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MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 1. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1909. NO. 36

Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, - : - Proprietor

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

Michel, - British Columbia

MEET ME AT
THE FOUNTAIN

Our New Soda Fountain is now opened

Pure Ice Cream
Syrups made from true Fruit flavors
Only choicest crushed Fruits used

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.

Bring in your Watch

and have it inspected.
If it needs repairing or cleaning we will attend to it.
A written guarantee given with each and every watch repaired by us.
We have three skilled repair men, repairing watches, clocks, jewelry of all kinds, engraving, repairing and cleaning type-writers, gramaphones, phonographs, musical instruments, guns and surveyors' instruments.

Somerton Bros. JEWELERS OPTICIANS PHOTOGRAPHERS New Michel

41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers

New Michel

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

The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

Singer Sewing Machines

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

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

F. J. Conroy, Agent.

KING'S KANDY KITCHEN

High-Class Chocolates and Confectionery

NEW MICHEL. Tobacco, Cigars, Nuts, Cider and

Ice Cream

MONDAY'S VOTE

TO FILL THE POSITION HELD BY GALVIN

The following is the result of the official ballot for the election of vice president of District 18, U. M. W. of A.

R. Evans, Taber	15
Chas. Brooks, Merritt	14
Frank Campbell, Michel	156
Wm. McFagan, Fernie	38
D. McNab, Lethbridge	5
J. D. Perkins, Bankhead	9
Wm. Powell, Coleman	183
Clem Stubbs, Bellevue	204
Spoiled Ballots	10
Total vote	634

IMPERIAL BANK OPEN IN NEW MICHEL

The New Michel branch of the Imperial Bank is now opened for business. The premises have been specially constructed for the purpose of furnishing ample accommodation to the Public as well as for the bank officials, and the top story will be furnished as living apartments. It is a neat, one and a half story building 25x30, and is a model for convenience, compactness and general all round utility. We are pleased to welcome the bank to New Michel, and hope its usefulness to the community may prove profitable to us all.

A money order office has been opened in connection with the post office at New Michel.

T. W. Hanrahan, the well known cigar man from Lethbridge was here on Tuesday. He claims that Lethbridge is the best unionized town in Alberta, and is a booster from away back.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Excursion Rates

MICHEL
TO
SEATTLE

$29.90

Corresponding rates from other points.

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

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

For complete information apply to Agents, or write

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

GOOD NEWS

TRADES COMMITTEE HELPS THE CELEBRATION

The regular meeting of the Trades Committee was held in Kennedy's store on Tuesday evening, all the officers being on time and in their places. The principal information of interest to the public, arising out of this meeting was, that a new school rate would be struck and notices forwarded at once; that the Custom's House will be located in the Great Northern Railway building, that painted signs will be placed at the dumping ground, and that the Board will assist the Canadian Club in their Dominion Day celebration. Among other motions was the secretary was instructed to write the government agent, re delay in the lock-up building, to the attorney general requesting a reply re small debt's court, and to the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., requesting them to have remains removed from present cemetery immediately as per advice from Health Department, Victoria, and location as selected by representatives of the Trades Committee be utilized.

COMMUNICATIONS

This paper is not responsible for the opinions of its correspondents.

To the people in general of Michel

Editor of The Reporter.

Kindly allow me space in your newspaper for the following remarks.

Having been asked by the general manager of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company at a prior date, to see into the question of moving the cemetery from New Michel to another place, this question was discussed by Michel Local Union at their regular meeting and the following committee, namely, Chas. Garner, Tom Colquhoun and Joe Gall were appointed to take up this matter and locate a place which would be suitable for the community at large and not for a certain class.

General manager Hurd of the C. N. P. C. Co., informed the writer, along with another member of our local union committee, that what he wanted was a place that would be suitable to his employees. On Tuesday June 1, the committee of Michel local union, along with representatives of the Coal Company and the Board of Trade representatives of New Michel went to locate the place for the new cemetery.

We were driven out a distance of three miles from New Michel to look at a certain piece of land which the committee of Michel Local Union thought was too far away. Now in order that this new cemetery location may not be misrepresented to you, and in order that this question might be put to the people in its right light, I will ask any fair minded person, do they think that three miles from new town by the wagon road and four miles from old town, is the only suitable location for a cemetery. Some will tell you that you can take a rig and go to the cemetery. I will ask the question; can a mine worker or his family, who is earning from $3.50 to about $3.00 per day, afford to hire a rig whenever he wants one, or own one of his own? And does not any fair minded person consider that there could be a cemetery located within a distance of one mile from New Michel, in order that everybody could have a show to go to the cemetery whenever they wished to both from old town and new town.

Hoping Mr. Editor, I have not taken up too much space in your valuable paper,

Yours truly,
CHAS. GARNER

Baseball Meeting

There was a meeting of the New Michel Baseball club held ou Tuesday evening, the object being to join forces with the Michel Baseball club and reorganize the two clubs into one. Owing to the absence of a number of players, it was decided to postpone action until a general meeting was held and one was accordingly called for Friday night.

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

Bamboo Fishing Rods, Your Choice for 15 cents

Right Prices, Right Goods and Right Treatment.

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

Great Northern HOTEL

NEW MICHEL, B. C.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS

Cuisine Unsurpassed

Bar Stocked with the Finest

Attendance Unexcelled

McCool & Moore, : : Proprietors

HOTEL KOOTENAY

New Michel, B. C.

Laurenson & Douglas - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

FREE BUS MEETS ALL TRAINS

"Elk Valley Beer"

Pure and Pleasing.

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

Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited

Livery, Feed and Transfer

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

GEO. FISHER, Proprietor

SLICK UP

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

P. M. MacLanders, Prop

E. V. Holding Co.,

Builders and Contractors

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

New Michel

COLDSTORAGE

One of the Sights of the Town

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

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

P. BURNS & CO.
LIMITED

LUMBER YARD WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

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

IN SUMMERTIME.

Wisht to goodness gracious
It was Summertime,
And I was runnin' barefoot,
With a hund'erd trees to climb.
Wisht that I was fishin'
Down by Mitchell's Mill,
With lots of apples 'side of me,
So'st I could have my fill!

Wisht that She was somewhere's 'round,
So'st she could fish with me.
What makes folks come Summertime
And not in Winter—Gee,
Wasn't she a dandy pal,
Und her hair ain't red;
Let Bill say that onc't agin',
And I'll punch his head!

When she comes in Summer, why
I won't just let on
That I ever went with her,
And see how she'll take on!
'Spose she's gone and got stuck-up,
Naw, she never would;
If she has I'll quit right now
Agoin' with her for good.

Girls is awful bothersome,
Never know at all
Any game they want to play;
Couldn't ketch a ball;
Couldn't bait a fishin' hook,
Can't take off a bite—
But when a fellah's lonesome like,
They're simply out of sight.

Wisht that it was Summertime;
'Tought to soon be here;
Seems like 'sif it'll never come,
And has been gone a year—
Goin' in swimmin' every day,
Know a dandy place!
Summertime's the only time
Fer which I fix my face.
—Amy E. Campbell.

Rhodes Never Saw It.

Archibald Colquhoun, in his new book, "Dan to Beersheba," voices a regret that Cecil Rhodes never saw the glorious Victoria Falls in Africa, now accessible to all by the railway line his support made possible. The great empire-builder had a favorite imagination about the spray dashing against the windows of the carriage as the train, on a slender framework of steel, crawled over the bottomless abyss in which the waters boil forever, and where the great sheet comes crashing down from the height above. It is all there—the bridge, the train, the spray and the boiling abyss—the grandest sight on God's earth. But Cecil Rhodes never saw it.

In 1950

"I suppose you had hardships in your early days, grandpa?"

"Yes, many a time I got up of a winter morning and walked four blocks to borrow a book from a Carnegie library. They didn't deliver the books in those days."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents,—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly,
ALFRED ROCHAV,
Proprietor Roxton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

Didn't Say More in French

"Gentlemen," said the political orator, "it was Louis XIV. who said 'L'etat, c'est moi.'"

He paused for a moment in an expectant attitude, and then spoke again.

"It was, I say, Louis XIV. who said 'L'etat c'est moi.'"

Again he paused and drew himself up impressively. Then a little man who sat down in front near the platform, asked in shrill tones:

"I suppose he done it because somebody made a three-bagger for the home team."

Whereupon the orator delivered the rest of his speech in English.

"SALADA"
TEA
Is Delicious
Always of High and Uniform Quality.
Lead Packets Only. At all Grocers
30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb.

For Headaches
Caused by sick stomach, ill-regulated bile, sluggish bowels, nervous strain or overwork, the safest and surest remedy is
BEECHAM'S PILLS
Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.

SUNLIGHT at NIGHT!
produced by
ALADDIN the WONDERFUL LAMP
from common
COAL OIL—(KEROSENE)—Makes and burns its own gas under mantle. The cheapest artificial light in existence. No better light obtainable at any cost. Odorless, noiseless, clean, simple and safe. Lamp pays for itself in few months in saving oil. An ideal light for store, office or house. Write for our FREE LAMP introductory offer.
The Mantle Lamp Company, of America,
Dept. L, Agents wanted Everywhere.
141 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg.

W. N. U., No. 744

IT WAS NOT REFERRED.

When Lincoln's Words Were Turned Back Upon Himself.

General Robert Avery, who was wounded almost fatally at Chancellorsville and recovered just in time to lose his right leg at the hip on Lookout mountain, told an anecdote of Lincoln which shows the great president's appreciation of the fitness of things and his unfailing fund of humor.

"When I had recovered from the effects of the amputation," said General Avery, "a very dear friend of mine who had served long and faithfully as a regimental quartermaster was an applicant for a position as brigade quartermaster. He filed it with me, and after it had been properly briefed and indorsed I made it my business to put it before the president. There was a long line of people waiting to see Mr. Lincoln when I arrived at the White House; but, seeing I was a wounded man, he came over to me. 'I'll take my turn, Mr. President,' I said, and he turned to receive his visitors.

"The man ahead of me also had a request for an appointment—a letter which Governor Bramlett of Kentucky had indorsed 'Respectfully referred to President Lincoln.'

"'Governor Bramlett requests that I be appointed,' said the man from Kentucky. President Lincoln took the letter. 'Why,' exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, 'this doesn't show that Governor Bramlett requests anything. It says simply "Respectfully referred." That means he just passed it along. If you can get Governor Bramlett to request me I'll do it. "Respectfully referred" is only a polite way of getting rid of a person.'

"He was sitting at his desk at the time, settling lower and lower down in his chair until only his head seemed to show. I presented the papers of my friend. He read them and said, 'Why, yes.' Then he wrote on a card, 'Respectfully referred to Mr. Stanton,' the secretary of war.

"'This won't do, Mr. President,' I said to him. 'Why not?' he asked. 'Because you have just said to that man from Kentucky that "Respectfully referred" is a polite way of getting rid of a person.'

"The president slowly rose out of his deep seated chair until he looked seven feet tall to me, and then he began to laugh. 'You've got me,' said he, and then he wrote on a card, 'Appoint this man.'"—New York World.

