"When ready to talk I began with my marriage to a lovely girl and the happiness that followed for a year. Then a fiend incarnate told her that I loved fourteen other women, and she eloped with him. I found her tracks in the mud and vowed heaven that I would never rest until I had had revenge. For eight long years I followed the guilty couple, and I was about to give up in despair when one evening I found myself seated directly behind them at a circus performance. As they ate peanuts and drank lemonade I tried to borrow a stiletto to stab them in the back. No stiletto was to be found.

"When the show was out I followed the couple. They got into a wagon and drove three miles into the country, and I followed close behind. I could have pulled a rail off the fence and killed them as they drove, but I had another plan. At this point I asked a man one of my audience to take a solemn oath not to betray my secret nor take any steps whatever to bring me to justice. Not one refused to take the oath. They licked their chops and were glad to take it. It presaged something more bloody than they had hoped for.

"Well, as the story went, I hung around the farm for a couple of days, and then the wife began making soft soap. The lye in the big kettle had been boiling for five hours and midnight had come when I raised a window and crept into the house. I found the guilty parties asleep. I tapped them on the head with a club and awoke them. Then I sat down by the bedside and gloated over their fears. Oh, but I gloated! They wept and prayed and shivered and shook, but I sat there with the look of a demon on my face. I prolonged their misery for hours, and I had my audience so wrought up that no one breathed.

"I could have battered in the skulls of my victims with the club or cut off their heads with the ax, but such a death would have been too merciful. After tantalizing them to my heart's content I carried the man out to the soap kettle and held him in it, head downward, until he ceased to kick. Then came the turn of her who had been my wife. Heavens, how she shrieked and prayed, how she ran around the room, how she cried out to me that the man had hypnotized her! I was grim—grim as the death that must soon be hers. She looked for just one flicker of mercy in my eyes, but she looked in vain. For an hour I made her taste the bitterness of death, and then I reached out to seize her and make soft soap of her, but heart disease had carried her off. She was dead.

"'And I'm glad of it!' shouted every soul in the room as he or she rose up.

Robbed House and Fled.

"Well, there wasn't much more to tell them. I robbed the house and fled far away and had never even been suspected of the murders. I asked them to be so kind as to remember their oaths, as I had a strange prejudice against being hung, and then let the farmer lock me into the barn for the night. Next day I was arrested, of course. Every one of them had gone and given me away. Two constables came and loaded me with chains, and I was taken to the county jail. Warrants for murder were sworn out and the legal authorities at Pilot Knob, Mo., communicated with. That's where I had laid the scene of the crime.

"Say, my friend, I was in quod six weeks and during that time 245 people were admitted to gaze upon the blood stained demon. Reporters from three papers interviewed me, and I told them six different yarns. I received and entertained and confessed to five different ministers. No two confessions were alike. Seven different doctors studied and examined me. I wasn't going through with all this and living like a tramp, you know. You bet I wasn't. I had the bridal chamber of the jail, and I had dainties and bouquets to beat the band. It was my harvest, and I made the most of it.

"Of course the Missouri officials were bound to write back after due investigation that I was a liar, and of course the time came when I was turned out of jail. There was general indignation that I was not a fiendish murderer instead of an innocent man, and some folks hinted at lynching. The sheriff fairly kicked me out of the jail, and the only friend I had was the farmer for whom I had started grubbing stumps. He was waiting for me at his gate, and when I came along he saluted me with:

"'Come right in and go to work again, and I'll make your board free this time.'

"'But I thought you'd be down on me,' I said.

"'Lands, no! A man that can lie like you can ought to have $30 a month and board to do nothing else! Come in. Come in.'"

Superfluous.

"When I observe the way some things go in New York, over which we make a fuss when we get them," said the Rev. Thomas It. Slicer, "and think of what we ought to have I am reminded of the poor minister who had seven children and whose family was increased to eight. He told his eldest child, a daughter, about the new baby.

"'Well, father,' she said, 'I suppose it is all right, but there are a lot of things we needed more.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

What She Hoped.

Miss Cayenne—Why, I thought you were to sail for Europe yesterday.

Callowit—That was me—aw—intention, doucher know, but I—aw—changed me mind at the lawst moment.

Miss Cayenne—Glad to hear it, and I hope you got a better one in the exchange.—Pittsburg Post.

Her Weight of Sin.

"Mother, I've a dreadful thing to confess to you. Last night when you told me to lie down in bed I lied down, but after you turned out the gas I grounded my teeth at you in the dark!"—London Punch.

Your Gait.

Don't go such a fearful rate.
Take a slow an' stiddy gait.
Don't you think you'd better heed
Common sense an' check your speed?
Rome warn't fashioned in a day.
Hurry jobs don't never stay.
Take a gait thet's safe an' sane,
Then keep pushin' on the rein.

Better make it slow an' sure
Ef you want it to endure.
Lots o' things kin hap. indeed,
When you try to overspeed.
You might git there quicker, an'
Then ag'in you mightn't land.
There's a gait thet's safe an' sane.
Take it, then push on the rein.
—Joe Cone in Boston Herald.

A CRUSOE RESCUED.

Lieut. Shackleton's "Nimrod" Finds Missing Islands.

Details have now been received of the homeward voyage of the Nimrod, the vessel of the Shackleton Expedition, as a result of which further geographical work of the highest interest has been carried out, adding considerably to the scientific value of the work of the British Antarctic Expedition. The work in question, which includes the establishment of the fact that no less than four islands or groups of islands shown on all Admiralty charts do not exist, was carried out under conditions of great difficulty, as will be realized when it is stated that the Nimrod had to search for these islands in very rough seas and when there were 16 hours daily of absolute darkness. A most interesting feature of the journey was the visit paid to Macquarie Island, on which was found a solitary inhabitant with two dogs. The Nimrod, under the command of Capt. J. K. Davis, left Sydney on May 8, and, in accordance with Lieut. Shackleton's instructions, proceeded south in order to visit Macquarie Island and search for certain charted groups of islands, the actual existance of which was doubtful.

On May 18, in fine, clear weather, the vessel passed over the position assigned to Royal Society Island with no land in sight. A sounding was taken in the neighborhood, and bottom reached with 2,430 fathoms of line. Capt. Davis then stood east and then south, but saw no signs of land in the vicinity. After satisfying himself that the island did not exist, he proceeded to Macquarie Island in order to make zoological collections. He encountered heavy gales, and reached the island on May 26. Macquarie Island, the southernmost of the off-lying islands of New Zealand, lies 545 miles southwest of Stewart Island, and was discovered in the early part of the last century by a colonial sealing vessel. It is 21 miles long and five miles broad, and is the home of countless myriads of penguins, sea birds and seals.

