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THE MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 1. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1909. NO 29

STILL FORGING AHEAD

The Trades Committee is Now Absorbed in the Board of Trade

A special meeting of the Trades Committee was held at the Great Northern hotel on Tuesday evening. Present, T. B. Baker, president; G. B. Stedman, secretary-treasurer and 19 others.

McCullough—Moore. That the Trades Committee take the necessary steps to form themselves into a Board of Trade, to be known as the Michel Board of Trade.

Moore—Hopwood. That the limits be described as extending in a radius of six miles in every direction.

Thompson—Somerton. That G. B. Stedman be appointed secretary of the Board of Trade.

Kribs—Day. That an order be drawn on the treasurer for $5.00 to pay fee for application for Charter.

Moore—McCullough. That secretary be instructed to write Dr. Fagin, medical health officer at Victoria, and J. D. Hurd, manager of the Coal Co., re the removal of remains from the present cemetery.

Thompson—Kribs. That the secretary be instructed to communicate with W. Marchant, Inspector of Customs at Victoria, re the establishing of a sub-customs port at Michel.

Meeting adjourned until next regular or special meeting.

St. Paul's Michel

There was a choral celebration of Holy Communion on Easter day, at 11 a. m. The music was that of Merbecke. This is plain song or Gregorian in style, the ancient and distinctive music of the church.

Merbacke it may be remembered, was organist in St. George's chapel, Windsor Castle, in the reign of Henry VIII. After these many years, his setting of the Holy Communion is still the favorite in the Anglican church.

The church was prettily decorated with palms and evergreens which had been brought by the Sunday school children. There was Holy baptism and children's service in the afternoon. At the parishioners' meeting after evensong, W. H. Hilton was elected people's church-warden. The curate in charge had already appointed T. B. Baker as his warden. W. Blinston, R. Littler, W. Sharrocks, E. Moon and P. Asketh were elected sidesmen.

The finances of the church were found to be in a very satisfactory condition, which is always something to be thankful for. At least a sum of $50 will be sent to the Crow's Nest Coal Co., in liquidation of the debt upon the church, $41 being Lenten self-denial offerings.

At the beginning of the year J. D. Hurd made a generous offer to remit 25 per cent. of the debt if an effort was made this year to clear it off. The action of the congregation in this respect shows that they wish to close with the offer. Also an organ has likewise been taken over for the church, from Dr. McSorley, on very advantageous terms. I. Evans has acted as voluntary organist and now P. Asketh has offered his services as leader of the choir.

The Bishop of the diocese Dr. John Dart, of New Westminster, will be visiting Michel towards the end of next June. Before his lordships arrival, the curate in charge and his seven vestrymen will have set to work upon improving the appearance of the church and trust that there will be much to gladden the heart of their chief pastor when he comes. Members and adherents of the church are invited to come and share the joy and blessing, each one helping whole-heartedly, according to his power.

The curate in charge will review the whole situation of affairs in speaking to his people on Sunday evening next.

A branch of the Women's auxiliary of the Kootenay diocese, has been formed and 38 members have been enrolled. Orders for work to be done, will be gladly received by the president, Mrs. Moody, house 24.

What do you require in the way of Silverware or Cutlery?

How about a handsome Tea set or a dozen Genuine Roger Bro's. Knives & Forks?

Silver tea setts, ranging in price from $15.00 to $50.00 each
Bon Bon Dishes ..... 5.00 to 15.00 each
Bread Trays ..... 5.00 to 12.00 each
Butter Dishes ..... 4.00 to 8.00 each
Cake Baskets ..... 4.50 to 8.50 each

Sterling Silver Mounted Crown China
Cream and Sugar ..... $8.00 a set
Marmalades ..... 4.20 each
Biscuit Jars ..... 8.50 each

Roger Bro's Knives & Forks $6.85 a doz. Tea Spoons ....., $4.75
Dessert Spoons 8.00 a doz. Table Spoons ... 9.00

Hard to beat these prices

Somerton Bros. WATCH REPAIR SPECIALISTS— New Michel

41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers

New Michel

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

The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, - : - Proprietor

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

Michel, - British Columbia

FREE

to the person catching the largest speckled trout, within a radius of ten miles of Michel, a $10. Green heart Fishing Rod.

Fishing Tackle

Our stock is complete and well assorted in well selected flies, rods, lines, reels, baskets, gut, hooks etc., etc.
Equip yourself with our tackle

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

Imperial Bank of Canada
Head Office: TORONTO

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

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

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

MICHEL BRANCH, T. B. BAKER, MANAGER.

Great Northern
HOTEL

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked with the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCool & Moore, : : Proprietors

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Laurenson & Douglas - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

Singer Sewing Machines

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

Sold on easy payments. If you want a Machine, drop a line to J. P. HOULAHAN, Agent, FERNIE, B. C.

BURNING THE STUMPS

An Easy and Practical Plan to Get Rid of Them and Clean Up The Town-site

T. M. Edmonson gave a very practical exposition of stump burning, for the benefit of a crowd, on Thursday last, says the Creston Review. A stump was chosen near the Review office, and he proceeded to bore a hole in the base of the stump with a ship's augur. This augur was one inch in diameter, and he drove sheer through the stump, a distance of 28 inches, in a trifle under seven minutes. This completed, he built a small fire near one side of the stump at the mouth of the hole, and it was quickly perceived the advantage he thus obtained over more primitive methods.

The hole he had bored, acted as a draft, and very shortly the stump was blazing furiously. We kept tabs on the effect, and we report that the stump was burned through the following morning, when, according to instructions we placed the top part of the stump on top of the burning embers. We noticed a few hours afterwards that the roots had begun to blaze, and these burned clear to the level of the ground, and some of them burned several inches below the surface.

For clearing land for town-site purposes, there has not yet been discovered any simpler or more effective method for economy, and we give Mr. Edmonson great credit for having gratuitously given a demonstration for the benefit of our local men.

Loosen Up!

Do you know that an Editor or a reporter for a newspaper can in his rounds stop and ask a hundred union men "What is the news?" and ninety out of the hundred will reply: "Nothing special," and yet fifty out of that number know something that if not found in the next paper will astonish them greatly and disappoint them more, and perhaps make them madder than hornets.—Winnipeg Voice.

Of Course it Pays

A Kansas man is convinced that it pays to advertise. He advertised for a $5 bill, and a friend finding one on the street, gave it to him. A few days later, the original supposedly lost bill turned up in an old vest pocket. He treated the boys and says he will advertise again.

Don't Worry

Don't worry. Many a good man has come to an untimely end because he couldn't cut out the "worry" proposition.

What's the use, anyway?

An ounce of work gets you more than a ton of worry.

The great thing is to realize that there's more fun in the game than there is in blowing in the profits.

There is—EVERY TIME.

It's the achievement that's worth the while—not the automobiles and late suppers and fast horses.

Achievement.

Some goal gained.

Let there be no diminution of ambition but—don't worry.

After all, we can only eat three meals a day and wear one suit of clothes at a time.

Rockefeller can not do more.

So long as we strive—AND DO OUR BEST—in the face of adverse conditions, then we have nothing to worry about, even if we don't make a barrel of money for a while.—Pacific Traveler.

Under the Greenwood Tree

A few weeks ago R. T. Lowery of the Greenwood Ledge, announced his intention of pulling out of that camp and locating in Nelson, but he evidently has reconsidered the idea and will remain "az-u-arr." From a recent issue we clip the following gem:—

"Owing to changes that have taken place in the business outlook the past few days, and events which may occur at any moment, requiring an independent journal, The Ledge will continue to be published in Greenwood. In this decision The Ledge is not without precedent, so the publisher does not lay claim to originality. As heretofore our columns will be open to business men who wish to patronize the paper. Those who desire to withdraw their patronage are at liberty to do so. The editor does not make suggestions as to the manner in which others conduct their business. He expects the same courtesy from them. The policy of the paper will be what its editor believes is in the best interests of the community as a whole. The Ledge has never gone to a bank-wicket for inspiration as to its policy. Bankers are like trolly cars, they go as long as they are on the track and the juice is being poured into them. Away from his ledger the banker just butts in and telescopes."

His Church Experience

"Tom" McAuley, the veteran bookseller, went to church on Sunday evening for the first time in twenty years. "I went to the Sydenham street church to hear the singing," he said. "My friend, Ald. Angrove, who sold me an automobile, invited me to go, and I accepted. My brakes didn't work quick enough and I got in one pew ahead of him, up near the penitent rows. It was when Crossley & Hunter were here twenty years ago that I last went to church. My, but things have changed since that time! I was electrified when two of the church deacons came to me after the service and shook hands and said: 'Mr. McAuley, come with us into the hall and have something.' 'Oh, thank you,' I replied, quite staggered, 'but I'm on the water-wagon.' You see I didn't know they held socials there after the service."—Kingston Whig.

This is pay-day. The printer hopes so.

P. BURNS & CO., Ltd.
New Michel, B. C.

DEALERS IN

Fresh and Smoked Meats

BUTTER

Lard, Hams, Bacon and Eggs. Give us a Trial, We Guarantee Satisfaction

OUR MOTTO—Always the Cheapest and Best

Reporter Ads Bring Much Business To The Advertiser

OUR CHIEF HUMORIST

"SAM SLICK" IS FIRST ON CANADA'S LIST.

Most Famous Son of Nova Scotia Is Judge Haliburton, Who Was One of the Dominion's First Advertisers In the Old Land—Achieved a High Position In Nova Scotia Before He Went to England.

Nova Scotia has produced many men, famous as soldiers, sailors, statesmen and men of letters, but no son of hers has achieved more fame than the immortal author of "Sam Slick."

It was on a December morning in the year 1796 that Thomas Chandler Haliburton was born in the town of Windsor, Nova Scotia.

His father was the Hon. William Otis Haliburton, a descendant of a distinguished Scotch family bearing that name, who had married Lucy, daughter of Major Robert Grant, famed for his gallant acts during the American war. Of this union Thomas Chandler Haliburton was the only son.

Little is known of his childhood, but at an early age he matriculated into King's College, Windsor — the oldest university in the British colonies. Here, as in later life, his career was a brilliant one, and in 1818 he graduated with high honors. Two years later he was admitted to the Bar, and began the practice of law in Annapolis Royal.

Not content with the success which he was at such an early age achieving as a barrister, Haliburton entered the political arena, and in 1826 was returned to the House of Assembly as member for the combined counties of Annapolis and Digby.

Here the future author became one of the most active and prominent members, and was soon recognized not only as a keen debater, but also as a brilliant orator. Writing of his famous speech on the Catholic Emancipation question—which he strongly advocated—Murdoch says: "This speech was the most splendid piece of declamation that it has ever been my fortune to listen to. As an orator Mr. Haliburton's attitude and manner were extremely impressive, earnest and dignified, and although the strong propensity of his mind to wit and humor were often apparent, they seldom detracted from the seriousness of his language."

In 1830, at the age of thirty-four, Haliburton, on being offered a seat on the Bench, resigned from the House and became a judge of the Supreme Court. Here his wit received full play, and many are the stories told of his humorous remarks, often made at the expense of counsel arguing before him. On one occasion a case was being tried before him in Halifax, when the lawyer for the defence concluded his address by saying, "My Lord, I now trust you will honorably discharge the prisoner, as we came here for justice." "Justice," quickly replied his lordship, "we didn't come here for justice, we came here for law."

It was in 1829 that Haliburton first appears as an author,—the historian of his native province. This work, which was well received, brought the author a resolution from the House of Assembly expressing their appreciation of his book. Six years later he wrote a series of anonymous letters in The Nova Scotian—then a flourishing newspaper published in Halifax by that greatest of Nova Scotians—Joseph Howe. In these letters he made use of a Yankee peddler as his mouthpiece. So well was this character received in Canada and the United States, where the letters were widely copied, that the articles were collected and published in England, where they greatly amused the public and met with instant favor.

In 1856 he retired from the Bench and moved to England, remaining there until his death.

In 1859 Haliburton entered British politics, and on his election to sit as the member for Launceston he thanked his constituents "in behalf of four million of British subjects on the other side of the water, who up to the present time, had not one individual in the House of Commons through whom they might be heard."

Haliburton, although he labored unceasingly, was able to do little that would help the colonies—for, in his own words, "those at home care little for, and like less, the colonies."

During his residence in England "Sam Slick," as he was popularly called, wrote many books. Among the most important may be mentioned "The Attache, or Sam Slick in England," "Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Instances," "The American at Home," and "The Season Ticket."

The genius of his writings entitled him to foremost rank amongst the authors of his day.

In 1865 Judge Haliburton died at his home in Isleworth, on the banks of the Thames, and he lies buried in the churchyard there, beside the grave of the famous navigator Vancouver.

In the words of a local chronicler: "The village of Isleworth will henceforth be associated with the most pleasing reminiscences of Mr. Justice Haliburton; and the names of Pope, Cowley, Thompson and Walpole will find a kindred spirit in the world-wide reputation of 'Sam Slick,' who, like them, died on the banks of the Thames."

A few years ago a well-known American author visited Windsor in order that in the home of the author of "Sam Slick," he might reverently uncover his head to that spirit of genius—a genius who, ever loyal to the land of his nativity, Nova Scotia is proud to call her son.

Land Sales Big.

The Dominion Government sales of pre-emption lands during 1908 aggregated 1,979,830 acres, and of other lands 99,970 acres, the total value of both being $6,220,699. It may be observed that the proceeds of the pre-emption land sales are to be earmarked for the cost of the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway—about 500 miles— which is to be built by the Government.

Announcement

I beg to announce to the **Officers of Western Municipalities and School Districts** that in future all negotiations for the purchase of **debentures** shall be carried on in my own name, and not in the name of my former representatives in Regina, with whom I have severed connection.

William C. Brent
Canada Life Building... TORONTO

Unwritten History

The winter has been sorely disappointing,
It's knocked the interest out of romance;
But possibly the spring that's now enjointing
Will give the old inhabitant a chance.

Sometimes

"Sometifes," said Uncle Eben, "de man dat insists on bein' de whole show ain't got much respect foh de feelin's of de audience."

Frenzied Financiering

Columbus Washington Johnson Smith—W'at's de price er dem watermelons, Mr. Jackson?

Mr. Jackson (cunningly)—Ten cents er piece and I pick 'em; 20 cents er piece an' you pick 'em, Mr. Smif.

Mr. Smith—All right, Mr. Jackson. I guess I'll take 'em all, and you pick 'em, ef you please!—Puck.

Pill That is Prized.—There have been many pills put upon the market and pressed upon public attention, but none has endured so long or met with so much favor as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. Widespread use of them has attested their great value, and they need no further advertisement than this. Having firmly established themselves in public esteem, they now rank without a peer in the list of standard vegetable preparations.

Realizing $210 in 1905, a malacca cane with carved ivory handle, which belonged to the late Sir Henry Irving, was sold for $150 at Sotheby's in London.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

First Lawyer—I wish I had been living in King Solomon's time.

Second Lawyer—Why?

First Lawyer—He had 700 wives. Think of the divorce business he could have thrown in my way.—Syracuse Herald.

If one be troubled with corns and warts he will find in Holloway's Corn Cure an application that will entirely relieve suffering.

Optimism

Solemn Man—Do you hear the clock slowly ticking? Do you know what day it is ever bringing nearer?

Cheerful Man—Yes; pay day.—Melbourne Table Talk.

"I can truthfully say that I believe that, but for the use of your Emulsion I would long since have been in my grave. I was past work—could not walk up-hill without coughing very hard."

THIS, and much more was written by Mr. G. W. Howerton, Clark's Gap, W. Va. We would like to send you a full copy of his letter, or you might write him direct. His case was really marvelous, but is only **one of** the many proofs that

Scott's Emulsion

is the most strengthening and re-vitalizing preparation in the world. Even in that most stubborn of all diseases (consumption) it does wonders, and in less serious troubles, such as anemia, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or loss of flesh from any cause the effect is much quicker.

Do not delay. Get a bottle of SCOTT'S EMULSION—be sure it's SCOTT'S and try it.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you Mr. Howerton's letter and some literature on Consumption. Just send us a Post Card and mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

THE OBJECTION TO JOHN.

It Was Easily Removed When the Situation Was Explained.

The Gaylords and Nelsons have always been neighbors and intimate friends. So when John Gaylord at twenty-four, as fine a fellow as ever was, began to see what an altogether charming girl Molly Nelson was there was naturally no opposition. Indeed, as the "affair" became serious it was evident to all, including John and Molly themselves, that the parents concerned were delighted. As yet there was no formal announcement, but every one knew that it was "understood," and evening after evening John talked to Molly on the front porch, often lingering after the other Nelsons had retired.

The surprise of the two was consequently great when one evening a shuffling step was heard in the hall, and presently Mr. Nelson appeared in slippers and dressing-gown, candle in hand. Quite evidently he had gone to bed and then got up—for some purpose.

"Why, father, what is the matter?"

Molly's cheeks were burning, as her father stood there hesitating and eying John closely. John, leaning against the doorpost, where he had stood for the last fifteen minutes saying good-night to Molly, felt decidedly uncomfortable under Mr. Nelson's gaze.

In fact, it was embarrassing all around. But John is a young man who goes straight to the point.

"Is anything wrong, Mr. Nelson?" he began. "Am I to infer that you object to my being here?"

'Well, no, not exactly, John." Mr. Nelson coughed slightly, hesitatingly. "It's only that mother and I would like to get a little sleep."

"Father," cried Molly, quite indignant, " we couldn't have been disturbing any one! John has been talking very low"—

"I don't doubt that, my dear." Mr. Nelson was beginning to enjoy the situation. "It's not that, nor have I any objection to John's talking to you. In fact, I haven't an objection in the world to John nor to his conduct, except"—

Mr. Nelson is open to suspicion of having prolonged the matter unnecessarily at this point.

—"except in one thing. Mrs. Nelson and I do object seriously, my dear John, to the habit you seem to have formed this evening of leaning against the bell push. Our bedroom is next to the kitchen, and this continuous bell ringing is not conducive to repose."

THE ATTIC INSTINCT.

Why Some Persons Cling to Things That Are Rubbish.

The attic instinct hangs on surprisingly, and an observing eye can tell how many years a person has lived in the city by merely glancing under her bed. If there are three hat boxes one will contain letters, one scraps of ribbons and laces—if it's a man it's newspaper clippings — and one anything from a broken lock to old road maps. If, besides these, there are bundles of magazines and piles of newspapers, not to mention a bicycle seat and a green umbrella that one might use in private theatricals—if all these things have been placed under the bed against the protests of the family, if they are patiently moved every cleaning day and clung to through a moving, then their owners have the attic instinct to such an extent that there is not the slightest hope of their ever being cured. They will think from an attic point of view for the rest of their lives, and their family might as well become resigned.

When people are willing to make themselves disagreeable over a bit of string and absolutely objectionable on the subject of stray pieces of brown paper they should not be accused of having bad dispositions, nor should they be suspected of doing it to annoy one. They are merely suffering from the attic instinct and cannot help themselves.

Their characters were formed and have now hardened for a scheme of life where certain things were always kept in the cellar, others in the wood shed, others in the pantry and the cupboard on the first floor, still others in the closets on the next floor, and everything and anything that overflowed from any of these places was just taken up to the attic. And now these poor dear souls live with a cellar, three stories and an attic still lodged in their minds, and, though they will in time disappear, like all unnecessary members—seventh toe, tails, an appendix—in the meantime they are having trouble with them, they are suffering and fighting for them, and it takes a serious operation to remove so much as one scrap book if the owner thinks he may like to read it over in his old age.

Piscatorial Architecture.

Our four-year-old Elizabeth has recently been superintending (at a safe distance) some extensive repairs on our barn. These repairs included, among other things, the violent tearing off of the roof, an exciting operation accompanied by much beautiful and soul-inspiring noise.

A rainy day caused a suspension of outdoor work, and Elizabeth transferred her attention to the kitchen. When she came upstairs after an hour's absence her mother said to her:

"Where have you been so long, dear?"

"Oh, I've just been in the kitchen," she answered, "watchin Nora take the shingles off a fish!"

Astounding Vitality of the Turtle.

The vitality of this strange sea creature, the turtle, after decapitation is almost beyond belief. A large turtle was once sent to a hotel in Newcastle. The chef cut the turtle's head off and hung the body upside down to bleed. Twenty-four hours after that turtle knocked down a man cook with one blow of its fin. The green turtle is not a vicious creature to handle, like its snapping Japanese brother, but its fins are very strong, and one blow from them is quite sufficient to break a man's arm.—Wide World Magazine.

CHASE AWAY THE TIRED FEELING

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS WILL DO IT QUICKLY AND NATURALLY

It is Caused by Sluggish Circulation Brought on by Deranged Kidneys Failing to Strain Impurities Out of the Blood.

Stayner, Ont. (Special).—In the Spring the Kidneys always need attention. They have additional work in straining the winter's accumulation of impurities out of the blood and if they are at all out of order it is sure to tell on them. It is only a question of the best method of treating them and Ernest Colwell of this place adds his testimony to the great mass of proof that the one sure cure for sick Kidneys is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Some time ago," says Mr. Colwell, "I had severe Pains and Soreness in the small of my back, and sometimes noticed a brick dust sediment in my urine, so of course I knew my Kidneys were affected. I procured some of Dodd's Kidney Pills, which readily cured the pains and soreness and restored the urine to its natural color. I always recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Everybody needs medicine in the Spring, and the medicine they need is Dodd's Kidney Pills. They clear the blood of impurities and by giving the blood free circulation, speedily and naturally chase away that tired feeling. It is caused by sluggish circulation, and Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it.

Crop Improvement

The most marked improvements in small grain are brought about by the selection and propagation of individual plants which show superior yielding powers. One well-known variety of wheat was started by a farmer whose keen eye detected unusual producing power in a single plant growing in a field of rye. Many others trace to a similar origin. Some observer noticing superior characteristics in a plant, has isolated and propagated it. These variations are occurring all the time. They may be due to accidental cross-fertilization, they may be simply "sports," but whatever their origin, if they vary in the direction of higher yield, better quality or stronger straw, they are worth propagating.

THE ILLS OF BABYHOOD AND OF CHILDREN.

The ills of childhood are many, and may prove serious if not promptly attended to. In all homes where Baby's Own Tablets are kept there is a prompt cure at hand for such troubles as indigestion, colic diarrhoea, constipation, worms, and teething troubles. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or poisonous drug. Mrs. R. Hammond, Copetown, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and think nothing can equal them for small children. I would not be without them in the house, for they saved my little girl's life." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

To wipe out a debt of $270, a defendant at an English court was ordered to pay $1.20 a month—so that the instalments would be spread over eighteen years.

I consider MINARD'S LINIMENT the BEST liniment in use.

I got my foot badly jammed lately. I bathed it well with MINARD'S LINIMENT, and it was as well as ever next day.

Yours very truly,
T. G. McMULLEN.

The farmer who reads is the farmer who grows. Not everything that is printed is of the best or practicable, but it does its purpose if it sets you thinking, and after all the thinking man is the one who usually does things. A half-hearted farmer is worse than none. Push the business.

Lord Lovat sailed for South Africa recently on a visit of inspection to the government agricultural settlements as well as to his own property in those parts.

A Home Trader.

A surgeon in a western town, engaged to perform an operation of minor character upon a somewhat unsophisticated patient, asked him if he were willing to have only a local anaesthetic.

"Sure!" replied the other. "I believe in patronizing home industry whenever you can."

And he meant it.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Not a Flattering Promise.

"I will not leave this house," he declared, "until you promise to be my wife."

"Will you leave immediately if I promise?"

"Yes."

"All right, then; I do. Anything to get rid of you even for a little while."—Minneapolis Journal.

FLEECED BY EMIR.

British Tourists Spoiled of Everything They Owned.

Captain S. S. Butler described to a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society recently an amusing incident which befel Captain Aylmer and himself while they were journeying from Bagdad to Damascus.

At El-Jof, in Northern Arabia, they were received by the emir, Feysul Ibn Rashid, one of whose first questions after greeting them was "Are your teeth your own or are they false?"

"On our arrival at the house placed at our disposal," continued the lecturer, "Captain Aylmer and myself congratulated ourselves on our good fortune in having such a cordial welcome, but we had not been there more than five minutes when Feysul's head slave, a richly-dressed personage called Dahm, came to tell us that the emir would not take our camels or our money, as he had plenty of both, but that he would like any things of European make or of interest that we happened to have.

"This was only too true, and during our five days' stay there there was a continued procession of slaves and hangers-on from the castle demanding things for the emir and his visitors and favorites, and demanding them in such a way that it was impossible for us, situated as we were, to refuse, until we had practically nothing of any value left, having been fleeced of watches, revolver, compasses, various clothes, and other articles of our kit.

"The slave given us was nothing more or less than a spy, and the climax was reached, and I fairly lost my temper when a negro slave, who had come to demand scent, hair grease and moustache wax for the emir, told me I was a liar when I said I had none."

One Against Mr. Edwardes.

The famous theatrical manager, Mr. George Edwardes, tells a good story illustrative of the difficulties with which managers have to contend. "I was once negotiating with a lady," he says, "to go to India as prima donna, and I thought I would approach the question artfully. We were nearly agreed, the difference between us was a paltry $500 a week—I offered her $500 and she asked me $1,000 a week. I began to tell of the glories of India, how the lady would win the hearts of all the Princes, of Jams and Rams and Dams and nabobs. I said, 'As is their custom, they'll send you ropes of pearls to tie up your dresses, elephants with trunks full of emeralds, and diamonds enough for a skirt"—and skirts were skirts in those days. 'What is a miserable $500 a week by the side of that?' Well, I thought I had impressed the lady. She promised to think it over. She did. Next day I got a note: 'Dear Mr. Edwardes, give me my terms, and you can keep the presents.'"

Indicative of Genius.

"Horace was a great poet," declared the man with the chewed looking mustache.

"But," replies the man with the overgrown ears, "somebody said the other day that Horace wrote his poems to advertise the wines of Italy."

"Sure! If he could write what he did on the inspiration of the table d'hote wine we get at restaurants he must have been a real genius."—Chicago Post.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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

Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

An elephant can get up a speed of twenty miles an hour, and sustain it for half a day.

The reward of the cabman who takes to Scotland Yard "things left behind" is fixed at half a crown in the pound on the value of the article.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Man—Your dog looks thin.

Boy—Yes; he's all run down.

Man—How do you account for that?

Boy—Mebbe it's because he's a watch dog.

A Matter of Principle

He—Is your father opposed to cremation?

She—I think so. He is an undertaker.

DOCTOR SAID ONLY ZAM-BUK COULD CURE HER ECZEMA.

In view of the numerous cures which Zam-Buk has worked when all else has failed, there is little wonder that in the end the doctor attending Mrs. J. P. St. Denis, of 305 Thompson Street, Winnipeg, should tell her there was nothing but Zam-Buk could cure her. The result showed the far-seeing wisdom of the practitioner, and having been completely cured by Zam-Buk, Mrs. St. Denis gives her experience for the benefit of other sufferers.

She says: "Eczema started on one side of my face and nose. At first my nose felt sore, similar to what one feels when having a bad cold. I paid no attention to this, thinking it would pass away in a day or so, but to my surprise it got worse. The nose then became swollen and hard, and turned a purplish red, as well as part of the cheek on that side of my face. As the disease developed, pimples and ulcers broke out, then the skin cracked in places and peeled off in flakes, leaving my face and nose raw and sore. This condition reacted on my general health, and I became very ill. I could get no sleep at night because of the irritation and the pain, and my face was in such shocking condition that for two months I did not go out of the house. I applied remedies which were supposed to be good for skin diseases, but in vain. My doctor also treated me, but without effect, until one day he said that the only thing which would now be likely to cure me was Zam-Buk.

"Acting on his advice, I procured a supply and found that even the first few applications had a soothing effect on the sores. I left off everything else in favor of this balm, and applied it liberally every day to the affected parts. In a remarkably short time, considering the obstinate nature of my disease, we saw traces of improvement, which encouraged us to persevere with the Zam-Buk treatment. Zam-Buk reduced the discoloration, then the hard swelling began to show traces of leaving, the sores seemed to be less angry, and in about three week' time most of the sores were healing nicely. To cut a long story short, I continued with the Zam-Buk treatment until my face was cleared completely of all traces of the troublesome and painful eczema."

Zam-Buk is a sure cure for cuts, lacerations, burns, eczema, ringworm, poisoned wounds, festering sores, bad leg, and all skin injuries and diseases. It is also a cure for piles. Druggists and Stores everywhere sell at 50c. a box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto on receipt of price. You are warned against cheap and harmful imitations sometimes represented as "just as good."

The Lay of the Hen

"The spring has come, it's time to hatch
Ideas and egglets, too;
All winter long, in rain or shine,
I've laid right in for you.
Now please go 'way and let me 'lone,
Yours truly please forget;
I'm tired of laying all the while,
I want to stop and set."

Pointer to Kissers

Never kiss a girl while the scent of cigarettes is on your lips, for the next fellow who comes along may think she has been doing the smoking.

Sympathetic

Father (proudly)—I believe, my dear, that boy of ours knows as much as I do.

Mother—Yes, poor little fellow! It's too bad that he doesn't know any more.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

By and by a man gets tired of asking for his daily bread and he insists on having pie and cake.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

In the Public Eye

Washington Star—And you will not be downcast in case of defeat?

Certainly not. A man can keep before the public as a candidate even more effectively than as an official.

Some persons are more susceptible to colds than others, contracting derangements of the pulmonary organs from the slightest causes. These should always have at hand a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the present day sovereign remedy for coughs, catarrh and inflammation of the lungs. It will effect a cure no matter how severe the cold may be. You cannot afford to be without a remedy like Bickle's, for it is the best.

Horses would be spared much suffering and the owners have less "lost time" if a little forethought and attention were given to collars and harness. There is absolutely no reason for ill-fitting or dragging harness.

Three Months gone!

Three months of this year have gone and you are run right down! If you are "played out" in 3 months how can you hope to keep up for the rest of the year? Read the following story from B.C. and receive the hope it gives to every weary, worn and played-out man and woman.

COULD SCARCELY GET AROUND

"Mrs. Worden has taken four bottles of PSYCHINE and it has made a new woman of her. Before she started to take PSYCHINE she could scarcely get around to do her work, and now she can do it without feeling the least fatigue. I will strongly recommend PSYCHINE to any one. It will relieve their suffering."

W. J. WORDEN, Works Point Barracks, Victoria, B.C.

This is just what PSYCHINE was intended to do. Thousands of weary toilers have praised God for PSYCHINE, the Greatest of Tonics, and many were on the verge of decline before they heard of it. But no matter how far gone, PSYCHINE has proved their friend and wrought deliverance. PSYCHINE goes to the seat of the trouble, and while it is creating Rich, Red Blood, it attacks any diseased parts of the Throat, Lungs, Chest and Stomach. PSYCHINE rightly merits the title given it by thousands, viz., the "Great Tonic Healer." PSYCHINE is highly recommended by the Medical Profession because of its great Tonic properties. It creates an appetite and gives new life when all else has failed.

All Druggists and Stores sell PSYCHINE at 50c and $1.00 a bottle. Send to Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto, for a FREE TRIAL.

PSYCHINE

Woman's World

CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD.

English Society Woman Who Expects to Meet President In African Jungle.

Charlotte Mansfield, the well known English authoress, has just started from England to embark on one of the most adventurous journeys ever undertaken by a woman. She proposes to go from Cape Town, South Africa, to Cairo, Egypt, a distance of 5,000 miles, accompanied by only native guides. Part of the way lies through practically unexplored country.