THE BURYING BEETLE.

Dead Mice and Birds Secreted as Food For Its Young.

People often wonder what becomes of the dead mice and dead birds, for, though birds and mice are constantly dying in large numbers, hardly one is ever to be seen. The fact is that they are buried by beetles. Buchner gives a brief account of them as follows:

"Several of them unite together to bury under the ground, as food and shelter for their young, some dead animal, such as a mouse, a toad, a mole, a bird, etc. The burial is performed because the corpse, if left above ground, would either dry up or grow rotten or be eaten by other animals. In all these cases the young would perish, whereas the dead body lying in the earth and withdrawn from the outer air lasts very well.

"The burying beetles go to work in a very well considered fashion, for they scrape away the earth lying under the body so that it sinks of itself deeper and deeper. When it is deep enough it is covered over from above. If the situation is stony, the beetles, with united forces and great efforts, drag the corpse to some place more suitable for burying. They work so diligently that a mouse, for instance, is buried within three hours. But they often work on for days, so as to bury the body as deeply as possible. From large carcasses, such as those of horses, sheep, etc., they only bury pieces as large as they can manage."

There can be no doubt of the intelligence of these strange insects, as a gentleman discovered in a rather curious way. He desired to dry a dead toad, and for that purpose he fastened it upon the top of an upright stick. The burying beetles, however, were soon attracted by the smell, and, finding that they could not reach the toad, they undermined the stick, causing it to fall with the toad, which was then duly buried.—Our Animal Friends.

A Comforting Word.

A woman whose colored maid was assisting her in trying on a handsome new gown the other day got a shock when, after looking in the pier glass and admiring her really handsome figure as displayed in the new garment, she remarked to the girl:

"Julia, all I need now is a new face."

"'Deed, Mrs. Dyer," replied the colored girl, "I wouldn't worry if I was you. I saw a lady the other day ho better lookin' than you are,"—New York Press.

Time to Do Something.

Mrs. Mimms—Mary, it was 1 o'clock this morning when you got in. I heard you. Mary—Well, ma'am, if I was you I'd take something to make me sleep better. I took my shoes off down in the kitchen and didn't make no more noise than a cat would. I've been kind of worried about you for a good while."

Satisfied.

Mrs. Skowler—You will have to go, Mary. I can't put up with your impertinence any longer. I'm sorry I can't give you a recommendation. Mary—It's all right, mem. My leaving alive will be all the recommend I need.—Boston Transcript.

The fool wanders; the wise travel.—Spanish Proverb.

SUNBURN. BLISTERS. SORE FEET.
Everybody now admits Zam-Buk best for these. Let it give YOU ease and comfort.
Druggists and Stores everywhere
Zam-Buk

The Worst of It

Tragedies innumerable culminate in the emergency hospital. "What has happened to me?" asked the patient when he had recovered from the effects of the ether. "You were in a trolley car accident," said the nurse, "and it has been found necessary to amputate your right hand." He sank back on the pillow, sobbing aloud. "Cheer up," said the nurse, patting him on the head, "you will soon learn to get along all right with your left hand." "Oh, it wasn't the loss of the hand itself that I was thinking of," sighed the victim. "But on the forefinger was a string that my wife tied around it to remind me to get something for her this morning, and now I'll never be able to remember what it was."

HEALTHY LITTLE CHILDREN.

A mother should not expect that her children will escape all the ills to which babyhood and childhood are subject, but she can do much to lessen their severity and make baby's battle for health easily won. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones. They are mothers' ever-ready help and Baby's best friend. The action of the Tablets is gentle but thorough. They cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, allay the irritation at teething time, destroy worms and promote healthy, natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont

It was the first vaudeville performance the old colored lady had ever seen, and she was particularly excited over the marvellous feats of the magician. But when he covered a newspaper with a heavy flannel cloth and read the print through it, she grew a little nervous. He then doubled the cloth and again read the letters accurately.

This was more than she could stand, and rising in her seat she said: "I'm goin' home. This ain't no place for a lady in a thin calico dress!"

Took It Seriously

The fair young debutante was surrounded by an admiring crowd of officers at the colonel's ball. Mamma was standing nearby, smiling complacently at her daughter's social success. The discussion was over the quarrel of the day before between two brother officers. "What was the casus belli?" asked the fair debutante. "Maud!" exclaimed mamma, in a shocked voice, "how often have I told you to say stomach?"

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

Wife—What would you like for your birthday, dear?

Husband—Nothing at all. I haven't any money.

Not Only That

"Do you think her voice can fill this room?"

"Yes, and empty it."

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

German railroads are experimenting extensively with cars operated by electric storage batteries.

Poor poetry is better than none—in the mind of the poet. His wife does not always agree, however. A story is told of a minister who had lyric leanings, and who indulged them from time to time.

"Before I was married," he said, "I used to write what my wife called, not 'poetry, but 'rhymes.' A year or two after my marriage I found on my desk these lines; they served to clip my wings pretty effectively:

"'If all the poems I have written
Were piled up in a pile,
And with a candle they were litten,
You could see the blaze a mile.
But all the gold that I have gitten
For all the poems I have wrote
Wouldn't hurt the feeblest kitten
If poured molten down its throat.'

"Nothing was said about it, but there is no reason to doubt that my wife put them there."

When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange places where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forearmed he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

Paint

Another way to avoid serious trouble in the family is to let the contractor decide what color the house shall be painted.—Indianapolis News.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

A TINY BIT OF GROUND.

What May Be Done With a Plot Twenty by Fifty Feet.

A space 20 by 50 feet may under intensive culture be made to yield fresh vegetables for a small family through half the year. With 40 by 50 feet or 50 by 100 there can be a garden spelling riotous plenty.

Have the spading done as early as possible, use thoroughly rotted manure and supplement it with some good commercial fertilizer, either broadcasted and raked in or put in hills or drills.

It is a waste of seed, strength and time to plant a garden in poor soil. The seed will come up, the spindling plants will be harder to work than if they were luxuriant, and the resultant crop will be mostly conspicuous by its absence. So, if it be impossible to do more, make small rich beds, four feet wide and as long as the manure holds out, and sow them crosswise with such things as radishes, lettuce, cress, parsley, beets and onions. Make the rows a foot to eighteen inches apart or sow the radishes broadcast. Lettuce also yields more for broadcast sowing. Pull out the thriftiest as soon as edible and leave the rest to grow. Radish tops make excellent greens, something better flavored than mustard. By sowing thickly you can have dishes of greens.

Say the garden is 40 by 50 feet, this is something what the planting of it should be: Dwarf early peas, medium early and late peas, beets, early and later; beans in succession, including bush limas; carrots, radishes, tomatoes, cucumbers, peppers. Do not adventure upon corn unless it be sweet corn planted on the pea space as a second crop, to come in just before frost. Make an asparagus bed all across one end of the plot, setting two-year-old roots and fertilizing the bed heavily in early summer just after cutting ceases.

Peas are so hardy they may be planted before snow is past, provided, of course, the ground is right when they go in. Make it fine and light, cover the seed at least three inches deep, then tramp the earth over them, setting the feet so one track touches the other. A quart of seed will sow a hundred feet of drill the proper thickness. An ounce of beet seed will sow the same row length.—Circle Magazine.

A MINISTER'S STORY.

It Didn't Have the Intended Effect Upon the Congregation.

It is said that a New England minister once told the following story just before the collection was taken up:

"I have heard of a man, prosperous and well to do, who went to church one Sunday and put a cent—just a plain copper cent—in the collection box.

"On the way home he was overtaken by a sudden heavy shower and, having no umbrella, crawled into a hollow log by the roadside to keep himself dry until the downpour was over.

"Soon the log began to swell, and the wetter it got the more it swelled until the sides finally closed in on the prosperous citizen and held him in a grip like a vise.

"The rain ceased, but the unfortunate man was unable to move hand or foot. He shouted for help, but no one heard him. He was about to give up in despair when he suddenly thought of the cent he had dropped into the collection box that day, and it made him feel so mean and small that he crawled right out of the log without any further trouble.

"Now, if you expect to get caught in a shower and be obliged to take refuge in a hollow log on the way home, by all means put a cent in the contribution basket! If you don't anticipate a crisis of that sort—well, you will know what to do when the basket is passed."

The minister expected a shower of silver and bills to follow this story, but unfortunately just as the collection began a black cloud passed overhead, it suddenly began to sprinkle, and the pennies fairly rained into the contribution basket. Only one quarter, a solitary dime and a lone nickel were found among the coppers, and they got in before the shower began.

The congregation, it seems, had all left their umbrellas at home, and they were not taking any chances.—New York Times.

Got the Number.

Police Captain—You say that an automobile containing several persons sped along the street and struck down an old man? New Officer—Yis, sor. Police Captain—And that after chasing this auto for several blocks you finally succeeeded in getting the number? New Officer—Yis, sor. Police Captain—Good! What was the number? New Officer—There wor just foive persons in th' car, sor!—Circle Magazine.

Positive Reasons.

The Minister—Mackintosh, why don't you come to church now? Mackintosh—For three reasons, sir. Firstly, I dinna like yer theology; secondly, I dinna like yer singin', and, thirdly, it was in your kirk I first met my wife.—Dundee Advertiser.

Essentials of Oratory.

"I have my speech nearly completed."

"I suppose you have marshaled your arguments in serried ranks?"

"No; I haven't taken up that part of it. But I have selected my anecdotes."—Washington Star.

The Sister States.

Probably the sister states are: Miss Ouri, the Misses Sippi, Ida Ho, Mary Land, Callie Fornia Allie Bama, Louisa Anna, Della Ware and Minnie Sota.—Letts Iowa Record.

AN ACT OF KINDNESS.

Helped Pay Fares and Handed Out Loose Change in Addition.

Young Mr. Brummagem was riding uptown in the company of nine women. He did not know the women. He simply happened to land in a car in the midst of the bunch. Five of them sat in the front seat of the open car and four in the seat facing it. The tenth pssenger was Brummagem. He sat at the end of the seat, and when the conductor came along he obligingly helped to pay the fares—that is, he reached out for the women's money and handed it along—and then when the conductor had counted out the change Brummagem passed it back to his neighbors.

Naturally such a complicated financial arrangement caused some confusion. There were so many fair hands thrust forward at one time that it was hard to keep track of the amount contributed by each, and when the accounts were finally settled possibly no one but the conductor knew just how matters stood. However, he had kept his head level all the way through, so he had no scruples about reaching across toward the woman in the far corner and calling out, "Fare, please!" in very positive tones.

The woman blushed.

"Why, good gracious," she said, "I paid you a long while ago!"

"I didn't get it," said the conductor. "I've got only nine fares."

"But I paid," said the woman. "I gave it to him," and she pointed to Brummagem. "I gave him a quarter. I've been wondering why I didn't get my change back."

Brummagem's face became eloquent with indignation and surprise.