A visit was paid to the southeast point of the island and some specimens collected, and then the Nimrod proceeded along the coast northwards. As she drew near Nugget Point, from which a reef of rocks extends for some distance seawards, two huts were seen on the shore and also the wreck of a vessel high and dry on the beach. In his report, which is just to hand, Capt. Davis says: "Suddenly, to our surprise, a column of smoke rose from the smaller of the two huts. As we had heard nothing of anyone living on the island, this was extraordinary. Presently, with the glasses, we could make out the figure of a man standing at the door of the smaller of the huts watching our approach. We came to anchor, and the boat was lowered and headed for the shore. The man, who had been watching us from the hut, now walked down to the beach, accompanied by two little dogs. There was a heavy surf, but our Crusoe-like friend, after pointing out the best landing-place, walked into the water and assisted in beaching the boat.

We soon ascertained that his name was Wm. McKibben, and that he had been a member of a party which had visited the island in the previous season in order to obtain seal and penguin oil.

Opera Under Difficulties.

Baron d'Erlanger, whose opera, "Tess," was produced at Covent Garden a few days ago, will not readily forget the first performance, which took place at the San Carlo Theatre, Naples, some time ago. Vesuvius was in eruption at the time, and the theatre contained comparatively few spectators, who were half panic-stricken. During the performance the roofs of some buildings near the theatre fell in, and the lava dust, which got into the theatre, nearly choked and blinded both listeners and performers. Next day the theatre was closed by order of the municipality. The baron has been a musician all his life. At five he was able to improvise on the piano, and when quite a young man he wrote a great number of songs. He is an active partner in one of the great banking houses of London, and, although a naturalized Englishman, his family history is somewhat curious. He was born in Paris, his mother being an American and his father a German, while his maternal grandmother was French.

The Bishop's Mathematics.

Concerning his early education, the Bishop of Manchester makes an interesting confession. It cost his father nothing, for the simple reason that he attended a free school. But the mathematics were taught by masters who had never studied the subject. "Consequently," says the bishop, "when I could not understand a rule I went to the master and asked him to explain it to me, and I remember to this day how he put on his black cap and his blackest frown, and said, 'Can Knox read?' I trembled and said, 'Yes, sir.' Then,' said the master, 'let him read the rule.' I proceeded to read it aloud to the whole class, and then he said, 'Let Knox go and do the rule.' That was all the explanation I got, and that led to a certain originality in my mathematics which, I am sorry to say, has not been appreciated by eminent mathematicians."

The Silent Club.

Mr. J. M. Barrie is a member of the Athenaeum Club, in Pall Mall. On his first appearance there, it is said, he once asked for some information from a gentleman sitting near him. To his great surprise, the older member not only told him all he wanted to know, but insisted on Mr. Barrie dining with him and taking supper afterwards, though neither of them knew the other's name. Upon Mr. Barrie protesting that he could not possibly accept so much kindness from a stranger, the other immediately replied: "Don't mention it; don't mention it. Why, I've belonged to this club for 25 years, and you are the very first member who has ever spoken to me."

Few Reach Forty.

Out of every thousand people born, only 253 attain the age of forty.

SPEECH FRIGHT.

Many Great English Parliamentarians Had It.

"No great orator has ever lived," the late Lord Dufferin once said, "who did not feel very nervous before rising to his feet. I have often seen the legs of one of the most effective and heart-stirring speakers in the House of Lords, to whom that assembly never failed to listen, shake like an aspen leaf during the delivery of the first few sentences of his speech."

This nervous orator who quivered like an aspen was none other than Lord Derby, the "Rupert of Debate," and one of the most practised and powerful speakers Westminster has ever known. And his lordship made no concealment of his weakness, for he once confessed to Macaulay, at the very zenith of his career, "My throat and lips, when I am going to speak, are as dry as those of a man who is going to be hanged."

John Bright, past-master as he was of all the arts of oratory, went through agonies of nervousness, to his last day, when he was about to make an important speech. "I know I ought to be ashamed of myself," he confessed, towards the end of his life, "but the fact is, I never rise in the House without a trembling at the knees and a secret wish that somebody else would catch the Speaker's eye and enable me to sit down again."

Even Disraeli, the most cool-headed and self-confident of orators, was a sufferer from speech-fright. "Dizzy," his wife once told a friend, "is the sweetest-tempered of men, but he is always very irritable when he is going to speak;" and when they drove together to the House on those occasions his nervous condition was such that she dared not speak to him. "The blare of trumpets," he himself has written, "a thousand lookers-on, have induced men to lead a forlorn hope. Ambition, one's constituents, or the hell of previous failure have induced men to do a far more desperate thing—speak in the House of Commons."

Gladstone, even, did not live long enough to face an audience without a tremor. Indeed, his nervousness when about to speak was often painfully noticeable. He would tremble like a greyhound in the leash until it was time to rise.

WILL KEEP AT IT.

Hubert Latham Is Not Discouraged by Accidents.

Notwithstanding his two unsuccessful attempts to fly across the English Channel, Hubert Latham declares he will try again. At his first attempt

HUBERT LATHAM.

Latham fell into the water ten miles out from Calais. While Latham was repairing his monoplane for a second trial Louis Bleriot stole a march on him and performed the feat of flying from Calais to Dover in thirty-three minutes. Latham then undertook to fly from Calais to London, but fell again this time only two miles out from Dover.

The Original "Admirable Crichton."

Among the phrases which are to a certain extent stereotyped in the English language, "Admirable Crichton" is one that is invaluable. It expresses what no two other words can—the highest pitch of all-round excellence that it is possible for a human being to attain. But how many people know who the hero of the phrase was? To most he is a name and nothing more.

Accordingly there is ample room for an excellent brochure recently published from the pen of Mr. Douglas Crichton, F.S.A., Scot., entitled "The Admirable Crichton: The Real Character."

Crichton was another Chatterton, "the marvelous boy that perished in his prime." The Admirable one entered St. Andrews University when he was nine years old. Three years later he became a Bachelor of Arts, and at the age of fourteen he took his Artium Magister degree.

At his twentieth year he spoke ten languages, could never forget anything he ever heard, was philosopher, theologian, mathematician, orator, fencer, dancer, horseman. In his person he was "extremely beautiful." When one reads that "he was also able to discourse upon political questions with much solidity," it will be gathered that this Apollo was a prodigy of prodigies.—"Edinburgh Evening Dispatch."

Lunacy in England.

The report of the commissioners of lunacy contains ominous figures regarding the increase of insanity in Great Britain. There are now 128,787 of the certified insane, an increase of 2,763. The women exceed the men by 10,000. The criminal lunatics have increased 3.5 per cent. in the year.