Midway in the South African jungle she hopes to meet President Roosevelt. Though the meeting place is not as yet determined upon, Miss Mansfield thinks it will be somewhere near Nairobi, north of Lake Tanganyika. The natives of this district are known to be treacherous and hostile, and as Miss Mansfield will be the only white woman among them the situation is likely to prove highly interesting, to say the least.

The adventurous woman spent all her spare time lately in learning how to use firearms, so that should she be attacked in making one of the most perilous trips on record she will be able to give a good account of herself.

What will carry Miss Mansfield through successfully is perhaps the daring character of her project. Though not the first journey made by a white woman through this portion of Africa, it is the first time one of her sex has attempted to "go through" on the lines laid down by Miss Mansfield. Most others who have made the trip have done so from necessity, going from one part of the district to another in order to reach some permanent residence in the country and having as little to do with the natives as possible. With Miss Mansfield, however, it is different. She intends to try to "affiliate" with the natives, to learn their habits of thought and to study their customs. She is a great believer in the psychology of the native races, and, as she is somewhat of a seer herself, will strive to get "en rapport" with the aborigines in a way hitherto undreamed of by others.

Despite all Miss Mansfield's disclaimers as to the danger that may attend her in passing through this country, persons acquainted with the matter say that it is a risky thing for a woman to do. She has already received hosts of letters from white residents in Africa—wholly unknown to her—warning her against undertaking so perilous a trip, but, as all her arrangements are now made, she says there is no turning back.

Miss Mansfield has achieved fame in England in various walks of life. She is a well known author and as a poet enjoys the distinction of being called the "Ella Wheeler Wilcox" of England.

Musical Leadership Her Goal.

Mrs. Meredith, daughter-in-law of George Meredith, novelist, stepped into the breach in Harrowgate the other day and wielded the baton as substitute for the conductor of the municipal orchestra, one of the best in England. It was one of the few times in England that a woman has conducted an important orchestra, and so much publicity has followed that Mrs. Meredith has been invited to direct other bands throughout the country at special performances. She is a music lover and daily entertains her father-in-law at the piano. She has been successful as a composer of songs and is ambitious to write an opera. She believes English composers will hold their own with German, French and Italians in operatic compositions, and she has made the prediction that the next great magician of music will be a woman. This seems like a rash promise, but Mrs. Meredith argues that, as Charlotte Bronte rose to great heights as a novelist and Elizabeth Browning achieved distinction as a poet, matching that of Rosa Bonheur as a painter, it is blind prejudice to hold women are unequal to a great operatic work.

The Good Will Habit.

A habit of holding a kindly attitude of mind toward everybody has a powerful influence upon the character. It lifts the mind above petty jealousies and meannesses. It encircles and enlarges the whole life. Where we meet people, no matter if they are strangers, we feel a certain kinship with and friendliness for them if we have formed the good will habit.

In other words, the kindly habit, the good will habit, makes us feel more sympathy for everybody. And if we radiate this helpful, friendly feeling others will reflect it back to us.

On the other hand, if we go through life with a cold, selfish mental attitude, caring only for our own, always looking for the main chance, only thinking of what will further our own interest, our own comfort, totally indifferent to others, this attitude will after awhile harden the feelings and the affections, and we shall become dry, pessimistic and uninteresting.

The Confessions of a Clever Girl.

The secret is out. A girl who has a reputation for being extremely clever and brilliantly original has confessed that she is not original at all. Neither, says she, is she clever. She is merely observing. She keeps her eyes open and makes use of what other people have found out.

Possibly you know a girl who has a reputation for being very clever in her way of doing things. Her little dress accessories are always different and always attractive. If you are invited by her to a dinner or luncheon or an informal thimble party you are perfectly sure before you start that the whole affair will be marked with original little touches. The place cards, the favors and the entertainment planned will be unique and a little different from the ordinary kind. In a burst of enthusiasm you say to your hostess: "Oh, but you are so clever! How do you ever think up such pretty things?"

In all probability she will tell you that she doesn't think of them at all—that she just copies them. This you may set down to modesty, but in nine cases out of ten it is the truth.

That girl has merely strained herself to be observing. She reads the papers and magazines, and when a clever idea is suggested she cuts it out and files it away in her book of suggestions. When she sees salad served in a new way at some smart dinner she makes a mental note of it, and the next time she has a guest she tries her new salad course.

So, while this girl has made for herself a reputation of being extremely clever, according to her own way, she is not clever at all. She merely uses the things that other people have thought of. So there is really little excuse, after all, for the woman who is invariably satisfied with the commonplace. The better ways are hers for the taking.

Much Dancing in the Capital.

Washington has gone dancing mad. Never was dancing such a craze, and notwithstanding hints that such capers were not beseeming the chief executive of the United States the president recently has thrown dull care to the winds and sought diversion in the gay waltz and the spirited barn dance. Miss Roosevelt has been the reason for giving weekly dances in the White House since the first of the year, and all Washington, young, old and middle aged, has set out to dance. The president is as skillful in picking a way through the intricacies of modern waltzing as through hunting country. He enters into the festive spirit and dances vigorously. Grizzled generals and stately admirals and diplomatists so covered with honors and decorations as to look like the kaiser lead forth the blushing buds and whirl in the barn dance. This lively measure is the favorite.

New Jars For Cereals.

The newest jars for cereals, herbs and condiments are so attractive that they may very properly adorn a room other than the kitchen.

They are in opal ware, in oddly shaped bottles and jars, and show designs in bright colors. The cherry displays a most natural looking bunch of this fruit below the label, and the rooster shows this bird in all his vanity. There are fifteen pieces in all. The price for the set complete is $7.

As a wedding gift these jars would be much appreciated—indeed, probably more than an expensive piece of bric-a-brac.

She Caught the Germ.

Dollie had been away with her parents, and, being very keen on old china, they had gone into many shops to look at pieces, and she had heard much talk about the various marks and the consequent value of the china. Some time after a sailor friend was visiting them and showed her a tattoo mark on his arm.

"Oh, mamma, do come and look," exclaimed Dollie.

And then after watching her mother examining the mark she added, "Is he valuable, mother?"

Mrs. Browning and Her Grandmamma.

A copy of Mrs. Browning's "Battle of Marathon," the epic she wrote in her thirteenth year, has been sold for $400. The value of the volume was no doubt increased by the autograph of the author, who presented this particular copy to her "dearest grandma" as a birthday gift. Even that little attention did not prevent grandmamma from saying that she had far rather see Elizabeth's hemming more carefully finished than to hear so much of her bookish achievements.

Russian Tea Jelly.

Russian tea jelly, which is sometimes served like a frappe in place of ices at afternoon "at homes," is easily made. Turn two and a half cupfuls of boiling water and the juice of a lemon over four heaping tablespoonfuls of tea, add a heaping tablespoonful of gelatin dissolved and a little sugar. Stir thoroughly and strain into a wet mold.

Spinach as a Salad.

Cold spinach left in the vegetable dish after dinner is good served again in the form of a salad. Season it well with salt and pepper, dress with mayonnaise and decorate with a few small lettuce leaves and one or two hard boiled eggs sliced crosswise. A tiny young onion sliced may be sprinkled over the salad or alternated with the slices of eggs as a garnish.

What Dr. Anna Shaw Says.

Mr. Roosevelt's letter on woman's suffrage provoked a reply from the Rev. Anna A. Shaw at Buffalo the other day. She declared that the president evidently was not fully informed on the subject, adding, "But, then, he writes on so many different subjects that it is not possible for him to be thoroughly informed on all of them."

Ladies, Take Notice.

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker says that some day she will write a paper on the subject of ink, as in her travels about the country she has never found more than five or six women, otherwise good housekeepers, who had ink bottles with decent writing fluid in them, and how many women feel an answering throb of sympathy!

COLLEGE WOMEN.

Miss Woolley's Belief Is They Have a Sense of the Values of Life.

"It isn't the number of marriages, it is the quality of marriages, that matters, both to us and to future generations," said Miss Mary F. Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke college, in her talk at a college alumnae luncheon held recently. "College women," she said, "have a sense of the values of life. Their attitude toward marriage is not unlike that of the little girl who was being tutored in ethics.

"'What is the best thing and the hardest thing in the world to do?' asked the teacher, expecting the child to say, 'Tell the truth.'

"'Getting married,' piped the pupil."

Miss Woolley said she believed the professional woman's love of home was deeper and stronger often than that of the nonprofessional woman. "As to whether women ought to go out in the world, ought to be economically independent—that is a question to be decided by the individual. It depends on temperament, the individual needs. It is entirely personal. The question of what woman's work is was never so broad as it is today or so ill defined."

Miss Woolley adjured the college women to work for the welfare of "the homeless newsboys, the women herded in tenements which it is a travesty to call homes" and especially "to abolish sweatshops if it takes every drop of bargain loving blood you have in your veins."

Dr. Balliet, another speaker at this luncheon, said the life of America's higher institutions of learning was seriously threatened by the readjustments that were taking place. "But we can more easily spare men's colleges than women's colleges," he said. "Men's work in the world seems to demand that they specialize; women can afford time to take a broad, liberal training. They do not require to specialize so much. Perhaps nature has specialized them less."

WELL KNOWN PHRASES.

Sentences One Quotes, but Often Can't "Place."

The phrase "leave no stone unturned" is frequently employed in everyday conversation, but yet nine people out of ten who use it would be unable to tell its derivation.

The expression is taken from "Euripides" and relates to an answer given by the Delphic oracle to Polycrates about treasure buried by Xerxes' general, Mardonius, on the battlefield of Plataea.

The oracle said that to discover the treasure it would be necessary to (translated literally) "turn every stone," which has gradually taken the form of "leave no stone unturned" used nowadays.

"A Feather In His Cap."

This familiar saying originated in warlike days, when it was customary for knights to honor such of their followers as distinguished themselves in battle by presenting them with a feather to wear in their caps, which when not in armor was the covering of their heads, and no one was permitted that privilege who had not "killed his man."

Why They're "Quakers."

Members of the Society of Friends are frequently designated by outsiders as "Quakers," but few people probably have any idea that Quakers is a nickname given in scorn.

George Fox, the founder of the sect, gives the origin of the name in his journal: "Justice Bennett of Derby was the first to call us 'Quakers,' because I bade him quake and tremble at the word of the Lord." This occurred in 1650.

A Luncheon Dish.

Smelts skewered in rings with heads and tails together, dipped in milk and flour and fried in deep fat make an attractive fish course.

Garnish the plate on which they are served with cress and slices of lemon that have been dipped in minced parsley. If they are to make the main part of the meal, serve them around a mound of potato or make a potato border and serve the fish rings in a mound.

The smelts may be skewered with a toothpick, and the skewer may be removed after the fish is cooked, as the ring will usually keep its shape.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

In massaging wrinkles use the tips of the fingers and thumb, always working across the line. Never follow the lines of the creases.

Washing the eyes morning and night in water as hot as it can be borne is a wonderful tonic for those useful servants, which are so easily injured.

When a child is restless from teething it can often be quieted by giving it a warm bath. The water should be as hot as can be endured without burning. Do not allow the child to stay in the bath long, or weakness will follow.

To reduce the hips stand up straight and by bending forward make the finger tips touch the floor. Do not wear tight clothing and do not bend the knees. This is an old exercise, known as the "setting up" exercise, and is much used in the army for this purpose.

Often when one has a cold the eyes feel hot and are red and inflamed. The best way to effect a cure is to bathe the eyes frequently with a solution of boric acid and water. If the eyes do not feel improved after your cold disappears it would be well to consult an oculist.

THE ARMY DESERTER.

He Is a Marked Man, and His Chances of Escape Are Few.

"The most persistently trailed lawbreaker in the United States today is the deserter from the army," said a captain of the United States army.

"From the time he is found missing at the post where he is stationed until the inevitable hour when an officer of any of a dozen different federal and civic denominations lands him in custody he is a criminal marked for punishment, and he is shrewd indeed if he escapes.

"Four-fifths of the deserters are foreign born and professional army deserters with bad records left behind them in Europe. These men, as I understand it, deserted from armies in the old countries, came here in search of work, didn't get anything to suit them and joined our forces only to get tired and want to quit again. What they get in the end is a term in the guardhouse or in the national prison for bad soldiers.

"Beside the chances of an escaping soldier to get away from his punishment that of an ordinary jailbreaker, hounded by civil officers, is a bagatelle. In the first place, a soldier in or out of uniform is a soldier in habits and carriage, with the telltale step and mannerisms of the service. The lockstep of the state prison will wear away because it is only an incidental of prison life, and the convict doing time can do it more or less perfectly, according to his inclination or the watchfulness of the guard, but the whole life of the soldier is soldiering, and he can never get away from it.

"Now, turn a man so marked out in the world with a fifty dollar reward on his head and send to every village postoffice, police station, constable, sheriff and United States marshal in the whole country his accurate description and a picture of him in two attitudes and you have placed him in the predicament of the deserting soldier and narrowed his chances to an infinitesimal bit of progress within fifty miles from the starting point without arrest."

The captain said that more money was probably spent by the government in advertising a deserter than the reward of $50 offered for his capture.

SIZING UP THE BABY.

Varying Views of the Different Members of the Family.

This is what the Browns had to say of the latest addition to the family:

The Mother—Oh, isn't he the cutest, grandest, handsomest, smartest little fellow in the whole world? Such eyes! Such features! Such shoulders! And hear him talk, will you? Why, he understands perfectly every word I say.

The Father—There's a boy for you! Smith will brag about that kid of his, will he? Well, you just wait until this youngster is a month old, and I'll take the conceit out of Smith!

Little Bobby—So that's what the stork brought, eh? Gee, the stork must have it in for this family!

Little Bella—Oh, ma, he's swallowed all his teeth, and all his hair's blowed off!

Bachelor Brother—I don't want to cause you folks any anxiety, but he's the smallest human being I ever saw outside of a dime museum. You want to feed him upon roast beef and porterhouse steak right away.

Uncle Jack (a dog fancier)—Is his nose cold? Hold him up by the back of his neck and we'll see if he's got any nerve.

Grandma—There you go, spoiling the child as soon as he has his eyes open! I suppose when he's a month old we shall all have to stand on our heads to amuse him! Give me that infant this instant before he has colic and dies!

The Family Cat—Well, that settles my hash! It's either hunt a new home or become a tailless feline inside of a month. Why, that kid's got a grip on him like a longshoreman's!

The Baby—Goo-goo! Goo-goo! Goo-goo-goo-goo! Or, in other words, I'll make it good and hot for this family about midnight!

His Name Was Sufficient.

San Malato, the famous Sicilian duelist, seemed to have stepped into our prosaic modern life straight from the pages of Brantome. His fame had done more than penetrate the four corners of Europe. It had reached his own home. Some misguided Sicilian bandits held up a coach one night and summoned its solitary traveler to come out. From the shadowy depths of the vehicle came two short sentences in a cold, staccato voice: "Spread out your cloaks. The mud must not spoil my boots when I descend." The cutthroats fled with the awe striking whisper of "San Malato" upon their quivering lips.—London Telegraph.

The Limit.

"What did the doctor say was the matter with you?"

"He said he didn't know."

"Well, what doctor are you going to next?"

"None. When a doctor dares to make such an admission as that he must be about as high in his profession as he can get."—London Mail.

Following Directions.

Mr. McRooney (slightly indisposed)—'Tis not enough av these pills yez got me, Norah. It says, begorry, "Take from two t' four iv'ry night," an', bad cess t' thim, Oi've took thim all, an 'tis only quarter past 3.—Puck.

Remarkable.

"What was the most remarkable episode you ever witnessed?"

"Well, I once saw a woman close a street car door."—Louisville Courier Journal.

BOOK BORROWERS.

Good Points For Guilty Members of the Community.

Have you on your bookshelves the first volume of a four volume edition de luxe numbered set of "The Count of Monte Cristo—full levant, limited edition, hand sewed, deckled edges, etc.?

If you have, you know you borrowed it, and you had better take it back.

Perhaps you don't know from whom you borrowed it. Neither does the woman who lent it know to whom she lent it, worse luck, and there for years that gaping row in her bookcase has leered at her like a man with a missing front tooth.

Through tears of aggravation she gazes at those three remaining volumes—useless without the first.

"Lost!" you say. "Why, the thing can't be lost. Books like that aren't dropped inadvertently upon the street. People don't sweep them up by mistake in their dustpans. It must be somewhere." Yes, but who's to know where?

Some day the lost and found columns of the newspapers will contain a notice like this:

"Will the person who borrowed my second volume of 'Lamb's Essays' please return it at my expense and receive reward? No questions asked."

If this doesn't work there would be a profitable field for some one who would organize a sort of secret service book detective agency.

Now, it is a beautiful thing to lend books. It adds to the joy of having them to share them with other people, but sharing doesn't usually mean giving.

It's no crime to borrow a book either. It gives one a delightful sense of comradeship with the person from whom you borrow.

But the point is to return it.

There's a moral in all this, by the way, for the lenders as well as for the offending borrowers. The good lady who mourns her precious first volume was a little at fault herself.

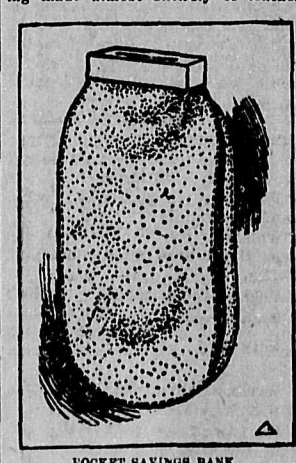
In the first place, she was not sure that her name was in the book, so that the guilty person may be as much at sea as herself. If her name had been in the book the matter would have been promptly reduced to one of wilful carelessness.

In the second place, even if books are clearly marked with the name and address of their owners, human nature is weak and forgetful. No one should lend a book without making a note of it on a little card or notebook kept for the purpose. Then it's a simple matter to gently jog the memory of the erring friend. But, now that we are speaking of it, it wouldn't do any harm for all the inveterate and pernicious book borrowers to just take inventory and cast up accounts and then take back some of those borrowed books.

HANDY SAVINGS BANK.

Made of Flexible Material to Conform to Shape of Pocket.

A handy little pocket savings bank that is sure to prove popular is shown in the illustration below, the invention of an Illinois man. At one time the pocket savings bank was in great demand; but, being constructed of metal, it was weighty and cumbersome in the pocket. This objection is overcome in the one shown here. Being made almost entirely of leather,



POCKET SAVINGS BANK.

with the exception of the small metal slot for the reception of the coin, it can readily be carried without inconvenience in any pocket. Being pliable and flexible, it readily conforms to the shape of the pocket. The idea of the inventor is to make these pocket savings banks as cheaply as possible, so that they must be destroyed to remove the contents. A new one can then be purchased at an outlay of a few cents.

A New Veil Roll.

Which isn't a roll at all, because it's a stick, owing to the manner of its making and to the present width of veils. It looks like a stick of mint candy and is made of six inch white satin ribbon edged with half inch red satin ribbon and then twisted in a bias twirl exactly like striped candy down a long pasteboard roll. The roll has first been covered with scented cotton, and the whole thing has a delicious look when finished.

Gypsy Earrings.

Among all the other new earrings that appear come the old fashioned loops of gold, known as the gypsy earrings. They were offered by the leading shops during the holiday season, and women are already wearing them in the day as well as the evening.

The loops have no gems set in them. They are large and heavy, hang close to the neck and are clamped to the ear with a small round ball.

Young Folks

FUN WITH A BALLOON.

Interesting Experiment That Mystifies Until Explained.

The toy balloon that you buy from the man on the street corner is a pretty thing to play with for a day, but then its color becomes deadened, its beautiful roundness departs, and it looks like a misshapen, wrinkled ghost of itself. But, though it can no longer perform the duty for which it was made and sail proudly aloft to the extent of its tether, a ball of brilliant red, it still has the power to afford amusement to little folk and in a way that you would scarcely expect.

Take up the poor, wilted little thing and lay it on the edge of a chair or a table. It seems dead beyond the power of anything to restore it to life. But let a woman or a girl stand near it and then start away from it at a run, all through the room, out into the hall and into another room, and see how the dead thing will come to life, for it will follow her everywhere at a distance of two or three feet, moving rapidly if she moves rapidly, slowly if she moves slowly, stopping if she stops—in fact, it seems to be endowed with

THE TOY BALLOON FOLLOWS.

life and regulates its movements by hers. It acts precisely as if it were tied to the girl's dress.

This apparently mysterious action of the half empty balloon is caused by the displacement of the air by the girl's movements. That is to say, at every step she takes she pushes the air in front of her aside and leaves a hole in the air (or vacuum, as it is called) in the place where she last stood. Into this partial vacuum a light current of air flows to fill it, bearing the balloon with it. The more rapidly the girl moves the faster will the balloon follow, because the more air is thus displaced.

It takes a woman or a girl to succeed in this experiment because her skirts make more of a vacuum than a man's clothing can make.—Philadelphia Record.

BATHS A MONTH LONG.

Patients at Japanese Health Resort Live in the Water.

The Japanese are fond of bathing in extremely hot water. They are, in fact, the most cleanly, according to our western notion, of any of the eastern peoples. Their bath is taken as frequently as twice a day, often at a temperature of about 110 degrees F., says the Chicago News.

An odd description has been given of the amphibious lives, half in water and half out, like frogs, led by the visitors at a health resort where there are warm mineral springs in the heart of the Japanese mountains. Patients at this sanitarium often remain in the water for a month at a time. At night they put a stone on their laps to keep them from floating downstream. And if it should be objected that this is an unhealthy method of conducting a health resort reference has only to be made to the caretaker of the establishment, a hearty old man over eighty years of age, who frequently remains in the bath all winter, directing the business of the place from a station waist deep in the warm, flowing water.

Can You Tell?

What literary person is disguised thus: (1) Not short and a male? (2) Not wet and the lion's home? (3) A slang phrase? (4) A species of tree? (5) To put away? (6) Cries of wild animals? (7) A brave general? (8) Used to unlock with? (9) An unpleasant sensation? (10) Used by sculptors? (11) A European country? (12) Unsettled water? (13) Not far away? (14) Small bodies of water? (15) What Diana was the goddess of? (16) A boy's name and a weight?

Answers: 1, Longfellow; 2, Dryden; 3, Dickens; 4, Hawthorne; 5, Stowe; 6, Howells; 7, Scott; 8, Key; 9, Payne; 10, Clay; 11, Holland; 12, Riley; 13, Nye; 14, Brooks; 15, Hunt; 16, Carlton.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Some Odd Fishes.

Among the more curious of the fishes received lately at the New York city aquarium from Bermuda was a slippery dick. The slippery dick is only a little fish not more than five or six inches long, but it is shapely and remarkable for its coloring. Its head is of a dark green, and in a solid line just back of its head runs a well defined band of a lighter color than either head or body, like a collar.

The Date of Easter.

Following is the rule by which the date of Easter is fixed: Easter day is always the first Sunday after the full moon that falls on or next after March 21, and if the full moon falls on a Sunday Easter day is the Sunday thereafter. This will explain why the date varies so much.

The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME,

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

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(Continued.)

"A demon?"

"Yes," said the woman emphatically, "as a rule he was a timid, nervous little man, like a frightened rabbit, and would not harm a fly. But drink, as you know, changes a nature to the contrary of what it actually is."

"I have heard that."

"You would have seen an example in Lemuel," she retorted. "When he drank brandy, he became a king, a sultan. From being timid he became bold; from not harming any one he was capable of murder. Often in his fits did he lay violent hands on me. But I managed to escape. When sober he would moan and apologize in a provokingly tearful manner. I hated and despised him," she went on, with flashing eyes, but careful to keep her voice from reaching the gamblers. "I was a fool to marry him. My father was a farmer, and I had a good education. I was attracted by the good looks of Lemuel and ran away with him from my father's farm in Buckinghamshire."

"That's where Stowley is," murmured Paul.

"Stowley?" echoed Mrs. Krill, whose ears were very sharp. "Yes, I know that town. Why do you mention it?"

"The opal serpent brooch with which your husband's lips were fastened was pawned there."

"I remember," said Mrs. Krill calmly. "Mr. Pash told me. It has never been found out how the brooch came to fasten the lips—so horrible it was!" She shuddered.

"No. My father bought the brooch from the Stowley pawnbroker and

"Stowley?" echoed Mrs. Krill.

gave it to my mother, who sent it to me. When I had an accident I lost it, but who picked it up I can't say."

"The assassin must have picked it up," declared Mrs. Krill decisively, "else it would not have been used in that cruel way, though why such a brooch should have been used at all I can't understand. I suppose my husband did not tell you why he wanted to buy the brooch?"

"Who told you that he did?" asked Paul quickly.

"Mr. Pash. He told me all about the matter, but not the reason why my husband wanted the brooch."

"Pash doesn't know," said Beecot, "nor do I. Your husband fainted when I first showed him the brooch, but I don't know why. He said nothing."

Again Mrs. Krill's face, in spite of her care, showed a sense of relief at his ignorance. "But I must get back to my story," she said in a hard tone. "We have to leave soon. I ran away with Lemuel, who was then traveling with jewelry. He knew a good deal about jewelry, you know, which he turned to account in his pawnbroking."

"Yes, and amassed a fortune thereby."

"I should never have credited him with so much sense," said Mrs. Krill contemptuously. "While at Christchurch he was nothing but a drunkard, whining when sober and a furious beast when drunk. I managed all the house and looked after my little daughter. Lemuel led me a dog's life, and we quarreled incessantly. At length, when Maud was old enough to be my companion, Lemuel ran away. I kept on the Red Pig and waited for him to return. But he never came back, and for over twenty years I heard nothing of him till I saw the handbills and his portrait and heard of his death. Then I came to see Mr. Pash, and the rest you know."

"But why did he run away?" asked Paul.

"I suppose he grew weary of the life and the way I detested him," was her reply. "I don't wonder he ran away. But there, I have told you all, so make what you can of it. Tell Miss Norman of my offer and make her see the wisdom of accepting it. And now"—she rose and held out her hand—"I must run away. You will call and see us? Mr. Hay will give you the address."

"What's that?" said Hay, leaving the card table. "Does Beecot want your address? Certainly." He went to a table and scribbled on a card. "There you are. Hunter street, Kensington, No. 32A. Do come, Beecot. I hope soon to call on your services to be my best man," and he cast a coldly loving look on Maud, who simply smiled as usual.

By this time the card party had broken up. Maud had lost a few pounds and Lord George a great deal. But Miss Qian and Hay had won.

"What luck," groaned the young lord. "Everything seems to go wrong with me."

"Stop, and we'll try another game when the ladies have gone," suggested Hay, his impassive face lighting up, "then Beecot"—

"I must go," said the young gentleman, who did not wish to be called upon as a witness in a possible card scandal.

"And I'll go, too," said Lord George. "Whenever I play with you, Hay, I always seem to lose."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Grexon fiercely.

"Oh, he doesn't mean anything," said Miss Qian sweetly and putting her cloak around her. "Mr. Beecot, just take me to my cab."

"I'll take you to your carriage," said Hay, offering an arm to Mrs. Krill, which she accepted graciously.

Lord George followed, grumbling, with the ever smiling Maud. Miss Qian skipped into a hansom and offered Paul a drive back to town, which he refused. As the cab was driving off, she bent down and whispered, "Be careful," with a side glance at Hay.

Paul laughed. Every one seemed to doubt Hay. But that gentleman handed Mrs. Krill and her daughter into their carriage and looked toward Lord George. "You don't want your revenge tonight?" he asked.

"No, confound you!" said the young man sulkily.

"In that case I'll drive into Kensington with Mrs. Krill and borrow her carriage for a trip to Piccadilly. Good night, Sandal. Good night, Beecot."

He waved his hand, and the ladies waved theirs, and then the three drove away. Lord George lighted a cigar and, putting his arm within that of Beecot, strolled down the road. "Come to my club," he said.

"No, thank you," answered Paul politely; "I must get home."

"But I wish you'd come. I hate being by myself, and you seem such a good sort of chap."

"Well," said Beecot, thinking he might say a word in season to this young fool, "I don't gamble."

"Oh, you cry down that, do you?"

"Well, I think it's foolish."

"It is," assented Lord George frankly, "infernally foolish. And Hay has all the luck. I wonder if he plays square."

This was dangerous ground, and Paul shied. "I really can't say," he said coldly. "I don't play cards."

"But what do you know of Hay?" asked Sandal.

"Only that he was at school with me at Torrington. We met by accident the other day, and he asked me to dinner."

"Torrington? Yes, I had a brother at that school once," said Lord George, "but you and Hay wouldn't get on well together, I should think. You're straight, and he's"—

"You forget we have been dining with him," said Paul quickly.

"What of that? I've dined often and have paid pretty dearly for the privilege. I must have lost at least five thousand to him within the last few months."

"In that case I should advise you to play cards no more. The remedy is easy," said Paul dryly.

"It isn't so easy to leave off cards," rejoined Sandal gloomily. "I'm that fond of gambling that I only seem to live when I've got the cards or dice in my hand. I suppose it's like dram drinking."

"If you take my advice, Lord George, you'll give up card playing."

"With Hay, do you mean?" asked the other shrewdly.

"With any one. I know nothing about Hay beyond what I have told you."

"Humph!" said Sandal. "I don't think you're a chap like him at all. I may look a fool, but I ain't, and can see through a brick wall same as most Johnnies."

"Who can't see at all," interpolated Paul dryly.

"Ha, ha! That's good! But, I say, about this Hay, what a queer lot he had there tonight!"

"I can't discuss that," said Paul stiffly. He was not one to eat a man's bread and salt and then betray him.

Sandal went on as though he hadn't heard him. "That actress is a jolly little woman," said he. "I've seen her at the Frivolity—a ripping fine singer and dancer, she is. But those other ladies?"

"Mrs. and Miss Krill."

The young lord stopped short in the High street. "Where have I heard that name?" he said, looking up to the stars. "Somewhere—in the country, maybe. I go down sometimes to the hall—my father's place. I don't suppose you'd know it. It's three miles from Christchurch."

"In Hants?" said Paul, feeling he was on the verge of a discovery.

"Yes. Have you been there?"

"No, but I have heard of the place. There's a hotel there called the Red Pig, which I thought"—

"Ha!" cried young Sandal, stopping again, and with such a shout that passersby thought he was drunk. "I remember the name. The Red Pig! A woman called Krill kept that."

"She can hardly be the same," said Paul, not wishing to betray the lady.

"No; I guess not. She'd hardly have the cheek to sit down with me if she did. But Krill! Yes, I remember—my aunt, you know."

"Your aunt?"

"Yes," said Sandal impatiently; "she was murdered or committed suicide in that Red Pig place—Rachel Sandal, with her unlucky opals."

"Her unlucky opals! What do you mean?"

"Why, she had a serpent set with opals she wore as a brooch, and it brought her bad luck."

CHAPTER XVI.

It was close upon midnight when Paul reached his garret. Sandal drove him in a hansom as far as Piccadilly circus, and from that place Beecot walked through Oxford street to Bloomsbury. He had not been able to extract further information of any importance from the young lord. It appeared that Lady Rachel Sandal, in love with an inferior, had quarreled with her father and had walked to Christchurch one night, with the intention of joining the man she wished to marry in London. But the night was stormy, and Lady Rachel was a frail woman. She took refuge in the Red Pig, intending to go the next morning, but during the night she was found strangled in the bedroom she had hired. Sandal could give no details, as the events happened before he was born, and he had only heard scraps of the dreadful story.

"Some people say Lady Rachel was murdered," explained Sandal, "and others that she killed herself. But the opal brooch, which she wore, certainly disappeared. But there was such a scandal over the affair that my grandfather hushed it up. I can't say exactly what took place. But I know it happened at a small pub kept by a woman called Krill. Do you think this woman is the same?"