"What!" said he. "You give me a quarter! Well, of all the"—

"Of course I did!" the woman insisted. "Just as if you didn't know it! Conductor, please make him give me the change."

"You'll have to settle that between yourselves," he said. "All I want is the nickel."

And Brummagem, speechless with indignation, gave it to him and handed the woman 20 cents in change.

The conductor grinned. "I guess," said he confidentially, "that after this you had better let folks pay their own fares."

"Thanks," said Brummagem. "I think I shall. It's cheaper."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Horrors of Minstrelsy.

"Mistah—Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell—kin yo' tell me de diff—de diff'unce 'tween a cream pitchah—'tween a cream pitchah, yo' know—jes' a cream pitchah an' a—wot yo' keep cream in on de breakfus' table—an' a—kin yo' tell me de diff'unce, Mistah Walkah?"

"No, George, I can't tell you the difference between a cream pitcher. What is the difference, George, between a cream pitcher?"

"Why—why—de uddah's a prim creature, Mistah Walkah, an' de ud"—

"Ladies and gentlemen, there being no popular ballad or appropriate vocal selection to go with that one, I will myself give you an imitation of an interlocutor firing a drunken black face comedian off the stage." — Chicago Tribune.

Government 'Phones.

The Provincial Government of Alberta propose to construct 800 miles of new telephone lines this year.

SUNLIGHT SOAP
meets you half-way—does all your work in half the time and at half the cost of other soaps.
Sunlight Soap—absolutely pure—saves clothes from injury—hands from roughness—life from drudgery.

Got It Free
A good old west country preacher, who had decided to leave an unremunerative charge, finding it impossible to collect his salary, said in his farewell sermon: "I have little more to add, dear brethren, save this: You were all in favor of free salvation, and the manner in which you have treated me proves that you got it!"

A western weekly printed the following: Paterfamilias asks—"How can I get an article into your esteemed paper?" It all depends on the article you want to get into our paper, Pater. If it is small in bulk, like a hair-brush or a tea-caddy, spread the paper out upon the floor and, placing the article carefully in the centre, neatly fold the edges over it and tie with a string. This will keep the article from slipping out. If, on the other hand, the article is an English bath-tub or a clothes-horse, you will find it more suited to one of the New York Sunday papers.

MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL
by using "COWL BRAND"
SHINGLE STAINS, Permanent Colors.
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The Minister's Answer.

By SYLVIA MEREDITH.

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The little minister—little in stature, little in power, little in salary—sat before a table in his study diligently and laboriously searching amid the leaves of various volumes of reference and occasionally scribbling a few sentences on paper which later on should serve as notes for his sermon on the following Sunday.

The Rev. James Philander Dubois smiled fondly and proudly and gratefully while he thought. He was an unmarried churchman who felt it incumbent upon himself to become one of the two principal performers in a ceremony in which already he had become quite proficient as an agent of fate where others were concerned.

So he leaned back and gazed at the ceiling and thought of a beautiful, brave young creature. He lingered mentally on her radiant face, her graceful form, and heard in his brain the sweet thrill of her voice.

He had never thought thus of any woman before. Until he first saw Marguerite Van Diemen a year ago he looked on all women with an academic eye as parishioners and studied them only to decide what branch of church work, if any, they were best fitted for.

But the year that followed his first sight of the violet eyes of Miss Marguerite, and the brown hair that shone like sunny light drowned in amber pools in a forest brook, had been a year of awakening for him.

It was not a quite complete awakening, however. He was very thoroughly awake—wide, staring, stark awake—to the knowledge that he was so deeply in love with her that to lose her would mean a dreary, sorrowful life for him, but he was not awake enough to suppose that he had any qualities or attributes to please so wonderful and clever and bright a creature.

However, though the Rev. James Philander Dubois was thus humble and devoid of any proper self esteem, and though he did not believe that she could possibly want him, he was in love, and love sneers at logic. He expected her answer to be "No," but he was pining just the same to ask the question.

So, like the courageous and determined little minister that he was, he had written to her asking for the favor of an interview on a matter very important to him. And she had replied, appointing that very evening and adding, "You should know that I have declined an invitation to the County club dance in order to give you this evening, though the dance is the last one of the season and I was really anxious to go."

Perhaps it was this letter rather than the Rev. Mr. Philander's conviction of the stereotyped nature of all sermons that made it so difficult for him to finish the construction of his discourse.

Determined though he was, the question he was to ask Miss Marguerite in a few hours was the kind that no man ever asks without perturbation, and there was the last paragraph of her letter. It showed him that she was losing an evening of great enjoyment, for, though Marguerite Van Diemen was a good parishioner, she loved dancing with an ultra worldly love.

No doubt she expected to hear some immensely important news from him. Wouldn't she be indignant and angry when she learned that he had kept her from her pleasure simply to propose to her?

The clock struck the hour, and the minister became aware with a sharp start that it was high time to keep his appointment. He arose and put on his overcoat.

At that moment the doorbell rang.

It is only because we are so used to the really dramatic things of life that we do not know and feel the dramas that each moment makes.

The ring of the doorbell was such a dramatic instant in the life of the Rev. James Philander Dubois.

Passing through an adjoining room, he opened the door and saw before him a young woman, poorly dressed in a faded gown of blue, her head topped off with a hat of uncertain texture, under which her hair hung forth in all directions. Her face was terribly wasted and sallow, and its piteous aspect was only increased by a touch of the incongruous in a suggestion of red high on the cheeks.

The reverend gentleman shrank back. He wished that he could escape what he foresaw would be a long delay, but sense of duty conquered the human instinct at once.

The young woman spoke as soon as he opened the door. "Won't you give me something to eat?" she begged. "I haven't had anything since morning."

"Poor soul!" muttered the little minister. "The housekeeper is out for the afternoon, but I shall do the best I can for you. Will you come to the kitchen while I investigate the pantry?"

As the unkempt young woman followed him into the kitchen the minister felt such deep, angry annoyance as only a man can feel when the woman he loves is waiting for him while circumstances keep him away. But the moment he realized that he, a minister, pledged to help the afflicted and the sinning, had what was almost an emotion of hatred toward this poor creature he crushed down what were wicked and shameful thoughts to him. He hastened to bring out all the food he could find and set it before her. Food taken to the door would not have come under the head of Christian charity with the Rev. Mr. Philander, though he was the head of an ultra fashionable church.

"Have you been a victim of circumstances or what is termed hard luck?" was one of the first things the minister asked after he had dished up cold victuals and a quantity of vegetables.

"Oh, it's a long story," insinuatingly replied the woman, while she devoured the stuff set before her.

"Whatever may have been the past," said the little minister, "don't forget that forgiveness is yours for the asking."

He spoke in his most persuasive accents to the poor creature. His advice was wise and sound, for with all his modesty and simplicity the minister was both clever and alive to daily needs, a fact that the woman repeatedly acknowledged with a mournful eye and ligging appetite. At times she even desisted in her siege of the eatables when the little minister said something particularly simple and kind.

Finally she broke down and told all her story—an old, old story, not at all romantic, not even interesting to any except the poor creature herself. The minister listened patiently to her long, labored, tedious recital, and if sometimes he felt as if he would go wild with impatience when he thought of Marguerite he promptly forced himself in punishment to concentrate his mind and soul even more than before on the object before him that demanded so much of his pity and his help.

Here was a soul for him to succor and save, and what was his own heart's ease to that?

It was late that evening before the little minister returned home after having found a home for his distressed protegee. He should have felt a thrill of gratitude for duty done and a sense of humble satisfaction for his success in bringing back the straying one to the right road.

He blamed himself for not feeling it. But the more he tried to feel content because he had done his duty the more his soul sank in him and the heavier did his heart seem.

The Rev. Mr. Dubois, though a most devoted minister, was none the less an intensely human man, and all the satisfaction in doing a duty could not lift him from the despondency that he was in, for he felt sure that he had lost any chance, if he possessed one, with Marguerite Van Diemen.

His belief was strengthened to conviction next day when he called at her house, wondering what he could say to gain her pardon. It was characteristic of him that it never entered his head to explain to her what had kept him away. That would have seemed like cant and self praise to the little minister.

The only excuse he could offer was "parochial business." And he realized sharply that would seem a paltry excuse, though he didn't consider anything in the line of his duty as paltry.

So he sent up his card in low spirits, and he was not surprised, though he was grieved, when the maid returned and said that her mistress begged to be excused and added a request that he write to her, saying what she could do for him.

Another man might have felt offended and haughty. The little minister was too just for that. He went home quietly and wrote a very simple little letter telling Miss Marguerite Van Diemen all that was in his heart. He begged her forgiveness for not keeping the appointment and explained it by saying: "A little matter of church business came up to keep me. I could not evade it, though I assure you that it was a great sorrow to me to be kept away."

Then in his mind he wrote "Finis" to his romance and turned sturdily to his work on the unfinished sermon.

Twenty minutes after he had dispatched the note his doorbell rang again. This time the little minister did feel that there were dramas in little things. He laid down his pen and thought.

He heard the maid open the door. He heard a soft voice ask for him. Before he could rise a gown rustled, and Marguerite Van Diemen came toward the open library door.

"I have brought you the answer to your note myself," said she. She held up her hand. "Before I tell you what it is," she continued very hurriedly, with her breath coming short and fast and her eyes shining, "let me tell you something else. Do you know what I have always abhorred the most? The preaching that does not practice! And next to that I object to the practicing that preaches too much of what it does!"

The little minister looked at her with questioning bewilderment in his dark eyes.

Marguerite Van Diemen made a few steps forward and toward him.

"I saw you last evening on the street with a young woman," she went on. "I was a little angry that you should have thought of anything except our appointment. This morning I went to carry some medicine to old Mrs. Anston and found that you had taken the young woman there to nurse her. She told me what you had said to her and what you had done for her."

"Will you forgive me for seeming to neglect you?" faltered the little minister.

"Wait," said Miss Van Diemen. "I still wanted to test you. I wanted to see what you would do. So I waited till you wrote. If you had tried to explain more than you did, why, then perhaps I would not have brought you my answer."

And as she came toward the minister with her hands held out even the modest Rev. Mr. Philander did not need anything more to tell him what the answer was.

A BUNNY PARTY.

March Hare Entertainment in Honor of Small Girl's Birthday.

When the problem of entertaining in honor of a wee tot's birthday arises, nothing is better to decide upon than a bunny party, particularly if the function is to take place in March. All children are fond of these cute little animals, and they love to see them reproduced in favors and in the decorations. At a recent bunny party small tables seating five each were used, and in place of the conventional tablecloth covers of white paper damask were employed. These paper covers are dainty and artistic and can be thrown away when the party is over. Attractive favors were used at a bunny party described in Good Housekeeping. They were tissue paper caps, masks and boas, each rolled in a crape paper napkin, slipped in turn through an ornamental ring of cardboard which was covered with decorated crape paper to match the napkin. A brilliant poinsettia design was chosen, and it is very necessary to select a quality bearing a fast color guarantee in order that no stains may deface the pretty party dresses. The place cards were adorned with the tiniest carrots, pumpkins, lettuces and radishes modeled with minute perfection in tissue paper. Rabbits love vegetation and little folks love noise, so horns were made for favors and prizes. The required number of pasteboard horns were purchased and an investment made in tissue papers, tags, wires and a small tube each of glue and art paste. Around the mouth of each horn was fashioned a vegetable or fruit. Pumpkins, tomatoes and apples were stuffed with cotton and painted to look like the original.