A noticeable feature is the high ratio of insanity among persons of the learned professions. Civil and mining engineers show the highest ratio.

The commissioners favor farm colonies for the mild cases, and also an extension of the boarding-out system under supervision with observation wards.

SIRES AND SONS.

William Penn is buried at Jordans, England. He was seventy-four years old when he died.

Senator Beveridge served as cook for his fraternity in order to aid in paying his way through college.

Senator Aldrich enlisted as a private in the civil war, but was mustered out before his regiment got to the front.

George M. Bowers of West Virginia has been national fish commissioner so long he knows all the fishes by their first names.

John D. Rockefeller has caused to be constructed on his estate a rainbow fountain that throws out the prismatic colors whenever the sun is shining.

General Riza Pasha, for fifteen years minister of war in the Turkish government, is prominent among the officials who have been exiled by the Young Turks. It is said that he seemed delighted to depart for Mitylene, the ancient Lesbos home of Sappho.

At the recent convention of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, in Buffalo, the biggest man present was Michael Regan, the head of Buffalo's police department. Chief Regan stands six feet four inches in his stockings. He was elected vice president of the association.

After a service of sixty-five years as a teacher, fifty-seven of which were spent in the Boston Latin school, Charles J. Capen has retired at the age of eighty-six. His friends and associates proudly point to him as the oldest professional educator in the world. Mr. Capen was graduated from Harvard in 1843.

Fly Catches.

Pitchers Cicotte and Steele of the Boston Americans are two of the surprises of the season.

Dick Padden, former captain and second baseman of the St. Louis Browns, has been signed as scout by President Hedges of the St. Louis Americans.

Lou Criger and Jimmy Williams of the St. Louis Americans say that Tris Speaker of the Bostons is, in their estimation, the greatest outfielder since Jimmy McAleer's time.

Clark Griffith, the Cincinnati manager, is willing to pay a good price for the release of Unglaub of the Washingtons, but Manager Cantillon refused to consider any proposition.

What a wonderful trio of outfielders McIntyre, Crawford and Cobb are. All are good hitters, fine throwers and fast men on their feet. Most of Detroit's strength lies in these three men.

Outfielder Ward Miller has done some shifting this season. He was drafted by Chicago, secured by Pittsburg via the waiver route and has now been traded by Pittsburg to Cincinnati for Pitcher Blaine Durbin.

Knew His Trade.

"It isn't fair to impose such heavy fines on automobilists who violate the anti-speed ordinance," said the kind hearted villager. "Assessing them a hundred dollars and costs is too severe. Ten dollars would be penalty enough."

"Huh!" ejaculated the magistrate. "You don't know these city folks. If this court marked down the fines that low they would be within the reach of anybody, and not one of the society bunch would scorch through here. When I soak them for a hundred every time it makes this court exclusive, and that's what they're after."—Chicago Post.

Wanted a Handout.

"I suppose," began the kind lady before Mr. Husky Hasbeen got a chance to exercise his voice, "that you want to chop some wood in exchange for a square meal, don't you?"

"I'd like ter oblige yer, lady," replied the dusty traveler, "but it's bin more 'n twenty years since I done anything in dat line."

"Well," said the k. l., "here's where you can practice till you get your hand in."

"Nothin' doin', lady," rejoined the hobo. "Wat I'm lookin' fer is a handout. See!"

And the kind lady fell in a faint.

Hypothetical Questions.

"What will your mother say to you when you get home?" said one boy.

"She'll start in by asking me some hypothetical questions," answered precocious Willie.

"What are they?"

"Questions that she thinks she knows the answers to before she starts to talk."—Pick-Me-Up.

A Cause For Tears.

She offered an explanation of her tearful mood.

"I've been to a wedding," she said "I always cry more at a wedding than I do at a funeral. It's so much more uncertain."—Minneapolis Journal.

Obliging.

"Look here, little boy, I want to go to Corn Hollow!"

"All right, lady, go right along. I'm not a-tryin' ter stop you!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

HOLIDAY DISASTERS

SOME OF BRITAIN'S MOST APPALLING FATALITIES.

How the Steamer Ibex Laden With Excursionists Was Saved by the Speed at Which She Was Going—The Stella Wreck—The Hampstead Heath Catastrophe—Panic in a Westminster Theatre.

It says much for the excellent organization of railway and steamboat services that, even in times of great pressure upon their resources, accidents in proportion to the number traveling are very rare. Nevertheless, it is seldom that a bank holiday season passes without accidents of a more or less serious character. When one considers the hugeness of the operations involved, the only wonder is that more of the traveling public are not maimed or killed.

In 1897 the wreck of an excursion steamer occurred which was a sort of forecast, had one been gifted with prevision, of a much more terrible event two years later. The Ibex, laden with 500 passengers, was approaching St. Helier on Good Friday of that year, and, seemingly unsuspicious of danger, was proceeding at full speed between Guernsey and Jersey. As it happened, her speed, though fatal to herself, was the salvation of her passengers, for she not only struck a reef of sunken rocks, but became so immovably fixed between two of them that she could not founder, and there she remained until the Frederica took off all her passengers.

Two years later the terrible Stella catastrophe took place. She was not nearly so heavily laden as the Ibex, although she was a fine steamship, being, indeed, one of the best boats belonging to the Southwestern Railway Company plying between Southampton and the Channel Islands. On March 30th, 1899, she started at 11.45 p.m., and five hours later she had foundered in deep water, and between seventy and eighty of her passengers and crew had perished.

The place of this catastrophe was the dreaded Casquets, and so dense was the fog into which the Stella had run that the navigating officer was so much out of his reckoning that only a few minutes before she struck he had expressed his belief that the Casquets were eight miles distant! Unlike the Ibex, the Stella was feeling her way slowly, and when she struck upon the granite ledge, she did not run far enough upon it to remain there, but, after pounding great holes in her side for ten minutes, she slid off the rocks into deep water and went down, her boilers exploding as she sank.

A very remarkable accident occurred at the Hampstead Heath Station of the North London Railway on Easter Monday, 1892. The station was reached by a flight of steep and narrow stairs, and at the bottom of these was a barrier which could be opened and closed. The usual great concourse of people were disporting themselves upon the Heath as the day was beautiful, when suddenly, late in the afternoon, a tremendous rainstorm came on, and thousands of people rushed for the shelter of the railway station.

Presently the platform was so densely crowded that any further additions would inevitably cause people to be pushed off the platform on to the railway lines. To prevent this possibility the barrier was closed at the bottom of the stairs, and some scores of people were thus entrapped in the narrow way, while the people at the top and outside continued to try, with might and main, to get into shelter. Eight or ten people were literally crushed to death and a large number were very badly injured.