"It's hardly likely," said Paul mendaciously. "How could a woman who kept a small public house become suddenly rich?"

"True," answered Lord George as they stopped in the circus, "and she'd have let on she knew about my name had she anything to do with the matter. All the same, I'll ask her."

"Do so," said Paul, stepping out of the cab. He was perfectly satisfied that Mrs. Krill was quite equal to deceiving Sandal. The wonder was that she had not held her peace to him about the Red Pig.

"You won't come on to my club?" asked Sandal, leaning out of the cab.

"No, thank you," replied Paul. "Good night." And he walked away.

The fact is Beecot wished to put on paper all that he had heard that night and send it to Hurd. As soon as he reached his attic he set to work and wrote out a detailed account of the evening.

"You might find out if Lady Rachel committed suicide or whether she was strangled by some one else," ended Beecot. "Certainly the mention of the serpent brooch is curious. This may be the event in Norman's past life which led him to change his name."

Paul wrote much more and then went out to post the letter. It was after midnight when he did, so there was not much chance of Hurd getting the letter before the second or third post the next day. But Paul felt that he had done his duty and had supplied the information as speedily as possible, so he went to sleep with a quiet mind, in spite of the excitement of the evening. But next morning he was unable to sit down to his desk as usual and felt disinclined to go to the newspaper office, so he walked to Jubileetown to see how Sylvia was getting along. Deborah met him at the gate.

"Well, I never, Mr. Beecot!" said Mrs. Tawsey, with her red arms akimbo in her usual attitude. "This is a sight for sore eyes. Won't my pretty be 'appy this day, say what you may! She's a-makin' out bills fur them as 'ad washin' done, bless her 'eart for a clever beauty."

"How is business?" asked Paul, entering the gate which Deborah opened.

"Bless you, Mr. Beecot, I'll be a lady of forting soon," answered the proprietress of the laundry. "The way washing 'ave come in is jest amazin'. One 'ud think folk never 'ad no linen done up afore an' that they never did 'ave," said Deborah, rubbing her nose hard, "in my way, which is a way. If you'd only send along your shirts, Mr. Beecot, I'd be proud to show you what can be done with fronts, an' no thumb nails down them to spile their loveliness."

Paul did not reply to this, but laughed absently. He was wondering if Deborah had ever heard her master drop any hint as to his having come from the place where Mrs. Krill resided and asked the question on the spur of the moment.

"Do you know Christchurch, in Hants?"

Deborah rubbed her nose harder and looked at him doubtfully.

"Me as said as I'd no relatives must tell the truth now, as I 'ave," said she rather incoherently, "for my sister, Tilly Junk, worked for some one in that there place for years. But we never got on well, she bein' upsettin' an' masterful, so arsk her to my weddin' I didn't, an' denied relatives existin', which they do, she bein' alive ten years ago, when she larst wrote."

"You have not heard from her since?" asked Paul inquisitively.

"Sir, you may burn me or prison me or put me in pillaries," said Mrs. Tawsey, "but deceive you I won't. Me an' Tilly, not bein' of 'appy matchin', don't correspond. We're Londing both," exclaimed Deborah, "father 'avin' bin a 'awker, but why she went to the country or why I stopped in Gwynne street no one knows. And may I arsk, Mr. Beecot, why you arsk of that place?"

"Your late master came from Christchurch, Mrs. Tawsey. Did you never hear him mention it?"

"That I never did, for close he was, Mr. Beecot, say what you like. I never knowed but what he'd pawned and sold them bookses all his blessed life, for all the talkin' he did. If I'd ha' knowed," added Deborah, lifting her red finger, "as he'd bin married afore and intended to cast out my lovely queen I'd ha' strangled him myself."

"He had no intention of casting out Sylvia," said Paul musingly; "he certainly left the money to her."

"Then why 'ave that other got it?"

"Sylvia's name wasn't mentioned, and Miss Krill is legally entitled as the legitimate daughter."

"Call her what you like, she's a cat, as her mother is afore her," said Mrs. Tawsey indignantly, "and not young at that. Thirty and over, as I'm a livin' woman."

"Oh, I don't think Miss Krill is as old as that."

"Being a man you wouldn't, sir, men bein' blind to wrinklings and paint. But paint she do, the hussey, and young she ain't. Over thirty, if I die for the sayin' of it."

"But Mrs. Krill was married to your master only thirty years ago."

"Then more shame to 'er," snapped Deborah masterfully, "for she ain't an honest woman if the signs of age is believin'. Will I write to my sister Tilly, as I don't love, Mr. Beecot, and arsk if she knowed master when he wos in that there place, which she can't 'ave, seeing she's bin there but ten year, and he away twenty?"

"No, Deborah, you'd better say nothing. The case is in Hurd's hands. I'll tell him what you say and leave the matter to him. But you must be deceived about Miss Krill's age."

"I've got two eyes an' a nose," retorted Mrs. Tawsey, "so don't talk of deceivin's. Thirty and more she is, the hussey, let her Jezebel of a mar lie as she like, an' can say what you will, Mr. Beecot. But there's my pretty smilin' from the winder and the tub's a-waitin', so you go in and smooth 'er affections while I see that Mrs. Purr irons the shirts, which she do lovely, there's no denyin'. Hoh!" And Deborah plunged round the corner of the house.

Paul walked through the newly created garden, in which he saw many proofs of Sylvia's love for flowers, and reached the door in time to take the girl in his arms. She was flushed and joyful, and her eyes were as bright as stars. "Paul, darling," she said as they entered the sitting room, where she was struggling with the accounts, "I'm so glad you are here. What's nine times nine?"

"Eighty-one," said Paul, looking at the long list of figures Sylvia had been trying to add up. "Why do you make your head ache with these accounts, darling?"

"I must help Debby, Paul, and I get on very well with the aid of an arithmetic." And she pointed to a small schoolbook which she had evidently been studying.

"Let me take the burden from your shoulders," said her lover, smiling, and sat down at the table, which was strewn with bills. In about an hour he had arranged all these and had made them out neatly to Deborah's various customers. Then he directed the envelopes, and Sylvia sealed them up. All the time they laughed and chatted and despite the dull toil thoroughly enjoyed themselves. "But I am glad to see, Sylvia," said Beecot, pointing to three library volumes lying on the sofa, "that you enjoy yourself occasionally."

"Oh," said Sylvia, pouncing on these, "I'm so glad you spoke, Paul! I wanted to say something to you. 'The Confessions of a Thug,'" she read out and looked at Paul. "Have you read it?"

Beecot nodded. "By Colonel Meadows Taylor. A very interesting book, but rather a bloodthirsty one for you, dearest."

"Debby got it," confessed Miss Norman, "along with some other books, from a literary customer who could not pay his bill. It is very strange, Paul, that 'The Confessions of a Thug' should be among the books."

"Really, I don't see why," smiled Beecot, fingering the old fashioned volumes.

"It's the finger of fate, Paul," said Sylvia solemnly. Then, seeing her lover look puzzled, "I mean that I should find out what goor is."

"Goor?" Paul looked more puzzled than ever.

"It's an Indian word," explained Sylvia, "and means coarse sugar. The thugs eat it before they strangle any one."

"Oh," laughed Beecot, "and you think your father was strangled by a thug? My dear child, the thugs were stamped out years ago. You'll read all about it in the preface of that book, if I remember, but it's long since I read the work. Besides, darling," he added, drawing her to him caressingly, "the thugs never came to England."

"Paul," said Sylvia, still more solemnly and resenting the laugh, "do you remember the thug that came into the shop"—

"Oh, you mean the street hawker that Bart spoke of? Yes, I remember that such an Indian entered, according to Bart's tale, and wanted to sell boot laces, while that young imp Tray was dancing on poor Bart's body. But the Indian wasn't a thug, Sylvia."

"Yes, he was," she exclaimed excitedly. "Hokar, he said he was, and Hokar was a thug. Remember the handful of coarse brown sugar he left on the counter? Didn't Bart tell you of that?"

Paul started. "Yes, by Jove, he did!" was his reply.

"Well, then," said Sylvia triumphantly, "that sugar was goor, and the thugs eat it before strangling any one, and father was strangled."

Beecot could not but be impressed. "It is certainly very strange," he said, looking at the book, "and it was queer your father should have been strangled on the very night when this Indian Hokar left the sugar on the counter. A coincidence, Sylvia, darling."

"No. Why should Hokar leave the sugar at all?"

"Well, he didn't eat it, and therefore, if he was a thug, he would have done so had he intended to strangle your father."

"I don't know," said Sylvia, with a look of obstinacy on her pretty face. "But remember the cruel way in which my father was killed, Paul. It's just what an Indian would do, and then the sugar—oh, I'm quite sure this hawker committed the crime."

Beecot shook his head and strove to dissuade her from entertaining this idea. But Sylvia, usually so amenable to reason, refused to discard her theory, and indeed Paul himself thought that the incident of the sugar was queer. He determined to tell Hurd about the matter, and then the hawker might be found and made to explain why he had left the goor on the counter. "But the sect of the thugs is extinct," argued Paul quickly; "it can't be, Sylvia."

"But it is," she insisted, "I'm sure." And from this firm opinion he could not move her. Finally, when he departed, he took the books with him and promised to read the novel again. Perhaps something might come of Sylvia's fancy.

The lovers spent the rest of the time in talking over their future, and Beecot looked hopefully toward making sufficient money to offer Sylvia a home. He also described to her how he had met Mrs. Krill and related what she was prepared to do. "Do you think we should accept the five hundred a year, Paul?" said Sylvia doubtfully. "It would put everything right, and so long as I am with you I don't care where we live."

"If you leave the decision to me, darling," said Paul, "I think it will be best to refuse this offer. Something is wrong, or Mrs. Krill would not be so anxious to get you out of the country."

"Oh, Paul, do you think she knows anything about the murder?"

"No, dear. I don't think that. Mrs. Krill is far too clever a woman to put her neck in danger. But there may be a chance of her daughter losing the money. Sylvia," he asked, "you saw Maud Krill. How old would you take her to be?"

"Oh, quite old, Paul," said Sylvia decisively; "she dresses well and paints her face, but she's forty."

"Oh, Sylvia, not so much as that."

"Well, then, thirty and over," insisted Sylvia. "Debby thinks the same as I do."

"Don't you think Debby's zeal may lead her to exaggerate?"

"It doesn't lead me to exaggerate," said Sylvia, slightly offended, "and I have eyes in my head as well as Debby. That girl, or that woman, I should say, is over thirty, Paul."

"In that case," said Beecot, his color rising, "I fancy I see the reason of Mrs. Krill's desire to get you out of the country. Maud," he added deliberately, "may not be your father's daughter, after all."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, according to the marriage certificate and to Mrs. Krill's admission, she was married to your father thirty years ago. If Maud is over thirty—can't you see, Sylvia?"

"Yes." Sylvia colored. "You mean she may be the same as I am?"

"Not exactly, dear," replied Paul, soothing her. "I mean that Mrs. Krill may have been a widow and have had her little girl with her when she married your father. In that case Maud certainly could not get the money, and so Mrs. Krill wants you to leave England."

"Goor?" Paul looked more puzzled than ever.

"In case I would get it," said Sylvia, excited.

Paul looked puzzled and rather sad. "I can't say, dear," he replied doubtfully. "Certainly the money is left to 'my daughter,' but as the marriage with your mother unfortunately is void I fear you would not inherit. However," he said grimly, "there would be a certain pleasure in taking the money from that woman. Maud is a mere puppet in her hands," he laughed. "And then Hay would marry a poor bride," he ended maliciously.

Sylvia could not quite understand all this and gave up trying to solve the problem with a pretty gesture of indifference. "What will you do, Paul?" she asked.

"I'll see Hurd and tell him what you and Deborah say about the age of Maud Krill."

"Why not see Mr. Pash?"

"Because he is a traitor," replied Beecot darkly, "and, knowing he has lost your confidence, he will certainly try and give Maud Krill possession of the money. No, I'll speak to Hurd, who is my friend and yours. He is clever and will be able to unravel this tangle."

"Tell him about the goor also, Paul."

"Yes. I'll explain everything I can, and then I'll get him to go down to Christchurch and see what happened there when your father lived with Maud's mother."

"What did happen, Paul?" asked Sylvia anxiously.

"Nothing," he replied with an assumption of carelessness, for he did not want to tell the girl about the fate of Lady Rachel Sandal, "but we may find in your father's past life what led to his murder."

"Do you think Mrs. Krill had anything to do with it?"

"My own, you asked that question before. No, I don't. Still, one never knows. I should think Mrs. Krill is a dangerous woman, although, I fancy, too clever to risk being hanged. However, Hurd can find out if she was in town on the night your father was killed."

"That was on the 6th of July," said Sylvia.

"Yes. And he was murdered at 12."

"After 12," said Sylvia. "I heard the policeman on his beat at a quarter past, and then I came down. Poor father was strangled before our very eyes," she said, shuddering.

"Hush, dear. Don't speak of it," said Paul, rising. "Let us talk of more interesting subjects."

"Paul, I can think of nothing till I learn who killed my poor father and why he was killed so cruelly."

"Then we must wait patiently, Sylvia. Hurd is looking after the matter, and I have every confidence in Hurd. And, by Jove," added Beecot, with an afterthought, "Mrs. Krill doubled the reward. Were she concerned in the matter she would not risk sharpening the wits of so clever a man as Hurd. No, Sylvia, whosoever strangled your father it was not Mrs. Krill."

"It was this Indian," insisted Sylvia, "and he's a thug."

Paul laughed, although he was far from thinking she might be wrong. Of course it seemed ridiculous that a thug should strangle the old man. In the first place, the thugs have been blotted out. In the second, if any survived, they certainly would not exercise their devilish religion in England, and in the third, Hokar, putting aside his offering strangled victims to Bhowanee, the goddess of the sect, had no reason for slaying an unoffending man. Finally, there was the sailor to be accounted for—the sailor who had tried to get the jewels from Pash. Paul wondered if Hurd had found out anything about this individual. "It's all very difficult," sighed Beecot, "and the more we go into the matter the more difficult does it get. But we'll see light some day. Hurd, if anyone, will unravel the mystery," and Sylvia agreed with him.

(To be Continued.)

TRAMP PRINTERS.

Some Years Ago There Were Plenty In Ontario.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago Ontario was overrun with tramp printers, and they were heartily welcome, too, because when a voters' list or "The Official Proceedings of the Township Council," or "Rules for the Government of Fence Viewers, Pound-keepers," etc., were given out to be printed it made the average country printing office busy for a month. The printers worked overtime, and the boss wore a clean white collar twice a week instead of fortnightly, feeling that he could be extravagant over the prospect of a little extra coin of the realm. Occasions are on record where even the office towel was washed. If a tramp printer happened along just at that critical juncture, he was welcomed with open arms and given a fortnight's work. Then he would fail to report the morning after drawing his pay and nothing would be heard of him for a year or more, when he would turn up just as mysteriously and asked for assistance. The stories he could tell of the other offices and of his experiences on the road were always interesting, and held the compositors spellbound, as they sat around the big box stove before seven in the morning or at noon hour listening to the Munchausenian utterances of their new-found friend.

In those days the supply of type in the average country office was wholly inadequate when it came to getting out either a voters' list or a fall fair prize list on the rush, the result being that four pages were about all that could be got up at one time. The printers could go on working at the next four while the first were being run off on the press, but as there would be a shortage of capital M's, and J's and periods, and a lot more "sorts," other letters had to be turned upside down for them, then when the first pages were liberated, replaced by the type obtained from the distribution of these. It occasioned a lot of swearing sometimes, but had the salutary effect of being the means of cleaning up all the "pi" around the office, hidden under imposing stones or thrown into the "hell box" by the devil, who was too lazy to sort it out. Frequently the tramp printer was given this work to do—and naturally the steady comps were mighty glad to have him round—and he didn't care. He could borrow all the tobacco, smoking or chewing, he required, and was willing to do any kind of work, especially when he could find a stool to sit on while at his case.

An Ugly Looking Lizard.

Among the lizards of Australia the "thorny devil" (Moloch horridus) is unrivaled in its ugliness. From the tip of its nose to the end of its tail this lizard is covered with tubercles and spines, but in spite of its dangerous appearance it is quite harmless. It measures about seven inches in length. It has a flat body, a small head and a cylindrical tail. It frequents sandy places, feeds largely on ants and is more or less diurnal in habits. Its powerful limbs are furnished with strong claws, which it uses in digging the sand, in which it often lies wholly or partially buried.

....The.... Singing Lady.

By MARTHA C. SANFORD.

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John Tyndal Seymour, Jr., had been tucked into his little shining brass bed at precisely 7 o'clock.

Being "tucked in," however, does not necessarily shut out the wonder world of lights and laughter and singing. John junior had discovered this all by himself, for often, as tonight, after calling to his nurse and getting no answer, he had crawled out with confidence from under his tight covers and stood by the window watching the grownups in the houses across the air shaft.

He had just climbed back for the third time by actual count when the singing began. John junior loved that singing more than anything else in the world.

He lay very still and flat on his little back, because he had found out that if one ear was buried in the pillow he could not catch all of the notes, especially the soft, low ones.

He had not been listening very long when he heard the hall door open and shut, and then he knew that his father had gone out. Perhaps he was going to find the beautiful singing.

John junior wished so hard that he might go too. He sat up in bed, half determined to follow. But, then, hearing the click of the elevator door, he knew that it was too late, and so lay back again with a sigh.

Suddenly, right in the middle of a note so high and sweet that it made John junior hold his breath in an ecstasy of happiness, the voice stopped. And for a long time it did not go on again. What had happened? Perhaps

THIS TIME SHE SANG ABOUT THE SWEETEST LITTLE FELLOW.

his father—no. If his father had found the singing, he would have just hid behind a curtain somewhere and listened. Of that John junior was sure.

At length, quite as suddenly as it had stopped, the singing began again. With a bound John junior was at the window. This was the song he loved best of all. He could hear the words quite clearly as they came floating up from the window far below:

Sweetest little fellow
Everybody knows.
Don't know what to call him,
But he's mighty like a rose.

And little John junior, who had known no lullabies or mother's croonings in his lone babyhood, felt that he must follow and find where the beautiful voice came from.

After some groping he found his small woolen slippers, and after pulling them on very slowly and carefully he climbed out of the window and began the perilous descent of the fire escape.

The wind blew right through his nightgown, and the iron steps were very cold, but he kept bravely on, afraid only that the grownups in the flats across the air shaft might suddenly peep out from the curtains and see him.

The window at the foot of the long ladder stairs was open, just as John junior expected it would be, so he climbed in softly. The voice was still again, but he was sure he must be very near it.

By the light that came into the room through the transom he could see a big bed, with the covers all turned down as if waiting for some one to creep in, and so, as John junior felt quite shivery, he crept in himself.

He had no sooner drawn himself up into a snug little bunch than the singing began again, and so near that it made his heart thump hard. It came right in over the transom.

When the last sound of it had died away he heard a man's voice—his father's voice! So his father had followed the singing, just as he thought.

In a flash John junior was out of the big bed, had opened the door and went pattering down the hall toward the lights and laughter and singing.

Between the two big curtains he paused and gazed into the wonderland of the grownups. John junior waited until the song was over and then tiptoed in very softly.

"Please," he begged, "won't you sing about the 'little fellow' once more?"

tled! John junior would never forget it. But at last the beautiful singing lady just gathered him up in her arms, and, her cheeks all pink and her eyes all shining, she sang the song he loved best in the world.

And after that John junior never knew exactly what happened, for he went fast asleep.

"Mighty like a rose," murmured the singing lady, looking tenderly down on the little flushed face nestled against her arm.

"Like a rose," repeated John junior's father reverently. And the singing lady, looking up, found the man's eyes not upon the child, but upon her.

"Take him," she urged, the quick tears springing to her eyes. "And don't, don't make it any harder for me, John."

Then for many nights John junior did not again hear the singing lady's beautiful voice after his nurse had tucked him in bed, although he lay flat on his back and listened hard with both ears.

He questioned his father about it, but got only foolish answers which he knew were not true. The idea of the singing lady going away to learn to sing more beautifully! That was nonsense! Who could teach her anything?

And it was just as silly to tell him that when she came back she would not sing for them any more, because lots and lots of people would expect her to sing for them in a big parlor. John junior knew better than that too. There were plenty of people to hear her in their house and in the houses across the air shaft.

At last John junior declined to be trifled with any longer.

"Why don't you write and ask her to come back?" he demanded.

"I have, dear," his father admitted, smiling a little wearily.

"And she won't come?"

John senior shook his head.

"Then why don't you go find her and bring her back?" urged John junior. "I'll go with you."

The more John junior's father thought about this plan the more it appealed to him. Finally one memorable day he put it into execution.

Once more John junior found himself in the wonderland of grownups—so many, many grownups—with millions of twinkling lights.

Suddenly out of the babel about him he heard a voice—the singing lady's voice. And there she was, more beautiful than ever, with her pink cheeks and her shining eyes!

It was very, very quiet while she sang, but when she had finished everybody applauded. John junior clapped too. Then out she came again, and this time she sang about "the sweetest little fellow."

And when, bowing and smiling, she walked quite out of sight she tossed one of her roses straight over to where John junior sat with his father.

"We've found her! We've found her!" he cried. "Come, daddy, let's go get her."

But the singing lady came to find them behind the velvet curtains, and as she gathered John junior into her arms and snuggled him up to her close, just as she had that other happy time, she heard John senior saying, "Mighty like a rose," and, looking up, she found his eyes upon her as before, full of love and unspoken admiration.

And, as before, she said, "Take him," but, with infinite sweetness, added, "and I will come back to him soon—and to you."

Nigerian Superstitions.

"The natives of southern Nigeria, Africa," says a traveler, "are extremely superstitious. Most of the people wear some kind of charm around their neck or waist in the belief that they are thus protected from illness or death from their enemies. When, however, the talisman has lost its supposed power and its wearer feels the hand of death upon him he submits to his fate—he is wanted by the fetich. To many places and things they attach a superstitious veneration. The rock found at the source of the river Imo is considered sacred and as such is safely guarded. Every village has its sacred grove, surrounded by human skulls, chattles and rotten eggshells on sticks.

"They believe that a spirit haunts the locality of a murder or the sacred grove at night, and no native would pass near such a place during the darkness. Any unusual phenomenon is by them attributed to a supernatural agency. Not only has a village its good spirit, but also its evil spirit, and when any misfortune of any kind overtakes a village a process of driving out the latter is indulged in with the help of much noise and every one beating the walls of the huts with sticks."

Parrots.

There is an idea that the brilliantly colored parrots do not talk. There is no reason why they should not, and many possess the imitative instinct. One of the most richly colored of all is the purple capped lory, from the Moluccas. Its whole body is crimson and rose, its wings are green, and its crest is purple. It is a thickset bird, like a big bullfinch, and can be highly educated. It is tame and gentle, an excellent "linguist" and mimic, never shrieks and is very amiable. It is also a ventriloquist. It is worth noting that some of the lories, which are very fond of flowers, have been poisoned by being given laburnum blossoms. There is a belief that parrots should not be allowed water to drink, but only sopped food. We believe that this is a mistake, which causes them great misery. They are not great water drinkers, and some species can go without it for a considerable time. But in their native state most of those that have been observed come regularly to the water holes to drink.—London Ex-

BIG MEN AS BOYS.

Haldane and Burns, Had a Struggle In Their Early Days.

It is not an easy matter to picture Mr. Haldane, the burly War Secretary, lunching on one penny and fighting for a currant-bun. Such were his experiences, however, when he began school life at Edinburgh Academy. "The fact that the boys attending that scholastic establishment to-day spend twopence, and even threepence, so I understand, on their lunches," jokingly remarked Mr. Haldane, recently, "shows that tastes and habits have grown a little more luxurious than they were in my schooldays. Everybody was content with very little then. I remember how we used to fight for a currant-bun and half an albert across the bar in the janitor's window. The only drinking water that was to be got was in a trough under the swaying bodies of the mass of boys fighting to get their lunches, and you dipped down as well as you could and got a jugful of water."

Mr. Haldane, however, according to one who knew him during his schooldays, while popular with his fellow-scholars, was of a rather quiet, studious character, something like Mr. Asquith, for instance, who attended so well to his lessons at the City of London School that he was able to win a scholarship which took him to Oxford. How the Prime Minister secured honors innumerable and outshone such brilliant colleagues as Lord Elgin, Bishop Gore, and Archdeacon Sinclair has often been told.

To the training he received at the City of London School, however, Mr. Asquith considers that he owes much of his success. There he mastered bookkeeping, amongst other subjects, as well as the rudiments of debate. As a matter of fact, the future Prime Minister was regarded in those days as more or less of a prodigy, and his schoolmates stood rather in awe of his superior learning.

It was for this reason perhaps that Mr. Asquith did not enjoy the personal popularity amongst his companions which marked the early years of John Burns, for instance. "Jack was a rare little dare-devil," says one who remembers the President of the Local Government Board attending the local school at Battersea. "You would always find him in the middle of the rough-and-tumble games of the playground, and if it came to a little bout of fisticuffs he was generally the first to pull his coat off."

Thus one gets an early glimpse of the love for sport and games which has always been one of the leading characteristics of Mr. Burns. His school-days, however, were not of long duration, for he was the sixteenth out of eighteen children, and went to work very early in order to assist his parents. Apparently Mr. Burns was a rather good-looking boy, for he was employed as a model by Sir William Richmond, and was the original of at least one figure in the mosaic designs of archangels to be seen on the roof of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral.

ICELANDIC RHODES' SCHOLAR.

Skuli Johnson Carries Off Manitoba's Big Academic Plum This Year.

The first winner of a Rhodes scholarship from Canada of alien birth is a twenty-year-old Icelandic student of Wesley College, Winnipeg, with the typical Icelandic name of Skuli Johnson. He was appointed by a committee from Manitoba University from some twelve applicants.

Skuli Johnson was born in the little storm-swept northern island of

SKULI JOHNSON.

Iceland on Sept. 6, 1888. When he was only a year old his parents emigrated to western Canada, settling first in Winnipeg and then moving to Saskatchewan. When ten years old he lost both parents and removed to Winnipeg again to live with an uncle.

He has received all his education at Winnipeg schools. In 1906 he entered Wesley College, and has carried off scholarship after scholarship. He is a good athlete and a member of Wesley College football, basket ball and hockey teams. He has also taken a prominent interest in literary circles, and this year is president of the Wesley College Literary Society. The young Icelander from western Canada, it is felt, will make good in staid old Oxford.

A Bible Society Veteran.

A remarkable example of longevity of service in the case of a religious organization is forthcoming from the British and Foreign Bible Society. Mr. James Searby became the assistant secretary of the Lincolnshire Auxiliary in the year 1848, and forty years later succeeded to the secretaryship, a position he still holds. In recognition of this unparalleled tenure of office the committee have presented him with a specially bound copy of the Bible.

Strong Perfumes.

In Tartary onions, leeks and garlic are regarded as perfumes. A Tartar lady will make herself agreeable by rubbing a piece of freshly cut onion on her hands and over her counte-

Woman's World

MARIA MONTESSORI.

Teaches the Children of Rome to Read and Write With Playthings.

One of the most interesting among the many intellectual Italian women of the present day is Maria Montessori, who holds an appointment as lecturer in the University of Rome. Her rare gifts of personality and eloquence make her a fascinating speaker and lecturer.

But she is no less widely known for her philanthropic work among the poor of Rome, especially for her original method of teaching children to read and write by ingenious playthings, instead of by the usual laborious methods. This system she has introduced in the Casa dei Bambini (the children's house), the quarters especially set apart for children in the model dwellings of the poor. Here the children have their home. They play and learn almost unconsciously at the same time

MARIA MONTESSORI.

the various rudiments of knowledge. Wonderful is the way in which the art of writing comes to them under Signora Montessori's system, almost as the art of walking comes. Milan, the "intellectual capital" of Italy, has just started a children's house on the same lines in the fine new workmen's dwellings built under the auspices of the *Umanitaria*. The ideas of Signora Montessori have been carried out here under her own genial supervision, and the Casa dei Bambini promises to be a happy place for the little ones.

A Need of Business Women.

"My earnings amount to $30 a week, and I have named my trade visiting housekeeper to business women," said a young New York widow who has the support and education of four small children to look out for. "It was a question of putting my children in an institution or finding some way by which I could earn a living at home.

"There are several business women who live in the same uptown flathouse with me. None of them feels that she is able to keep a regular servant, and the cleaning woman who came to them weekly never did what they wanted.

"They were always envying my neat rooms. One day the thought struck me, and I offered to do their weekly cleaning and mending. My charges were $2 a week for cleaning and 50 cents for mending. To the cleaning woman who always accompanies me I pay $1 a day, besides giving her three meals.

"This woman comes in at 8 a. m. and after eating her breakfast helps me to get the children off to school. Then we set my own little flat to rights. After this is properly accomplished we begin the real work of the day, making the flats of my patrons shine like new.

"While my woman scrubs, cleans, airs and makes the beds I mend and prepare the clothes, house linen and personal apparel for the laundry. I see that the curtains are kept fresh and clean, that the china and glass are washed and polished. I clean the silver and knives and do the thousand and one little things necessary to make a flat look homelike.

"On Monday we do the four flats which are in the same house with me. On other days we can only do two a day, because they are some distance away. Of course, if I didn't have to be back at home in the middle of the day to give my children their lunch and make sure that all was going well with them I might take several more flats. It is my children who are behind all this work, and my first thought must always be for them."

The Luncheon Club.

Why not have a luncheon club? It is not an especially new idea, but it's a good one, and the wonder is that there are not more of them in existence. The principal object of a luncheon club is obviously enough the serving of luncheon. This may be with a purely social end in view, but it isn't half so entertaining this way as when a certain educational motive is included in the reasons for the club's existence. If the club exists for the purpose of trying new dishes and experimenting in cookery it is not only more fun, but decidedly more instructive as well, and in such a club the members take turns in entertaining the other members at luncheon, and each one makes an effort to serve as many new dishes as possible.

To be ideal such a club should be a neighborhood affair, so that if large two of the members could entertain together, thus making the task of serving luncheon to so many less burdensome.

A club which does not enforce strict rules limiting its menu to a certain number of courses will be almost sure to prove a failure, as there are few women who can withstand the temptation to strive to outdo their sisters in matters of his kind, and without such limiting rules a club of this kind will soon become a burden. One such club has an ironclad rule that salad and dessert shall not be served at the same meal.

The charm of a club where new dishes are studied and cooking problems discussed is its informality. The women who belong to it come together with a common end in view, that of learning something. Besides this, there is always the added value which comes from meeting with other women and exchanging views and experiences. It keeps the busy housewife from getting into a rut in her housework, and it takes away a little of the element of drudgery from the round of household tasks. If two members entertain together as many as ten may belong to such a club, but if one hostess entertains alone the club should not number more than six.

If there isn't a luncheon club in your neighborhood, why not start one? Why not manage to discover an entertaining aspect to the old tiresome question of "What shall we have to eat?"

Cleaning the Sewing Machine.

Women who do not thoroughly understand the sewing machine often blame the manufacturer when the fault of stiff running can be traced to not keeping the machine clean.

Most persons think that liberal doses of oil are all that is necessary. Too much oiling is injurious, and oil where there has not been careful dusting is worse than none at all.

It is not enough to give a surface dusting. The cracks and crevices must be kept clean. This cannot be done with a cloth. Instead use a coarse silk thread to draw back and forth through cracks to get out fine dirt that cannot otherwise be removed.