For holding the ice cream baskets were made in the form of heads of lettuce. Rabbit heads cut from cardboard were glued to the handles of the baskets where they looked mighty pert and saucy. Paper plates were used decorated with poinsettias cut from

PUTTING LETTUCE LEAF IN BUNNY'S MOUTH.

the crape paper doilies. Each plate rested upon a mat composed of tissue lettuce leaves. In the center of each table, says Good Housekeeping, several horns were heaped, the arrangement being such that only the vegetable portions were visible, and their real nature was not disclosed until, upon a signal, each guest pulled a ribbon which had one end fastened to a horn and the other to one of the vegetable place cards.

Additional favors were dancing rabbits, just grotesque enough to suggest the proverbial "madness" of the March hare. These were constructed in the same manner as the rabbit heads upon the lettuce baskets. They were glued to slender sticks, tissue wound and decorated with long tassels of glistening silver tinsel. Five of the sticks were wound with pumpkin yellow, five with lettuce green and others with poinsettia scarlet, the colors corresponding with those of the ribbons at the respective tables. On the apex of each mound of vegetables capered a bunny similar to those on the wand.

The simple refreshments consisted of lettuce and chicken sandwiches, creamed French peas served in ramekin cases, rabbit shaped cookies covered with maple icing and orange and chocolate ice cream. Among the games that were played was an exciting attempt to place a lettuce leaf in bunny's mouth, after the well known fashion of pinning the tail on the donkey. The piecing together of homemade cut-up puzzles and readings from "Uncle Remus" filled the remainder of the time.

A Makeshift Pillow.

"Don't choose that one," said the schoolgirl hostess as a classmate picked up a pillow gay with big red roses to tuck under her head. "That's my makeshift, and you might as well try to rest on the back of a porcupine as on that knobby thing."

"What is it stuffed with—corncobs?" asked the visitor. "I never felt anything so lumpy."

"They are convenient lumps that you will want to cultivate as soon as I let you into my secret. That is my patch bag. Instead of elderdown it has old letters, receipted bills, rolls of material from my clothes that mother gave me for mending, extra balls of darning cotton and a couple of pieces of fancy work.

"There was no place to store the accumulation of stuff that one can't help collecting, so I hit on the plan of stuffing a pillow with it.

"You see that case buttons along the end, and whenever I don't know where to put a thing that must be kept in it goes. I try to keep it underneath the other pillows as a prop, but it is always the first one selected. I advise you to make yours with a less attractive cover."

A LEPROSY TRAGEDY.

The Sacrifice of Kaomouna, the Hawaiian Beauty.

HER LIFE FOR HER MOTHER.

A Story Which Sheds a Bright Light Upon the Filial Devotion of Kanaka Women—The Reason a Baby's Advances Were Not Returned.

The usual Honolulu crowd was down at the dock when the steamship from San Francisco pulled alongside the pier on a brilliant, balmy afternoon in January some years ago. American women in summer afternoon costumes, a few English and a few German women of society, arrayed also for steamer day, leaned back languorously in their carriages and phaetons, under the shade of parasols, listening to the lazy complimentary talk of the duck clad, lei enwreathed young business men who combined duty with pleasure in thus waiting for the great steamer to slip laboriously into her measured berth beside the pier.

All of the Kanaka women had bare feet. They stood about in little groups as silent as the men of their race. A few of the Kanaka women carried tiny brown babies—silent also. The young women were of varying degrees of beauty, their figures showing a uniform excellence of proportion.

One of these Kanaka women at the dock on this brilliant January afternoon was particularly beautiful. She was clad like the rest of the women of her race. She was fully five feet ten inches in height, and the white silk cord with which, unlike the other Kanaka women, she drew her white dress about her waist emphasized the splendid heroic proportions of her figure. Kaomouna seemed quite unconscious of her beauty. The young shipping clerks, hurrying to and fro on the dock with their pencils behind their ears, stopped suddenly when they caught sight of her. The women in the carriages, who had not been long down from the States or from Europe, saw Kaomouna and asked the women of longer Honolulu residence, "Who is that glorious creature?" Kaomouna, with a very sad face, spoke only an occasional word to one of the Kanaka women.

The steamship was made fast to the pier, and the passengers began to troop over the gangplank. There was one man with his pretty young wife and three-year-old little girl. The little girl was the first to catch sight of Kaomouna as she reached the bottom of the gangway. She quickly freed her hand from her father's grasp and ran toward Kaomouna with baby words. Kaomouna smiled at the little girl, but did not offer to take her up. Instead she folded her arms, looking down at the little pink faced child pleasantly. When the mother had taken the little girl she raised her eyes to look at Kaomouna.

"Did you ever in your whole life see such a perfectly beautiful woman?" asked the young wife of her husband in a whisper when he came up. "And Tita seemed to take to her immediately. If we could only have her for a nurse for Tita!"

Kaomouna heard her.

"Kaomouna would love to be that," she replied in a soft Kanaka accented speech, smiling. Then a look of pain came into her face. "But it may not be—it may not be!" And, with her hands at her eyes, Kaomouna turned suddenly and disappeared among the departing men and women of her race.

Three months later the parents of the little girl were at the dock together to witness for the first time the saddest of sights—the departure of the lepers for the island of Molokai. The Kilauea Hou, the leper steamer, was out in the stream, and the lepers were being carried out to her in barges. A litter was borne through the roped inclosure for the lepers. On it lay a very old Kanaka woman in the final stages of the disease. At the side of the litter walked Kaomouna. Her face was very sad. The parents of the little girl wondered. They spoke to an official of the Hawaiian board of health, who was busy in the task of embarking the lepers.

"Surely," they said, "she does not accompany the lepers?"

"Who — Kaomouna?" replied the health official. "Oh, yes, she does. But it is her own choice. Kaomouna, you know, has been secreting her old mother for a number of years. We always knew there was something mysterious about Kaomouna—that is, we have known it for the last five years. She had made queer visits to a palm hut far over in the Nuuanu valley. Last week we followed her. We felt there was leprosy in it. We found her mother in the hut. Kaomouna had had her in hiding, trying to save her from Molokai, ever since the disease became evident. Kaomouna is not infected in the least. She has been careful. But she elects to follow her mother to Molokai. Extraordinary? Why, not at all! You do not understand the filial devotion of Kanaka women—men, too, for that matter. Such cases are common enough."

The parents of the little girl looked at each other. There were tears in the mother's eyes.

"That is why she folded her arms and would not touch Tita!" she said. "In this world of God, civilized or uncivilized, could there be anything more noble?"

All was ready, and the Kilauea Hou, with Kaomouna and her mother on board, slowly started down the harbor, the Kanakas on the dock setting up the weird, plaintive death wail.—Washington Star.

WEDDING CUSTOMS.

Rice Throwing Originated In India—Ring Used by Ancient Hebrews.

It is from India that the custom of rice throwing comes to us. At the close of the marriage ceremony in that country the Hindu bridegroom throws three handfuls of rice over his little veiled wife and she retaliates by throwing the same amount over him. With us the rice is thrown by outsiders. The "old shoe" custom is generally supposed to come from the Hebrews and is alleged to have originally implied that the parents of the bride gave up all authority over her. The Germans had a long custom, which perhaps they have not wholly given up even now, of putting the bridegroom's shoe on the pillow of the bridal bed; and in Anglo-Saxon marriages the father gave a shoe of the bride to the bridegroom, who touched her on the head with it to remind her who was now master.

The wedding ring was used among the ancient Hebrews primarily with the idea that the delivery of a ring conferred power on the recipient, and thus the wife wearing her husband's ring shared his authority. The ring in the Roman espousals was a pledge of loyalty and the idea that it should be worn on the third finger of the left hand because "a nerve connects this finger with the heart" originated with the Romans. Orange blossoms were worn by brides among the Saracens because they were held to symbolize fruitfulness; the very general use of these flowers in Europe and America for bridal adornment is comparatively a modern custom. The use of a bridal veil is a relic of the far-off time when the husband was not allowed to see his bride's face till after the marriage.

It is said to be a curious fact that the wedding cake, that elaborate, indigestible compound so indispensable at the modern marriage ceremony, is the direct descendant of a cake made of water, flour and salt, of which at the Roman high-class weddings the married couple and the witnesses partook at the time of the signing of the contract.

A Long Greek Word.

What is believed to be the longest word to be found in any dictionary, one that leaves even German and Dutch hopelessly out of it, may be turned up in Liddell and Scott's lexicon by those who can read Greek characters. Those who cannot may be content to know that this word, which begins, "lepadotemachoselachogaleo," proceeds in like manner through seventy-eight syllables and and counts 170 letters in all. Of course no ancient Greek ever used such a word as this in ordinary conversation. It is a comic word invented by Aristophanes for rythmical delivery in one of his plays and means a dish compounded of all sorts of fish, flesh, fowl and sauces, which are enumerated in the word. The most ingenious English translation of it yet suggested is "hash."

English and American Education.

Americans educate the mass, while we have always educated the leaders. In England—democracy assented to the method—we make a point of specially encouraging the promising pupils. We build ladders for them, and we believe that our indifference to the question of what class of society they may come from is sufficient proof of our genuinely democratic habit of mind. It has been the immemorial practice of England to train leaders for the nation. This was done when most citizens were receiving no education at all. Americans rather concentrate their attention on the ruck. The exceptional boy or girl, it is thought, will rise in any case. The important thing to do is to advance the average of education—London Spectator.

The Wife Knew Better.

"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping? Have you had bad news from your husband?"

"Oh, worse than that! My Arthur writes me from Carlsbad that he would die with ardent longings for me were it not that he could gaze affectionately at my picture and cover it with a thousand kisses every day."

"That is really very nice of him. And, pray, is it that you are crying for? I would give anything to have such a poetic and tenderly loving husband as you have!"

"Ah, yes, my Arthur is very poetical! But let me tell you that just to try him I slipped my mother's photo into his traveling bag instead of my own before he started."

Largest Duck Farm.

Australia is said to have the largest duck farm and the largest incubator in the world. The incubator has a capacity of 11,440 ducks' eggs or 14,080 hens' eggs. The machine is, in fact, a hot-house. It stands in open ground and is constructed of ordinary pine boards, with corrugated iron roof. The egg trays each hold 130 ducks' eggs, or 160 hens' eggs, and there are four of these end to end in eleven tier one above the other one each side of the room, making a total of 88.

His Apology.

The vicar was invited to share in the festivities held in honor of the coming of age of the son and heir. At the dinner table he sat in front of a goose, and the lady of the house occupied the chair on his left. "Shall I sit so close to the goose?" he asked thoughtlessly. Then, finding that his words might be misconstrued, he added hastily: "Excuse me, Mrs. H——; I meant the roast one."