As long ago as Boxing Day, 1858 a terrible panic took place at a popular playhouse in Westminster. Before the afternoon performance was concluded a great crowd of people were already waiting at the doors for the evening performance, and when the cry of "Fire!" was raised inside, and the audience, mad with excitement, ran out, the people outside, knowing nothing of the cause of their sudden exit, tried to get in to secure a good place. Needless to say, the fight between the contending forces was a terrific one, and before it was over 50 people were more or less badly injured and 15 were dead.

A Tasteful Officer.

Recently, when Lord Kitchener was dining with the mess of a certain regiment, one of the younger officers present asked him if he would sign his autograph on a handkerchief. Kitchener willingly assented, and a dainty piece of linen was passed up. After studying the handkerchief for a moment, he said, with a laugh, "Hallo! This is your sister's—eh?" "No," replied the subaltern; "it's mine. I have rather good taste in handkerchiefs, you know." "Yes," snorted K. of K., in great contempt, as he flung the handkerchief back unsigned. "And what is your taste in hairpins, may I ask?"

The New Royal Academician.

Mr. J. J. Shannon, the new R.A., like other well-known artists, has known struggling days. It is said that on one occasion he found himself outside the Lyceum Theatre hesitating between a play and a supper at an adjacent eating-house. He possessed a solitary shilling, decided on the play, and went supperless to bed. Now his portraits cost the sitters from £800 to £1,000 each. For each of his portraits thirty or forty sittings are usually required, and, as the artist generally paints about a dozen portraits a year, it will be seen that he is one of the most industrious of men.

Man-Eating Tiger.

Once a tiger has taken to man-eating it confines itself to that kind of food. In many parts of India the death-roll from this cause is still very large.

MAGISTRATE'S SKIN DISEASE CURED

Magistrate F. Rasmussen, of 211, Marquette Street, Montreal, writes to the Zam-Buk Co. as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—For many years I was troubled with a serious eruption of the skin, which was not only unsightly, but at times very painful. I first tried various household remedies, but all these proved altogether useless.

"I then took medical advice. Not one, but several doctors in turn were consulted, but I was unable to get any permanent relief. Some time back I noticed a report from a Justice of the Peace who had been cured of a chronic skin-disease by Zam-Buk, and I determined to give this balm a trial.

"After a thoroughly fair test, I can say I am delighted with it. I have the best reasons for this conclusion; because, while everything else I tried—salves, embrocations, washes, soaps, and doctors' preparations—failed absolutely to relieve my pain and rid me of my trouble, three boxes of Zam-Buk have worked a complete cure.

"In my opinion Zam-Buk should be even more widely known than it is, and I have no objection to you publishing this letter."

For eczema, eruptions, rashes, tetter, itch, ringworm, and similar skin diseases, Zam-Buk is without equal. It also cures cuts, burns, scalds, piles, abscesses, chronic sores, blood-poisoning, etc. All druggists and stores at 50 cents a box, or post free for price from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

Zam-Buk

Privilege of Experience

"Some o' de men dat I hears indignatin' 'bout Wall street," said Uncle Eben, "has had personal experiences dat intitles dem to speak wif feelin'. Dey 'minds me of de boy dat went after honey in a hornet's nest an' got stung."—Washington Star.

It is in Demand.—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market, and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.

Little Eugene, aged three, is the baby of the family. One night, after having had his supper and being put to bed, he propounded to his mother the question: "Mamma, who got my supper for me when you was little?"—Lippincott's.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, Etc.

Williams—Young Astorbilt isn't at all exclusive, is he?

Walters—Why, I don't know.

Williams—Oh, he isn't. Why, this morning I saw him riding in his automobile with a policeman.—Somerville Journal.

How's This?

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

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

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

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

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

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Miserly—"So that woman doctor charged you $2 a visit. Well, what did she say?"

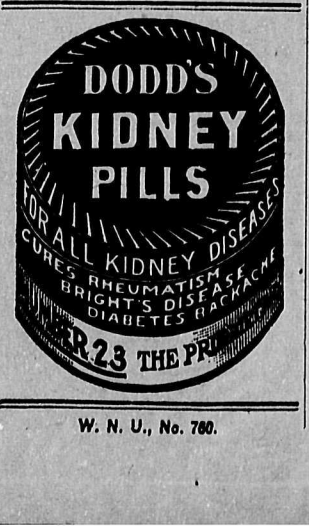
His Wife—"Said I stayed indoors too much. Here's her prescription."

Miserly (reading it)—"For external use only. One nice walking dress. One new hat. One pair gloves to match. Apply every afternoon between three and five."—Boston Transcript.

If every housekeeper would use Wilson's Fly Pads freely during the Summer months the house fly peril would soon be a thing of the past.

"Captain, is there no way in which the ship may be saved?"

"None at all, sir; we are going to the bottom, but I should not worry about the ship, sir, if I were you—she is fully insured. You'd better find a life belt."—Houston Post.



TOWNS ON HOLIDAYS.

Outings in England Provided by Generous Firms.

A few days ago Swindon was half depopulated. Twenty-five thousand of its inhabitants departed for trips to various seaside places, being conveyed by a couple of dozen special trains provided by the Great Western Railway. As most readers are aware, Swindon is where the works of the Great Western are situated, fully three-fourths of the population being dependent upon the railway company for their livelihood. In addition to providing the trains, the company gives the whole of its employes a day's holiday at its own expense.

The Great Eastern Railway, too, not only give their employes at the Stratford works—numbering 5,000—free passes for themselves, wives, and children, and run special trains for their convenience to such places as Yarmouth, Clacton, Southend and Lowestoft, but they also pay the men for their holiday. The Great Eastern "annual" usually means that Stratford is like a deserted town for seven days.

Just before the Swindon exodus, the famous firm of Cadbury Bros., Ltd., of Bournville, provided a day's entertainment and sport for their thousands of employes. Messrs. Cadbury of course, are, like Messrs. Lever, of Port Sunlight, as famous for the benefits they have conferred upon their workpeople as they are for their respective manufactures. A notable feature of the Cadbury entertainment was the reproduction of a pastoral play, "Sherwood's Queen," in the beautiful grounds attached to the works. It is interesting to note in connection with this play that all the dresses and the whole make-up, including armor, etc., were made on Messrs. Cadbury's premises.

Mention of Messrs. Lever reminds us that the employes at Port Sunlight are given a free holiday. On more than one occasion the workpeople have been able to visit the Continent, notably when 2,000 of them visited the Paris Exhibition in 1900, at a cost of £5,000, and four years ago, when all the employes who had attained the age of twenty were given an opportunity of visiting the Belgian Exhibition at Liege.