The work of cleaning a machine is lessened if a small bellows is kept in one of the drawers and the fine lint, threads and ravelings are blown out of the crevices. This should be done every day that the machine is in use.

Care should also be taken that pins and needles do not slip into the shuttle part of the machine, as often they clog it and the cause cannot be discovered for some time.

It is a mistake to use a cheap oil, as it cakes and makes the parts sticky.

Never let the machine stand uncovered when not in use and guard carefully from dampness.

Rubbing the running strap occasionally with a little vaseline or oil will make the leather wear longer.

First Woman Rhodes Scholar.

The first woman Rhodes scholar has arrived in London in connection with the scheme for founding scholarships for women on the lines of the scholarships for men founded by Cecil Rhodes.

The scheme was formulated in 1905 by Mme. Thayer, then chairman of the education committee of the Society of American Women in London, who is devoting her life to carrying out its development.

Miss Clara Howard, the scholar in question, who was entered for a year of postgraduate study at Girton, is from Columbia university, and her scholarship was raised by the Society of American Women in London, the nucleus being subscribed by the education committee during Mme. Thayer's chairmanship.

Miss Howard arrives in America with a brilliant record. The woman Rhodes scholars will in future be chosen by competitive examinations. There was hardly time for this, however, in this case, and thus Miss Howard was chosen on the recommendation of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, the wife of the American ambassador in London, and of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia university.

One Way to Appear Young.

A wise young woman gives as her reason for having learned the vertical writing: "This form of writing has been used for but a few years in some schools. When I have occasion to write to people they are very apt to conclude from my handwriting that I have been out of school but a few years, and accordingly I will be considered a real young woman.

"This does not count for so much at present, for I am only twenty-three years, but it may count a great deal in getting me a start in the friendship of a man later. I will not, of course, lie about my age, but I will get a more favorable start."

Song For Suffragette Sisters.

Mrs. L. B. Bishop of the Chicago Beach hotel has offered a prize of a hundred dollars for the best words for a woman suffrage song, to be sung to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." The competition is open to both men and women and is international.

The members of the D. A. R. propose to give some sort of memorial that will mark the old Santa Fe trail. At their last convention they approved a plan presented by Miss Elizabeth Centry of Kansas City to petition the state legislature for an appropriation to put up milestones to mark the old trail in Missouri.

ANOTHER MARTYR.

London Operator of X-Rays Loses Part of His Hand.

Another scientist, Harry W. Cox, has paid the heavy price of amputation for experimenting with X-rays.

Mr. Cox, who is one of the leading manufacturers of X-rays and high-frequency coils and apparatus, with premises in Gray's Inn road, has undergone an operation at his home at Clapton for the dreaded X-ray dermatitis, and lost the larger portion of his right hand, including three fingers. The thumb and the little finger were saved.

Some years ago Mr. Cox lost one of the fingers on his left hand, and he has yet to undergo another operation. He has contracted the disease in the chin.

The operation was apparently successful, and it is hoped that it will turn out as well as that in the left hand, which has given no trouble since.

Like Mr. Hall-Edwards, who has lost both his hands and has been awarded a pension from the civil list, Mr. Cox has suffered from the early ignorance respecting the dangers of the then newly-discovered rays.

Nowadays operators are elaborately safeguarded. Lead, being practically impervious to the X-rays, the experimentalists used spectacles containing glass with a lead alloy, gloves made of rubber mixed with lead, and similar masks for the face and shoulders.

Mr. Cox, however, was one of the first manufacturers of X-ray apparatus in England. His work was the first to be brought into use during the Boer War, where it was of great value to the surgeons. He worked a great deal in conjunction with Mr. Hall-Edwards.

In testing the apparatus the hands, naturally, were the first to be affected. When the disease first appeared on his left hand in the form of a kind of chap—which often disappears if the X-rays are at once left alone—Mr. Cox disregarded it, and went on testing his work so that it might be sent out to the war.

The pain became so intense, however, that he had to undergo an operation. In recent years Mr. Cox has been a martyr to almost intolerable pain.

VICTORIA'S AGENT-GENERAL.

Australian Colony's Representative In London Is J. W. Taverner.

The subject of the accompanying portrait is known to a very wide circle in London: the Hon. J. W. Taverner, Agent-General for the Australian State of Victoria since 1904. In Victoria Mr. Taverner has held office as Minister of Agriculture, as Minister of Lands and Agriculture, as Commissioner of Public Works, and as Vice-President of the Board of Land and Works.

Mr. Taverner was born, fifty-five years ago, and educated in Mel-

HON. J. W. TAVERNER.

bourne; and the enterprising State of Victoria has never had a more popular and respected representative in London. Mr. Taverner and his staff will shortly be moving their quarters from the familiar offices in Queen Victoria street to the imposing building which has been erected for the Victorian Government on the famous "island site" in the Strand, where it was hoped at one time that the Commonwealth Government would secure a position. Mr. Taverner is a well-known figure in London society, and familiar to all who take part in public and official functions. It is safe to say that Victorian interests in the Mother Country are never likely to be more loyally or more successfully served than they are by Mr. Taverner to-day.

One to Winston.

Once, when Mr. Winston Churchill was dining in South Africa, he chanced to be seated next to an extremely conceited, self-opinionated army officer. Throughout the meal this gentleman persisted in airing his not too intellectual views, until at last the celebrated Liberal could stand it no longer.

"Do you know," he said, "I met a man to-day who would gladly forfeit fifty pounds for the pleasure of being able to kick you."

"To kick me?" exclaimed the indignant man of war. "What is his name?"

"Well," replied Winston, "I'm not sure I ought to tell you that."

'But I insist!" demanded the irate officer.

"Well, then, it was a poor fellow who has lost both his legs by the bursting of a shell."

Shaking Hands.

The custom of shaking hands can be traced to the days of the ancient Israelites and was intended to signify peace, to swear friendship, to promise alliance or to give security.

John Wycliffe.

The cope, portrait and pulpit of the famous John Wycliffe are still preserved in the parish church at Lutterworth, where he preached and died, but was not buried, his ashes being cast into the neighboring River Swift.

The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME,

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

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(Continued.)

Hurd stretched out his hand and, grasping that of Beecot, shook it warmly. "Upon my word you are a man, and that's almost better than being a gentleman," he said heartily. "I've heard everything from Mr. Pash, and I honor you, Mr. Beecot; I honor you."

Paul stared. "You must have been brought up in a queer way, Hurd," he said dryly, "to express this surprise because a man acts as a man and not as a blackguard."

"Ah, but you see in my profession I have mixed with blackguards, and that has lowered my moral tone. It's refreshing to meet a straight, honorable man such as you are, Mr. Beecot. I liked you when first I set eyes on you and determined to help you to discover the assassin of Aaron Norman"—

"Lemuel Krill you mean."

Hurd looked round the bleak garret expressively and shrugged his shoulders. "You can't bring Miss Norman here."

"No. But I may make enough money to give her a better home."

"Can I help you?"

"I don't see how you can. I want to be an author."

"Well," said Hurd, whose British speech was in strange contrast to his foreign appearance, "it's not a bad game to be an author if you get a good serial connection. Oh, don't look surprised. I know about newspapers and publishers as I know about most things. See here, Mr. Beecot, have you ever tried your hand at a detective story?"

"No. I write on a higher level."

"You won't write on a more paying level," replied Hurd coolly. "I know a newspaper which will give you—if I recommend you, mind—£100 for a good detective yarn. You apply for it."

"But I couldn't make up one of those plots—so intricate."

"Pooh! It's a trick. You set your puppets in such and such a way and then mix them up. I'll give you the benefit of my experience as a 'tec, and with my plot and your own writing we'll be able to knock up a story for the paper I talk of. Then, with £100 you'll have a nest egg to start with."

"I accept with gratitude," said Beecot, moved, "but I really don't know why you should trouble about me."

"Because you're a white man and an honorable gentleman," said the detective emphatically. "I'll see about the story for you. Meanwhile I am going to a card party to meet incidentally Mr. Grexon Hay."

"Ah! You still suspect him?"

"I do, and with good reason. He's got another mug in tow. Lord George Sandal, the son of Lord—well I needn't mention names, but Hay's trying to clear the young ass out, and I'm on the watch. Hay will never know me as the Count de la Tour. Not he, smart as he is. I'm fly!"

"Do you speak French well?"

"Moderately. But I play a silent part and say little. I shut my mouth and open my eyes. But what I came here to say is that I intend to find out the assassin of Aaron Norman."

"I can't offer you a reward, Hurd," said Paul, with a sigh.

"Oh, that's all right! The widow, by the advice of Pash, has doubled the reward. One thousand pounds it is now—worth winning, eh?"

"Humph!" said Paul moodily. "I shouldn't think she loved her husband so much as that."

Hurd's brown eyes shot a red flame which showed that he was excited, though he was cool enough externally. "Yes," he admitted in a careless manner, "she certainly does act the weeping widow in rather an exaggerated fashion. However, she's got the cash now, or at least her daughter has, which is the same thing. The two have taken up their quarters in a fashionable hotel in the west end and are looking for a house. The old woman manages everything, and she will be one too many for Mr. Hay."

"What? Does he know Mrs. Krill? He said he didn't."

"Quite right. He didn't when the ladies went first to Pash's office. But Hay, on the lookout for a rich wife, got Pash to introduce him to the ladies, who were charmed with him. He's making up to the daughter even in the few weeks that have elapsed and now is assisting them to find a house. The daughter loves him, I fancy, but whether the mother will allow the marriage to take place I can't say."

"Surely not on such a short acquaintance."

Hurd bent forward as about to say something, then changed his mind. "Really, I don't know—Hay is fascinating and handsome. Have you been to see him yet?"

"No. He asked me, but all these troubles have put him out of my head. Why do you ask?"

"Because next time he invites you, go."

"You warned me against him."

"And I warn you again," said the detective dryly. "Don't ask me to explain, for I can't. But you go to see Hay when he invites you and make yourself agreeable, especially to Mrs. Krill."

"Am I likely to meet her?" asked Paul, with repugnance.

"Yes, I fancy so. After all, you are engaged to the daughter of the dead man, and Mrs. Krill—I don't count Maud, who is a tool—is a deucedly clever woman. She will keep her eye on you and Miss Norman."

"Why? She has the money and need take no further notice."

Hurd closed one eye in a suggestive manner. "Mrs. Krill may not be so sure of the money, even though possession is nine points of the law. You remember that scrap of paper found by the maid?"

"In which Norman warned Sylvia against allowing his real name to become known? Yes."

"Well, the letter wasn't finished. The old man was interrupted, I suppose. But in the few lines of writing Norman says"—here Hurd took a scrap of paper, a copy, out of his book and read—"'If the name of Krill gets into the papers there will be great trouble. Keep it from the public. I can tell you where to find the reasons for this, as I have written'—and then," said Hurd, refolding the paper, "the writing ends. But you can see that Aaron Norman wrote out an account of his reasons, which could not be pleasant for Mrs. Krill to hear. Then, again, the request for the jewels to be delivered to that sailor chap was in Norman's handwriting and signed with his name."

"A forgery."

"No. Pash, who knows his writing better than any other man, says the document is genuine. Now, then, Mr. Beecot, what made Aaron Norman write and sign those lines giving up his property—or a part of it—just before his death?"

"It may have been done in good faith."

"No. If so, the messenger would not have cleared out when Pash started for Gwynne street. That nautical gent knew what the lawyer would find at the house and so made himself scarce after trying to get the jewels. This scrap of paper," Hurd touched his breast, "and that request for the jewels in Pash's possession—those are my clews."

"And the opal serpent?" asked Paul.

Hurd shook his head gloomily. "Its connection with the matter is beyond me," he confessed.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE detective was as good as his word. In a few days Paul was introduced to the editor of a weekly publication and obtained a commission for a story to be written in collaboration with Mr. Hurd. It seemed that the editor was an old acquaintance of Hurd's and had been extricated by him from some trouble connected with cards. The editor, to show his gratitude and because Hurd's experiences, thrown into the form of a story, could not fail to interest the public, was only too willing to make a liberal arrangement. Also Paul was permanently engaged to supply short stories, to read those that were submitted to the editor, and, in fact, he became that gentleman's right hand. He was a kind, beery bohemian of an editor, Scott by name, and took quite a fancy to Paul.

"I'll give you £3 a week," said Scott, beaming through his large spectacles and raking his long gray beard with tobacco stained fingers. "You can live on that, and to earn it you can give me your opinion on the stories. Then between whiles you can talk to Hurd and

"I'll give you £3 a week," said Scott.

write this yarn, which I am sure will be interesting. Hurd has had some queer experiences."

"By the way," observed Hurd one day to Paul, "is your old schoolfellow, Hay, as friendly as ever?"

"Yes. Why, I can't understand, as he certainly will make no money out of me. He's giving a small dinner tomorrow night at his rooms and has asked me."

"You go," said the detective emphatically, "and don't let on you have anything to do with me."

"See here, Hurd, I won't play the spy, if you mean that."

"I don't mean anything of the sort," replied Hurd earnestly, "but if you do chance to meet Mrs. Krill at this dinner and if she does chance to drop a few words about her past you might let me know."

"Oh, I don't mind doing that," said Beecot, with relief. "I am as anxious to find out the truth about this murder as you are, if not more so. The truth, I take it, is to be found in Krill's past, before he took the name of Norman. Mrs. Krill will know of that past, and I'll try and learn all I can from her. But Hay has nothing to do with the crime, and I won't spy on him."

"Very good. Do what you like. But as to Hay having nothing to do with the matter, I still think Hay stole that opal brooch from you when you were knocked down."

"In that case Hay must know who killed Norman," cried Paul, excited.

"He just does," rejoined Hurd calmly. "And now you can understand another reason why I take such an interest in that gentleman."

"But you can't be certain?"

"Quite so. I am in the dark. But Hay is a dangerous man and would do anything to rake in the dollars. He has something to do with the disappearance of that brooch, I am sure, and if so he knows more than he says. Besides"—here Hurd hesitated— "No! I'll tell you that later."

"Tell me what?"

"Something about Hay that will astonish you and make you think he has something to do with the crime. Meanwhile learn all you can from Mrs. Krill."

* * * * * * *

Hay's rooms were large and luxuriously furnished. In effect he occupied a small flat in the house of an ex-butler and had furnished the place himself in a sybarite fashion. The ex-butler and his wife and servants looked after Hay, and, in addition, that languid gentleman possessed a slim valet with a sly face, who looked as though he knew more than was good for him. Indeed, the whole atmosphere of the rooms was shady and fast, and Paul, simple young fellow as he was, felt the bad influence the moment he stepped into the tiny drawing room.

Two ladies were seated by the fire, Mrs. Krill in black, majestic and calm, as usual. She wore diamonds on her breast and jeweled stars in her gray hair. Although not young, she was a wonderfully well preserved woman, and her arms and neck were white, gleaming and beautifully shaped. From the top of her head to the sole of her rather large but well shod foot she was dressed to perfection and waved a languid fan as she welcomed Paul, who was presented to her by the host. "I am glad to see you, Mr. Beecot," she said in her deep voice. "We had rather an unhappy interview when last we met. How is Miss Norman?"

"She is quite well," replied Paul in as cordial a tone as he could command. For the sake of learning what he could he wished to be amiable, but it was difficult when he reflected that this large, suave, smiling woman had robbed Sylvia of a fortune and had spoken of her in a contemptuous way. But Beecot, swallowing down his pride, held his little candle to the devil without revealing his repugnance too openly. And apparently Mrs. Krill believed that his composure was genuine enough, for she was quite at her ease in his presence.

The daughter was dressed like the mother, save that she wore pearls in place of diamonds. She talked but little, as usual, and sat smiling, the young image of the older woman. Hay also introduced Paul to a handsome young fellow of twenty-one, with rather a feeble face. This was Lord George Sandal, the pigeon Hay was plucking, and, although he had charming manners and an assumption of worldly wisdom, he was evidently one of those who had come into the world saddled and bridled for other folk's riding.

A third lady was also present, who called herself Aurora Qian, and Hay informed his friend in a whisper that she was an actress. Paul then remembered that he had seen her name in the papers as famous in light comedy. She was pretty and kittenish, with fluffy hair and an eternal smile. It was impossible to imagine a greater contrast to the massive firmness of Mrs. Krill than the lively, girlish demeanor of the little woman, yet Paul had an instinct that Miss Qian, in spite of her profession and odd name and childish giggle, was a more shrewd person than she looked. Every one was bright and merry and chatty, all save Maud Krill, who smiled and fanned herself in a statuesque way. Hay paid her great attention, and Paul knew very well that he intended to marry the silent woman for her money. It would be hardly earned, he thought, with such a firm looking mother-in-law as Mrs. Krill would certainly prove to be.

The dinner was delightful, well cooked, daintily served and leisurely eaten. A red shaded lamp threw a rosy light on the white cloth, the glittering crystal and bright silver. The number of diners was less than the Muses and more than the Graces, and every one laid himself or herself out to make things bright. And again Maud Krill may be mentioned as an exception. She ate well and held her tongue, merely smiling heavily when addressed. Paul, glancing at her serene face across the rosy hued table, wondered if she really was as calm as she looked and if she really lacked the brain power her mother seemed to possess.

The dinner passed off pleasantly. Lord George began to talk of racing, and Hay responded. Mrs. Krill alone seemed shocked. "I don't believe in gambling," she said icily.

"I hope you are not very down on it," said Hay. "Lord George and I propose to play bridge with you ladies in the next room."

"Maud can play and Miss Qian," said the widow. "I'll talk to Mr. Beecot, unless he prefers the fascination of the green cloth."

"I would rather talk to you," replied Paul, bowing.

Mrs. Krill nodded and then went out of the room with the younger ladies. The three gentlemen filled their glasses with port, and Hay passed around a box of cigars. Soon they were smoking and chatting in a most amicable fashion. Lord George talked a great deal about racing and cards and his bad luck with both. Hay said very little and every now and then cast a glance at Paul to see how he was taking the conversation. At length, when Sandal became a trifle vehement on the subject of his losses, Hay abruptly changed the subject by refilling his glass and those of his companions. "I want you to drink to the health of my future bride," he said.

"What!" cried Paul, staring. "Miss Krill?"

"The same," responded Hay coldly. "You see I have taken your advice and intend to settle. Pash presented me to the ladies when next they came to his office, and since then I have been almost constantly with them. Miss Krill's affections were disengaged, and she therefore, with her mother's consent, became my promised wife."

"I wish you joy," said Lord George, draining his glass and filling another, "and, by Jove, for your sake, I hope she's got money."

"Oh, yes, she's well off," said Hay calmly. "And you, Paul?"

"I congratulate you, of course," stammered Beecot, dazed, "but it's so sudden. You haven't known her above a month."

"I want you to drink to the health of my future bride," he said.

"Five weeks or so," said Hay, smiling, and, sinking his voice lower, he added: "I can't afford to let grass grow under my feet. This young ass here might snap her up, and Mrs. Krill would only be too glad to secure a title for Maud."

He had no time to say more, as they entered the drawing room. Almost as soon as they did Mrs. Krill summoned Paul to her side.

"And now," she said, "let us talk of Miss Norman."

CHAPTER XV.

"I DON'T wish to talk of Miss Norman," said Paul bluntly.

"Then you can be no true lover," retorted the widow.

"I disagree with you. A true lover does not talk to all and sundry concerning the most sacred feelings of his heart. Moreover, your remarks at our last meeting were not to my taste."

"I apologize," said Mrs. Krill promptly, "and will not offend in that way again. I did not know you then, but since Mr. Hay has spoken about you to me I know and appreciate you, Mr. Beecot."

But Paul was not to be cajoled in this manner. The more suave the woman was, the more he felt inclined to be on his guard, and he very wisely obeyed the prompting of his instinct. "I fear you do not know me, Mrs. Krill," said he as coldly as Hay could have spoken, "else you would hardly ask me to discuss with you, of all people, the lady whom I intend to make my wife."

"You are rather a difficult man to deal with," she replied, drawing her thick white eyebrows together. "But I like difficult men. That is why I admire Mr. Hay. He is not a silly, useless butterfly like that young lord there."

"Silly he is not, but I doubt his being useful. So far as I can see, Hay looks after himself and nobody else."

"He proposes to look after my daughter."

"So I understand," replied Beecot politely, "but that is a matter entirely for your own consideration."

Mrs. Krill still continued to smile in her placid way, but she was rather nonplused all the same. From the appearance of Beecot, she had argued that he was one of those many men she could twist round her finger. But he seemed to be less easily guided than she expected, and for the moment she was silent, letting her hard eyes wander toward the card table, round which sat the four playing an eager and engrossing game of bridge. "You don't approve of that, perhaps?"

"No," said Paul calmly; "I certainly do not."

"Are you a Puritan, may I ask?"

Beecot shook his head and laughed. "I am a simple man who tries to do his duty in this world," said he, "and who very often finds it difficult to do that same duty."

"How do you define duty, Mr. Beecot?"

"We are becoming ethical," said Paul, with a smile. "I don't know that I am prepared with an answer at present."

"Then the next time we meet, for I hope," said Mrs. Krill, smoothing her face to a smile—it had grown rather somber—"that we shall often meet again. You must come and see us. We have taken a house in Kensington."

"Chosen by Mr. Hay?"

"Yes. He is our mentor in London society. I don't think," added Mrs. Krill, studying his face, "that you like Mr. Hay."

"As I am Mr. Hay's guest," said Paul dryly, "that is rather an unkind question to ask."

"I asked no question. I simply make a statement."

Beecot found the conversation rather embarrassing. In place of his pumping Mrs. Krill, she was trying to pump him, which reversal of his design he by no means approved of. He changed the subject of conversation by drawing a powerfully attractive red herring across the trail. "You wish to speak to me about Miss Norman," he remarked.

"I do," answered Mrs. Krill, who saw through his design, "but apparently that subject is as distasteful as a discussion about Mr. Hay."

"Both subjects are rather personal, I admit, Mrs. Krill. However, if you have anything to tell me which you would like Miss Norman to hear I am willing to listen."

"Ah! Now you are more reasonable," she answered in a pleased tone. "It is simply this, Mr. Beecot: I am very sorry for the girl. Through no fault of her own she is placed in a difficult position. I cannot give her a name, since her father sinned against her as he sinned in another way against me, but I can, through my daughter, who is guided by me, give her an income. It does not seem right that I should have all this money"—

"That your daughter should have all this money," interpolated Beecot.

"My daughter and I are one," replied Mrs. Krill c[illegible] "[illegible] I speak for myself I speak for her. But, as I say, it doesn't seem right we should be in affluence and Miss Norman in poverty. So I propose to allow her five hundred a year on conditions. Will she accept, do you think, Mr. Beecot?"

"I should think her acceptance would depend upon the conditions."

"They are very simple," said Mrs. Krill in her deep tones and looking very straight at Paul. "She is to marry you and go to America."

Beecot's face did not change, since her hard eyes were on it. But he was puzzled under his mask of indifference. Why did this woman want Sylvia to marry him and go into exile? He temporized. "With regard to your wish that Miss Norman should marry me," said he quietly, "it is of course very good of you to interest yourself in the matter. I fail to understand your reason, however."

"Yet the reason is patent," rejoined Mrs. Krill, just as quietly and quite as watchful as before. "Sylvia Norman is a young girl without much character"—

"In that I disagree with you."

"Well, let us admit she has character, but she certainly has no experience. In the world she is exposed to much trouble and perhaps maybe to temptation. Since her position is the fault of her father and she is entirely innocent I want her to have a happy life. For that reason I wish her to marry you."

Paul bowed, not believing a word of this philanthropic speech. "Again I say it is good of you," said he, with some irony, "but even were I out of the way her nurse, Deborah Tawsey, would look after her. As matters stand, however, she will certainly become my wife as soon as we can afford a home."

"You can afford it tomorrow," said Mrs. Krill eagerly, "if you will accept my offer."

"A home in America!" said Paul. "And why?"

"I should think both of you would like to be away from a place where you have seen such a tragedy."

"Indeed." Paul committed himself to no opinion. "And supposing we accept your offer, which I admit is a generous one, you suggest we should go to the States."

"Or to Canada or Australia or, in fact, you can go anywhere so long as you leave England. I tell you, Mr. Beecot, even at the risk of hurting your feelings, that I want that girl away from London. My husband treated me very badly—he was a brute always—and I hate to have that girl before my eyes."

"Yet she is innocent."

"Have I not said that a dozen times?" rejoined Mrs. Krill impatiently. "What is the use of further discussion? Do you accept my offer?"

"I will convey it to Miss Norman. It is for her to decide."

"But you have the right since you are to be her husband."

"Pardon me, no. I would never take such a responsibility on me. I shall tell Miss Norman what you say and convey her answer to you."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Krill graciously. But she was annoyed that her golden bait had not been taken immediately, and in spite of her suavity Paul could see that she was annoyed, the more so when she began to explain. "Of course you understand my feelings."

"I confess I don't quite. Naturally the fact that you are connected with the murder in the public eyes"—

"Pardon me," said the woman swiftly, "but I am not. The name of Krill has hardly been noticed. The public know that Aaron Norman was murdered. No one talks of Lemuel Krill or thinks that I am the widow of the murdered man. Possibly I may come across some people who will connect the two names and look askance at me, but the majority of people—such as Lord George there"—she pointed with her fan—"do not think of me in the way you say. As he did, they will think they remember the name"—

"Did Lord George say that to you?" said Paul swiftly.

"No. But he did to Mr. Hay, who told me," rejoined Mrs. Krill quite as swiftly.

"To-night?" asked Beecot, remembering that Hay had not spoken privately to Mrs. Krill since they came in from the dining room.

"Oh, no—on another occasion. Lord George has several times said that he has a faint recollection of my name. Possibly the connection between me and the murder may occur to his mind, but he is really so very stupid that I hope he will forget all about the matter."

"I wonder you don't change your name," said Paul, looking at her.

"Certainly not, unless public opinion forces me to change it," she said defiantly. "My life has always been perfectly open and aboveboard, not like that of my husband."

"Why did he change his name?" asked Beecot eagerly—too eagerly, in fact, for she drew back.

"Why do you ask?" she inquired coldly.

Paul shrugged his shoulders. "An idle question, Mrs. Krill. I have no wish to force your confidence."

"There is no forcing in the matter," responded the woman. "I have taken quite a fancy to you, Mr. Beecot, and you shall know what I do."

"Pray do not tell me if you would rather not."

"But I would rather," said Mrs. Krill bluntly. "It will prevent your misconception of anything you may hear about us. My husband's real name was Lemuel Krill, and he married me thirty years ago. I will be frank with you and admit that neither of us were gentlefolks. We kept a public house on the outskirts of Christchurch, in Hants, called the Red Pig." She looked anxiously at him as she spoke.

"A strange name."

"Have you never heard of it before?"

"No. Had I heard the name it would have remained in my memory from its oddity."

Paul might have been mistaken, but Mrs. Krill certainly seemed relieved, yet if she had anything to conceal in connection with the Red Pig why should she have mentioned the name?

"It is not a first class hotel," she went on smoothly and again with her false smile. "We had only farm laborers and such like as customers, but the custom was good, and we did very well. Then my husband took to drink."

"In that respect he must have changed," said Paul quickly, "for all the time I knew him—six months it was—I never saw him the worse for drink, and I certainly never heard from those who would be likely to know that he indulged in alcohol to excess. All the same," added Paul, with an after thought of his conversation with Sylvia in the Embankment garden, "I fancied from his pale face and shaking hands and a tightness of the skin that he might drink."

"Exactly. He did. He drank brandy in large quantities, and, strange to say, he never got drunk."

"What do you mean exactly?" asked Beecot curiously.

"Well," said Mrs. Krill, biting the top of her fan and looking over it, "Lemuel—I'll call him by the old name—never grew red in the face, and, even after years of drinking, he never showed any signs of intemperance. Certainly his hands would shake at times, but I never noticed particularly the tightness of the skin you talk of."

"A certain shiny look," explained Paul.

"Quite so. I never noticed it. But he never got drunk so as to lose his head or his balance," went on Mrs. Krill, "but he became a demon."

(To be Continued.)

When Grayson Ran Away.

Mr. Victor Grayson, British M.P., who has been chaffed a good deal about the motor-car "kidnapping" joke, which kept him away from a Labor party conference, conspired, when at school, to run away from home with a schoolmate, Billy Lee by name. Young Victor looted some sandwiches from home, while Lee stole a revolver belonging to his father, and which the lads carried alternately, stuck in their braces. They were determined to see the world, and as they sat on a bank in a country lane to devour the sandwiches they imagined themselves being able to say, "Oh, yes, we have been to this and that place and have had some really thrilling experiences." But when night drew on and hunger began to assert itself, the temperament of the boys underwent a great change. They thought of the old melody, "Home, sweet home," and mutually agreed it was far better for them to remain under parental control a little longer. It was nearly midnight when the boys reached home. Their reception was one to be remembered. Some time afterwards, Victor decided to go to sea, and successfully prevailed on an old sailor to make him a stowaway on an outward-bound vessel to Australia. When three days out, three other stowaways were discovered, and Victor decided to appear before the captain with them. The latter told them it was only respect for the fish that restrained him from having all four thrown overboard. For $50, a passing steamer consented to return the stowaways to England. When they were landed they kept together for a time, but eventually one of them was locked up for begging, while another joined the navy.

The greatest bay on the face of the earth is that of Bengal. Measured in a straight line from the two inclosing peninsulas, its extent is about 420,000 square miles.

Pure Air Without Draft.

The night air is purer than that of day, particularly in great cities, says the Indiana health bulletin, therefore it is wise to keep at least one window open at night in the bedroom. When it is not possible to place the bed so it will be out of the draft, a screen in front of the open window will suffice for protection.

Iron Duke's Battle Dinners.

The Duke of Wellington's cook on one occasion, when the battle was not going well, was urged to make his escape, though at the time he was busy preparing his master's dinner. He replied that he intended to go on with his work, for his experience of fifty battles had taught him that the duke always came home to dinner. He might sometimes be a little late, but he always came.

LAST WEST THE MECCA

70,000 AMERICANS WILL CROSS BORDER THIS SEASON

Movement from the United States Now Predicted to Pass All Records for Previous Seasons—Rush to Alberta and Saskatchewan so Great that the Government has arranged to Supply Large Furnished Tents

Winnipeg.—Whatever the extent of the immigration from Europe to Western Canada may be this year, it is confidently predicted that the movement from the United States will beat all records. Certain enthusiastic land men in Saskatchewan and Alberta speak of one hundred thousand Americans as the probable number who will cross the boundary line with their effects or as land buyers during the fiscal year. These men state that the competition for settlers from the states of the southwest is much less keen than was the case two years ago, and that Texas and similar areas cannot offer the inducements equal to those of Canada.

That the movement will be exceptionally large this year is shown by the present influx on all lines running into the prairie provinces from the south. Trains in two sections are the rule on the Soo line running into Moose Jaw, and all the trains carrying large numbers of Americans from the states of the central west. Special settlers' trains, with large numbers of cars loaded with effects are also being operated, and the amount of material wealth being brought into the country amounts to millions monthly. The movement from the south is already so large that the regular officers of the Dominion department of immigration have been unable to perform the duties required, and extra men have been put on both at North Portal and at Emerson. J. Bruce Walker, commissioner of immigration, states that the reports already made to the government show that twice as many Americans have entered the country so far this season as in the corresponding period of last year.

The estimate of the local office was to the effect that 70,000 Americans would come in this season, taking up between 20,000 and 25,000 homesteads At several points in Saskatchewan and Alberta the rush had been so great that the government had arranged to supply large furnished tents. These would be used not only by the travellers from the United States, but also by those from Eastern Canada and Europe.