A Living Tomb.

Some of the lamas of Thibet have a custom of allowing themselves to be inclosed in grottoes, so that they would live in darkness for the rest of their lives. Sven Hedin heard of a man who was inclosed at the age of sixteen or seventeen years and lived there sixty-nine years without any communication with the outside world whatever, his food and water being passed underground by a long pole.

CATTLE AND TUBERCULOSIS

Aside from the danger to human health, one cannot afford to have tuberculous cows upon his farm. They are a menace to the herd, as the most valuable animal may be attacked at any time. Transmission from one animal to another is often speedy. The great point in guarding against the disease is first to eliminate all affected animals and then keep each cow in such robust health and such sanitary surroundings that her constitution will throw off or render powerless any bacteria that may find their way to her. Plenty of sunshine, plenty of fresh air both in the stable and out and good feed and care will go a long way toward making your cows immune.

Professor Shaw says of the disease: Tuberculosis is a germ disease and can only be contracted, therefore, by contact with the germs. It is reasonable to suppose that the liability to infection is greater where the germs are cumulative—that is, in stables where several tuberculosis animals are present—than in those where only one is present. Yet sad experience has shown that but one affected animal in one season may scatter germs that will affect many animals. The danger of infection from animals at liberty in the open air is not very great.

Some animals are much more germ resistant than others—that is, they can stand exposure much better than others. This is true of animals that are strong and vigorous, and yet it is probably true that no animals are so strong that they can resist exposure indefi-

DIDO OF THE MINNESOTA HERD.
[While to all appearances perfectly healthy, this cow had tuberculosis when the picture was taken.]

nitely under conditions of exposure favorable to the transmission of the disease.

The germs are probably never imparted simply through the medium of the breath when this breathing is normal. They may come from the saliva, from nasal discharge, from the bronchial tubes, as in coughing, and from the droppings. They may dry and rise with dust in the stables or yards, raised by air currents, and in this way they may be taken into the lungs.

Young animals, as calves, very frequently get the germs in milk, both whole and skimmed. Young animals are also more susceptible to the disease than those that are older. It is now pretty clearly proved that tuberculosis is much more prevalent in swine that are fed milk from creameries than in those not so fed.

You cannot always detect tuberculosis from the appearance of the animal. In the herd at the Minnesota experiment station some of the healthiest looking cows were tested and found to have tuberculosis, while others that had every appearance of suffering with the disease were shown to be entirely free of it.

Lice on Hogs.

In making pigs comfortable one should be on the lookout for lice. Many keep and feed pigs at a loss when they are infected and do not know why they are unthrifty and unprofitable. When the first signs of lice appear, which are white specks or nits on the ends of the hair back of the ears and on the side, prepare to make short work of them. Spray them with some good dip, clean the nests and pens and cleanse them with the same. In the absence of dips take equal parts of kerosene and castor oil and brush it into the hair all over the pigs. Take the straw out of the nests and burn it. Disinfect the floors and sides of the pens with a strong solution of carbolic acid, two ounces to a gallon of water. If any afterward appear repeat the operation.

Turnips For Stock.

In this year of high grain we should begin feeding the turnips early—as soon as frost destroys the pasture, says the Rural New Yorker. If you give them to cows, feed while you are milking or soon after and thus avoid the taste in the milk. By analysis turnips are worth about one-tenth as much pound for pound as cornmeal; but, like other succulent foods, they have a higher value than the analysis indicates. We would feed bran or cornmeal with them. For sheep the turnips are excellent. For hogs we prefer to cook them and mix dry bran with the turnips.

Care of Sheep.

Do not dose the lambs or ewes every time they show signs of being off feed. Shut them up alone for a few days, change their feed, and nature will generally right things. If you see one of the sheep limping around catch it and examine closely for foot rot. If there is the slightest sign of this disease get busy at once.

Sun For the Hogs.

If the hogs have not a southern exposure where they may lie in the sun out of the wind give them one. They will do much better with it. Anything that increases the comfort and pleasure of stock makes it more profitable.

The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME,

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

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(Continued.)

Mrs. Krill turned ghastly pale. "No," she said in a suffocating voice. "Such is the case, but can you wonder that I forebore to mention that fact? My daughter knows nothing of that—nor did my husband"—

"Which husband do you mean, Krill or Jessop?" asked Hurd.

Mrs. Krill gasped and rose, swaying. "What do you mean, man?"

"This," said the detective, on his feet at once; "this person hunted out the early life of Anne Tyler at Stowley. It was discovered that Anne was the daughter of a woman who had been hanged and of a man who had been murdered; also this person found that Anne Tyler married a sailor called Jarvey Jessop some years before she committed bigamy with Lemuel Krill in Beechill church"—

Hurd produced the warrant.

"It's a lie!" screamed Mrs. Krill, losing her self control. "How dare you come here with these falsehoods?"

"They are not falsehoods, Anne Tyler, alias Anne Jessop, alias Anne Krill, etc.," retorted Hurd, speaking rapidly and emphasizing his remarks with his finger in his usual fashion when in deadly earnest. "You were married to Jessop in Stowley church. You bore him a daughter, who was christened Maud Jessop in Stowley church. The person I mentioned sent me copies of the marriage and birth certificates. So your marriage with Lemuel Krill was false, and his second marriage with Lillian Garner is a good one in law. Which means, Mrs. Jessop"—Hurd hurled the word at her, and she shrank—"that Sylvia Norman or Sylvia Krill, as she rightfully is, owns that money which you wrongfully withhold from her. The will gave the five thousand a year to 'my daughter,' and Sylvia is the only daughter and only child—the legitimate child, mark you—of Lemuel Krill."

"Lies, lies, lies!" raged Mrs. Krill, as she may still be called, though rightfully Jessop. "I'll defend the case on my daughter's behalf."

"Your daughter, certainly," said Hurd, "but not Krill's."

"I say yes."

"And I say no. She was fifteen when Lady Rachel was murdered, as Jessop, her father, admitted. I knew the man was keeping something back, but I was far from suspecting that it was this early marriage. No wonder the man came to you and had free quarters at the Red Pig. He could have prosecuted you for bigamy, just as you would have prosecuted Krill had you not murdered him."

Mrs. Krill gave a yell, and her eyes blazed. "You hound," she shouted, "do you accuse me of that?"

"I do more than accuse you. I arrest you." Hurd produced the warrant. "A man is waiting in the cab. We'll get a four wheeler, and you'll come along with me to jail, Mrs. Jessop."

"You can't prove it—you can't prove it," she panted, "and I shan't go—I shan't—I shan't!" And her eyes sought the tapestry.

"Miss Jessop can come out," said Hurd coolly, "and, as to your not coming, a few policemen will soon put that right."

"How dare you insult us?"

"Come, come," said the detective sternly, "I've had quite enough of this. You offered me £1,000 to learn who killed your so called husband, Krill. I have earned the reward"—

"Not one shilling shall you have."

"Oh, I think so. Miss Sylvia will pay it to me, and you"—

"I am innocent. I never touched the man."

"A jury will decide that, Mrs. Jessop."

"Krill—my name is Krill."

Hurd laughed and turned toward the tapestry.

"What do you say, Miss Jessop?" he asked.

Seeing that further concealment was at an end, Maud lifted the tapestry, which concealed a small door, through which she had silently stolen to listen. She advanced calmly. "I have heard all your conversation with my mother," she declared, with flashing eyes, "and not one word of it is true. I am the daughter of Lemuel Krill."

"You'll find that hard to prove in the face of your birth certificate and your mother's marriage to Captain Jessop, your father."

"It will all be put right."

"Quite so, and Miss Norman will get the money."

"That girl—never!" cried Maud fiercely. She looked very like her mother at the moment, but the more angry she grew the calmer became Mrs. Krill, who kept darting anxious glances at her daughter. "And you shan't take my mother away," she cried threateningly.

"I don't want to make a scandal in the neighborhood," said Hurd, taking a small whistle from his pocket, "but if I blow this my man out there will call the nearest policeman, and then"—

"There is no need," interrupted Mrs. Krill, who had recovered her self control. "Maud, come over beside me. On what grounds, Mr. Hurd, do you accuse me of the crime? I was not in town on"—

"Oh, yes, you were, Mrs. Jessop. Pash can prove that you were in his office and took the brooch left by Tray from the table. I don't know where you stopped on that night"—

"At Judson's hotel, Strand," cried Maud, placing herself beside her mother, "and any one there can prove that my mother and myself were within doors after we came from Terry's theater, where we spent the evening. As my father—for Krill was my father—was killed after 12 and we were both in bed in one room before then, your accusation falls to the ground. My mother was with me, and she did not leave the whole evening. Next day we went to Christchurch."

Hurd was rather staggered by the positive way in which the young woman spoke. But the facts were too plain for him to hesitate. "I must trouble you to come along with me," he said. "Matilda will bring your things."

Mrs. Krill touched the electric button of the bell, while Maud walked up and down, deathly white and fuming. "Mr. Hay shall see to this," she said in a cold rage.

"Mr. Hay will have quite enough to do to look after himself," said the detective coolly; "you had better let your mother go quietly, and I won't say anything to Matilda Junk."

Matilda entered the room and heard that Mrs. Krill had to go out on business with Mr. Hurd. On receiving her orders she departed and presently returned with the cloak and hat. Mrs. Krill, who was now quite cool, put these on. Hurd could not but admire the brave way in which she faced the terrible situation. Maud seemed to be far more upset.

Miss Junk departed, and Mrs. Krill said that she was ready to depart. Hurd offered her his arm, which she rejected, and walked to the door with a firm step, although her face was rather white. At the door she caught her daughter round the neck and kissed her several times, after which she whispered earnestly in her ear and then went down the stairs with the detective in attendance. Maud, with white lips and cheeks, but with dry eyes, followed. When her mother was safely in the cab, the plain clothes policeman alighted so that Hurd might take his place. Maud came quietly down the steps and seized the detective by the arm.

"You have ruined my mother," she said in a cold, hard tone; "you have robbed me of my money and of the chance of marrying the man I love. I can't hurt you, but that girl, Sylvia—she shall never get one penny—so, remember!"

Hurd shook her off, and, stepping into the cab, drove away. Mrs. Krill looked apprehensively at him. "What did Maud say?" she asked. Hurd told her, and Mrs. Krill closed her lips firmly. "Maud is quite right," she said, with a strange smile.

CHAPTER XXV.

"US' say your meanin', my pretty queen," said Mrs. Tawsey as she stood at the sitting room door and watched Sylvia reading an ill written letter. "It's 12 now, and I kin be back by 5, arter a long and enjiable tork with Matilder."

"You certainly must go," replied Sylvia, handing back the letter. "I am sure your sister will be glad to see you, Debby."

Deborah sniffed and scratched her elbow. "Relatives ain't friends in our family," she said, shaking her head. "We ain't seen each other for years, and the meetin' will be cold. She'll not have much forgiveness fur me bein' a bride when she's but a lone crosspatch, drat her."