Last year the famous cycle firm of Humber sent 2,000 of their workpeople from Coventry to Llandudno for a day, while fifteen trains were employed to carry the thousands of Messrs. Bass' employes from Burton to Liverpool and New Brighton in July last year.

Everything is carried out on a free and generous scale by the great firm of Bass when their employes go for their outing. Their usual plan is to buy up for the day the whole of the amusements of the place visited, in addition to which everyone is insured against railway accident for £100 or £200. This mammoth excursion usually costs Messrs. Bass about £15,000. —London Tit-Bits.

Proposed to by Beaconsfield.

The recent death of Don Carlos recalls the fact that Lady Cardigan; whose reminiscences will shortly be published, was at one time engaged to his cousin, but the match was broken off, and she afterwards married the Earl of Cardigan, who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and who died just over 40 years ago. His widow ultimately married the Count de Lancastre, who died 11 years ago. Lady Cardigan recalls that Lord Beaconsfield, whose first wife was not long dead, proposed to her at the same time as Count de Lancastre, as well as the fact that when the Earl of Cardigan died Lord Barrington wagered her five pounds that she would be married again in five years. He only just lost. Lady Cardigan's recollections go back to the time when, as a child of five, she attended a ball at St. James' Palace given by William IV., and, being missed, was eventually discovered, to the horror of the startled attendants, curled up in the King's chair fast asleep.

Judged by the Title.

Mr. Harry M. Vernon, the author of that clever curtain-raiser, "The Deputy Sheriff," which is attracting so many people to the Garrick Theatre, told the writer a curious story concerning it the other day. It was first offered to one of the chiefs of the staff of an extensive music-hall tour, who said, before even glancing at the contents, "I don't like the title of this." "He offered it back to me," said Mr. Vernon, "and I suggested that he would be more impressed should he deign to read the play. He replied that he would look at it when he had time, and after waiting some weeks, I called to ask if he had come to any decision regarding it. 'There's no use my reading it, the title don't strike me. I can always go by that.' However, I left the play with him for another week or two, and then, as he had not read it, I took it away."

The Missing Jam.

Sir William Hartley, who combines the manufacture of jam with much philanthropic and religious work, tells a rollicking story of a letter he once received from a Welsh customer. "Dear Sir," it ran, "why in the name of goodness gracious don't you send the jam I ordered last week? I have already lost Mr. Jones' custom through you. Why don't you send the jam, man? Bother you, you are a nuisance whatever! Send the jam at once, quick—Yours truly, John Davies." Then followed a postscript: "Dear Sir,—Since writing the above letter I have found the jam under the counter."

Capitalizing a Voice.

Floating a young lady's voice as a limited liability company sounds somewhat Gilbertian, yet it has actually been done in Australia. A syndicate with a capital of £1,000 in £1 shares has been formed to send a young lady with a remarkable voice to be trained by Mme. Marchesi in Paris. She has entered into an engagement to give on her return a series of concerts in the principal Australian cities under the direction of the syndicate, whose members hope and expect in this way to get their capital back plus a substantial dividend.

NERVOUS DISORDERS

Promptly Cured by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If your hand trembles or is unsteady, remember that this is a sure and early sign of your nervous system being at fault. The mischief may develop slowly to a worse stage. You feel unaccountably weak and weary after exertion; you lose flesh; you turn against food and suffer palpitations and indigestion after eating. At times you are intensely irritable, greatly depressed and easily worried. Sometimes sharp pains shoot down your spine and legs and probably neuralgia robs you of your sleep at night. These are some of the troubles that indicate the presence of nervous disorders. If these troubles are neglected they result in complete nervous collapse and possibly paralysis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have won a great reputation by curing all forms of nervous disease. The nervous system depends entirely upon the blood supply for nourishment; when the blood is thin and weak the nerves are affected as described. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually increase the supply of good red blood, feed, strengthen and tone the nerves, enable them to perform their functions and dispel all signs of a breakdown.

Mrs. Jas. H. Ward, Lord's Cove, N.B., says; "About two years ago I suffered so much from nervous prostration that I was little better than a helpless wreck. I suffered from headaches and a constant feeling of dizziness. The least unusual move would startle me and set my heart palpitating violently. I had little or no appetite, and grew so weak that I was hardly able to drag myself about, and could not do my housework. In every way I was in a deplorable condition. As the medicine I had been taking seemed to do me no good, my husband got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only been taking the Pills for a couple of weeks, when I seemed to feel somewhat better, and this encouraged me to continue the treatment. From that on my strength gradually but surely returned, and in the course of a few more weeks I was once more a well woman, able to do my own housework and feeling better than I had done for years. I have since remained well and feel that I owe my good health to the healing powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Every other weak, sickly, worn out, nervous person should follow the example of Mrs. Ward and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These Pills will send new blood coursing through the veins and bring brightness and energy to the weak and despondent. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The woman emancipationist had tackled the serene old bachelor, and was reading the Riot Act to him. He squirmed occasionally, but he retained his serenity. "Have you ever done anything for the emancipation of woman, I'd like to know?" she asked. "Indeed I have, madame," he smiled. "I have remained a bachelor."

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely!" exclaimed an enthusiastic young miss just home from college. "Look! To develop the arms I grasp this rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed the father, "what won't science discover! If that rod had straw at the other end you'd be sweeping."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

One day a dentist had occasion to punish his five-year-old son for disobedience. As he picked up the rod the little fellow said: "Papa, won't you please give me gas first?"—Chicago Daily News.

It is an undisputed fact that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has actually killed a bushel of house flies Fortunately no such quantity can ever be found in a well kept house, but whether they be few or many Wilson's Fly Pads will kill them all.

"Well, did the governor give you a raise?"

"No."

"Not even when you told him you had grown grey in his services?"

"No! he gave me the name of a good hair dye."—London Scraps.

Minards Liniment Cures Dandruff.

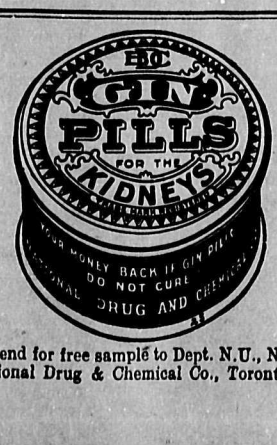
There was a slight commotion under the sofa. The pretty girl and her fiance peeped under, and were startled to see Brother Tommy's toes protruding.

"You, Tommy," said his sister with much emphasis; "what are you doing under there—watching us?"

"Naw," grumbled Tommy. "I ain't watching you."

"Then what are you doing?"