The estimate that the immigration from the United States this year would reach 70,000 appears to be quite conservative, and it is considered possible that the number may run up to 100,000.

Government to have Railway Engineer

Edmonton.—The appointment of a railway engineer for the department of railways is to be created as the result of the guaranteeing of the bonds of the branch lines, and will be made at the next meeting of the cabinet within a few weeks.

A swarm of applications for the position have been showered from all quarters on the executive council.

Premier Rutherford states that the government will secure the best engineer available, as the position will be a most important one in the new department. He proposes himself to retain supervision of the railway department, as there is no need for the creation of a new portfolio, the work being small.

Many Deportations Last Year

Ottawa.—That Canada is carefully "hand picking" her new population is proved by the statistics of the immigration department for the fiscal year just closed. The deportations for the year exceeded 1,700, against 855 in the preceding twelve months. The number of immigrants rejected at ports of entry exceeded 5,000, as compared with 1,272 in the previous year. Another interesting fact is that while in the previous fiscal year 7,452 Japanese entered Canada, last year, by virtue of the agreement between Mr Lemieux and the Tokio government, less than 500 Japanese landed in Canada.

Handle Alberta Wheat.

Vancouver.—W.R. Haldane, general freight agent of the C.P.R., returned from Portland, Tacoma and other cities on the coast states. He was besieged with callers representing grain export houses who announced that they intended establishing branch offices in Vancouver, with the view of entering the Alberta wheat trade exporting from here. American grain dealers express confidence that their experience and trade connections in Europe and elsewhere would enable them to secure a large share of this business from the outset.

Will Open Brant's Tomb to be Sure

Brantford, Ont.—What is alleged to be the skull of Captain Joseph Brant, the Indian warrior, has been brought here from Buffalo. Rev. Dr. Ashton, incumbent of Mohawk church, is at present in Bermuda, but it is expected that on his return he will have Brant's tomb in the churchyard opened in order to determine whether or not the skull is missing. Dr. McMichael, Buffalo, who returns the skull to the city, declares that he has indisputable proof that it is that of Brant, whose tomb, he alleges, was robbed 30 years ago.

Rich Strike at Nome

Vancouver.—Dr. La Chapelle arrived from Dawson, and he says the north is excited over the remarkable strikes of free milling gold in quartz formation at Nome, where the mother lode of the Klondyke is supposed to be located. Large veins have been found encrusted with gold, and some assays go as high as $50 per ton. A stamp mill will be installed by a Dawson company.

INSURANCE MEN RAISE PROTEST

Do Not Want So Much Publicity of The Affairs of Their Companies

Ottawa.—When the banking and commerce committee resumed consideration of the insurance bill, John R. Read, of Ottawa, president of the Life Underwriters of Canada, was heard on behalf of the agents. He supported the attitude of life insurance companies' managers in opposing the abolition of estimates and deferred dividend policies, and objected to the publication of all salaries over $1,000. That was carrying publicity too far. J. F. Weston, of Toronto thought something should be done to make it clearer to policy holders that his twenty year deferred dividend policy was not a twenty year endowment, and was emphatic in saying that there should be the fullest publicity to any facts of business of life insurance companies. He added that he would be glad to do anything to acquaint people with all the facts regarding the results of policies, but they were anxious that the intelligence of the management should not be hampered.

Edmonton Street Cars to Carry Freight

Edmonton, Alta.—A regular freight business will be inaugurated by the Electric Railway company between Edmonton and Strathcona, and in all probability all the freight now handled between Edmonton and the C. P. R. warehouses in Strathcona will be moved by electric cars.

For this purpose the street sweeper will be used, and it is expected that two trips a day will handle all the freight.

Supt. Taylor is now negotiating with the Strathcona council for the running of a spur from the Whyte avenue line down to the C. P. R. freight shed, and another spur will be built from the corner of Ninth street and Jasper to Hardisty Bros.' warehouse in Edmonton, where all the goods will be stored as in the past.

The Dominion Express company are also endeavoring to have their goods handled by the street railway department, and the only fear now expressed by the superintendent is that business will develop more quickly than it can be handled.

Predicts Canada and U.S. Will Fight

Asheville, N. C.—That the whole of the American continent will become one great republic under the government of what is now the United States is the prediction made by former Governor Folk in an interview here. Mr. Folk declared that a clash between the United States and Canada is inevitable, and that it will come in the not distant future is his belief. The great influx of Americans into the grain fields and lumber regions of Western Canada, each carrying with him his natural allegiance to the United States, is the leaven which he thinks will eventually develop the clash between the United States and her sister country to the north. The situation in Mexico also offers food for serious thought, he said. The natural antagonism of the Mexicans to the American mining interests in that country, which has been kept under by President Diaz, will, he thinks, break out afresh at the death of the Mexican president.

Building Active in Canadian Cities

Toronto.—In discussing the building permits of Canadian cities for February, Construction, the standard engineering and contractors' journal says:—"It is extremely doubtful if ever before in the building annals of the Dominion there has been recorded at this season of the year anything quite like it for universal activity. The returns for the month as submitted from representative cities in every province of the Dominion show conclusively that building operations from coast to coast have not only been fully revived, but that gains of such huge proportions are being made as was anticipated only by the most optimistic at the beginning of the year. In the west the figures are strikingly encouraging."

Amundsen's Next Voyage in Arctics

Christiania.—Capt. Roald Amundsen has now completed arrangements for his drifting expedition in search of the north pole, in Nansen's famous ship, the Fram. He has selected as his captain Lieut. Englestad, of the Norwegian army. The Fram is being overhauled and strengthened, and she probably will be ready to leave Christiania early next year. Capt. Amundsen will accompany the steamer out of the fjord, but will return and later proceed to America, and thence to Nome, Alaska, where the Fram, which goes by way of Cape Horn, will pick him up. From Nome the expedition will enter the Arctic Ocean through Behring Straits.

Eight Dreadnoughts

London.—There are good reasons for believing that the cabinet has already decided to build eight Dreadnoughts and has notified the shipbuilders of the intention to lay down the second four within the fiscal year. The debate in the House of Commons appears almost to have flattened the "Little Navy" party. Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, since his return to London after having been relieved of the command of the channel fleet, has declared to his friends that he wil do all in his power to stir up the country to insist upon a larger and more efficient navy.

Many Weddings Illegal

London.—The county of Buckingham has been thrown into a fever at the discovery, announced officially, that all marriages celebrated at the parish church of St. James, Bradwell, during the last fifty years are illegal. This church has been the scene of thousands of weddings of couples from all parts of the county. It now appears that the church was never licensed to celebrate marriages. Steps will be taken to legalize all marriage ceremonies performed in the church.

MOUNTED POLICE VOTE

FORCE TO BE MAINTAINED IN PRAIRIE PROVINCES

Necessary to Keep a Considerable Force Along Boundary Line in View of Heavy Rush of Immigration—Are Now 700 Strong—Premier Praises Efficient Work of Picturesque Riders of the Plains

Ottawa.—A vote was taken up in the House for three-quarters of a million dollars to defray the cost of the upkeep of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. As Sir Wilfrid has the control of this force, he had the vote in hand. The premier explained that the force now consists of seven hundred men—five hundred in the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, one hundred in the Yukon and one hundred in the unorganized territories. He spoke in high praise of the police, saying that they render particularly valuable service in connection with the work of settling up new districts.

Mr. Foster wanted to know if it was the policy of the government to withdraw members of the force from thickly settled districts with the idea in view that ultimately the day will come when the provinces will have to look after the administration of law and order themselves.

Sir Wilfrid said that it was thought necessary to keep a considerable force along the boundary line. In view of the heavy inrush of immigration it would be a matter of some time before it would be possible to withdraw the police from the two prairie provinces.

Mr. Foster also asked if the force was allowed to take any part in political matters in the interests of the party in power.

Sir Wilfrid replied that strict instructions were given to the police to keep clear of political entanglements and at the most not more than one or two complaints had ever been received.

Mr. Magrath spoke regretfully of the fact that in older districts little was seen of the once familiar police Still he approved of the policy as laid down by the prime minister and supported the vote, which went through without further discussion.

A New Aerodrome

Boston.—A new aerodrome that promises to revolutionize present methods of air navigation has been invented by George A. Metcalf, a retired inventor of Malden. The aerodrome is called the "Flying Auto" for want of a better name. The whole principle of the new airship is to be found in its propellers. They are nothing more than ordinary electric fans, built on a large scale. When the blades are made to revolve in a horizontal position they cushion the air beneath them, causing the machine to rise straight up. The distinct feature of the machine is that these propellers, instead of being rigidly attached to the shaft may be tipped at an angle horizontally on either side of it in order to propel the machine in any desired direction. By means of levers attached to the shaft the propellers are turned in either direction as simply as turning the steering gear of an automobile. Stability is gained by having the propellers revolve in opposite directions.

Murdered by Filipino Tribesmen

Manila.—Word has been received of the murder of Dr. William Jones, the noted anthropologist, who was in the field for the museum of natural history of Chicago. The murder occurred at Dumabato at the headwaters of the Cagayan river in Isbela province. No details of the attack have been obtainable thus far, but it is believed that the scientist was set upon and killed by the wild tribesmen. Dr Jones had been in the Philippines two years investigating the wild tribes on the island and preparing an exhaustive report of them for the museum.

Canadian Lady Won Prize for Essay

London.—The Standard of Empire announces that the prize of $400 offered by the Navy League of Canada for the best essay on the question, "Shall Canada have a navy of her own?" has been awarded to Mrs. W. Howes Oliphant, 210 Simcoe street, Toronto. The essay by C. Frederick Hamilton, of Ottawa, resident correspondent of the Toronto News, was also considered worthy of honorable mention. The successful essay will shortly be published in the Standard of Empire and widely distributed in pamphlet form.

Thirty-Five Elevators for G. T. P.

Winnipeg.—There will be between 30 and 35 new elevators under construction along the G. T. P. within a few weeks, said J. E. Dairymple, assistant freight traffic manager of the road.

One of the important works along the line this summer will be the erection of passenger depots. They have already been built at the divisional points, and the next move will be to supply all the towns that have shown reasonable development. This work will be started in a few weeks.

Anti-Graft Rules

Ottawa.—Hon. William Pugsley read to the house of commons the instructions which have been sent to employees of the public works department in respect to the purchase of supplies. Employees are cautioned regarding the acceptance of any gifts or favors of any kind at the hands of contractors or merchants and were told that if any such transaction should come to their knowledge it is their duty to report the same at once to the minister or deputy minister.

Another Outlet for B. C. Salmon

Victoria, B. C.—The British admiralty is inviting tenders here for a large supply of tinned salmon for his majesty's victualling yards at Hong Kong. This is an entirely new departure and opens up another trade outlet for the salmon industry.

WHERE ALBERTA DOES NOT LEAD

Criminal Statistics Show that Sunny Province is Far Down on List in Number of Convictions

Ottawa.—According to a blue book giving details of criminal statistics from Canada for year ending September, 1907, there was during that year—the decade then closed—an increase of 164 per cent. in drunkenness in Canada. The total number of convictions for the year was 29,802, of whom 28,421 were males and 1,281 females.

Manitoba shows the largest ratio of convictions according to population, with British Columbia next, Nova Scotia third, New Brunswick fourth, Saskatchewan and Alberta fifth, Ontario sixth and Quebec seventh.

There were thirty-seven charges and eight convictions for murder in 1907 and seventy-two charges and 32 convictions for attempts to commit murder and for manslaughter.

The number of young offenders increased from 782 in 1906 to 1,004 in 1907.

Change in Crow's Nest Directorate

Toronto.—A change in the directorate of the Crow's Nest coal due to the resolution when Senator Jaffray, Sir Henry Pellatt, E. R. Wood and G. G. S. Lindsey recently resigned from the board is now certain. "Since its inception the Crow's Nest company was a Canadian enterprise financed by Canadian capital and manned and operated in the interests of Canada," said one who had intimate knowledge of what transpired at the former meeting. "But the acquisition of control by a small margin by the J. J. Hill interests has transferred the control to United States enterprises. It is understood naturally that Mr. Rogers will work in harmony with the new interests.

"The chief Canadian customers of the company will be the Granby Smelter company, which owns a considerable share of Crow's Nest stock. Aside from this it is most probable that the company will find its market chiefly to the south of the border, in connection with the Hill railways."

Wireless Signals to Paris

Halifax, N. S.—During the past month the Marconi wireless station at Port Morien, C. B., has on several occasions been in communication with the French government station in the Eiffel tower, Paris, France. The nature of the signals has not been disclosed. The distance from Port Morien to Paris is considerably over 3,000 miles. The highest previous record made by the Marconi system was between Port Morien and Clifden, Ireland, 2,900 miles.

While in Cape Breton in 1907 Marconi made the assertion that in less than ten years he would have the world girdled with wireless towers so that a flash could be sent around the world in a second.

South Africa is Loyal

Pretoria.—Speaking in the legislative assembly, Attorney General De Villiers said the offer of the South African Dreadnought to the imperial government had been suggested, but in his opinion the best present would be a united community. Any European race which thought that in the event of a European war it might look for help from the position of inhabitants of South Africa would be very much mistaken, and he was convinced that South Africa would stand as one man with the British empire.

Surveying the McMurray Line

Edmonton.—Dr. Wadell, consulting engineer for the Alberta and Great Waterways Railroad company, which is to build from Edmonton to Fort McMurray, and which has already opened offices in the city, reached Edmonton this week, and will make arrangements for the putting of survey parties in the field to run preliminary surveys out of the city preparatory to commencing construction of the line. It is possible that he may also look into the matter of a site for terminals in the city.

Colored Gentlemen Wait on Taft

Washington.—A delegation of negroes from Mississippi, comprising bankers, business men, lawyers and educators called at the White House to render to President Taft whatever assistance they could render in helping him to work out the so-called "negro problem in the south."

The delegation was headed by Chas Banks, cashier of the Bank of Mound Bayou, Miss., and included the presidents of three other banks in addition to the representatives of other interests.

Jack London Ill

Boston, Mass.—A letter from Sydney, Australia, says Jack London, the California novelist, who started on a voyage around the world in a little sloop called the Snark, has been stricken with a mysterious illness and has abandoned the voyage. He intends to sell the Snark and return to California to regain his lost health but it is doubtful if he will be able to resume active work for a long time.

Resolution for Prohibition

Montreal.—A resolution asking for provincial prohibition was introduced in the Nova Scotia legislature recently. The resolution not only asks for prohibition, but ask that the local government seek to obtain from the federal parliament the enactment of such legislation as will prohibit the manufacture of liquor within, and the importation of liquor into, the province.

No Grants for Fenian Raid Veterans

Ottawa.—The government will not introduce legislation this session for the granting of bounties to fenian raid veterans for the reason that after consideration it was not found advisable to disturb the decision arrived at many years ago. It is expected that the application of South African veterans for land grants will also be refused.

DEFENDS THE KAISER

Von Buelow Absolutely Denies Existence of a Camarilla Around the Emperor

Berlin.—Chancellor Von Buelow, during a debate on the salary appropriation in the reichstag, denied in the most absolute terms the existence of a camarilla around the emperor, declaring that with such a straightforward, open-minded, far-seeing man as his majesty intriguers could not exercise any influence. The chancellor warned the socialists against disorderly agitations, saying that if it became necessary a much stricter law would be introduced for their suppression. He said that the new taxes necessary for the carrying on of the empire must be partly direct and partly indirect, that persons having property must share the burden in the shape of an inheritance tax, while necessaries and luxuries also must bear a portion of the imposts.

West Division G.T.P. About Finished

Edmonton.—Work is now in full swing on the completion of the last stretch of grading of the Edmonton-Macleod section of the Grand Trunk Pacific between the Pembina and the Macleod rivers, a distance of about 75 miles, the contract for which is held by Foley, Welsh & Stewart. It is the intention of the railway company, it is understood, to have this last strip of grading completed and to have the steel laid at the Pembina before midsummer, and both steel bridges at the Pembina and the Macleod well under way before the fall, in order that construction may proceed as rapidly as possible on the mountain section west of Wolf section, which is the last gap on the Transcontinental to complete. It is possible that woork on this section may not be proceeded with until next year.

New Elevator for Crossfield

Calgary.—The Alberta Grain company, whose present headquarters in Edmonton are shortly to be moved to Calgary, are about to build an immense elevator at Crossfield. The company has 14 elevators now in the province, and the new one will be one of the largest of the country elevators in Alberta.

Canada. Gives Prizes

London.—The board of trade has received from the Canadian government gold watches, silver cups and money for the members of the crew of the steamer St. Helena in recognition of the rescue of the crew of the Canadian barque O. S. Bergen, at Maitland N. S., on November 9th of last year.

Conservation of Resources

Ottawa.—Hon. Mr. Sifton was elected chairman of the new standing committee of the commons on forests waterways and waterpowers. The committee is one of three created by the house with a view to carrying out a more effective policy for the conservation of natural resources.

Canadian Trade With Britain

Ottawa.—Mr. Ray, Canadian trade commissioner at Birmingham, reports that during the month of February there was an increase in Canadian imports to Great Britain to the value of $143,580, while the imports to the Dominion grew to the extent of $191,840.

Amundsen's Arctic Expedition

Christiania.—Dr. Harry Edmonds, head of the U. S. Magnetic observatory at Sitka, Alaska, it is reported will join Capt. R. Amundsen's coming Arctic expedition. Capt. Amundsen has accepted the Carnegie institute's offer of magnetic instruments.

Illumination of Niagara

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Plans for a 2,500,000 candle power searchlight for the illumination of the falls at a cost of $50,000, have been accepted. Two batteries of searchlights will be used, one on either side of the river.

Teeth Before Their Books

Cincinnati.—Believing that good teeth will conserve their health and make better scholars of children attending school, the board of education has ordered that examinations be made of the teeth of all children attending school in this city.

Counting Uncle Sam's Money

New York.—In the basement of the sub-treasury a small staff of the most trusted employees of Uncle Sam are busily engaged counting and weighing the enormous sum of $253,000,000. They will finish the task in about two months.

Russia Becoming Modernized

St. Petersburg.—The Duma has adopted a bill for the establishment of a Russian agricultural agency at Washington with the object of introducing American methods and machinery into Russia.

King Will Meet Kaiser at Corfu

Vienna.—The Tageblatt says that King Edward and Queen Alexandra will visit the kaiser at Corfu this month. The health of the king has greatly improved.

Surveying Starting Again

Lloydminster, Alta.—A survey party under Wm. Christie has left here to run the 15th base line, commencing forty-two miles north of Lloydminster and running east to the third meridian.

Will Contribute $7,000,000

Melbourne, Australia. — Subscriptions for the Dreadnoughts will be made on the basis of population, New South Wales contributing $4,000,000 and Victoria $3,000,000.

British Emigrants

London.—The February number of passengers sailing from British ports to the leading colonies were:—Australia, 2,999; Canada, 2,700; South Africa, 1,296.

FOR RURAL DISTRICTS

ALBERTA TO BUILD 800 MILES OF TELEPHONE LINES

Estimate Given of What Telephone Branch of Alberta Public Works Will Construct This Year—Greater Part of Extension Will Benefit Rural Districts—May Soon Have Connection With Pacific Slope

Edmonton.—Eight hundred miles of new telephone lines in the province of Alberta is the probable estimate of what the telephone branch of the Alberta public works department will construct this year.

The mileage for last year was about 800 miles, but the demands this year are greatly in excess of anything the telephone superintendent has known. If all the demands from the four quarters of the province were granted there would be between 2,000 and 3,000 miles constructed instead of 800

At the present time nearly 500 telephone extensions have been approved of by the department. The contracts for the entire equipment have been let and distribution to the various points required is going on daily. Between 11,000 and 12,000 poles have been ordered, mostly from a contractor working near Spruce Grove. Poles are, however, being secured from different places and are being bought from farmers at the same price that is paid to contractors.

All the poles required have already been laid from Edmonton to Cooking Lake and for several miles out from Olds. The wire is coming from Winnipeg and Germany and at the present time a considerable quantity of it has been delivered. If conditions were favorable the actual work of constructing lines would be going on at once, but it will probably be May 1 before any move is made.

During the winter months five gangs of men have been busy rebuilding exchanges at points where the increased business has outgrown the capacity of the exchanges for handling the work. This was the case at Wetaskiwin, Olds, Medicine Hat and Lacombe. Work is still in progress, rebuilding going on at Raymond and Magrath. At Lethbridge an entirely new exchange has been constructed.

The greater proportion of the new lines will be in rural districts. Among these lines to be constructed are Edmonton to Cooking Lake, a distance of 20 miles; Curlew to Trochu valley, 12 miles; Calgary eastward, making for Gleichen, and a toll line from Taber to Medicine Hat, a distance of 90 miles.

Another toll circuit will be constructed from Calgary to MacLeod and from Edmonton to Fort Saskatchewan to accommodate the increasing traffic between these points.

A very important extension may be constructed from Blairmore west to meet the Kootenay lines in British Columbia. This line would give the people of Alberta telephone connection with Seattle, Vancouver and other Pacific points.

When the construction work is well under way there will be seven or eight gangs of men working in different parts of the province, which means that there will be well on to 150 men in the province building telephone lines this summer.

Short of Implements

Hamilton.—The west this year faces a famine of farm implements with little hope of relief, according to statements made by the International Harvester and another workshop. The management of these concerns had altogether underestimated the demand, and did not foresee that the prairie west would so rapidly recover from the period of depression. Already all manufacturers both here and in Toronto are overwhelmed with more orders from Winnipeg than they can fill, and the season is so far advanced that it is quite impossible to catch up orders by the increasing output.

For Canada's Art Gallery

Toronto.—The art commission of the Dominion government have purchased the following pictures shown at the recent exhibition of the Canadian Art club, to be hung in the National gallery at Ottawa:—"The News Gatherers," by Mrs. Homer Watson; "Mother and Son," by Mr. John Russell, and "A Midsummer Night," by Archibald Browne. The total price paid for the three paintings, it is said, was $5,000.

Prosperity Returning

London.—The Financier, referring to the Canadian revival, says an authority on Canadian matters who has received a series of advices from men of reliable judgment in Halifax, Toronto, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Vancouver, has reached the conclusion that all indications favor prices being restored to the 1906 level.

Western Canada Land Co.

London.—At a meeting of the Western Canada Land company, the chairman stated the present profit sharing system with agents was too expensive, so they proposed to revert to the old basis of commission of 5 per cent. Confidence in the future of the company was expressed.

Sale of Hudson's Bay Land

London.—The quarterly sales of land by the Hudson's Bay company totalled 8,200 acres, for which £20,000 was paid as against 1,100 acres and £2,500 in 1908. The sale of town lots brought £5,900, against £15,800.

Irish Land Bill

London.—The House of Commons has passed the second reading of the Irish land bill by a vote of 275 to 102.

In Paris there is a special school for waiters. Students are taught four languages, geography, artistic decoration and dancing, as well as minor accomplishments.

Bred In the Bone.

By James Norton.

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Ezra Billings and Martha Scott had married rather late in life. Each was known to have "opinions," but it was generally agreed that they would live happily. So they did, but their ways were not exactly understood by their friends. Before they had been married two weeks Martha called Ezra the biggest fool in Saginaw county, and Ezra called her an old cat. Neither was the least bit angry. It was just their way, and they understood each other.

They did not dissemble and play the hypocrite when a third party was present. Ezra had courted Martha for four years before marrying her, and she was the only woman he had ever loved, but this did not stand in the way of his saying to her in the presence of old Aunt Jackson, "Martha, if we had a chicken on the farm with less brains than you've got I'd wring its neck."

And then Martha felt in duty bound to good naturedly reply, "Ezra Billings, if I didn't lead you around by a string you'd be sitting down on the hot stove half the time."

In time it got to be known that the couple wrangled like a dog and a cat, and fifty families became more or less interested. In time also they passed to stronger terms and epithets. Between themselves they didn't mean anything by it. It was just a little harmless way of his when Ezra said to Martha in front of a tin peddler: "Say, woman, don't smile at me and ask my opinion about dishpans. If I hadn't been watching you like a hawk this morning, you'd have put paris green in my coffee."

"That ain't the way to kill off born fools," replied Martha. "You've got to hit 'em with an ax as they are lying asleep in bed."

Of course the peddler passed it along, and of course the lightning rod and the windmill man passed along what they heard, and at last the neighbors woke up each morning expecting to find that foul murder had been done during the night.

Mr. and Mrs. Billings were members of one of the churches down in the village, and their pastor was finally appealed to. Being a conservative as well as a good man, he thought the matter over for a time and then preached a sermon to fit the subject. It was a hit at both, and they were there to hear, and yet when they left the church Ezra was heard to say, "Martha, if the preacher had walloped me as he did you I'd keep my head shut for the next fourteen years."

"Wallop me!" she replied. "Ezra Billings, every single word of that sermon was meant for you, and if you keep on wrangling with me the people will turn out and give you a coat of tar and feathers."

Then the preacher decided that it was his duty to call at the farmhouse and make a more direct appeal. Martha was glad to see him. She said she was glad. She said she was in need of advice and was just thinking of coming to see him. She said it was about that fool husband of hers.

He had taken it into his head that the world was round, when everybody else knew better, and had threatened to brain her with the crowbar if she didn't believe as he did. He wouldn't do it, of course. Ezra was one of the best men in the world, whether it was round or flat, and he couldn't be brought to kill a fly, but she thought he ought to be wrestled with for talking that way.

"But, Sister Billings, you have been heard to threaten to poison your husband," protested the good man.

"Oh, but that's just our way!"

"And to pour hot lead in his ear as he slept."

"Yes, but Ezra knows I wouldn't do such a thing. If he was afraid of that he wouldn't sleep and snore the way he does."

"You have threatened to throw him over the curb into the well."

"But if I did he would climb right out and kiss me."

"You have said that you wished a tree would fall on him and that he would be brought home dead."

"Yes, but I giggled when I said it, and when I giggle I don't mean what I say. As I said, I should like your advice. Do you think the flies ought to have the same chance to live as the cows?"

"That is a rather queer question, Sister Billings."

"Yes, but that dratted fool of a husband of mine, who ought to have been in an idiot asylum years ago, has got the idea in his noodlepate that they have, and he's gone and tied up all the cows' tails so they can no longer switch.

"I was telling the lop shouldered slab sided nincompoop only an hou ago to untie them tails or I'd break hi neck with the first fence rail I couk get my hands on."

"You—you talked that way to your husband!"

"I had to. No one knows Ezra as do. You've got to talk right out at him if you want him to hump himself He doesn't mind it, however. Ezra never loved a human being until I came into his life, and if I should die he'd wilt away like a weed."

The good man sighed heavily and went down to the cornfield to have a little talk with Ezra. He was greeted with the greatest pleasure, but as soon as they had shaken hands the farmer began:

"Did Martha tell you that I threatened to choke her to death last night?"

"I hope you didn't make use of any such language."

"But I did, though of course it was all in fun. What do you think that empty headed idiot did yesterday afternoon? Because a bee stung her she went at it and kicked over a whole hive, and the old horse was stung in thirty-seven different places.

"I s'pose I could push her into the goose pond in such a way that people would call it a case of suicide, but I shan't do it. We love each other and don't mean nothing by our talk. You have probably heard a great lot, but you mustn't pay any attention to it."

The good man went away puzzled and unsatisfied, but resolved to let the case alone. He told Deacons Harrow and Swift so when they dropped in to talk matters over, but they went away to do a little plotting and planning on their own account. They agreed that it was a scandalous case and called for heroic treatment.

A week passed away, and then one forenoon Deacon Swift dropped in to inquire where Ezra was. He knew well enough that he was down in the woods chopping and that Deacon Harrow was taking care of that end of the line.

"Ezra!" queried Martha in reply. "Why, the blamed skunk is down in the woods chopping! I told him this morning that he wasn't worth the powder to blow him to Goshen. I don't see why he don't die and let me marry a sensible man."

"Mrs. Billings, what if you should hear that Ezra was dead?" asked the deacon in a solemn voice.

"Oh, quit your fooling!"

"What if his dead body, mangled out of shape by a falling tree, should be borne into this house within the next ten minutes?"

"Is—is anything the matter with Ezra?"

"You have called him names. You have wished him dead. You have tempted and defied Providence. Oh, woman"—

She didn't wait to hear anything further; but, hatless and with skirts flying, she took across the fields for the woods. Deacon Harrow, who had Ezra to handle, had indulged in a few casual observations and then asked if Martha was well.

"She was all right when I left the house," was the reply, "but there's no telling what an idiot of a woman may do. She may have gone into the well head first for all I know."

"Ezra Billings, you have been heard to threaten to brain your wife."

"That's just my way."

"You have been heard to wish that she was dead."

"That was just a joke, deacon."

"Joke! Man, if Martha is found dead in the house with her head all battered in, don't you know"—

But Ezra had dropped his ax and started for the house on a run. Husband and wife met halfway, with a deacon behind either to point the moral. There was no moral to point.

"You lop shouldered, knockkneed old camel, but what do you mean?" demanded the wife as she saw her husband was all right.

"And what do you mean?" demanded the husband as he looked her over. "Say, Martha, you don't know 'nuff to lift them big feet of yours when wading through a mudhole."

"Ezra, you are a gosh hanged liar!"

"Martha, you deserve killing!"

And as they turned their backs on each other and walked away the two deacons locked arms and headed for the road. Not a word was said until they had climbed the fence, and then Deacon Swift observed, "Would you call it a failure, deacon—a failure on our part?"

"I certainly should, deacon, and I should further say that we hadn't better say anything about it."

Compulsory Pluck.

The colonel of a crack cavalry regiment was impressed with the efficiency of a certain volunteer infantry division during some recent maneuvers and in order to test their courage suggested to their leader that they should face a charge made by his men.

The officer in command consented and drew his men up in the required position to face the ordeal.

Hitherto the courage of the foot regiment had remained unquestioned, but when they saw the cavalry thundering down upon them and almost on top of them they turned and fled in a most disorderly manner, save one man, who remained steadfast on bended knee and with fixed bayonet.

By a dexterous movement the cavalry charge was brought to a termination within a foot or so of the hero, and their commander, approaching the valiant one, said:

"Bravo! You are the bravest man in the regiment and worth all the rest of them put together. But tell me—why didn't you fly with the others?"

"So I should have done," said the hero, "but my foot got stuck in a hole."—London Answers.

Ideals That Are Possible.

As we advance into life out of large experience of the world and of our selves are unfolded the ideals of wha will be possible to us if we make the best use of the world and of ourselves, taken as we are. Let these be as high as they may, they will always be lower than those others which are perhaps the veiled intimations of our immortality. These will always be imperfect, but life is not a failure because they are so. It is these that are to burn for us, not like lighthouses in the distance, but like candles in our hands.—James Lane Allen, "The Choir Invisible."

HUMORS OF THE P. O. BANK.

Some Amusing Incidents Preserved In the English Records.

When we consider that one person out of every six in the United Kingdom is a depositor in the Postoffice Savings Bank, it is not difficult to realize that there are great possibilities of humor, which is often the more amusing as it is unconscious. In fact, a most entertaining volume could be composed merely of the humorous answers to official question put to depositors.

To the question, for example, whether the would-be depositor's address is permanent, such answers as these have been received, "Here is no continuing city"; "Heaven is our home"; "Yes, D.V."; and "This is not our rest."

One such question, asking for particulars of an account, evoked the following amusing, if irrelevant, reply, "He is a tall man, deeply marked with smallpox, has one eye, wears a billycock hat, and keeps a booth at Lincoln Fair."