"Don't quarrel with her, Debby. She has written you a very nice letter, asking you to go down to Mrs. Krill's house in Kensington, and she really wants to see you before she goes back to Christchurch tonight."

"Well, I'll go," said Deborah suddenly, "but I don't like leavin' you all by your own very self, my sunflower."

"I'll be all right, Debby. Paul comes at 4 o'clock, and you'll be back at 5."

"Sooner if me and Matilder don't hit it orf or if we hit each other, which, knowin' 'er 'abits, I do expects. But Bart's out till 6, and there won't be any one to look arter them as washes—four of 'em," added Mrs. Tawsey, rubbing her nose, "and as idle as porkpines."

"Mrs. Purr can look after them."

"Look arter gin more like," said Deborah. "Here she is idlin', as usual. And may I arsk, Mrs. Purr, ma'am," demanded Deborah, with great politeness, "wot I pays you fur in the way of ironin'?"

But Mrs. Purr was too excited to reply. She brushed past her indignant mistress and faced Sylvia, waving a dirty piece of paper. "Lor', miss," she almost screamed, "you do say as you want t' know where that limb Tray 'ave got to"—

"Yes, yes," said Sylvia, rising; "he escaped from Mr. Hurd, and we want to find him very much."

"It's a letter from 'im," said Mrs. Purr, thrusting the paper into Sylvia's hand. "Tho' 'ow he writes, not 'avin' bin to a board school, I dunno. He's in a ken at Lambith and ill at that. Wants me t' go an' see 'im. But I can't leave the ironin'."

"Yuss, y' can," said Deborah suddenly. "This erringd is ness'ary, Mrs. Purr, ma'am, so jes' put on your bunnet an' go to Mr. Hurd as 'as 'is orfice at Scotlan' Yard and take 'im with you."

"Oh, but I couldn't"—

"You go," advised Mrs. Tawsey. "There's £5 offered for the brat's bein' found."

"Five pun!" gasped Mrs. Purr, trembling. "Lor', and me 'avin' a chanct of gittin' it. I'll go. I'll go. I knows the Yard, 'avin' 'ad summat to do with them dirty perlice in my time. Miss Sylvia"—

"Yes, go, Mrs. Purr, and see Mr. Hurd. He'll give you the £5 if you take him to Tray." Sylvia handed back the paper. "Tray seems to be ill."

"Ill or well, he shan't lose me five pun if I 'ave to drag 'im to the locknp m'self," said Mrs. Purr. She hurried out, hardly able to walk for excitement.

"There's a nice ole party fur you, Miss Sylvia?"

"Debby," said the girl thoughtfully, "you take her to the Yard to see Mr. Hurd and then go to Kensington to speak with your sister."

"Well, I'll go, as importance it is," said Mrs. Tawsey, rubbing her nose harder than ever. "But I 'opes you won't be lone, my poppet dovey."

"Oh, no," said Sylvia, kissing her and pushing her toward the door. "I'll look after those four women in the washhouse and read this new book I have. Then I must get tea ready for Paul, who comes at 4. The afternoon will pass quite quickly."

"I'll be back at 5 if I can and earlier if Matilder ain't what she oughter be," said Mrs. Tawsey, yielding.

In another quarter of an hour Mrs. Tawsey, dressed in her bridal gown and bonnet so as to crush Matilda with the sight of her splendor, walked down the garden path, attended by Mrs. Purr in a snuffy black shawl and a kind of cobweb on her head which she called a "bunnet."

Sylvia, left alone, proceeded to arrange matters. She went to the washhouse, which was detached from the cottage, and saw that four women, who worked under Deborah, were busy. She found them all chattering and washing in a cheerful way, so, after a word or two of commendation, she returned to the sitting room. Here she played a game of patience, arranged the tea things, although it was yet early, and finally settled down to one of Mrs. Wood's interesting novels.

Deborah had lighted a cheerful fire before she went that her mistress might be comfortable, so Sylvia sat down before this and read for an hour, frequently stopping to think of Paul and wonder if he would come at the appointed hour of 4 or earlier. What with the warmth and the reading and the dreaming she fell into a kind of doze, from which she was awakened by a sharp and peremptory knock. Wondering if her lover had unexpectedly arrived, although she did not think he would rap in so decided a manner, Sylvia rubbed the sleep out of her pretty eyes and hurried to the door. On the steps she came face to face with Miss Maud Krill.

(To be Continued.)

An Organ's Secret.

Switzerland has a church which is very proud of its exquisite music. This is the Church of St. Nicholas at Freiburg. At first no startling novelty impresses itself upon the visitor, but when the magnificent organ begins to sound surprise and delight are mingled in the hearer. This organ is of immense size. It has four manuals, sixty-four stops and 4,163 pipes. Its great peculiarity is, however, its vox humana stop. There are vox humana stops in hundreds of organs, but none which in any way aproaches the perfection of this masterpiece. Mooser, the builder, was repeatedly begged to build others, but invariably refused, and his secret has been faithfully kept, for, except the organist, who is also the tuner, no one is permitted to inspect the interior of the organ.—New York Mail.

Building on Sand.

In New York nearly all the tall office buildings have their foundations on the quicksand, in it or under it, and, as a rule, they are more difficult, dangerous and costly to build than anywhere else in the world. It is required to provide absolutely safe separate supports for from fifty to a hundred columns fifteen or twenty feet apart, each carrying loads of from 100 to 2,000 tons. Thirty feet below the surface the sand is found compressed to a hard, dense mass, which undisturbed will carry safely a load of 6,000 or 8,000 pounds per square foot. When, therefore, the building is not too heavy and there is no expectation of deeper foundations being built alongside, the new foundations are often laid on the surface of the sand, which has from one-half to the whole of its area covered with them.—Frank W. Skinner in Century.

Fashion In Pipes.

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

LONG TERM FIRES.

The Buddhist Fire of Bangkok Is the Oldest In the World.

In Siam is a fire that not only lasts for years, but has what have been aptly termed "lineal descendants." It is to be found in a Buddhist temple near Bangkok, where every fourth year at a certain period the priests light a fresh fire in a big brazier. This flame is kept alive for four years and is in turn extinguished after supplying a brand to ignite its successor. Inasmuch as this practice has obtained for upward of two centuries, the Buddhist fire of Bangkok is in a sense the oldest in the world.

Another long term fire is said to exist at Sarhad, Persia. This flame is a symbol of religious fervor, and it is death to extinguish it, and it is claimed it has burned for seventy years. In explanation of this curious rite it is explained that the Persians, rigid Mohammedans and regarding their former fire worshiping faith with detestation, nevertheless suffer the Sarhad flame to continue to display their gratitude for a service rendered a high official of the Persian Government many years ago. At that time, it is said, a pious Parsee, who had come to trade at Sarhad, was the happy means of saving the grand vizier from assassination. So the grateful Shah of that day ordered that the fire lighted by the Parsee should be kept alive indefinitely.

There are some regions of the earth, like those inhabited by the Eskimos, where the motive for retaining fires for long periods lies in the great difficulty of obtaining means for lighting new ones. One traveler reports seeing a fire in Lapland that had not been extinguished in seven years. It had been carried from place to place in an old ship's bucket.

England claims one of the oldest fires in the world, that in an inn called the Checkers, in Osmotherly. This inn, the story runs, has remained in charge of the same family for 100 years, and during that period the fire in the kitchen has never been extinguished.

The keeping up of fires for years at a time is said to be sometimes an incident of a Sicilian vendetta. The wronged individual when lighting his "fire of vengeance" is said to take solemn oath that it shall not be extinguished until his thirst for revenge shall have been satisfied by the death of the offending person. There is on record a trial in Palermo wherein it was shown that the accused, charged with murder, had kept his kitchen fire alight for five years.

Dyeing Real Flowers.

"Every once in a while some florist gets busy and puts some odd colored blossoms in his window as an extra attraction to the display," said a clubman. "I just noticed one down the street. It consisted of a bunch of impossibly green carnations. At first glance a good many people thought they were made of paper, but they got interested when they found out that they were 'natural.' Now, anybody who wants to have any of these freak flowers can get them by buying some kind of aniline ink, any color desired. Carnations are the easiest to color, white ones, of course. Put their stems in a glass filled with the ink. Their stems are soft, and in a short while the large veins in their petals are filled with the ink. Don't let them absorb too much color; they are prettier with just so much. Then remove them and put them in a vase of salt water. Lilies-of-the-valley lend themselves to this scheme also—in fact, any white soft-stemmed flower may be used."

Forestry In Germany.

In Germany no man may cut down a tree without replacing it by planting two or three more. And if the timber be growing on a slope which would, if deforested, precipitate a considerable body of water into a river, thus causing floods, the trees may not be cut at all, except such a portion of them as each year reach maturity. Most important of all, when it comes to recreating the devastated forests, the Germans do not tax growing forests for thirty years after the young trees are first planted. By that time, under proper conditions of scientific forestry, a permanent and regular annual crop may be cut and the forest may well bear its just share of the burden of taxation.—Technical World Magazine.

The Earth's Crust.

The solid crust of the earth is about 25 miles thick, and it floats upon a denser substratum, which is fluid or at least plastic. The crust of the earth may therefore be compared to an ice floe resting on the ocean and the mountains to icebergs imbedded in it. Just as an iceberg floats with only a small proportion of its bulk above the surface of the water, so the hills as we know them are merely the crests of huge bergs that float, almost wholly submerged, in a denser substratum.—Captain Craster in New Quarterly Review.

The Tribute of Protest.

During a matinee of "La Femme X" at the Porte St. Martin theatre, Paris, a man of seventy-four named Letang, sitting in the third row of the stalls, sprang to his feet. He was very much excited by the play and shouted to the judge in the trial scene that the prisoner (Mme. Jane Hading) was fainting and ought to be allowed to leave the court.

"You are torturing an unfortunate woman!" he shouted, and as he said the words he broke a blood vessel and fell dead in the theatre.

What He Liked Best.

An old farmer was invited to attend a party at the village doctor's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental.

On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said:

"Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?"

"Why, really, sir, I can't say," said the farmer, "for I didn't taste them. But the pork chops we had at supper were the finest I ever ate."

HUNTING IN AFRICA.

Winston Churchill Describes Sport In Country Around Nairobi.

Right Hon. Winston Churchill, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies of Great Britain, went from Mombasa to Khartoum over the same route that Col. Roosevelt will travel between these two points while in Africa. The Under Secretary of State for the Colonies of Great Britain spent some time in Nairobi, fitting out headquarters for African jungle hunters, and in the big game infested country round about. Col. Roosevelt is to spend the next six months at Nairobi and the country round about in search of the big game and other African experiences. Part of the time he will be a guest on just such extensive estates as Mr. Churchill describes in this article.

"This is the way in which they hunt lions. First find the lion, lured to a kill, driven from a reed bed or kicked up incontinently by the way. Once viewed, he must never be lost sight of for a moment. Mounted on ponies of more or less approved fidelity, three or four daring whites or Somalis gallop after him across rocks, holes, tussocks, nullahs, through high grass, thorn scrub, undergrowth, turning him, shepherding him, heading him this way and that, until he is brought to bay.