"Why, I was playing that I am mending a motorcar—that's what."



Send for free sample to Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Toronto.

FISH THAT WALK.

Officers in India Tell of a Strange Procession of Perch.

It may seem absurd to speak of fishes as walking. The flying fish is well known, but its flight looks much like swimming in the air. We naturally think of fishes as living always in water, as being incapable, in fact, of living anywhere else.

But Nature maintains no hard and fast lines of distinction between animal life which belongs to the land and that which belongs to the water. If we can believe the accounts of naturalists, there are fishes that traverse dry land.

It is reported that Dr. Francis Day, of India, has collected several instances of the migration of fishes by land from one piece of water to another.

A party of English officers were upon one occasion encamped in a certain part of India, when their attention was attracted by a rustling sound in the grass and leaves. Investigation showed it to be caused by myriads of little fishes that were making for one direction and were passing slowly on. There were hundreds of them moving by using their side and small fins as feet; now upright, now falling down, squirming, bending, rolling over, regaining their finny feet and again pressing on.

These fishes were the famous climbing perch, about which so much has been said and written, and they were passing over the country to avoid a drought. When the stream in which they have been spending the season dries up, they scale the banks, and, directed by some marvellous instinct, crawl to another

The Millionaires' Pastor.

A few days ago the Rev. C. F. Aked landed at Liverpool, where he was once the pastor of Pembroke Chapel. Some two years ago, however, he took over the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church—known as the "Millionaires' Chapel"—in New York, and his plain sermons to the magnates of Wall Street—Mr. Rockefeller included—have caused no small sensation. For Mr. Aked is a man who believes in calling a spade a spade. "I made up my mind early," he once remarked, "that whatever I had to say should be said in the most vigorous language. As a preacher I have always aimed at plainness of speech. People may say I am a fanatic; you have to be fanatical now."

Neither does he mind telling a story against himself. During his early days at Pembroke Chapel he approached a certain man for a contribution towards the church fund. "Can't do it," said the man. "Why not? Is not the cause a good one?" "Yes, but I am not able to give anything." "Pooh! pooh! I know better; you must give a better reason than that." "Well, I owe too much money—I must be just before I'm generous, you know." "But you owe your Maker a larger debt than you do anybody else." "That's true, sir; but, then, He isn't pushing me like the balance of my creditors."—Tit-Bits.

King Edward's Private Secretary.

Debonair and always immaculately dressed—except when working in his office at Buckingham Palace, when he takes off his coat, tucks up his cuffs, and proceeds to deal with His Majesty's letter-bag—Lord Knollys, King Edward's private secretary, who recently celebrated his 72nd birthday, is known for his courtliness and grace. He is a man of much considerate kindliness, but at the same time a man of few words. Some little while ago a journalist, who happened to be the only one of his craft at a meeting where the King made a little speech, went to Lord Knollys with his transcript and asked his lordship to glance over his copy. Lord Knollys dashed the reporter's hopes to the ground by saying he was not present at the meeting. "Come back in two hours," he said. The pressman returned at the appointed time and found his copy corrected in a strange hand. Lord Knollys had gone to the King himself, and His Majesty had, with his usual kindliness, made the corrections.

"Who's Kipling?"

Here is the latest Kipling story. A short time ago a bronzed gentleman, with drooping black moustache, walked into the outer office of the American publishers of Mr. Kipling's books. "That's Rudyard Kipling," one man whispered to another. The rumor went all over the building that Rudyard Kipling was downstairs. Several people went to have a look at him, but there was one man who knew, and he said, "Kipling, the dickens! That is Mr. ——'s tailor." The next time the tailor came in, the same wise employe said to him, "You created quite a sensation here the other day. A lot of people took you for Kipling." The man's face was a blank. "Kipling, Kipling—who's Kipling?" he asked.

"An Old Sheep."

A Bengali clerk who had been transferred, at his own request, from my office to another Government office in Calcutta, was anxious to return, and wrote to me personally on the subject. Although not a Christian himself, he was evidently acquainted with the familiar lines of Bonar's hymn:

"I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold;"

and this is how he applied them to his own case: "It is true I have wandered from the fold, i.e., the Director-General's office, but I trust that your honor will be merciful and receive back an old sheep."—"Stray Stories from India," by Sir Arthur Fanshawe, in "Blackwood's Magazine."

The Salmon Pack.

The total sockeye salmon pack of British Columbia for this season is estimated by canners to be approximately 625,000 cases, made us, as follows: Fraser River, 420,000; Rivers Inlet, 85,000; Skeena River, 65,000; Naas, 30,000; Lowe Inlet, 14,000; others, 11,000.

On Puget Sound, the American packers have 800,000 cases, according to information received from an authoritative source.

POISONED ARROWS.

How a British Force Was Ambushed at Kuta, in Nigeria.

How a British missionary made a hazardous journey in face of a tornado to a scene of an attack on a British force, who were ambushed, is told in the details now to hand of the attack on a British force in Nigeria. The first news came to Minna, a place on the line of the Baro Kano Railway, about 30 miles from the scene of the occurrence, stating that a British force had been cut up at Gussoro by the difficult and truculent Guari people. This account, which was hurriedly written by the doctor, who was himself wounded, merely stated that the officer in charge was missing, together with a European police officer and a sergeant, and that the writer was himself wounded. The Rev. W. P. Low, who has for some years been working among the Guaris, happened to be at Minna when the news came in. He was hurrying down to the coast on his way home, having only reached Minna that day from his station at Kuta, from which place the wounded doctor had sent his despatch. Mr. Low instantly volunteered to go to Kuta to render any aid possible to the survivors, and also to use his influence with the people. This he did immediately.

Mr. Low spent 12 hours in Kuta, and, having assured himself of the loyalty of the townspeople, resumed his journey to the coast. Picking up a construction train on the way back, he just caught his steamer, but was nearly drowned in a native canoe when going down the Niger. He met the punitive force under Maj. Williams, consisting of 150 men, with a Maxim, on its way to the scene of the ambush. The ill-fated police party had started from Kuta only a few hours before it was attacked. It consisted of Lieut. Vanrenen, Capt. Stone, a doctor, a European sergeant, and 30 police. Accompanying the force was the Chief of Gussoro. Its object was to march to Gussoro, and there reinstate the chief, who, for his loyalty to the British, had been compelled to leave his town. For two months previously it was reported that the Guaris had been making poisoned arrows, and had declared that they would oppose the return of the chief. It was not thought that the people would attack, but as a measure of precaution, Maj. Williams' force had been held in readiness at Kuta, in case of trouble.