Equally entertaining are some of the entries on the withdrawal-forms. Thus one depositor, scorning figures: "Sir, i want to close the bank"—an ambition which, happily, was not realized. Another, equally ambiguous, wishes "to make a clearance"; while a third, who is not a born financier, writes on his form, "The book fairly puzzles me." For downright magnanimity, however, it would be difficult to beat the schoolboy who, when withdrawing his few shillings, wrote, "Never mind the interest; it can go towards paying off the National Debt."

That the postal authorities may lose no time in sanctioning the required withdrawal, some very urgent reasons are given, as—"Don't delay, my boy must have a new suit for next Sunday"; "Hurry up, please, the bailiffs are in the house"; "I want it quick, to buy a birthday-present for my young man"; and, "If you aren't quick it'll have to go towards my funeral."

The claims made by creditors of deceased depositors are often very ingeniously framed. Thus, "Loss of time and money in consulting a solicitor, £1 10s.," appeared as one of the items of a recent claim, which was actually allowed by the solicitor to the postoffice. More original still was a claim made by the son of a dead depositor, who, as investigation proved, came into the world before his father's marriage. When he was informed of this awkward fact he responded with a demand for £2 5s., for "shock to system on learning of my illegitimacy." This was "moral and intellectual damage" with a vengeance.

Collars In the Cabinet.

Mr. Asquith wears a large pointed club collar, which style he adopted many years ago. Mr. Haldane wears a shallow curled-corner collar. Mr. Lloyd-George also wears a curled corner collar fairly deep and bent back in a neglige style. Lord Loreburn wears the singe collar of a style fifty years old. Sir Edward Grey has a comfortable neck decoration, with a deep opening in the front. Mr. McKenna also wears a single collar, rather stiff, with roll-back corners. Lord Morley wears an unobtrusive Fitz-William collar, with a carelessly-tied bow riding too high upon it; while Mr. Winston Churchill wears a single collar with large corners turned back, and Mr. John Burns the old unconventional polo collar.

England's Oldest Lady Doctor.

Apropos of the recent celebration of her eighty-eighth birthday by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman to take a medical degree and to be placed on the English Medical Register, it might be mentioned that when she first began to practice in 1849, Punch recorded the event in some amusing verses, one of which ran as follows:

Young ladies all of every clime,
Especially of Britain,
Who wholly occupy your time
In novels or in knitting.
Whose highest skill is but to play,
Sing, dance, or French to clack well,
Reflect on the example, pray,
Of excellent Miss Blackwell.

Four Clever Sons of a Clever Father.

The centenary of Darwin's birth reminds The Bookman that four surviving sons of his are men of eminence. Sir George Howard Darwin is professor of astronomy at Cambridge, and has made valuable discoveries in meteorological science. Mr. Francis Darwin is a doctor of medicine and a distinguished botanist. Major Leonard Darwin was on the Staff Intelligence Department of the War Office; he served in several scientific expeditions, and after retiring from the Royal Engineers sat as M.P. for Lichfield; while Mr. Horace Darwin is chairman of the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Co. and an ex-mayor of Cambridge.

Relic of Lost Ship.

Part of a ship's boat was recently picked up at Rangaunu Bay, New Zealand, with the word "Lomond" on it. The first part of the name had been broken off. Presumably it is wreckage from one of the ship's boats of the Glasgow bark Loch Lomond, which has not been heard of since she sailed from Newcastle, N.S.W., on the 16th July for Lyttelton, New Zealand.

London's New Danger.

Sir Alexander Binnie, who has suggested a new danger to life in London in the form of disused sewers, was the engineer of the Blackwall Tunnel, the success of which has made it certain that in some not very distant future the lower reaches of the Thames will have similar tunnels at short intervals for many miles.

Important Cornish Document.

One of the ancient documents at Devizes, instead of being a "charter," as was supposed, is, in reality, "letters patent" by James I. under the Great Seal (1609-10), regranting charity lands to the mayor and burgesses of Devizes. The discovery may have

ANCIENT ARMAGH.

Primatial See of St. Patrick Nearly 1,500 Years Ago.

The cathedral city of Armagh is the most sacred place in Ireland, the ecclesiastical headquarters of both the Roman Catholic and the Protestant churches of Ireland, the seat of the most ancient and celebrated of Irish schools of learning, the burial place of Brian Boru, the greatest of all the Irish kings; the home of St. Patrick for the important years of his life, and the cradle of the Christian Church in the United Kingdom. It was from Armagh, says William E. Curtis in The Chicago Record-Herald, that the message of the gospel was sent to the people of Scotland and England, and here was the genesis of the faith that is now professed by all the nation.

Armagh is a quiet, well-kept town of about 8,000 inhabitants, built on a hill around the cathedral founded by St. Patrick in the year 432, and the streets are steep and rather crooked. It resembles an English university town, and looks more like Cambridge or Winchester than the rest of Ireland. More than 1,200 years ago it was the greatest educational centre in the civilized world, and it still has several important schools, including a Roman Catholic theological seminary, a large convent for young women, a technological school, and astronomical observatory, a public library of 20,000 volumes and a little old-fashioned Grecian temple of a building with a sign to advertise it as the rooms of the Philosophical Society. The houses are packed together very closely, as is the custom in all Ireland, although there is plenty of room for the town to spread out, if it were the fashion to do so.

There are ranges of green hills all around, and their sunny slopes are closely planted to grain, potatoes and other crops. There are several linen factories in the neighborhood which furnish employment for the wives and daughters of the town, and a small automobile factory. The population is about equally divided between Protestant and Roman Catholic faiths. There are three Presbyterian churches and one Methodist, which assert themselves boldly, even in the presence of an ecclesiastical see that is nearly 1,400 years old.

The Trials of a Musician.

By hard work, and hard work alone, has Sir Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, attained his present prominent position in the musical world. He can recall the days when, as a boy in a country cathedral town, he had to play, teach, and walk four and a half miles between Rochester and Gravesend to fill the position of organist for $105 per year. He has also mentioned the interesting fact that Sir Edward Elgar once played second fiddle in an orchestra which Sir Frederick conducted.

Sir Frederick has confessed that he tries under all circumstances to be cheerful, and tells a story of how he greatly benefited one pupil by advising him not to grumble. "This pupil," says Sir Frederick, "was an inveterate grumbler. He obtained a very nice appointment in the country. I went down to see him, and asked him how he was getting on. 'Oh, pretty well,' he replied, 'but the place is so inartistic.' He had a nice lot of illuminated texts on the walls of his room, which he said had been drawn by a young lady. 'So you are going to be married?' I suggested. Dolefully he replied that he hoped so. 'Look here,' I said, 'if I give you a text, will you get the young lady to work it? It will do you more good than all these Scriptural subjects.' He said he would. The text I gave him was 'Don't grumble.' I went down to see him a few years afterwards, and he told me the text had done him a lot of good. This happened years ago. He has now a wife and five or six children; he has nothing to grumble about."

An Early Riser.

"What on earth has induced you to come to the Bar?" was the discouraging question asked by Lord Russell of Killowen, when Mr. Justice Bigham, who has succeeded Sir John Gorell Barnes as president of the Probate and Divorce Division, entered the chambers of the famous advocate as a pupil. It was a question that took the pupil some years to answer. During his first twelve months Mr. Bigham's total earnings amounted to seven guineas, although, when he succeeded Lord Russell of Killowen as leader of the Northern Circuit, his income was one of the largest ever earned at the Bar. Few lawyers, however, lived more laborious days. "I used to start work at four o'clock in the morning and go on till eight," he says. "Breakfast, and then the Temple at 9.30 or 10, where I worked until six, and after six I did nothing. Such was my program for twenty-seven years."

"Onward Christian Soldiers."

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, who has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, has over a hundred books on all sorts of topics to his credit, and shares with many past and present celebrities the distinction of having read his own obituary notice in the newspapers. One of his most popular achievements perhaps was the writing of that famous hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers," which is such a favorite in both church and chapel. But when Mr. Baring-Gould wanted to have it sung in his own church his bishop, who was very Low Church, objected, owing to the last lines, "With the cross of Jesus going on before." Mr. Baring-Gould, therefore, changed the last line to "Left behind the door," which made the bishop so angry that he dismissed the vicar. But Mr. Gladstone made it up by presenting him with a far better living in Essex.

$1,500 For a Coin.

A rare coin sold for $1,500 in the Benson sale at Sotheby's in London recently. It was probably issued during the great Pythian festival of 346 B.C., on the occasion of the reassembling of the Amphictyonic Council at the close of the Phokian war.

"GEE-GEE."

Once In His Life He Wasn't Asked For an Autograph.

The stories are legion concerning Mr. George Grossmith, the prince of entertainers, who confesses that alone at the piano he has earned $50,000 in seven working months, and who has definitely decided to withdraw from active work. "The sympathy of the public," he once remarked, "is simply amazing. One night I was unable to appear at a certain west of England town, and the next morning a parcel and note was sent to me at the hotel. The letter read, 'Dear Mr. Grossmith,—Don't on any account be ill this afternoon, because I promised to take my niece to your recital. Yours sincerely,——.' The parcel contained a bottle of cough mixture." The autograph hunter is an individual by whom "Gee-Gee" is constantly being worried, and in this connection he had an amusing experience one day. He went to a little inn in a town in Hampshire and ordered tea. After tea he was surprised by the landlord sending upstairs for a great autograph book, which, with due ceremony, was placed before him. Mr. Grossmith took up a pen and dipped it in the ink, naturally thinking that the servant had brought it for him to write his name in it. "Stop, stop, stop!" yelled the landlord; "that book's not for you to write in; it's for you to look at."

Mr. Grossmith, by the way, is not one of those celebrities who have fallen victims to the craze for golf, "and I take no pleasure in walking for the sake of walking," he says. "Amongst my special recreations, however, is reading newspapers and magazines. Then I am intensely interested in engineering, shipbuilding, and any great commercial enterprise. I go all over large factories, down coal mines, and anywhere where there is any considerable business venture to be studied, and I should think that I have read nearly every book that has been written about engineering."

Contraband Goods Materialized.

Much amusement has been caused throughout Australia by an incident in which figured Mr. Smart, the Victorian Collector of Customs. Not long ago Mr. Smart raided the museum of a spiritualist—Mr. T. W. Stanford—and demanded duty on goods said to have been "materialized" by "medium," Mr. C. Bailey. Accompanied by an inspector, the collector called on Mr. Stanford and suggested that, whatever the origin of the wonderful articles "materialized," they had in some way been imported, and that duty should be paid. Mr. Stanford stuck to his story concerning the spiritual source of the mandarin's robes and other products of the East. The two officers then prepared a report for the Minister of Customs. When, however, the report reached the Labor Minister he declared that he was not going to make a martyr of Mr. Stanford, and that the sooner the incident was buried the better. Mr. Stanford's claim is that the "medium," by spiritualistic agency received the marvellous carved ivory beads, Chinese silks and robes, Indian tapestry, etc., in atomic form from Eastern countries through the atmosphere.

England's Generals.

There has not been an English general since Marlborough. Wellington was born at Dangan Castle, Meath, of an old Irish family called Wesley, and christened in Dublin. Wolfe was born at Ferneaux Abbey, Kildare, and christened at Westerham. His grandfather defended Limerick against William III.

Sir John Moore and the Napiers were Scotchmen; so was Abercrombie (Egypt); so were Napier of Magdala, Crawford and Clyde. Wolseley, Roberts and Kitchener are Irish. So was Gough. The generals and statesmen who saved India to Great Britain were Neill, Nicholson, the two Lawrences (Irish), Edward (Welsh), and Rose (Scotch).

The Milkman-Peer.

Lord Rayleigh, whose profit-sharing scheme, by which some 300 employes on his Essex estate have received bonuses, has created so much interest, is one of the most practical of English agriculturists. His dairy business has proved a most successful venture, and every morning special trains, loaded with drums of milk from his herds at "leafy Terling," his beautiful Essex home, arrive in London to take the milk to his London shops. The success of his lordship's dairy business may be estimated from the fact that his employes invest their money in the same at a guaranteed four per cent. interest and a share of the profits beyond that margin.

Mrs. Macquoid Still Working.

Mrs. Macquoid, better known to novel readers, perhaps, as Katharine Macquoid, who has written over fifty novels and hundreds of short stories, is still writing in spite of her eighty years. She does most of her work on the typewriter herself, and confesses that if she has to lay it aside for a little while she feels worried, and yearns to get back to it. Her husband, Mr. Thomas Macquoid, R.I., is ninety years of age, and also is still working.

World's Greatest Lakes.

If anyone will refer to the map, he cannot fail to be struck with the continuity of the series of lakes which extends northwesterly across Canada from the head of Lake Superior. Disregarding the Great Lakes themselves, this is the most important series of fresh water bodies in the world.—Victoria Colonist.

British Premier a Trinity Brother.

Prime Minister Asquith was recently elected an Elder Brother of the Honorable Corporation of Trinity House, in succession to the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. As Master of the Corporation, a position which he has held since 1894, the

DUELING IN THE NAVY

The Tragic Affair That Put an End to the Practice.

A MIDSHIPMAN'S CHALLENGE.

It Was Accepted by the Lawyer, and the Battle Was Fought In Delaware Sad Fate of the Two Principals In the Unfortunate Meeting.

That settlement of quarrels by appeal to the code of honor was no longer to be the unwritten law of the American navy was determined by a duel in which William Miller, Jr., a Philadelphia lawyer, was slain in a personal affair fought along the northern circle of Delaware. The man who fired the fatal shot was Midshipman Charles G. Hunter, and the encounter took place along Naaman's creek on the afternoon of Sunday, March 21, 1830.

Singularly enough, neither Miller, who lost his life, nor Hunter, who killed him, was principal in the original quarrel that led to the meeting on the bank of the little creek in Delaware. Neither had seen the other until a few hours before the challenge was sent and accepted.

Simply a misshot in a game of billiards played at Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, led to the tragedy that plunged two homes into sorrow and imbittered the life of the man whose pistol shot causelessly shed human blood.

Henry Wharton Griffith and R. Dillon Drake, prominent society men of Philadelphia, played the game of billiards, and Griffith made the misshot which called forth a taunt from Drake, who was immediately struck in the face with a cue by Griffith. A challenge to a duel was sent by Drake, but Griffith declared that the challenger was beneath his notice and that he would not demean himself socially by consenting to meet him.

Then followed a long and wordy warfare in which each posted the other as a coward. Lieutenant Duryee of the United States navy was called to make an effort to settle the dispute, and it was then that Miller, the lawyer, and Hunter, the midshipman, became involved in the quarrel. In the heated discussion Hunter accused Miller of publishing a confidential letter, and a challenge was at once sent by the midshipman and accepted by the attorney.

It was decided that the duel should be fought early on Sunday morning of March 21, but it was nearly 10 o'clock before carriages containing the principals, seconds and surgeons left a house that stood on Chestnut street above Sixth. The presence of the company excited some suspicion at Chester, where the party stopped for lunch, but they hurried down the post road, tied their horses close to the highway and proceeded 200 yards behind a clump of trees that would shield them from observation.

As the sun was setting two pistol shots rang out simultaneously as one of the seconds counted "One, two, three—fire!" Hunter stood unharmed as the ball from his opponent's pistol struck at his feet, but Miller cried out that he was shot, placed one hand on his breast and fell with a bullet lying close to his heart. In a few minutes he died, while pale and anxious faces watched the convulsive breathing of the dying man.

"Gentlemen," said Hunter, "I had no enmity against this man. I never heard of him until two days ago. Let those whose quarrel embroiled him be responsible for his death."

After a hurried consultation it was decided that the midshipman should leave the state at once, and he was driven rapidly to New Castle, Del., where he boarded a boat for New York and rejoined the navy. In order to hide the tragedy it was decided to wait until dark and take Miller to Philadelphia in a carriage.

Seating the dead man between them, two seconds held him in an upright position on the long journey to Philadelphia. News of the duel had reached Chester, and a crowd of men stood at Third street bridge to intercept the carriages. The first buggy contained the surgeon, and, as his explanation was satisfactory, he was permitted to proceed. The dead man in the second carriage was driven through the crowd without the ruse being detected, and at midnight the body was placed in a house in Walnut street, where vigil was kept by the seconds, who drank heavily to support them in the terrible strain under which they had been placed.

Miller's father said that he held no malice against Hunter, but the midshipman, who was suspended for a year for punishment, was haunted by the specter of the dead man lying on the bank of Naaman's creek, slain by his hand, and died a prematurely old man after a lonely life, shut off from all hope of preferment in the navy. He was buried by the newspaper men of New York, who erected a tombstone over his grave.

Mentally.

"You have been abroad, haven't you, Mr. Snipleigh?"

"No, Miss Sharp. What made you think I had been abroad?"

"Why, I heard papa say you were 'way off.'"

Candor.

Mabel (aged six)—Ain't you afraid of our big dog? The Parson (very thin)—No, my dear. He would not make much of a meal off me. Mabel—Oh, but he likes bones best.

Every brave heart must consider society as a child and not allow it to die

STORY OF THE STRIKE

SHERMAN GIVES OUTLINE OF THE EARLY PROCEEDINGS

Gives Details of the Negotiations Between Operators and Men—States that Referendum Vote was Favored by Only About One-Third of the Members—He Strongly Resents the National's Action

Fernie.—The convention of district 18 of the United Mine Workers to discuss the strike situation, of which so much has been said, is being held here.

The following were present at the opening session: Frank Sherman, president; W. Fisher, Bankhead; C. Stubbs, Bellevue; H. Fox, Canmore; W. Graham, Coleman; T. Biggs, T. Addison, Fernie; W. Wrigley, Frank; J. O. Jones, Hillcrest; T. Chambers, Hosmer; J. Larson, Lethbridge; F. C. Geesler, Lille; Chas. Garner, F. Frances, A. J. Carter, Michel; J. Coghill, Maple Leaf; W. White, Lethbridge; Hopkin Evans, D. L. Miller, Taber; S. Dunn, Passburg; W. Ryan, Corbin, and others.

Mr. Sherman presented his report. He outlined the proceedings at the early conference at Macleod. While he was sick at his home at Taber, Vice President John Galvin acted in his place. Galvin had instructions to report everything to Sherman.

On March 21 Galvin reported to him the split of the operators, and that the Crow's Nest company, the Canada West company of Taber, and the Maple Leaf company of Bellevue had withdrawn. He informed Galvin to return to Macleod and break off negotiations with the association until he could negotiate with the independent companies employing the majority of the men.

"Galvin left, and in the presence of witnesses promised me that he would keep me informed of further developments and no proposal should be voted on by the men until my advice was sought. This he did not do. I was left in the dark until March 27. I saw by the press that the agreement arrived at was being voted on by the men. I came to Macleod and asked Galvin what he meant."

He went into the case of the Crow's Nest company agreement, and told Galvin that he would not sign the same, as it was an agreement for an open shop, or practically so. It was unfair in some vital particulars. Mr. Sherman said he interviewed the management and got the agreement fixed up.

In the meantime Mr. Stockett, president of the operators' association, came from Hosmer to Galvin to get the agreement signed. Sherman took the agreement from Galvin and told Stockett that he would not sign the agreement under any circumstances. It had no beginning or ending, and was no proper union document.

He gave Stockett a copy of the agreement with the Crow's Nest company, and told him he wanted a similar agreement for the other members of the union.

Sherman went to Macleod on March 30. Stockett refused to discuss anything, and said he had come to sign what the majority of the men had favored as an agreement. Then he broke off negotiations.

Sherman proceeded to Frank and signed up the operators there. Hillcrest and Lille companies were disposed to sign up, but broke off when the telegram from Lewis to Stockett stating the agreement would be signed had been published.

The referendum vote, of which the operators make such a fuss, was favored in the vote by only about one-third of the members, and these were practically forced to sign.

"I strongly resented the national's action," said Mr. Sherman.

Kitchener Will Visit Canada

London.—An interesting announcement is made by the war office that Lord Kitchener, who retires shortly as commander-in-chief of the forces in India, will, on the way home, visit Australia and cross Canada from the Pacific to Montreal, stopping off at the principal cities. Lord Kitchener is now the senior active general in the combined forces, British and Indian.

Of the field marshal's list, three out of eight have held supreme command in the East Indies, these being Sir Frederick Haines, now in his 90th year; Lord Roberts and Sir George White. He is succeeded by Sir O'Moore Creagh.

More Daylight for Calgary

Calgary.—The board of trade have just received a communication from M. Y. McLean, M. P., chairman of the daylight committee of the House of commons, Ottawa, to whom the daylight bill has been referred. The letter asks that the Calgary board of trade take it up at their next meeting and pass a resolution and advise the committee what the opinions of the board of trade is regarding this proposed legislation.

Big Lumber Transaction

Vancouver.—The Abbotsford Lumber company has been sold to Tretheway Bros., of Harrison, for $375,000. The proposed sale of the Canadian Pacific Lumber Co., of Port Moody, under option for several months, for half a million dollars, has been declared off.

Will Store Their Wool

Lethbridge.—The Canadian Wool Growers' association will store their wool hereafter to sell direct to manufacturers. They claim the jobbers do not give western wool proper standing, it being the same quality as brings top prices in wool markets.

Still Cling to Old Name

Ottawa.—The proposal to change the name of the Ottawa Liberal-Conservative association, by striking out the word "Liberal" was withdrawn at the annual meeting on Monday.

SPLIT IN LABOR PARTY

Trouble Between Victor Grayson and Keir Hardie Reaches Acute Stage

Edinburgh.—The recent factional brawls in the ranks of the independent labor party, which have militated seriously against the usefulness of the party in the House of Commons, came to a climax at a session of the annual congress of the organization, when James Keir Hardie, Philip Snowden, Ramsay Macdonald and Bruce Glasier resigned their seats as members of the national administrative council.

The immediate cause of the trouble was the adoption by the congress of what amounted to a vote of confidence in Victor Grayson, between whom and Mr. Hardie there has been a feud of long standing. The resignation made a sensation in the congress. Efforts were made to secure their withdrawal, but the four men who have kicked over the traces stuck to their determination.

Should this split in the labor party continue it will relieve the Liberal government of much pressure in the direction of Socialistic legislation.

The Tide of Immigration

Ottawa.—W. D. Scott, superintendent of immigration, has just received a telegram from W. J. White, inspector of the United States agencies, who is now at Spokane, Washington, to the effect that the prospects for immigration from the Pacific States to Canada are beyond his expectations.

The office in Spokane is crowded with land seekers and every train northward is loaded with homeseekers with their families.

They are hurrying to get on the land in Alberta and Saskatchewan. For the first three months of this year, 1,360 left, which is an increase of 50 per cent. over the same months of last year.

The increase in carloads of settlers' effects is over 100 per cent.

From Edmonton to Athabasca Landing

Edmonton.—One of the first lines to be built as a result of the government guarantee of bonds will be the C.N.R. line to Athabasca Landing, Edmonton's northern outpost, into the land of the greatest fur output in the world. A party of about thrity men, in charge of S. A. Dixon, of Winnipeg, left for Morinville to commence the survey of the extension of the C. N. R. line from Morinville to Athabasca Landing. This line has been guaranteed by the local government to the extent of $13,000 per mile, and it is most probable that it will be completed this year.

The surveyors will begin work north of Morinville and will work northerly toward the Landing. It is expected that the survey will be completed in the course of a month and that work will be started upon the projected line as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

Quicksilver Find

Prince Albert.—Hemelin's outfit prospecting for a quicksilver find on the north bank of the Saskatchewan, opposite Lost river, report a remarkable find of pure quicksilver. Following up traces showing in the river bank, they came to a pocket containing some four quarts of mercury. A ledge of cinnibar, rich in quicksilver, was discovered running back from the bank, and the prospectors think they have made a great discovery. Thirteen claims are already staked. The spot is 100 miles below Prince Albert.

The German Treaty

Berlin.—The negotiations for a commercial treaty between Canada and Germany have reached a favorable stage, Canada having declared her willingness to grant reductions on high class textile products, drugs, books soaps, artificial flowers, feathers, wines, spirits, ready-made clothing and porcelain. While, in return, Germany would grant a reduction of duties on agricultural implements, typewriters, cattle, agricultural and horticultural produce.

British Govt. Criticised by Standard

London.—Discussing the Franco-Canadian treaty, the Standard regrets the substantial reduction in the British preference, and lays the blame on the present British government for its obstinate refusal to consider a reciprocal arrangement which would have the effect of converting the present generous, but voluntary, and to that extent precarious, preferences into others of a more binding nature.

To Become Acquainted With Canada

London.—A movement is afoot to organize a parliamentary and municipal tour of Canada next autumn. Percy Alden, Liberal M. P. for Tottenham, is taking the initiative in response to the expressed desire of Earl Grey, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the mayors of the principal towns of the Dominion. Premier Asquith is evincing the strongest sympathy with the proposal.

Minister Denounces Governors

Toronto.—Earl Grey and Sir Mortimer Clarke were denounced by Rev. W. B. Findlay at a meeting of the Toronto Presbytery for patronizing the Woodbine race meet. The moderator requested Findlay to bring the matter before the chair formally in resolution. It was done, and after heated discussion the resolution was laid over until next meeting.

Sunny Province Objective Point

Moose Jaw, Sask.—An indication of the great rush of American immigration to the Canada west this year is found in the fact that during the last month 485 cars of settlers' effects arrived at Moose Jaw over the Soo line. Most of the effects were sent on to Alberta points. It is believed that next month these figures will be doubled.

It takes a whole legislature to change a man's name, but one minister can change a woman's.

SEA AND AIR FLEETS

LORD BERESFORD STARTS NEW DEFENCE CAMPAIGN

Believes that Navy Should Not Be for Sea Alone, But that Britain Should Have Fleet of Airships—England Has No Fighting Airships to Engage Aerial Squadron—A New Avenue of Menace

London.—Admiral Lord Charles Beresford has started in good earnest on his campaign of agitation in naval matters. He has, however, amazed his friends by taking the bold stand that the navy should not be one of the sea alone, but should include an invincible fleet of airships. This stand, coming from a man who has been adulated as the typical "sea dog" of England, furnishes a remarkable proof of the widespread character of Britain's present agitation for more protection.

Lord Charles joined Prince Louis of Battenberg, Lord Curzon, Sir Hiram Maxim and Admiral Sir Percy Scott in demanding a "two-power standard in airships as well as in Dreadnoughts." This formulation of England's new need of defence against Germany—and other foreign foes—was made at a meeting held at the Mansion House, under the chairmanship of the lord mayor of London. It was made clear at this meeting that England is at last becoming alive to the fact that the other nations of the world are leaving her behind in the race for the command of the air.

In supporting energetic action in the establishment of vast fleets for both sea and air, Admiral Scott stated that the navy had designed a new gun which at a distance of 6,000 feet could be exceedingly destructive to airships, but, he added, England had no fighting airships with which to engage a hostile aerial squadron.

It is a noteworthy fact that while this meeting at the Mansion House was in progress, members of the House of Commons were drawing the attention of the government to the fact that Germany had built, or is building a dozen dirigible airships, and were urging the government to take up with energy the construction of a British air fleet before this new avenue of menace was occupied by the enemy.

Niagara Falls Frozen

Buffalo.—Twice this year, for the first time since the white man has come to the banks of the Niagara, the voice of Niagara Falls has been mute.

The first time was late in February, when, following a severe northerly blow, the falls ran dry, and now for the second time, following a severe southwester, when the flood is frozen solid from bank to bank.

Unprecedented weather has brought about an unprecedented condition. On Wednesday of last week the worst gale of the season, and the most violent that the records of the weather bureau have ever recorded for April, tore out of the southwest, and following the lakes and the channel of the Niagara, left ruin in its wake. The solid ice fields of Lake Erie were churned from end to end and piled in a huge conglomeration at the lower end of the lake.

At Niagara Falls there had been a heavy ice bridge in the pool below the cataract since the middle of the winter. Under the impact of the mass of ice from the lake above, and the added floods brought down by the wind, the bridge gave way and began to surge down the rapids; but before it could win freedom in the ample waters of Lake Ontario, the wind shifted again to the north. Instantly the moving floes packed at the mouth of the river. Each instant of cold congealed the pack more solidly, and each hour brought added pressure from above.

Unable to escape by its natural channels, the level of the river rose by leaps and bounds. The highest flood level recorded from previous years is 28 feet above the normal. On Friday night the river was 40 feet above normal.

Farmers Preparing for Seeding

Winnipeg.—The first crop report for the season was issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway company, and shows that the farmers in the west are busily preparing for seeding the grain for this summer's big crop. It is anticipated by the company's agents that a very mnuch larger acreage this year will be sown, though no figures are yet available.

It is mentioned, however, in one case that 100 per cent. more will be sown.

From Lethbridge comes word that 100 per cent. more land is being seeded than last year.

A very large acreage of fall wheat has been sown. It is expected that seeding will be well under way in another week.

Germans Want Treaty With Canada

Berlin.—The statement that there is a possibility of a commercial treaty being concluded between Germany and Canada comes as an agreeable surprise to German business men, who deplore the fact that they are losing ground rapidly in Canada. The Tageblatt points out that a settlement of the conflict with Canada will pave the way for the regulation of commercial relations with England, and urges that an agreement of a permanent nature should be arrived at as soon as possible. "There is all the more necessity for the early conclusion of such an agreement on a sound basis," it says, "as there seems to be every prospect of the idea of tariff reform being realized in England."

Naval Militia Scheme

London.—The Times hopes the naval militia scheme to be submitted to the admiralty will receive the sympathetic and prompt consideration it deserves and that the Canadian initiative will not be strangled by too much red tape.

FORCED TURKEY TO YIELD

Troops Make Demonstration, and a Number of People are Killed and Wounded

Constantinople.—The troops of the garrison made a violent demonstration before the parliament buildings against the committee of union and progress and the government. They demanded the dismissal of the Grand Vizier Hilmi Pasha, the minister of war, and the president of the chamber. The outbreak was caused by an order issued to the troops to the effect that they must obey their officers under all circumstances, even if called upon to shoot down their co-religionists.

The mutineers, the first move, seized all the officers of the committee of union and progress, and held them prisoners. Only a few of the troops refrained from taking part in the demonstration. The latter, who were chiefly artillerymen and cavalry, are massed at the war ministry. They have orders to fire on anyone approaching the building, and during the course of the day a number of persons were killed or wounded.

Deputies were escorted to the chamber in order that they might vote on the question of forming a new cabinet and appointing a new president, but owing to the Easter holidays it was impossible to form a quorum. Deputy Emir Aralan was killed on his way to the house, in mistake for Hussein Japid.

Reports of the killed place the number as high as seventeen and the wounded at thirty or more.

To Develop Slave Lake Power

Vancouver.—It is announced that $2,500,000 in bonds of the Slave Lake Power company has been underwritten by eastern Canadian capital. Work on the completion of the big power undertaking at Slave Lake Falls will be rushed by the addition of a large force of men to the crew at work, and within eighteen months the company will be delivering power in Vancouver and New Westminster.

This statement was made by Mr. William McNeill, secretary of the Slave Lake Power company, who has just returned from Montreal, where he spent some weeks in completing the financial arrangements just made.

That Mr. McNeill's trip was a successful one in every sense of the word, may be gathered from the fact that he has interested large eastern Canadian capitalists in western undertakings of the character of the Slave Lake Power company's work.

Deputation to Visit Ottawa

Edmonton.—E. J. Grenstreet and E. G. Palmer, members of the committee which has reported on the advisability of establishing a chilled meat industry in Alberta, leave for Ottawa to formally lay the report before the Hon. Sydney Fisher, minister of agriculture. Frank Whiteside, of Stettler, president of the Central Alberta Stock Growers' association, also a member of the committee, will join the deputation at Ottawa.