"But when pursued from place to place, chased hither and thither by the wheeling horsemen, the naturally mild disposition of the lion becomes embittered. First he begins to growl and roar at his enemies, in order to terrify them and make them leave him in peace. Then he darts little short charges at them. Finally, when every attempt at peaceful persuasion has failed, he pulls up abruptly and offers battle.

"Once he has done this he will run no more. He means to fight, and to fight to the death. He means to charge home; and when a lion, maddened with the agony of a bullet wound, distressed by long and hard pursuit, or, most of all, a lioness in defence of her cubs, is definitely committed to the charge, death is the only possible conclusion. Broken limbs, broken jaws, a body raked from end to end, lungs pierced through and through, entrails torn and protruding—none of these count. It must be death—instant and utter—for the lion, or down goes the man, mauled by septic claws and fetid teeth, crushed and crunched, and poisoned afterward to make doubly sure. Such are the habits of this cowardly and wicked animal.

"It is at the stage when the lion has been determinedly 'bayed' that the sportsman from London or New York is usually introduced upon the scene. He has, we may imagine, followed the riders as fast as the inequalities of the ground, his own want of training and the burden of a heavy rifle will allow him. He arrives at the spot where the lion is cornered in much the same manner as the matador enters the arena, the others standing aside deferentially, ready to aid or divert the lion.

"If his bullet kills he is, no doubt, justly proud. If it only wounds, the lion charges the nearest horseman. For 40 yards the charge of a lion is swifter than the gallop of a racehorse. The riders, therefore, usually avoid waiting within that distance. But sometimes they do not; or sometimes the lion sees the man who has shot him; or sometimes all sorts of things happen which make good stories—afterward."

GRIMALDI'S GRAVE.

London Paper Restores Memorial of Famous English Clown.

At the instance of a London paper, the proprietors of which have borne the cost, the neglected and time-worn tombstone of Joseph Grimaldi, in the disused cemetery of St. James' Church, Pontonville road, London, has been put into a proper state of repair.

"Joe" Grimaldi was the greatest of English clowns, and his name will always be associated with the history of pantomime. Born in 1779, Grimaldi died on May 31, 1837, and was buried in St. James' churchyard, which is only a stone's throw from the place of his birth and from the scene of his earliest triumphs, Sadler's Wells Theatre.

Grimaldi's Grave.

GRIMALDI'S GRAVE.

The headstone, thoroughly restored, has been moved into its proper position at the head of the grave. The inscription has been renewed so that it can be read. It is in the following terms:

Sacred
to the Memory of
Mr. Joseph Grimaldi,
who departed this life
May 31st, 1837,
Aged 58 years.

The lettering on the smaller stone at the foot of the grave has also been renewed. It bears simple the surname and the year of the famous clown's death.

The Finsbury Borough Council has also laid down at its own expense a concrete foundation which will last for centuries.

CANADA'S AVIATORS

WHAT INVENTORS ARE DOING AT BADDECK, N. S.

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and His Assistants, Baldwin and McCurdy, Are Performing Wonders In Little Out-of-the-Way Village—The Silver Dart Is the Best of the Aerial Fleet—How McCurdy Runs Her.

History is being made in the quiet little watering-place of Baddeck, on the shores of the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes. Here, at the laboratories of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone and founder of the Aerial Experimental Association, an army of experts is daily engaged with head and hand thinking and working out the problems of the best way to navigate the air. Even as I write these lines a distant purring sound comes to my ears; nearer and nearer it draws, the noise of the rapidly generating engine and the whirring of the propeller become louder and louder, until finally a window is flung open, and there, sailing gracefully through the air at an altitude of about thirty feet, is the famous aerodrome Silver Dart, making one of her cross-country flights. At a distance of three-quarters of a mile the drome becomes lost to sight, but in less time than it takes to write these words the machine has rounded the outer mark of the official course and is on her way back to the starting point, the aviator bringing her to earth with the graceful and unhesitating motion of a bird. Hourly flights of four miles or more are but incidents, and the aviators, Messrs. J. A. D. McCurdy and F. W. Baldwin, are as much at home seated on the machine flying through the air as is the ordinary individual sitting at the parlor fireside.

In October, 1907, Dr. Bell organized an association, to be known as the Aerial Experimental Association. The association consisted of five members, and had as its object the building and improvements of heavier-than-air machines. Experiments were first made with a large tetrahedral kite at Dr. Bell's summer home in Nova Scotia. The late Lieut. Selfridge went up in this man-lifting kite, and it was hoped to get data as to the life and what is technically called drift or resistance, with a view to installing a motor and propellers to convert the kite into a free flying machine. The flight was entirely satisfactory, but, unfortunately, the kite was wrecked by being pulled through the water after it had come down.

The association then moved its headquarters to the engine works of Mr. G. H. Curtiss, who was executive head of the association. Gliding experiments were commenced, but it was not until the arrival of their fourth aerodrome, the Silver Dart, that substantial successes were obtained. The Silver Dart is a double-deck aerodrome, 49 feet wide, with planes six feet broad, fore and aft. Centered on it is a 50-h.p. eight-cylinder motor, built by the G. H. Curtiss Co., of Hammondsport, New York. This motor drives a ten-blade wooden propeller, placed at the rear of the airship. The elevation is controlled by a horizontal rudder, broadly made and extending out in front, by the tilting of which the aviator can direct his course up or down. At the rear is placed a perpendicular rudder, by which the drome is steered, and which operates like that in an ordinary boat. The planes, with the exception of two small triangular wings at the extreme tips, are of rigid construction, the sections being covered with vulcanized silk. The forward thrust of the propeller, when the drome is stationary and the engine is going at full speed, is 300 pounds.

March 10 witnessed a sensational flight by the Silver Dart, when the machine out-distanced all her former records. Having been fitted with ice-wheels, the machine was trundled out on the ice, where, after a preliminary examination of the motor and machinery, Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy, owner of the machine, climbed through the network of wires into his tiny seat in front of the engine. The body of the machine was held in check by half a dozen sturdy onlookers while the engine was set in motion. With a "Let her go" from the operator, the attendants released their hold, and away went the machine over the ice like an arrow sprung from a bow. After skipping along the ice for about 200 yards, the drome rose at a graceful angle to a height of about twenty feet and shot away for the town of Baddeck, some three miles distant. Passing over the channel between the town and Kitson's Island, the aviator headed the machine for the 10-mile turning buoy. Rounding the mark in a wide, sweeping circle, the drome started on her return course. On the way in she had to pass over a thickly wooded patch of land, but was sufficiently high to avoid coming in contact with the tree-tops. The finishing point was rather close inshore, and Mr. McCurdy, to avoid the chance of landing on shore, shut off the power, and the machine, bereft of motion, glided gracefully to the ice. This was the record flight of the Silver Dart, the drome having covered a distance of twenty miles, less 200 yards, in twenty-four minutes.

Needless to say, this little group of men who are working so earnestly for Canada's success in the science of human flight are enthusiastic in their hope for the future.

"I feel confident that this machine could continue flying for an indefinite period," the aviator says. "These flights we are making are only experiments, and occasionally during a flight, when we have gone scarcely more than 100 yards, some little piece of mechanism gets out of adjustment, and we have to alight to fix it. Then, again, the machine will run along, as you have seen, for twenty miles without a hitch. The aerodrome is here to stay, and after it is somewhat more perfected I look to see it employed by the big powers of the world during times of war to carry despatches, do scouting work, etc."

SEATTLE EXPOSITION FORMALLY OPENED

PRESIDENT TAFT'S SIGNAL SETS MACHINERY IN MOTION

James J. Hill Makes the Opening Speech and is Cheered by 40,000 Listeners—Japanese Naval Visitors Receive Enthusiastic Reception—Exposition is Opened at a Cost of $10,000,000.

Seattle, Wash.—The Alaska-Yukon Pacific exposition, which cost $10,000,000, was officially opened at noon on Tuesday. The military parade, the speeches, President Taft's signal, and the magic response were all carried out exactly as planned.

When James J. Hill was introduced to make the opening speech 40,000 persons cheered so vociferously that it was several minutes before he could begin his address. The programme managers had omitted to count on this demonstration, and when President Taft pressed the golden key at noon (Pacific time, and touched the big signal gong, he cut short Bishop Kestor's benediction.

A striking feature of the parade was the popular applause for the Japanese visitors of the cruisers Aso and Soya. The American officers enthusiastically applauded the Japanese, who returned a similar greeting. Luncheon was served to the Japanese and American sailors in the Formosa tea house, one of the Japanese government buildings.

The closing event of the day was a banquet to distinguished guests, given in the New York building.

Preceding President Taft's signal in the White House setting in motion the machinery of the Alaska-Yukon Pacific exposition the exercises at the world's fair grounds were carried out with military precision. The exposition gates were opened at half-past eight o'clock. At half-past nine troops from the U.S. army and navy, the Japanese cruisers Aso and Soya, and the States militia paraded through the grounds under the command of Col. Goodbury, U.S.A., and the column reviewed from a stand at the head of the court of honor by exposition officials, visiting governors and Admirals Hijiichi and Urielsobree. The ceremonial exercises were held in a vast natural amphitheatre sloping to Lake Washington. The stage of this theatre seats fifteen hundred people and is located at the lakeside.

Conciliation Board at Bellevue

Coleman, Alta.—The board of conciliation has terminated its investigation of conditions peculiar to the Lille coal mines, and will continue its labors at Bellevue and Hillcrest. Acting President Evans reports for the miners that the outlook is hopeful and that the locals will in any case be given the final say as to the acceptance or rejection of the board's concluding recommendations. On this he insists.

The local unions at Bankhead, Canmore, Coleman, Taber and other mines are acting on a suggestion made by Honore Jaxon to the effect that all locals specially devoted to the defence of the union shop and the union right of final judgment shall get in touch with each other, either by convention or by the establishing of a volunteer correspondence circuit, and so keep each other posted on new developments, and in particular on such points of debate on matters of general interest as may crop up in the course of the board's proceedings as it makes the circuit of the camps.

Thousands Lynched in 25 Years

New York.—That 3,284 men, women and children have been lynched in this country in the last quarter of a century was the assertion of Mrs. Ida Wells Barnett at the National Negro conference in this city. Asking why this was permitted in a Christian nation, Mrs. Barnett quoted John Temple Graves as saying that the mob stands as the most potential bulwark between the women of the south and such a carnival of crime as would precipitate the annihilation of the negro race. All know that this is untrue, Mrs. Barnett said.

"The lynching record," she said, "discloses the hypocrisy of the lyncher."

Describing the riots at Springfield, Ill., Mrs. Barnett said it was all because a white woman said that a negro man had assaulted her. Later, Mrs. Barnett said, the woman published a retraction, but the lynchers' victims were dead.