When the attack was made, however, the telegraph line was down. Lieut. Vanrenen had only proceeded for a few miles when he was completely overwhelmed by a force of some 600 natives, who surrounded the party in the thick bush. A deadly fire of poisoned arrows, at short range, was poured upon the British, Lieut. Vanrenen being at once killed, his body falling in the long grass. The doctor was also wounded by poisoned arrows, and 11 police were killed. Whatever formation was possible was attempted, but the heavy and well-directed fire completely disorganized the remainder of the police, who fled. Capt. Stone, with great gallantry, went back to try and recover his chief's body, but was unsuccessful, the remains being subsequently found by the punitive force and buried on the spot. The surviving Europeans managed to find their way back to Kuta by hiding in the bush in order to avoid the enemy, who pursued them. The punitive expedition had some stiff fighting, but they inflicted severe punishment on the Guaris, and burnt their town There were no losses on the British side. The Gusoro chief was at first reported killed, but he succeeded in making good his escape.

The Western Way.

Henry W. Lucy, the famous English journalist, familiarly known as "Toby, M.P.," under which name he writes deliciously humorous Parliamentary comment for Punch, and who was recently rewarded with a Knighthood, tells some rich stories indeed in his recently published volume of reminiscences, "Sixty Years in the Wilderness." He never had any connection with politics, except as a commentator, but for forty years he has always had inside knowledge of everything transpiring or about to transpire in the House, and he has known everybody worth knowing. He writes in delightful anecdotal style of all the famous men of his day.

He tells us a story of Lord Russell, of Killowen, who, while on his Canadian tour, congratulated a waiter in Manitou on the healthiness of the town.

"I guess it's pretty wal," replied the waiter.

"When we built a school house nothing would do for some of the citizens but they must have a cemetery. We laid it out and walled it in, but we had to shoot a man to start it."

Malta's New Governor.

It is 32 years ago since Lieut-General Sir Leslie Rundle, the new Governor and Commander-in-Chief at Malta, joined the Royal Artillery. Since then he has seen much active service, and proved himself every inch a soldier, one of his greatest admirers being Lord Kitchener. Sir Leslie is a great stickler for the smaller details of soldiery, and if he is not one of those men whom people call by their Christian names, he enjoys a respectful popularity. "There's no nonsense about him," they say in the army, "and although he sometimes rubs us the wrong way, we are well aware that no commander knows his business better."

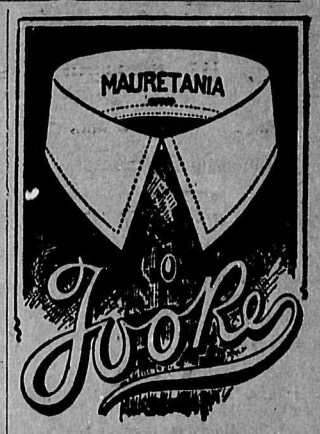
What He Thought.

The old gentleman was not accustomed to having the new railway in his town. Upon seeing a train approaching he whipped up his horse and tried to cross the track in front of it. He and his horse came out safely, but the wagon was badly broken.

When he found that he was not injured, he called to the engineer, "Why, I thought you saw me coming."

Traveled 458,545 Miles.

One of the last of the old stage coach drivers, Henry Grimstead, has died at Helbeach, Lincolnshire, at the age of 87. In the course of his work as coach driver, mail van driver and letter carrier he covered 458,545 miles.



"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.

TOOKE BROS. LIMITED, MONTREAL

Agreed With the Court

A lawyer came into court drunk, when the judge said to him:

"Sir, I am sorry to see you in a situation which is a disgrace to yourself and family and the profession to which you belong."

This reproof elicited the following colloquy:

"Did your honor speak to me?"

"I did sir. I said, sir, that in my opinion you disgraced yourself and family, the court, and the profession by your course of conduct."

"May i—i—it please your honor. I have been an attorney in—in—in this c—court for fifteen years, and permit me to say your honor, that this is the first correct opinion I ever knew you to give."

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes

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

"Halloa, Mrs. Lovejoy!" exclaimed a gentleman of that lady's acquaintance; "pray what brings you out so early in the day?" "Oh, I've just been to the photographer's with my pet dog, Dido" (which she carried in her arms), "and we have had our portraits taken together, haven't we, Dido? Beauty and the beast, you know, Mr. Johnson"—with a saucy little laugh. "And what a little beauty he is, to be sure!" replied Johnson inadvertently, as he tenderly stroked poor Dido's head and pulled his ears. And then he suddenly remembered, and became hot and cold in turn.

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For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. Sal Soda.
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and all eye diseases, Cataracts and scums over the sight can be cured without the Knife, by Dr. Carter's Absorption method. Write for book
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The Quality Mark
Recognized the world over as the quality-mark of finest silverplate, the name
"1847 ROGERS BROS."
covers a line of knives, forks, spoons, etc., famous for beauty and durability.
Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped
MERIDEN BRITA CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS
"Silver Plate that Wears"

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, -- MANAGING-EDITOR

In and Around Town

17.

Provincial elections on November 25.

A. J. McCool was in Fernie this week.

L. W. Kribs of Blairmore was here on Monday.

J. T. Armstrong made a flying trip to Spokane, the beginning of the week.

The Misses Dudley were in Fernie on Thursday evening attending Mrs. Hurd's ball.

J. T. Armstrong has taken the local agency for the Kootenay River Land Co. of Baynes Lake.

Fulton and Tatlow have resigned from the McBride government. It will take Dicky all his time to hold his own job now, without scheming to land in Laurier's shoes.

The Coleman brass band has been engaged to play before and during the great races at Coleman on Thanksgiving Day. Excursion rates to Coleman from all towns in the Pass is fare and a third.

J. A. Tormey, delivered an illustrated lecture in Crahan's hall on Wednesday night, showing about a hundred views of the Baynes Lake fruit lands. Quite a number of our citizens are purchasing tracts of land in this section.

J. Pickering is visiting his daughter Mrs. J. S. Thompson.

Jas. Douglas is off this week up Wilson creek, for a hunt after big game.

Don't forget Brown's moving picture show in Crahan's hall on Sunday night.

Dr. Weldon, late of Hosmer, has signed up with the miners' union, and is now the physician for the U. M. W. of A. here.

I. A. Rhodes of Elk Prairie has returned from a successful hunting trip, bringing back three goats. Emile Fristl got two.

The second National Apple Show will be on at Spokane from Nov. 15 to 20. The rate over the Great Northern will be $12.80 return.

The skating rink this season will be in the same location as last, but will be larger and more down-to-date, and will open as soon as suitable ice forms.

A young son of W. Weaver, was run over on Tuesday by his fathers milk wagon, the wagon being struck by a G. N. engine and the horses taking fright threw the boy out. He is progressing favorably.