The immigration hall is filled and the rush of immigrants to this part of Alberta is now in full swing. A new hall, built this spring, is now being furnished, and will be ready for use shortly. It will accommodate about fifty more people than the present building.

No Change in Rate

Ottawa.—Before the board of railway commissioners the Canadian Manufacturers' association made application to have road graders placed on the agricultural implement freight list, the reason given being that the farmers of the west frequently clubbed together and bought road graders. The solicitor for the railways contended that road graders could not be specified as farm machinery or agricultural implements, and that no change would be made in classification.

Chairman Mabee expressed himself of opinion that he could not see how a change in classification could be made, but promised the board would consider the matter.

Proposed Cold Storage for Fruit

Brandon, Man.—W. A. Lang, of Peachland, B. C., formerly of Brandon, is returning from a trip to Ottawa, where he has been for a month pressing for support from the government for a big cold storage system for fruit. It is proposed to establish plants at about ten points in British Columbia. Mr. Lang says the fruit production of the Okanagan district alone within four years will be over six thousand cars a season.

Ultimatum to Japan

Tokio, Japan.—The viceroy of Manchuria has revived the demand for the withdrawal of Japanese troops and police along the Antung-Mukden railway. Japan again has refused to comply with the demand in view of the treaty stipulations for guarding railways and on the ground that the Antung railway is a branch line of the South Manchuria railway.

Naval Conference Not Requested

London.—Replying to a question in the House of Commons, Premier Asquith stated that no desire had yet been expressed by the colonial governments for a special conference respecting the naval defence of the empire If such a wish was expressed the government would give it immediate and respectful attention.

Volunteer Teachers

Ottawa.—In parliament in reply to Mr. Ames, Sir Frederick Borden said the Volunteer Bounty act did not apply to Canadian volunteer teachers during the South African troubles or anyone in a civil capacity.

Madame Modjeska Dead

Los Angeles, Cal.—The death has occurred of Mme. Helena Modjeska, who had been on her death-bed for three weeks. The end came on her beautiful ranch, "Arden," in Orange county, Cal.

ANOTHER EXPERIMENTAL FARM

Department of Agriculture Will Have Demonstration Farm in Medicine Hat District

Edmonton.—A dry farming experimental station in the heart of Alberta's semi-arid belt will be undertaken by the department of agriculture. Hon. W. T. Finlay, minister of agriculture, and George Harcourt, deputy minister, will leave for Medicine Hat to meet H. W. Campbell, a soil expert, to choose a section of land in the vicinity of that city for a dry farming demonstration station. Mr. Campbell has made a life study of the treatment of soil in areas where the rainfall is at a minimum, so as to conserve what moisture there is and turn it to the best account. At his home in Lincoln, Neb., he is editor of "Soil Culture," which has done much to make his principles known throughout the United States. For some years he has been employed by railway companies in putting his principles into operation in those stretches of desert country through which their lines pass. He has been most successful and now in place of a barren land, where nothing but the cactus and sage bush would grow, the soil is made to yield sure and substantial crops.

On the Medicine Hat farm, Mr. Campbell will be expected to demonstrate his principles of soil culture, and the department of agriculture is of the opinion that if he is successful there, the problem of making wheat growing and general agriculture applicable to every portion of Southern Alberta, will be solved. As soon as the farm is well established excursion will be run from all southern points so that that the people may see the value of the principles adopted. Mr. Campbell will not conduct any experimental tests similar to what are performed at the Dominion experimental farm at Lethbridge and Lacombe, but he will grow all the latest varieties of grain for seed purposes. He will also take students at the farm and teach them his system in its practical operation. It is not expected that he will be present all the time, but he will have a competent man in charge of the work.

Professor Campbell has gained the confidence of Alberta farmers through the lecture course which he has conducted in the past two years.

Canada's Timber Limited

Ottawa.—R. S. Young, superintendent of the Dominion lands, before the new commons committee on forests, waterways and water powers, of which Mr. Sifton is chairman, made the remarkable statement that the mere chantable timber of Canada was very much less than that of the United States.

He said that various estimates had been made of the forest area of the Dominion at from 800,000,000 acres to 100,000,000 acres, but it was probable that the value would be less than any estimate.

Regarding the water powers of the Dominion, he said that apart from Ontario information was very crude. However, he estimated the total horse power known to be available at 25,682,907.

Germany's Proposed Aerial Fleet

London.—Germany's plan for an aerial fleet include, according to the Berlin correspondent of the Daily Mail, the construction of enough Zeppelin, Gross and Parseval airships to make possible the stationing of at least one at every frontier and coast fortress, in addition to those built for service with the field armies. The ministry of war is experimenting with a view to using aerial cruisers for offensive purposes and is testing different types of shells to be dropped from airships. The kaiser has ordered a thorough investigation of the airship invented by Herr Veck, an Elberfeld engineer.

Present China With a Dreadnought

Vancouver.—Chinatown has a naval agitation of its own on at present. The Chinese are planning the raising of local subscriptions to aid the Pekin government in its project for establishing a navy for China. Since the new government took hold of the reins of office at Pekin there have been copious outpourings of reform projects, but of all, the scheme for reorganization of the navy has leaped into sudden popularity that threatens to eclipse all other national movements.

Nova Scotia Strike Ended

Halifax.—The strike of miners at Port Hood coal mines, as a result of a dispute over working conditions being more difficult in some portions of the mines than in others, was settled, and 350 men returned to work. The conditions of work, however, are much the same as before the strike. The strike lasted about three weeks.

Messina Again Shaken

Messina.—Many of the buildings that were partially destroyed by the earthquake that devastated southern Italy, were completely demolished recently by severe shocks, which did great damage. The people fled to the open. Strange rumblings within the earth's depths accompanied the shocks.

Lord Aylmer Coming to B. C.

Ottawa.—Lord Aylmer and family are moving to Queen's Bay on Kootenay Lake, B. C., on Thursday, April 15. Lord Aylmer will reside there permanently, where he will engage in fruit growing on a farm which he has purchased on the shore of the lake.

Complaint Against Canadians

Ottawa.—Canadian Trade Commissioner Bickerdike, at Belfast, says Belfast business men complain of carelessness and delay on the part of Canadian firms in replying to communications.

Edmonton Wants Carnegie Library

Edmonton, Alta.—It has been decided that Edmonton will apply to Carnegie for $75,000 for a public library.

CASTRO IS DEPORTED

EX-PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA EXPELLED FROM MARTINIQUE

Is Taken Back to France After Vain Protestations—His Illness Not Considered of a Serious Nature, Although it was Found Necessary to Carry Him Aboard the Steamer on a Stretcher

Fort de France, Martinique.—Prior to his being taken aboard the steamer Versailles for deportation to France, ex-President Castro prepared a written protest against the action of the French government, which has been submitted to the authorities here

The ex-president said just before sailing that if he was at liberty when he arrived at St. Nazaire, he would immediately proceed to Spain, in orer to take passage for Santa Cruz, Teneriffe. He added that he was leaving his brother Carmelo here for the purpose of receiving mail which he expects to be forwarded from Trinidad and Venezuela.

The removal of the former president of Venezuela from the hotel to the steamer was not without its pitiful aspects. Immediately on the announcement by the medical commission, who made a lengthy physical examination of Castro, that he was quite capable of making the voyage, the commissary of police, with an escort of gendarmes, invaded the hotel and proceeded to his chamber. They found the ex-president lying in bed, and although he still protested that he could not move, they carried him downstairs, the patient all the while moaning dismally, on a mattress, and placed him in a stretcher.

Officers from the United States cruiser North Carolina, in civilian dress, helped to make him as comfortable as possible, and then the stretcher was picked up by four negroes and taken to the dock. Gendarmes guarded it, and a crowd numbering fully 2,000 followed the procession. The entrance to the French line pier was guarded by police and no one was permitted to enter except those who were directly connected with the transference of the ex-president. Some difficulty was experienced in hoisting him aboard, and for a moment Castro was in peril of falling out. The stretcher was set down in one of the cabins, and Castro at once declared that the room was too small, and demanded that he be transferred to another cabin. He was promised that a change would be made during the course of the voyage. In saying farewell to his brother, he waved his hand and exclaimed: "Good-bye for the moment."

Final Round-Up of Buffalo

Calgary.—Within a couple of weeks the remainder of the buffalo herd bought from Pablo, of Montana, will be lodged in the new Battle River park at Wainwright, Alta., where they will live in future.

Alex. Ayotte, the Canadian government agent in Montana, has been arranging with Howard Douglas, commissioner of the Mountain park, with regard to the details of the round-up and transfer of the big herd, which comprises in the neighborhood of 300 head.

The cowboys will start within a few days to gather them in, and when they have collected them all they will be entrained at Ravalli, and come via the N. P. R., Great Northern, A. R. I., and C. P. R., C. N. R., and G. T. P. to Wainwright.

The new park at Wainwright contains 110,000 acres, and lies along the Battle river, and there will be plenty of room for the whole herd. After the 300 have been taken to the park 300 of the 350 that were taken to Lamont last year will also be brought down to Wainwright and also 50 of the herd at Banff. The park at Lamont will be stocked with antelope, elk and moose and other animals.

Owing to the difficulty of rounding up the buffalo and also the fact that only four or five can be placed in each car, which will necessitate more than one train, and the roundabout way which will have to be taken to reach Wainwright, it will likely be nearly two months before the herd are settled in their new home.

Will Build Many Elevators

Buffalo.—A company which, according to the incorporators, will handle millions of bushels of grain, has been formed by Dr. John G. Knoll, of this city; John L. Peters, formerly cashier of the Citizens' Bank of Buffalo; William H. Heacock, of Lockport, and John R. Brodie, president of the Great West Grain company of Brandon. The new company is to be called the National Elevator company, and will have offices in Buffalo and at Winnipeg.

"The purpose of the new company," said Dr. Knoll, "is to erect 400 small grain elevators in the Canadian northwest to store the thousands of bushels of grain which every year lies alongside the railroad lines until those railroads are able to transport it. We are incorporated for $5,000,000 under the laws of South Dakota, a large part of which stock has been subscribed for. We will have 100 new elevators ready by September 1.

"Americans do not begin to realize the wonders of the Canadian northwest. There are 15,000,000 acres under cultivation now, and in the near future 165,000,000 will be cultivated. The figures are staggering. Every year 200,000 persons from the United States and Europe are going into this district. The increase in land cultivated is 25 per cent. each year. At the present minute there are 974 elevators in operation there, and there should be 3,500 of them. When all the land is under cultivation there should be 15,000 elevators to take care of the grain.

General Booth Coming

London.—General Booth proposes a tour of Western Canada and thence to the United States this year.

Their Midnight Meeting.

By GEORGE HAMPDON.

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She waited until the house had grown still, and then, slipping from the bed where, wakeful and restless, she had been tossing for an hour, she proceeded cautiously to the stairs and down to the library floor.

Her acquaintance with the house dated back only as far as the day before, when she received the telegram announcing the death of her uncle, Grover Pelham.

Dreading a stumble over an uncharted piece of furniture, she exercised the utmost care. As she parted the portieres of the library door she became conscious of another presence.

Waiting until her eyes accustomed themselves to the darkness, she made out the faintest suggestion of a figure kneeling at the other side of the room, and a key turning in an inner lock of the safe explained the situation well enough.

Miss Morley remembered that the electric light button was close to where she stood. As one hand straightened out horizontally toward the intruder she flashed on the light with the other.

The burglar turned with a whirl and wilted before the eloquence of the outstretched revolver and Miss Morley's dominating pose.

"Who are you?" the burglar demanded sullenly, peering intently in his effort to recognize the figure almost wholly enveloped by the curtains.

"A guest here." Miss Morley returned, with a curious interest in so much—or so little—of the burglar's face as the mask permitted her to see. "Who are you, and what are you doing in Mr. Pelham's safe?"

"Just taking the dimensions to fill it up with stocks and bonds as a surprise party for his heirs," was the sarcastic response.

"Ah! You know the old gentleman is dead, then?" Miss Morley asked.

"Yes, praise be! And if you had minded your own business I would have managed a nice little squaring of accounts with him."

"What did he ever do to you?" Miss Morley demanded, a little resentment in her voice as she let the curtains fall away and stood forward in all her gracious charm before the disguised intruder.

Instead of answering, the burglar as the light fell full upon her, dropped back a pace in manifest surprise. She waited, and in his turn he startled her.

"Helen Morley!" was all he said, in the quiet tones of one who is too greatly astonished to give way to emotion.

Seeming then to understand the folly of a mask, he removed it and crumpled it into his pocket. The two faced each other in silence.

The man and the girl had looked forward once to a life together. He was cashier of a bank until some funds went wrong and the law sent him to prison for five years. After that he never came back to her, though she heard of him drifting about the country.

"John Gorham! And this is the way you come back!" the girl just whispered. "What—what did he ever do to you?" she demanded again mechanically and as though she were gaining time.

"I—I never took that money," Gorham declared. "Grover Pelham hated me because my mother did not care for him as he had wished. It was he who managed my undoing—to punish my dead father, he said. You didn't know that?"

The girl shook her head. The revolver hand dropped down upon the table, and she half averted her face and feverish eyes.

"I was not imbittered at first," Gorham went on, "even though I spent so long a time in prison. I began life over again until Pelham found it out. Then it seemed as if every Tom, Dick and Harry had learned my story and was being paid to tell it over and over again.

"I simply had to give up trying to earn a living that way. Besides, I had been circumstantially taught to believe that you had lost all faith in me. That was easy to believe," he added in a hard tone, "since I never received a letter from you."

"The letters were written," she told him quickly, "many a one."

"More of Pelham's work, then," Gorham ventured. "But I had given up. When I heard of the old gentleman's death I decided to come around and clean out his safe. I thought I would keep on at that business until I had a competence; then I could retire and live the independent life possible of a man of means.

"That's all there is to the story," the burglar concluded, "except that it was a pity for you to stumble on to the last chapter. That's the way a girl reads a story, though."

The girl comprehended from his manner that he would make no advances, that he would not even presume upon their one time friendship.

"It is strange to find you here," she said; "it is strange to be here myself. I learned yesterday that my uncle had made little or no provision for myself and my mother in his will. It distressed me so that I could not sleep.

"I came down here to see for myself, and if it were true that we had been left to the same old miserable struggle with poverty I—oh, I don't know what I might have done. I am sure I meant to steal if I found anything to steal. I wouldn't much care for myself, but mother"—

The girl had almost reached the point of tears when, with a sudden effort, she roused herself and turned toward the burglar, who stood impassively waiting for developments.

"Like yourself," the girl boldly admitted, "I meant to fall back on this safe for help. You got there first. Now I can send you back to jail, but I don't know," she mused, as if in doubt. "My conscience would never be clear if I sent you to prison for getting up earlier than I did myself."

The burglar looked up with a light of grim sympathy in his eyes as the girl fingered the revolver. He did not seem to be dismayed by the heartlessness she evinced.

"Yet it seems to me," Miss Morley suddenly announced, facing the burglar squarely and with a little color, "that you and I are a pair of weak-kneed cry-babies. We have experienced a few of the world's bitterly disappointed experiences, and we both whine. Don't you suppose that—that we could help each other to stand and stick it out—pool our courage, so to speak?"

Wonderingly the burglar looked at her for a moment as though he were fearful of some unfathomed and cruel humor. He had let himself drop down in a huddled heap beside the safe.

Now he lifted himself upright and was about to advance a step when she stayed him with uplifted hand.

"Helen," he implored, "will you, after all I have been through—will you literally cast your fortunes with me? I promise that you shall never have occasion again to be ashamed of me."

"No, no!" the girl besought with a haste almost hysterical. "We'll draw up a compact to go into partnership of friends. We have saved each other from a crime, and we will stand by each other, and we'll strike this off the minutes before we adjourn. How say you?"

"And if the fight be a good one?" Gorham asked softly. "Will you have confidence then in me? Oh, heaven!"

With a resolute movement he stepped forward to touch her. Hitherto her manner had been half playful, half ironical, but it was altogether to hide her deeper feelings. With an effort that brought her figure splendidly erect she warded him off.

"No, no, no!" she commanded. "Not here and now. No; but promise me, John, promise me here and now, that you and I part tonight members of a compact to fight the fight of righteousness, no matter how hard it may be. If—if—if you care to see me," she faltered, "you will know how to find me. But now—nothing but your promise, and then—go!"

He looked at her steadily while he breathed once or twice. It seemed as if he would defy her and take her to himself in spite of what she might do, but finally he turned to the open library door. At the moment of passing out he turned and looked at her once again. Neither spoke, and she hardly seemed to know the exact instant of his leaving. She thought he was surely gone, however, when he stepped back into the room.

"Helen," he began, and she knew that he would have his question answered, "when I can come back to you able honestly to take care of you, may I—come?"

He heard her softly speak her answer, and with a gesture of gladness he was gone certainly this time.

The safe was still open, and some of the papers lay as the burglar had dropped them. Helen turned to these and began restoring them to their former order.

"I pray he will come back again to me," she breathed. "It may be a long while to wait until he can, but poverty and disgrace—nothing matters if only we may have some happiness at last, even the happiness that is nearly all hardship."

She had the will in her hands, and, in spite of herself, she opened and read it. Before she finished she stood erect in her excitement. Folding the paper, she placed it in the safe and closed the iron door. Then she turned back toward her room.

"He is coming back when he can honestly take care of me," she told herself joyfully, "and all of Uncle Grover's money is willed to him in compensation for all he has suffered. He will soon be back for me."

She could not sleep any better even now, but the restlessness had given place to a peace of mind and a perfect happiness that were very good.

The Abbot of Fools.

The abbot of fools, who was also known in different parts as the archbishop or bishop of fools, the abbot of misrule, the lord of misrule, the master of unreason and L'Abbe de Liesse, was the person who used to superintend the saturnalia which were common in different parts of Europe from the fifth to the sixteenth century. The feast of fools was an imitation of the heathen saturnalia and, like this, was celebrated in December; hence the confusion of ideas which has arisen in mixing this feast with the ordinary Christmas revels. The chief celebration of the feast of fools fell upon Innocents' day, but the whole revels lasted from Christmas to the last day of Epiphany. The young people generally elected a leader, who went by one of the names quoted, and he was consecrated with many grotesque and ridiculous ceremonies.

England, Scotland, France and Germany all practiced these wild saturnalia, and it was with great difficulty that they were finally abolished. The abbot was not responsible for any trick or practical joke played on the rest of the community by his orders, and the victims had simply to "grin and bear it." In the temple (law headquarters, London) the office of the lord of misrule seems to have been a coveted one, for we read that it was only given to young men of good family.—London Standard.

COLOR WORDS.

Red Seems to Be the Favorite With Most of the Great Writers.

Upon tabulating the words used by Shakespeare referring to colors it is revealed that out of every hundred color words thirty may be classed as red. Next follow twenty-two white, twenty black, seventeen yellow, seven green and only four blue. Thus Shakespeare's favorite color word was red, and investigation will show that this is the characteristic color of nearly all great writers. For instance, it is the color word most often employed by Tennyson.

In all great works of human interest red predominates, as it is the color of the very strongest of our passions and impulses—the color of hot blood. There is no color so warm, so full of joy and life, so overflowing with vitality.

Red is the color of glowing iron—of heat and passion. In nature red hastens the growth of trees, while at the same time it quickens all rotting and decay. Plans grown under red glass will grow four times as quickly as under white light, and grow to four times their usual height.

Red in excess has an evil effect. For example, an excess of red light makes one irritable and nervous. In excess red produces homicidal mania—the desire to kill. The effect of red upon various animals is well known, it having the power of enraging the bull, the tiger and the turkey.—London Scraps.

ONE BUSINESS REFORM.

Brought About by Frank Statements From Former Employees.

If the manager of a business institution knew all that his employees know about the details of the business many things would be different. The manager of a large mercantile house recently conceived the idea of writing a personal letter to every employee who had left the house during the last five years, inviting a frank statement of the reason for leaving. The former employees, now expecting neither censure nor favor, were very frank and explicit and, as a rule, wrote letters that could not fail to command respectful attention. One man told how hard he had worked to support his mother and how, when he asked for an increase, he was shifted back and forth between different superiors for several weeks without having his request rejected or acceded to and he grew tired and sought another position. Another told of the impositions of the department manager and of his inability to get relief from a nagging disposition which was taking the heart out of hundreds of other men in his department. Many points of obvious mismanagement were brought to light which had virtually driven away good men who had been educated to the business. The manager has been busy ever since instituting reforms based upon the information he received.

A Barber and Poet.

Jasmin, the Gascon poet, who was also a barber, was once visiting the mayor of a French town and had promised to give an informal recitation to the townspeople. The hour arrived, but his host did not appear. Several important personages assembled to accompany them to the hall, but the mayor remained invisible, busied with his toilet. Finally, fearing the impatience of his guests, he opened the door of his chamber to apologize and showed his face covered with lather.

"Just a moment," said he. "I am finishing my shaving."

"Oh," said Jasmin, "let me help you."

He at once doffed his coat, gave a finishing touch to the razor and shaved the mayor in a twinkling with what he called his "hand of velvet." In a few minutes he was in the hall receiving tumultuous applause for his splendid recitations.

Modest Goldsmith.

Oliver Goldsmith was an underpaid man from start to finish. Two hundred and fifty dollars for "The Vicar of Wakefield" was bad enough, yet for "The Traveler" he got but $100 and $25 for his "English Grammar." For "The Deserted Village," however, his publisher sent him $500. This he at once returned, with the message: "It is too much. It is near 5 shillings a couplet, which is more than any book owner can afford or, indeed, any modern poetry is worth." So he died with $10,000 worth of debts. "Was ever poet so trusted before?" said Dr. Johnson.

The Hissing.

"I frequently experience a hissing sound in my ears," remarked a patient to a doctor. "What would you advise me to do?"

"What is your occupation?" asked the medico.

"I'm an actor."

"Then I'd advise you to adopt some other vocation."

In Doubt.

Hairdresser (while giving lady a vigorous shampoo)—Will you have anything on your head when I am finished, madam? She—I am sure I don't know. I was in hopes you would leave enough hair to pin my hat to.

Very Convenient.

Caretaker (to prospective tenant)—Yes, this 'ouse is most conveniently situated. There's a music 'all close and 'andy, and there's a pub just over the way, and a pawnbroker's round the corner.—London Tit-Bits.

When a king creates an office Providence at once creates a fool to buy it —Colbert.

JERICHO.

The Famous City, Its Walls and the Curse of Joshua.

The walls of Jericho, remains of which have been excavated by German archaeologists, are, of course, chiefly famous in connection with their miraculous destruction by Joshua. It is recorded in the book of Joshua, chapter vi, that, by command of the Lord, Joshua's army compassed the city, going roundabout it once a day for six days, headed by seven priests bearing seven rams' horns before the ark. On the seventh day they encampassed it seven times. Then, on Joshua's command, "the people shouted, and the priests blew with the trumpets, and it came to pass when the people heard the sound of the trumpet that the people shouted with a great shout and the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him, and they took the city," destroying all that was in it, except Rahab the harlot, who had hidden the messengers sent by Joshua to spy out the city and her father's household. The date of this destruction is placed at B. C. 1451. In spite of Joshua's curse on any one who should rebuild the city, it was rebuilt in the reign of Ahab in B. C. 918 by Hiel, a native of Bethel, and it is recorded in I Kings xvi, 34, how the curse of Joshua was fulfilled. The second city flourished and under Herod the Great became important. It was sacked by one Simon, slave of Herod. Archelaus, the son of Herod, founded a new town on the plain, which he had planted with palms. Jericho was finally destroyed by Vespasian in A. D. 68.—Dundee Advertiser.

DOING THE CZAR.

A Display of Quick Wit by the Comedian Martineff.

The Emperor Nicholas of Russia was once "sold" as follows:

During an interview which Martineff, the comedian and mimic, had succeeded in obtaining with Prince Volkhonsky, high steward, the emperor walked into the room unexpectedly, yet with a design, as was soon made evident.

Telling the actor that he had heard of his talents and should like to see a specimen of them, he bade him mimic the old minister. The feat was performed with so much gusto that the emperor laughed immoderately and then, to the great horror of the poor actor, desired to have himself "taken off."

"'Tis physically impossible," pleaded Martineff.

"Nonsense!" said Nicholas. "I insist on its being done."

Finding himself on the horns of a dilemma, the mimic took heart of grace and, with a promptitude and presence of mind that probably saved him, buttoned his coat over his breast, expanded his chest, threw up his head and, assuming the imperial part to the best of his power, strode across the room and back; then, standing opposite the minister, he cried in the exact tone and manner of the czar:

"Volkhonsky, pay M. Martineff 1,000 silver rubles!"

The emperor for a moment was disconcerted; but, recovering himself with a smile, he ordered the money to be paid.

Stories of John Bright.

John Bright was supposed to be a total abstainer, but once when Edward Miall was very nervous at the prospect of having to make an important speech in the house Bright said:

"Well, Miall, if I were you I'd for once go and have a pint of champagne."

Mr. Miall did as he was told, and the result may be judged from the narrator's comment that "champagne on an unaccustomed interior is not always a curative or a tonic."

Bright "rarely had any difference with his wife," but occasionally they were not at one about the children. When they came to a point of absolute disagreement he used to say:

"Now, I tell thee, if thou doesn't do what I wish I'll go straight to Mr. Gladstone and ask him to make me a knight," to which the answer invariably was:

"Oh, anything rather than that."

He Was Not Superstitious.

A captain of an ocean liner tells the following story: Coming from the old country was a very nervous old lady who complained that she was sure there was a rat in her stateroom.

"Keep it there, madam," said the captain.

"But do you like rats?" asked she.

"I've got a nest in my cabin," retorted the brusque seaman, "and I never disturb them. When they leave the ship I do."

"Why, you must be superstitious," urged the dame.

"No, ma'am," wound up the captain, "I'm not, but the rats are."

Qualified.

"I'm sure my daughter is going to make a great singer some day."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; she's always quarreling with her mother, who tells me it is absolutely impossible to manage her."

Paid Her Back.

Mae—So you are engaged to George! I refused him three times. Ethel—That must have been what he meant when he told me that he had had several narrow escapes.

The Flame.

Clara—That man who just passed was an old flame of mine. Kate—Indeed! What happened between you? Clara—Oh, he flared up one day and went out.

A CAREFUL MAN.

When It Came to Money He Had to Put on the Brakes.

The passengers in an accommodation train which was winding its way through New Hampshire were interested and amused by an elderly couple who sat in the middle of the car.

They talked as if there were no one else in the car. Therefore, having heard most of their private plans, no one was surprised to have the old man take the assembled company fully into his confidence. At one station he rose and addressed the passengers in general.

"Can anybody change a five dollar bill for two twos and a one or five ones?" he inquired.

"I can," said a brisk woman, and the transfer was quickly made.

"Now, could anybody change this one dollar bill for four quarters or tens and fives?" asked the old man.

"I can give you two fifties," said a man from the rear seat, "unless somebody else can do better."

It appeared that nobody could or at least nobody offered, so as the train started the old man lurched down the car to the possessor of the two fifty cent pieces.

"Thank you," he said as he took the money. "I'm obliged, though I'd have liked the quarters best. You see, Marthy has set her mind to stop off at Nashuy whilst I go on up to my brother's with the eggs and truck. And, though she don't plan nor mean to be a spendthrifty woman, when she's let loose amongst a lot of stores she'll run through 50 cents in an hour easy, and I kind of have to put a curb on her."

THE TURTLE'S HEAD.

Chopped Off, It Retains Life For a Number of Hours.

On the counter, in a porcelain dish, stood the severed head of a large turtle.

"That is rather grewsome," said a man who was buying oysters.

The oyster opener glanced at the head carelessly.

"It is a bet," said he. "I bet Gus Schmidt that the head would keep alive twenty-four hours. It's nearly twenty-five now since I chopped it off. Gus is late. But I win anyhow," he added.

"Where's my money? Pay me my money!" a deep voice shouted at this moment, and a short man swaggered in.

"You've lost, Gus," said the oyster opener. "There is still life in her."

"There is—nit," said Gus Schmidt. "Nix on the life."

And he extended a stumpy finger fearlessly toward the turtle's mouth.

"Gee!"

Startled, amazed, Gus Schmidt leaped back. For in the turtle's open eyes a fierce light had flashed, the ugly mouth had opened and shut with a sharp snap, and the head in some strange way had advanced an inch or two toward the tempting finger, much as a piece of steel advances toward a magnet.

"This may surprise you, Gus," said the oyster opener, wiping his wet hands in order to pocket his winnings. "But it don't surprise me none. I've seen turtle heads keep life in 'em longer'n this here."

Greeley Dodged Lincoln.

President Lincoln, having been often and severely arraigned in the New York Tribune for what Mr. Greeley considered his slowness in prosecuting the war, had said: "If he (Greeley) objects to my policy, I shall be glad to have him state to me his views frankly and fully. I shall adopt his if I can. If I cannot, I will at least tell him why. He and I should stand together."

"If I were to go," said Greeley when the words were repeated to him, "he would simply twist me around his fingers, as he always does."

"Lincoln's smile would wilt me in half a minute," he said on another occasion when again urged to see the president and have a talk with him. "He is a wonderful man—wonderful! I never can harbor a thought against him except when I keep away from him."

The Experienced Swine.

The crowd around the postoffice stove, after exhausting the possibilities of politics, local and national, had been discussing the alleged lack of the truth telling instinct in Old Man Simpkins. Uncle Ezra came in, and Jim Peters said:

"What do you think about it, Uncle Ezra—would you call Old Man Simpkins a liar?"

"Well," answered Uncle Ezra slowly as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I wouldn't go so fur as to call the old man a liar, but I do know it to be a fact that when feedin' time comes to get any response he has to have somebody else call his hogs fur him."

Purely Professional.

"You say he's a professional man?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne doubtfully. "One of the kind who hang out a sign 'Back in an Hour' and leave it there the year through."

Both Busy.

"The girl who knows she is pretty makes a fool of herself."

"And the girl who doesn't know she is pretty makes a fool of some man."

On the Wrong Tack.

Tommy — Grandpa, are kings and queens always good? Grandpa—Not always, my boy—not when there are aces out against them.

NIAGARA FALLS BARE

For One Whole Day the Rocky Precipice Was Dry.

THE WATER CEASED TO FLOW

This Curious Phenomenon Occurred on March 31, 1848—Terrified the People in the Vicinity—Return of the Torrent and the Cause of the Stoppage.

In the early spring of 1848 occurred a natural phenomenon so strange, so sudden and so stupendous that the older inhabitants of western New York still speak of it with awe and wonder. This phenomenon was nothing else than the running dry of Niagara falls. The story is seldom recounted now, but it was a nine days' wonder for the whole country when it appeared in the newspapers. For the first time in history the roar of the grandest cataract in America was hushed.

In the early morning of March 31, 1848, people living in the vicinity of the falls were awakened by a peculiar hush, as startling in its suddenness and intensity as the most thunderous explosion could have been. Many dressed and hastened outdoors, urged by a conviction that something appalling had happened or was about to happen. Some thought the end of the world was at hand. Others imagined that they had grown suddenly deaf. Still others thought that the hush preceding a terrific hurricane had fallen upon the air. All were oppressed with a feeling of profound awe and dread.

It was soon discovered, however, that the cessation of the roar of the falls was the sole cause of this common panic. As the dim light of early morning grew stronger the people were able to see the almost bare precipice of the falls, over which but a short time before thousands of tons of water had been pouring. Only here and there small streams, constantly growing smaller, now trickled down the face of the towering wall. Above the falls, instead of the rushing, foaming river, only a naked channel, studded with black and jagged rocks, appeared. The bed of the river was practically exposed from shore to shore, except for small streams, like mountain brooks, running slowly to the verge of the precipice. The spectators could hardly believe their eyes.

Some remarkable feats were performed on that day when Niagara ran dry. People walked from the Canadian side of the river, along the edge of the frightful precipice, nearly as far as Goat Island on the American side and never even wet their feet. Some went exploring in the river bed above the falls and discovered a number of ancient gun barrels, lost probably by sportsmen up the river in long gone days and still after the rotting away of their stocks slowly forced down stream by the current. Caves and curious formations in the rocks were discovered, the existence of which had never been suspected before.

All that day, March 31, 1848, Niagara falls remained dry, and people who remained up until late at night, expecting to see a change, went to bed without witnessing it. But in the early morning of April 1 the familiar thunder of the great cataract was once more heard, and every one knew that the mysteriously drained river bed was again pouring its flood over the falls.

Now for the explanation of this strange phenomenon. It proved to be, after all, very simple. The winter of 1847 and 1848 had been one of extreme severity. Ice of such thickness had never been known as formed on Lake Erie that season. When the break-up came, toward the end of March, a strong northeast wind was blowing, which piled the great fields of ice in floes and then in banks as high as miniature icebergs. Toward night on March 30 the wind suddenly changed to the opposite direction and increased to a terrific gale, which hurled back the piled up ice and drove it into the entrance of Niagara river with such force that a huge and almost impenetrable dam was formed. For a whole day the source of the river was stopped up, and the stream was drained of its supply. By the morning of the 31st the river was practically dry, and thus for twenty-four hours the roar of Niagara falls was stilled. Then in the early morning of April 1 the ice pack gave way under the tremendous pressure from above, and the long restrained volume of water rushed down and reclaimed its own.—Exchange.

Few Beds in Bagdad.

About 60 per cent of Bagdad's population possess no beds. These poor people rest on blankets spread on the floors of their houses in the winter and on the roofs in the summer. Owing to the excessive heat of these regions sleep is made impossible elsewhere than on the roof or in the open gardens. It is an interesting sight to see how the women at sunset emerge from their houses to prepare the evening meal on the roof and spread the bedding for the night. Inasmuch as the climate is very dry, there is little to fear from exposure to the night air. While a considerable number of the roofs are surrounded by latticework to insure a certain amount of privacy, by far the larger number are quite exposed to the gaze of curious and inquisitive neighbors.

Learning without politeness makes a disagreeable pedant, and politeness without learning makes a superficial, frivolous puppy.—Chesterfield.

KEEPING BUDGET DARK

UTMOST SECRECY IS OBSERVED BY CHANCELLOR.

Huge Sums of Money Might Be Made if Features of Financial Statement of Britain Might Be Found Out In Advance, But Facts Are Jealously Guarded by a Few—News Once Leaked Out In Gladstone's Time.

It is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to some people to know in advance the exact details of the British budgets. There are speculators on the Stock Exchange who could make a fortune out of the knowledge. To holders of brewery stocks, a hint or a whisper from the Chancellor of the Exchequer before he begins to "rob the henroosts" would be a boon and a blessing. But happy is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed. With Mr. Lloyd-George, as with other Chancellors of the Exchequer, "mum's the word." How he provides for an estimated deficit of $75,000,000, and raises the wind, as the saying goes, for the national housekeeping next year, is a secret which he locks up in his bosom until the moment he stands up in the House of Commons and draws the veil aside.

No doubt the man in the street often wonders how it is that, with so many members of the Government and so many officials necessarily in the confidence of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, his secret is always so well kept. The fact is that the actual details of the budget are known to very few people in advance. It may be questioned whether at any time there are more than two or three members of the Cabinet who can tell a public audience, if they should be invited to do so, precisely upon whose hard-earned money the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to exercise his art.

Certainly the members of the Government outside the Cabinet have not much more than a general notion as to what is likely to happen, and it may turn out that a material part of their general notion is wrong. One might go farther and say that even the Cabinet as a whole are rarely in possession of the details in advance of any year's budget. For within the Cabinet is always an inner Cabinet—the Finance Minister's personal friends and supporters, the men from whom he often seeks counsel and assistance, or who, by right of their intimacy, proffer him counsel and assistance. These are the Ministers to be counted on the hand, who could tell more tales out of school than any others. By carefully choosing their brokers and covering their operations they could, if they liked, make large additions to their fortunes through their knowledge of the facts, and none would be the wiser. Yet everyone can be perfectly certain they will not use their official knowledge for any private purpose of this sort. An American politician might say this is foolish. The answer is that it is honest, and that it is British, and no case has ever been known of a Cabinet Minister failing to observe this unwritten law.

But there are two—or, say, three—men who know more of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's secret than anybody else, the Permanent Financial Secretary and the Permanent Administrative Secretary at the Treasury, and the Chancellor's own private secretary. The two Permanent Secretaries know the budget as a mother knows her baby; know it through all its phases and all its figures; know it in its early promise and its later disappointment; know it through all its train of worries, anxieties, and perplexities. All the year, in fact, they are fixing up the Chancellor's financial scaffolding for him, so that for nine months he has practically nothing to do in financial matters except dream and hope and scheme. Not until he knows what his deficit or surplus is through the labors of these men can he seriously start work on his budget and display to the world his talents as a financial genius—or otherwise.

Of course, there are dozens of officials and clerks at the Treasury who get a glimpse of the budget in quarter lights and half lights before it is actually unfolded to the House. Hundreds of memoranda pass from department to department, hundreds of letters are drafted, corrected, examined, and copied. Withal, the Chancellor keeps his golden secret. Everybody who has the smallest responsibility with respect to it at the Treasury is on honor to be faithful to his trust.

Yet budget secrets have leaked out from time to time, nevertheless. One instance which comes to mind concerns one of the famous budgets of the most famous of England's Finance Ministers—Gladstone. His private secretary, connected with a noble family, consciously or unconsciously betrayed the secret of his chief. It was, indeed, said that he had been "got at." In any case, his career was ended. Gladstone was not the man to forgive a secretary who failed to recognize that a still tongue makes a wise head, and he "fired him out" without more ado.

Dunraven, Journalist and Mariner.

Lord Dunraven, who celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday recently, is one of the few peers who have been war correspondents, and the only peer who holds an extra-master's certificate for navigation. His yachting exploits, of course, are well known, and he varies this hobby with big game hunting and picture-collecting. Lord Dunraven served in the South African war as a captain of a corps of sharpshooters. He had smelt gunpowder often before, but not in the capacity of soldier. He served in the Abyssinian campaign of 1867 as correspondent of The Daily Telegraph, and, later, acted in a similar capacity for the same paper during the Franco-German war.

PERUNA

For Catarrh of the Throat of Two Years' Standing.

"I was afflicted for two years with catarrh of the throat. At first it was very slight, but every cold I took made it worse.

"I followed your directions and in a very short time I began to improve. I took one bottle and am now taking my second. I can safely say that my throat and head are cleared from catarrh at the present time, but I still continue to take my usual dose for a spring tonic, and I find there is nothing better."—Mrs. W. Pray, 260 Twelfth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bliss

"Lysander," (sweetly) "do you know what day this is?"

"Sure; our anniversary, Margaret, dear," (pretending to have remembered it all the time).

"No such thing" (frigidly). "It's the day you promised to nail the leg on that old kitchen table."

Lysander paled, tried to square himself on the anniversary blunder, failed utterly, and the fireworks went on.

Easy

"My sturdy old grandfather came over in the steerage. Forty years later he went back on the Lusitania."

"Not so much. I know of an effete duke who accomplished the same trick in four weeks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Effort to Make Connections

Harry Lauder tells of a canny Scot whose neighbor met him flitting. The Scot had wife and children and household furniture piled atop a wagon, and he was solemnly driving his one horse along the street. "So you're flittin'?" says the neighbor.

"I am. I want to be near ma work."

"And where's yer job?"

"I haven't got one yet."

A Prime Dressing for Wounds.—In some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. It is just as quick in action and does not scar the skin or burn the flesh. There is no other oil that has its curative qualities.

It may satisfy one's pride to own large farms, but it swells home comforts and the bank account to thoroughly cultivate small ones.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

It is better to regard the soil and its condition than the almanac as to the proper time to plant.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Reason is not measured by size or height, but by principle.—Epictetus.

Pills That Have Benefited Thousands.—Known far and near as a sure remedy in the treatment of indigestion and all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have brought relief to thousands when other specifics have failed. Innumerable testimonials can be produced to establish the truth of this assertion. Once tried they will be found superior to all other pills in the treatment of the ailments for which they are prescribed.

Previously Inexperienced

"Since Miss Ann Teek has had her electric phaeton she drives at such a rate that she keeps the police trappers busy."

"Why does she do it?"

"She says it's so exciting to be chased by a man!"—Tit-Bits.

Must Call a Halt To Pneumonia

It often cannot be cured but it can be prevented.

Every cold must be taken seriously, and care taken in selecting effective treatment such as Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

While consumptives are being taken care of and tuberculosis is being conquered who is going to fight pneumonia, which seems each year to claim more and more victims.

It is the children and older people who yield most readily to this disease, but with the system run down or from undue exposure it is to be looked for as the result of any severe cold on the chest and lungs.

While the doctors are experimenting with cures why not do all we can to prevent this dreadful ailment by taking every cold seriously and using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to allay the inflammation of the bronchial tubes, to aid expectoration and to keep the cough free and loose.

This great medicine has a thorough and far-reaching action, which is not obtained from ordinary cough medicines, and this is why three bottles of it are sold for one of any similar treatment. It has proven its extraordinary value in the cure of coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and asthma and people have learned to trust it implicitly and to keep it constantly at hand.

Mrs. F. Dwyer, Chesterville, Ont., writes: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband aind I thought she was going to leave this world, as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. After the first two doses of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is now well again after seven weeks' illness." 25 cts. a bottle at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co.

KING OF GAMBLERS.

Prince of Monaco Expends Much of His Revenue on Science.

The Prince of Monaco, occupant of the smallest thronedom in the world, is one of the most interesting and praiseworthy notables of European court life. Though he draws his revenue largely from the gambling syndicate that controls Monte Carlo, he expends his wealth in furthering scientific knowledge and the nautical museum which he is having built and which is now almost on the point of completion will be one of the most complete institutions of its kind in existence. And, more than this, a great part of the treasures it is to contain have been gathered by the prince, in his own boat, from every quarter of the marine world. For more than 20 years he has been engaged in making the collection and in publishing the results of his discoveries. From Spitzbergen in the north to the ice barrier of the southern seas the prince has carried his quest, and to assist in capturing his prizes of the sea he has invented many curious devices that seize and convey to the surface the fragile denizens of the deep without injuring them.

Apart from all this the prince is a model ruler in his little state. No one there knows what money troubles are. The land is so fruitful that it yields fine crops if any attention whatever is given to the tilling of the soil. And for those who are too lazy to win a livelihood from the earth, visitors from all countries of the world, pleasure seekers, who troop to Monte Carlo with swelling pocketbooks, are willing to spend their cash with a prodigality unequaled anywhere else in the world.

The smallness of his domain enables the prince to watch every detail of its administration. Every street must be clean and spotless, or the derelict workman is called upon to explain to the despot why the work has been so poorly done.

No native is allowed to play at the casino. Let foreigners come and spend their wealth liberally if they will, that is their own matter, but the prince will not have the poor of his kingdom dropping sums they can not afford with the inevitable harvest of discontent, misery and tragedy.

For diversion, this curious ruler, who has the power of an Ivan the Terrible, but who lives more like a Herbert Spencer, sets out on his trips of sea exploration. In the six years between 1885 to 1891 he first attracted the notice of scientists by the discoveries he made on the Hirondelle. Now he has a new and finer boat, especially equipped for the work, and named Princess Alice II. Like most other wealthy Europeans of scientific bent the prince is giving considerable attention to aerial navigation and has had a number of dirigible airships, so-called.

What Dropping Water Can Do.

One of the Chinese modes of punishment is to place the culprit where a drop of water will fall on his head for hours, or even for days if he can stand it so long. The torture this inflicts is proved by an experience that Col. Fred Burnaby had in Vienna several years ago. A school teacher bet him that he would not be able to let a pint of water, drop by drop, fall on his hand. Burnaby laughed at the very idea of his not being able to stand it, and the test began.

Although the strong man talked and jested gaily at first, it was not long before he began to show signs of distress. At about the two hundredth drop—for the school teacher kept tally—an expression of pain crossed his face.

When the third hundred had been entered his hand began to swell and grow red. Then the skin burst and the pain grew more and more excruciating. Finally, at the four hundred and twentieth drop, Burnaby gave it up and acknowledged himself beaten.

Is Fastest Ship Afloat.

A wonderful performance was accomplished recently by the new British destroyer Swift in trials on the Clyde.

After having had new wing propellers fitted she steamed up to thirty-six knots, but under pressure two more knots were run off—equal to forty-three land miles an hour.

The Swift may thus claim to be the fastest ship afloat. She was built by Cammell, Laird & Co., of Birkenhead, and is described as an "experimental" destroyer.

As a matter of fact, she is twice the size of the usual ocean-going destroyers, and her special business is the destruction of destroyers. She was designed to accomplish thirty-six knots. The Swift came out of dry dock at Greenock.

Virago.

The word "virago," which dictionaries now define as meaning "a bold, impudent, turbulent woman, a termagant," originally signified, both by derivation and in use, just a manly woman, in the sense of a heroine or amazon. When Plautus spoke of a servant maid as a "virago," he merely meant that she was a strapipng young woman, and the Romans applied the word with no intention of irreverent rudeness to Diana and Minerva. The Vulgate even has "virago" simply for woman, as the name given by Adam to his helpmate. In Latin the word never became twisted into the unkindly sense that has come about in English.—London Notes and Queries.

Bean Milk.

"Pigeon milk is a myth," said a milkman, "but there actually is a bean milk. It is drunk, put in tea and coffee and even frozen for ice cream. The Japs are the inventors. This milk is made of the soja bean. The bean is first soaked, then boiled in water. After the liquid turns white, sugar and phosphate of potash are added, and the boiling is kept up till a substance of the thickness of molasses is obtained. Nobody could tell this bean milk from condensed milk, and when water is added it can't be told from the fresh. The Japanese poor use nothing else."

SPRING BLOOD IS BAD BLOOD

How Best to Get New Health and Strength in Spring.

The winter months are trying to the health of even the most robust. Confinement in-doors in over-heated and nearly always badly ventilated rooms—in the home, the office, the shop and the school—taxes the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes thin and watery or clogged with impurities. Sometimes you get up in the morning just as tired as when you went to bed. Some people have headaches; others are low spirited; some have pimples and skin eruptions. These are all spring symptoms that the blood is out of order You can't cure these troubles with purgative medicines, which merely gallop through the system leaving you still weaker. What you need to give you health and strength in the spring is a tonic medicine, and the one always reliable tonic and blood builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills not only banish spring ills, but guard you against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anaemia, nervous debility, rheumatism, indigestion and kidney trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood which strengthens every nerve, every organ and every part of the body. Try this medicine this spring and you will have strength and energy to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mr. J. R. Johnson, Loch Broom N. B., says:—"Some two years ago I began to feel that my constitution was weakening. I could not stand any exposure or knocking about. I finally sought the aid of a doctor, who said my system was very much run down and that the trouble might end in nervous prostration. As his medicine did not help me, I decided, on the advice of a friend, to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I had used less than a half dozen boxes when my health was fully restored, and I think no other medicine can equal these Pills when one is run down and out of health."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Social Status

"Who are these people? Have you made inquiries as to their standing?"

"Yes; and they are Nobodies. I have inquired at all the leading detective agencies, and not one member of their family has ever yet been shadowed."

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. I., Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Be Cautious!

The hardier varieties of hammocks will soon be blooming on the front porches once more, but they should be used cautiously by people who don't like pneumonia.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

A cheaper distribution of farm products and a better distribution of population will make this a pleasanter country to live in, and the last would go a long way towards regulating the first.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

Women have more religion than men because they don't need it so much.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

The New Tariff

Some fifty millions more, by gum,
Thus added to our pile,
Which you'll admit's a tidy sum,
But what just makes us smile—
The same wry smile we've smiled before,
Our pleasure nothing lacks—
Is that the foreigner's not sore
To have to pay this tax.

It might cheer things up somewhat if some person with an established reputation for truth and veracity would see the first robin.

The Rub

"So automobiling has no more terrors for you?"

"None whatever! Excepting—that I still—lose my nerve a little."

"When she collides with a sturdy tree, or gets in the notion of backing down a grade, say?"

"No; whenever I try to say the 'driver' in French."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES
NUMBER 23 THE PR

A DETECTIVE'S RUSE.

Clever Method by Which He Secured Some Evidence.

"I had to resort to a queer ruse once to get an admission from a man I was after," said a private detective. "There had been some trouble at a club between two young men. One threw a glass of wine into the other's face. The other did not resent the insult as he should have done. When his father heard of it he threatened to disinherit his son unless he whipped the man who had thrown the wine in his face. The father was a member of the same club, and he made a wager of a wine supper that his son could and would whip the other fellow. Soon after this the son met the man who had insulted him and whipped him. The fight occurred on a prominent street, and as two of the young man's friends were with him at the time there was talk of an action against them and his father for conspiracy. Our agency was retained to get the evidence needed.

"It was decided that it would be necessary to get an admission from the father of the young man who had made the assault. I was told to get it. I tried many ways and failed. He did not know I was a detective. He had known me for a number of years, but thought I was engaged in other work. I had another plan to get from him what I wanted. I told him a metropolitan publication was having the affair written up and illustrated.

"I said I had seen the picture of the fight which had been prepared for it. He was pleased at the publicity that the fight was to get, for the story of the affair at the club had been printed, and he wanted it known that his son had avenged the insult. I intimated that if he cared to see it I thought I could get him the picture that had been prepared for publication. He was eager to see it.

"I had a friend, a newspaper artist, who made me a picture. He made a faithful copy of the street scene where the fight occurred, and he made a fair likeness of the figures in it. The picture showed one man stealing up behind another and striking him from the rear. Behind him were two other men, who were supposed to have accompanied him to see fair play. The father was thought to have been in the neighborhood, but as he wasn't seen he was left off the picture. He examined it carefully.

"'Who are these two men?' he asked, pointing to the two onlookers.

"'They are the two Blacks, who went along with your son to see that he got fair play,' I told him.

"'That's all right,' he said, 'but who is this?' pointing at the man who was striking at the other from behind.

"'Why, that's your son,' I told him.

"'That's a lie!' he exclaimed. 'My son stood right in front of him and hit him squarely in the face. I told him to do that and stand up in front of him all the time. I was right across the street, and the two men who were with my son were close enough to see all that happened. They will tell you that he did not hit him from behind. He faced him fairly and whipped him fairly. That was the way we made it up to do. If that's printed I'll whip the man who made it!'

"It wasn't printed, nor were there any court proceedings taken on account of the alleged conspiracy. The men concerned in it on both sides got together and settled it out of court."

"The Ghost Bloke."

The writer once overheard an amusing conversation outside the New Bailey, London, England. Prof. Pepper, the great criminal analyst and chemist, had been giving his evidence in a murder case, and a couple of costers were standing on the pavement discussing the chances of the prisoner. "This 'ere bloke Pepper seems to have wrapped it up for 'im (prisoner) orlright," said one. "What Pepper?" replied the other. "Who's 'e?" "Why, the ghost bloke. He sees things what other people carn't; and lor' help the chap he gives evidece agin." Probably Prof. Pepper would not feel very flattered to know that he was confounded with the man who originated the far-famed Pepper's ghosts—that thrilling entertainment of our childhood; but the two costers are not the only people who have credited him with having dealings with the supernatural.

Taken by Surprise.

There are some hospitable creatures who are greatly disturbed if they cannot meet every demand made on them, although there are cases when it is ridiculous to expect them to be able to be equal to the occasion. Recently a barn took fire on a large estate, and the firemen of the village worked hard to put out the flames. After it was all over the husband asked the fire-fighters into the house to partake of coffee and whatever edibles were on hand. His wife welcomed the men with steaming cups of coffee, doughnuts and pies. Then she said apologetically, "Oh, if I had only known this was going to happen, I would have had a lot of things baked up."

An Old-Fashioned Woman.

There was an old-fashioned woman who would blush if company caught her with less than six different kinds of cake and seven different kinds of preserves in the house. If a guest liked coffee for supper, she thought it was right that she should have it. Her pies were always rich, and she used lots of butter and cream. She had never heard of the diet cure and believed in people eating just what they liked. What a pity it is that she isn't alive, so we folks who are tired of dieting could go and visit her!

Six Shaves For a Penny.

An official barber, who will be paid at the rate of a penny for six shaves, has been appointed by the Lambeth (Eng.) guardians to attend inmates of the workhouse.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

AN EXPERIENCED HOUSEWIFE

knows that Sunlight Soap means a wonderful saving of time and labour in house-cleaning.

Whether with hot or cold water, nothing gets the dirt off so quickly and without injury as Sunlight Soap.

Sunlight makes the home as fresh as new.

No More "White Bread"?

White bread is abolished in the United States," it is stated in telegraphic despatches, referring to the ruling of the secretary of agriculture that millers must not bleach flour. The ruling went into effect this week but millers have until June 3 to dispose of the bleached flour still in stock. It is declared that there will be as much difference between bread made from unbleached flour as there is between angel cake and sponge cake. The flour will be of a creamy color instead of white, and the bread will be light golden in color. But there will be no difference in flavor and the bread will have an additional quality to commend itself to the consumer, because it will be just like that "mother used to make," in the good old days before the craze for bleached flour came into vogue.

The soil should produce double the average of grains and fodder crops that it is doing, and if by intelligent study and judgment a man can increase his income, he owes a duty to himself, his neighbor and his country to do so.

Free from Alcohol

Since May, 1906, Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been entirely free from alcohol. If you are in poor health, weak, pale, nervous, ask your doctor about taking this non-alcoholic tonic and alterative. If he has a better medicine, take his. Get the best always. This is our advice.

Ayer's

We publish our formulas
We banish alcohol from our medicines
We urge you to consult your doctor

A sluggish liver means a coated tongue, a bad breath, and constipated bowels. The question is, "What is the best thing to do under such circumstances?" Ask your doctor if this is not a good answer: "Take laxative doses of Ayer's Pills."

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

A Perfect
CUP OF TEA
IS OBTAINED BY USING
"SALADA"
Lead Packets Only. At all Grocers
30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c per pound

McKENZIE'S

A. E. McKENZIE CO., LTD.

ABSORBINE.

Will reduce inflamed, strained, swollen Tendons, Ligaments, Muscles or Bruises, Cure the Lameness and Stop pain from a Splint, Side Bone or Bone Spavin No blister, no hair gone. Horse can be used. Horse Book 2 D free. $2.00 a bottle at dealers or delivered.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1. Reduces Strained Torn Ligaments, Enlarged glands, veins or muscles—heals ulcers—allays pain. Book Free.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 137 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass.
LYMAN, SONS & CO., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Also furnished by Martin Sale & Wynne Co., Winnipeg, The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver

THE MICHEL REPORTER
MICHEL, B. C.

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

SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, -- MANAGING-EDITOR

In and Around Town

What's wrong with the waterworks ?

J. E. McCool was in Fernie, on Wednesday.

C. Spence has recovered from his recent illness.

Supt. Lindsay of the G. N. was here yesterday.

Thos. Corkhill from Corbin, was here this week,

Passenger traffic on the G. N. is on the increase.

Missouri Bill is now an Eagle. Yea ! Yea ! Bill.

The C. P. R. freight inspector was in town yesterday.

A. J. McCool is still confined to his bed, but is improving.

A. Sampson, acting chief of police was in Michel yesterday.

There will be a Slavish dance in Michel hall on the night of the 26.

Frank A. Martin is having a dance in his new hall on Monday night.

We never knew a man so "sot" against advertising as to kick at a free puff.

A billiard tournament, (handicap) is proposed and should afford some excitement.

Miss Morris may return to reside here, as a desirable position has been offered her.

Mike O'Neil, who has been in the Cranbrook hospital, undergoing an operation, has returned to his home here.

P. C. Routh met with an accident at Cranbrook yesterday, breaking his leg. He is in the hospital there.

Harrison & Rudnick returned on Tuesday night from Calgary and will begin at once the erection of the addition to the G. N. hotel.

The Band of Hope met Monday night and had another recitation competition. Three prizes were awarded, Frank Moses winning a fishing pole and two little girls received a book each.

Notices have been issued by the fire-wardens, notifying all persons in New Michel to remove all inflammable material within 200 feet of a building under a penalty of $50.00. They have until the 30th to clean up.

All persons interested in athletic sports are requested to meet at the Great Northern hotel on Tuesday night. It is proposed to form an association, secure grounds and get into shape for outdoor sport for the summer.

J. F. Armstrong, Government agent at Cranbrook, was here this week, looking into the improvements required for New Michel. We understand he will do his utmost to obtain the desired ends and we hopefully look forward to their speedy fruition.

Send in the local news and help us make this page a peach. A little if you can't send much, in fact a line or two from each.

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

WANTED TO RENT IN NEW MICHEL, A comfortable 4 or 5 room cottage. Apply at Reporter Office.

FOR SALE. HOUSE AND LOT IN NEW MICHEL. Lot 2, Block 9, on which a comfortable dwelling is erected. Apply at the Reporter Office.

WANTED TO RENT IN NEW MICHEL, A building suitable for a printing office. Would lease same for a term of years if a satisfactory building was erected. Apply at the Reporter office.

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

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

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH

MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL

SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY

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

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

Rev. S. Cook, Pastor.

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

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.

Services—1st. Sunday in the month, Holy Communion, 11 a. m.
Every Sunday, Evensong, 7.30 p. m.
Sunday School, every Sunday, 2.30 p. m.
Mens' Class, Fortnightly, 3.30 p. m.

A. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Vicar.

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

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

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

Miss Ames was in Fernie, Friday.

Mrs. Kribs left for Frank last night.

New Michel post- office opened for business yesterday.

A. C. Bowness, Cranbrook and C. W. Fraser, Corbyville were here yesterday.

Sam Moore passed through here on Thursday on his way back to the C. P. R. mines.

P. Kennedy proposes building a large business block nearly opposite the Kootenay Hotel.

The bottling plant for the Brewery has arrived and Elk Valley bottled beer will soon be on the market.

Rev. Mr. Wilson of Vancouver, was in town on Thursday and paid his uncle (the editor) a friendly call.

Tom Patterson shot two hawks this week and brought them in to town to be stuffed by taxidermist Nulty.

B. B. Mills, Hosmer; A. McLeod Blairmore; R. P. Bell, Calgary and W. S. McLeod, Nelson, were at the Great Northern yesterday.

J. R. Pollock of the Pollock Wine Co., Fernie, and a prominent stockholder in the Elk Valley Brewing Co., was at the Great Northern hotel on Thursday accompanied by his wife.

The evangelistic campaign will start at Michel on Sunday 25th, and will continue for ten days. Dr. W. D. Reid will be the preacher and the trained singer will be Walter Russell. All services will be in the Methodist church.

Printing
THE BUSINESS KIND
THAT'S WHAT
Keeps us busy

Boost for New Michel!!

British ColumbiA
EAST KOOTENAY
— IRRIGABLE —
FRUIT LANDS

We have for sale five acre blocks of lands specially adapted for Fruit Growing, within twenty minutes walk of the business centre of the city of Cranbrook, which can be purchased on easy terms. Also farms of all sizes, and lands suitable for farming.

Write us for particulars

BEALE & ELWELL,
CRANBROOK, B. C.

Are You House Cleaning ?

We have everything in
Paints
Oils
Varnishes
Alabastine
in all Colors

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

Adver-tise

And

Get Busy

PHOTOGRAPHS
SOMERTON BROS.
Studio Now Open Over The Store

Business Bringers

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

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

FOUND, That it pays to spend a dollar advertising what you lose. How easily your eye caught this notice.

WANTED. For you to notice how quick your eye caught this item and how easily you could get someone else to notice your want and answer it.

FOR SALE. Space in this column of the Reporter in which you can advertise what you have to sell. Someone wants it, no matter what it is, and will see your ad as quickly as you saw this.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED TENDERS marked "Tenders for Lock-up" will be received by the Government Agent at Fernie up to 10 o'clock on the forenoon on the 21st day of April, for the erection and completion of a Lockup in the townsite of Michel.

Plans, specifications, contract and forms of tender may now be seen at the office of the Government Agent at Fernie.

Each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque for One Hundred Dollars payable to the Government Agent, to be forfeited if the party tendering fails to complete the contract.

Tenders must be made on the official form.

J. F. ARMSTRONG.
Fernie, 7th, April 1909. Act. Gov. Agent.

STOCK QUOTATIONS

As Furnished by Beale & Elwell, Cranbrook, B. C., April 13, 1909

	BID	ASKED
Aurora Consolidated		.25
B. C. Amalgamated	.04½	.06
B. C. Copper	6.75	7.25
Canadian Goldfields	.01	.05
Canadian Marconi	1.50	1.75
Canadian North West Oil	.30	.35
Consolidated Smelters	70.00	85.00
Cranbrook Fire Brick		1.10
Diamond Coal	.56	.65
Diamond Vale Coal	.14½	.15½
International Coal	.72	.76
McGillivray Creek Coal	.22	.25
Nicola Coal Mines Ltd	.05	.12
Nipissing	10.75	11.25
North Star	.07½	.12
Nugget Gold Mines	.70	1.00
Rambler Cariboo	.14½	.16½
Royal Collieries	.36	.38
Society Girl		.25
Sullivan (ord)		.00½
Western Oil	1.70	1.85
Western Oil (pref)	2.25	4.00
Veteran War Scrip	750.00	825.00

GASTON E. BERTON
Carpenter, Finisher, Painomaker, Pipe Organ Tuner, Saloon Organ Repairing.
HOSMER, B. C.

G. W. F. CARTER, B. C. L.
Notary Public for Province of British Columbia. Accounts Collected. Books Audited and Kept
GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL
MICHEL, B. C.

"Elk Valley Beer"
Pure and Pleasing:
Manufactured from Canadian Malt, Bohemian Hops and the now Famous Crystal Spring Water
Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

Great Northern Railway
Michel to Liverpool.....$80.55
Antwerp.....82.05
Oderberg.....85.95
90 day Excursions to all Points—Best of Service
J. S. THOMPSON, Agent

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

RETAIL LUMBER YARD
All Kinds of Lumber, Mouldings, etc.—Fancy Windows, Doors and Verandah Posts in Stock and to Order.
Fernie Lumber Co., Ltd. :-: New Michel

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

Cabinet Shop Now Open
All kinds of Furniture Repaired. New Furniture Made to Order. Coffins in stock and to order.
Fred. Pomahac
New Michel. Builder and Contractor

GO TO THE BALMORAL HOUSE, if you want Good Board. : : :
Dray and Express Work Done. - - Bus Meets All Trains
Most Reasonable Prices in town
White Labor Only Employed.
H. CARR, Proprietor

Saskatoon Gets University

THEN why not get in on some of the snaps which we have in property in all parts of the city, before the prices advance.

OLD PRICES PREVAIL TO-DAY

No one knows what the morrow may bring forth in real estate circles. Prices must advance shortly. We have some good buying in Mayfair Division.

GET OUR LIST AT ONCE

MORGAN & McKAY, Michel, B. C.