Dr. Wilson of Vancouver, who arrived here some three weeks ago to take over Dr. McSorley's practise must have received a "S. O. S." message, for he left suddenly on the flyer and the deal is off.

R. J. McNeillie, chief clerk to C. E. McPherson, general passenger agent, has been appointed district passenger agent of the C. P. R. for the Kootenay district, with headquarters at Nelson.

Frank Zwick, Frank Harmer and game-warden Lewis have gone up the Elk to the C. P. R. head-quarters, Chancy Smith having reported Indians in there after game, as well as pinching supplies from the Northern Coal company.

For Thanksgiving Day, October 25th, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company announce a rate of fare and one third for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale October 22nd, to October 25th. inclusive, final return limit, October 27.

Outside contractors were brought in to build the new lock-up, but it wasn't satisfactory and when improvements were required, local contractors got the job. It would have been as well to have given the job to local men in the first place and had it done right.

Concert and Presentation

A most enjoyable time was spent last Tuesday night, and proved an unqualified success, in the way of making a presentation to Dr. and Mrs. McSorley, on behalf of their many true friends in Michel, before their departure from town.

At the close of the concert, James Bennic, on behalf of those present, presented Mrs. McSorley with a case of silver and pearl handled set of knives and forks and Dr. McSorley with a purse of gold.

Dr. McSorley replying on behalf of his wife and himself, most heartily thanked his many friends for their kindness towards them during their eight years in Michel, and showed his true, characteristic, good spirit by mentioning that he was ready to call any person in Michel his friend and extend his hand to those that bore enmity against him.

Dancing was indulged in which we kept up till an early hour and all were delightfully entertained.

HEWSON
PURE WOOL
UNDERWEAR

PURE WOOL
HEWSON
AMHERST.
UNDERWEAR

Look for the Oval Brand.
Guaranteed Unshrinkable.
Hewson Underwear is as good as Hewson Tweeds.

Weber, New Michel

Country Editor vs. Millionaire

The editor of the Russell (Ky.) Democrat is responsible for the following:—

I'd rather be a country editor and chase around for news, before I'd be a millionaire with wealth I could not use. I'd rather be a printer with patches on my breeches, than be a master of finance, with all my thoughts on riches. I'd rather eat my modest meal, digest the same with ease, than sit down to a royal feast with stomach-ache like John D.'s. To romp and frolic with my kids around our cheerful hearth, with their mother for the audience to help enjoy the mirth, is better than to move about in high society, where dress and jewels false make life a mockery. 'Tis true, the printer's cash gets short and duns come in a hurry, but the happy fellow does not fret—he lets the dunner worry. He always has a conscience clear, a disposition sunny; he knows that life has always joys besides the chase for money. For the moulder of opinion is a happier man by far, than the man who owns a palace, a yacht and a private car. And when he goes to his reward, he knows that all is well, while the man who makes his wealth his god may some day wake in h—l.

PEACE AT LAST
Both Fernie Editors are Away

The Nelson News of Thursday says:—

G. H. Pedlar, editor of the Fernie Free Press, is a guest at the Hume.

W. S. Stauley, editor of the Fernie District Ledger, reached the city by the Crow steamer last evening and leaves this morning for Rossland.

Such is Fame

The Nelson News says:—"G. H. Pedlar, of the Fernie District Ledger, reached the city last evening to attend the assizes." When G. H. left Fernie he was editor of the Free Press. When did the bicycle repairer get fired?

Marathon Race

Probably the greatest Marathon race that ever took place in the Pass will be run on Thanksgiving Day in Coleman. Amateurs all over the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia are training for the 12 mile race. Shorter races also will be run. Tickets can be bought at the Reporter office.

Successful Contractors

The E, V. Holding Co. have received the contract for the erection of the big hotel at Passburg, Alta., and leaves with a staff of workmen for that place on Monday. This hotel when completed, will contain 24 rooms, and will be a model of and up-to-date construction.

The good work this firm has turned out here, has been noted by outsiders, and in consequence, their services are in demand all through the Pass.

When They Crucify the Editor

A "one-gallus" editor can "bust" his last gallus in praise of a town, can black his soul exaggerating the good qualities of its citizens, and no thanks are uttered, but let that same little fellow publish some unpalatable truths, and all the wrath of the "elect" falls on him.— Elba Clipper.

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

ONE LOT IN NEW MICHEL, SITUATED, LOT 6, Block 5. Price $150.00. Easy terms. Apply Bastian, Michel.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT

AN UP-TO-DATE BILLIARD AND POOL Room for sale on easy terms or to rent to responsible party. Apply to J. Seigle, New Michel.

FARM FOR SALE

WITH HOUSE, BARNS, STABLES, SHEDS farming tools, 3 wagons, 4 horses, harness 200 chickens, 40 turkeys, 3 tons carrots, 3 tons of turnips, quantity of cabbage and everything around my place. Now is the time to buy. For terms enquire of A. Vlasak, New Michel.

SUNDAY SERVCIES

METHODIST CHURCH

MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL

SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY

NEW MICHEL, Sunday school 2 p.m. Service 3 p.m., in the schoolhouse.

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

Rev. S. T. Chenoweth, M. A., Pastor.

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

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.

Services—3rd Sunday in the month,
Holy Communion, 11 a. m.
Evensong, 3.30 p. m.
Sunday School, 2.00 p. m.
A. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Vicar.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.

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

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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

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OLD TOWN, - - - MICHEL
Fresh Bread Delivered Daily

Notice of Application for Renewal of Liquor License

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

ALEXANDER J. McCOOL.

Dated at New Michel, B. C., Oct. 9, 1909.

Notice of Application for Renewal of Liquor License

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

GEORGE B. STEDMAN.

Dated at New Michel, B. C., Oct. 16, 1909.

WALK-OVER
-SHOES-

Conspicuous Shoes

A pair of shoes may be conspicuous for either one of two reasons, because they look particularly bad or because they look particularly good. WALK-OVER Shoes are in the latter class from the first day they are worn till the last day That's but one reason why you should buy them: there many other reasons equally as good. Find out at our store some of them any other reasons why the WALK-OVER is the shoe for U

At the Usual Prices

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Business Bringers

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

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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.

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GENERAL BLACKSMITH,
Horseshoeing a Specialty
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Cheap Rates
Fast Time
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and Italy
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Blairmore Townsite. Lots for Sale all over Blairmore Townsite, : : by the only Real Estate man in Blairmore. If interested, write for particulars
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Consisting of
Plates, Cups and Saucers, Five o'-clock Tea Sets, Vases Etc., Containing Views of Michel.
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