Plant Union Jack on Antarctic Islands

Victoria.—To look for islands believed to exist and plant a British flag on each is the business on which the exploring steamer Nimrod which took Lieut. Shackleton's expedition to the antarctic has sailed from Sydney, according to advices received by the steamer Makura. Lieut. Shackleton says the present cruise is to complete the antarctic work by a complete search in the sub-arctic for several islands, the existence of which is doubtful. Man has never set foot on Emerald, Nimrod or Dougherty islands, but Capt. J. K. Davis, former chief officer, now commander, of the Nimrod, is to seek the islands and plant a British flag on each.

W. T. R. Preston Honored

London.—According to Japanese newspapers W. T. R. Preston, Canadian trade commissioner in Japan, who has been removed to Holland, is having a sort of triumphal march through the country with receptions and banquets everywhere and arches, flags and banners, with reporters of all the principal newspapers in the train of the procession and Mr. Preston's speeches are telegraphed all over Japan for publication next day.

BRITAIN NOT DECADENT NATION

Sir Robert Perks Gives His Views on the General Conditions Existing in England

Toronto.—"England is not a decadent and dying nation," said Sir Robert Perks in opening his address to the Empire club. His subject was "The attitude of modern Liberalism to Empire." He declared that the Liberal party was misrepresented by the press, society and men of finance, and that the people of Canada do not get an opportunity to read fair accounts of British public bodies.

Sir Robert admitted that all was not well in the social condition of the country, there was too much of an increase in drunkenness, a great number of unemployed and much distress among the poor in the slums, but the opponents of the government had no plan to bring forward by which to effect an improvement. Referring to the charges of lack of patriotism, Sir Robert said that the Nonconformists and old Puritans who formed the backbone of the Liberal party were not great shouters but felt as deeply and perhaps more deeply than their noisy opponents. While advocating peace they believed that the best way to ensure peace is to be ready for war.

Britain Must Not Be Caught Napping

Wellington, N. Z.—Premier Ward has telegraphed all the members of both houses of parliament asking them to meet him in the parliament buildings on June 7 to discuss the question of his attending the proposed imperial defence conference.

When interviewed Sir Joseph said he would ask the members to consent to adjourn parliament until his return. If they refuse he will not go.

Speaking later at a banquet and referring to the great importance of an imperial defence conference, Sir Joseph said, "We could not do other than recognize the efforts being made by other powerful countries and by one particularly (referring to Germany), and though no one could take exception to such a nation trying to rise in the world and protect its interests at home and abroad, yet we must join hands with our own people in the conviction that we ought not to be caught napping or allow any nation to overtake us. The British empire should be so powerful that there should be no question of any other power obtaining that supremacy of the sea which is so important to us and the whole empire."

Uprising in Peru

Lima, Peru.—Adherents of Augusto Durand, who was concerned in the revolution near near Lima in May 1908, and of Isaias Pierola, also a notorious agitator, made an assault upon the palace and seized President Leguia. The army, however, remained loyal, and came to his support. The revolutionists were obliged to liberate the president, who immediately took measures to put down the movement. Within an hour, although firing was still heard in the streets, President Leguia seemed to be master of the situation. Many shots are being exchanged between the troops and the revolutionists, and it is believed the casualties will be heavy. Cavalry is now on guard throughout the city August B. Linguia was elected to succeed Dr. Pardo as president of Peru on May 27, 1908. He had previously been premier and minister of finance and commerce. At one time Senor Laguia was managing director of the British Sugar Estates, Ltd. Durand made his escape, and a few months later was organizing another revolution in La Paz.

Dr. Carman on Way to Alberta

Toronto.—Rev. Dr. Carman, general superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, who has left for the west, will go direct to Strathcona, where the Alberta conference opens on June 3. On June 6 he will go to Moose Jaw to attend the Saskatchewan conference. He will remain there till June 13. After leaving Moose Jaw he will travel east, visiting conferences en route if time permits, provided he reaches Nova Scotia conference, which meets at Oxford on June 20. In all, Dr. Carman, who is now in his 78th year, will cover 7,000 miles on his flying journey across the continent and back again.

Industrious Scotch Girls for Canada

Winnipeg.—Five thousand dollars' worth of Scotch girls are being brought to be Winnipeg housewives on Monday, to Mrs. Helen Sanford, superintendent of the Girls' Home of Welcome. Mrs. Sanford left some time ago to secure these girls, who are coming to Canada to work as domestics. They are already engaged to work and all have homes to go to. Application was made to Mrs. Sanford before she left for the old country, and the people who wanted a girl paid $50 to supply the passage out. In the party are 100 girls, all fine looking young women and attractive.

Prairie Crop Reports Encouraging

Winnipeg.—From all over the vast prairie region reached by the Canadian Pacific's main line and branches crop reports received are of a most optimistic character. Wheat seeding is completed, and grain is sprouting through the soil encouraged by warm growing weather and a sufficiency of moisture. The season is a good deal ahead of two years ago, but a little later generally than in 1908. At some points wheat is three inches high.

May Imitate English Suffragists

Boston.—The question of adopting the methods employed by the suffragists in England was discussed by the representatives of the movement from the six New England states at the annual meeting of the New England Women's Suffrage association in this city. Miss Alice Von Blackwell presided.

PACKING PLANTS FOR THE PRAIRIES

MOVE TO ESTABLISH PLANTS ALL OVER DOMINION

Minister of Agriculture is Interested in the Matter, and the Government May Take Up the Question of Assisting in the Establishment of Plants Throughout the Western Provinces

Edmonton.—E. G. Palmer, a member of the committee which brought in a most exhaustive report on the desirability of establishing throughout the Dominion a complete system of meat chilling, packing and exporting, has returned to Edmonton from Ottawa, where he along with E. J. Greenstreet, formally placed the report before Hon Sydney Fisher, minister of agriculture. Mr. Greenstreet, who was honorary secretary of the committee, will not return to the city for several days.

Asked by a press representative as to the success of his mission, Mr Palmer said that the minister of agriculture and the great majority of the western members in the house of commons expressed their interest in the meat chilling proposition and practically pledged themselves to see what can be done to carry out some such scheme as outlined in the report. Several conferences were held with Mr. Fisher and the whole question was thoroughly discussed.

Frank W. Whiteside, of Stettler, chairman of the committee, was present at one of the interviews, and in his address to the minister confined himself to the quality of stock that the west could offer to the business if it were established. He said that he had 4,000 head of grain fed cattle now in comparison with only 1,000 a year ago.

"The minister of agriculture expressed his interest in the matter," said Mr. Palmer, "by suggesting that it was wise to go slowly and to begin the plant on a small scale. He asked me to submit an amended proposition, as the proposal embodied in the report was too large for a beginning and applied to all the provinces of the Dominion. It was suggested that the amended proposition apply only to Western Canada, where a beginning would most likely be made in case the government took this matter up."

The amended proposition submitted was the establishment of the business in the prairie provinces and the commencement in the smallest possible way compatible with success. Two small but complete works were proposed as central depots and five feeders where the initial processes might be carried on. These would be well distributed throughout the west at an initial cost of about $1,750,000.

Mr. Fisher was well pleased with the amended proposition and promised to discuss the matter with the government at his earliest opportunity. In the benefit of all interested in the matter Mr. Palmer would say that he expects the question will be introduced early in the next session of the federal house.

Gas Strike at Calgary

Calgary.—A gas flow, which is conservatively estimated at 1,000 000 cubic feet per day was struck in the gas well in East Calgary last week and the success of the undertaking is assured.

This flow in itself is sufficient to develop 4,000 horse power per day, but it is only the beginning of things in gas development. Work will be proceeded with in the same hole, which is in fine shape, with a six-inch pipe and there is every probability that the pressure will increase with depth.

When the test has been carried on, and the maximum of gas has been reached, other wells will be put down. "The power question in Calgary is now solved," says Manager Dingman.

The last strong flow was struck at a depth of between 2,800 and 2,900 feet. The obstacles which have been overcome in reaching this successful stage of gas development in the city have been stupendous. But now there is no thought of the troubles which have passed. The directors as shareholders have an assurance that their investment is a good one, and Calgary has hopes of securing power at a rate which is far below what it now costs to produce by coal.

From the amount of gas which is already assured 4,000 horse power per day could be generated.

Roy Plundered Banque St Jean

St. John, Que.—After being out 20 minutes, the jury in the case of Hon P. H. Roy, president of the defunct Banque St. Jean, accused of making false returns of the bank's affairs to the government, returned a verdict of guilty. The evidence showed that Roy had, through notes signed by parties of no responsibility, practically plundered the bank, and that, knowing this paper was worthless, he had continued to report it to the department at Ottawa as current loans, renewals being given and the interest added as the notes expired. The defence was that the returns were correct according to the books of the bank.

The bank was a small institution and closed its doors about two years ago with its affairs in a very bad condition, the depositors being heavy losers. Just before the failure Roy was a candidate for the mayoralty of Montreal, and the evidence showed that some of the bank's money was employed in financing his campaign.

A Big Ranch

Winnipeg.—W. H. Williams, who 17 years ago purchased from ex-President Roosevelt his huge ranch at Madora, Montana, has passed through Edmonton with 300 thorough-bred cattle, and will trail to Grand Prairie, where he will establish one of the biggest ranches north of the boundary.

GEOLOGICAL WORK THIS YEAR

Where the Canadian Surveyors Will Spend the Summer and What They Will Do

Ottawa.—The programme of summer work for the geological survey is now almost completed, and the allotment of field parties has been arranged as follows:—D. D. Carnes will have a party in the Watson river region in southwestern Yukon. R. G. McConnell will complete the examination of the geological and mineral resources of Texada Island. S. P. McLaren will finish a topographic map of Texada Island.

W. W. Leach is engaged in mapping in the vicinity of Hazleton, Skeena river, and will examine in detail the coal areas near Telkwa discovered by him last season. C. H. Clapp will continue his geological investigations on Vancouver Island. R. H. Chapman will begin a topographical survey of Vancouver Island. W. Sutton will report on the coal rocks of the east coast of Vancouver Island.

Charles Camsell will continue work in Similkameen district, more particularly the Tulameen river district. L. Reinicke will complete a topographical map of Tulameen and begin a survey of the west fork of the Kettle river. George Mallock will make a geographical survey of the Fort George region on the G. T. P. O. E. Leroy will study the geology and ore deposits of Slocan. He is now completing a geological map of Sheep Creek mining camp. W. H. Boyd will make a topographical map of Slocan.

S. J. Schofield will be employed in mapping the East Kootenay district. John McCoun is continuing natural history collecting in the west. D. B. Dowling will investigate the coal lands of Alberta west of Edmonton. W. McInnes will continue geological investigations in the district north of Edmonton.

Germany Anxious for Trouble

Winnipeg.—War without a minute's notice is what the Earl of Clanwilliam expects. The earl, in company with the Countess of Clanwilliam, is spending a couple of days in the city on their way to the Pacific coast. War the earl expects, will take place between Britain and Germany. Germany, he says, only awaits a favorable opportunity to quarrel with Britain, and they will let loose the dogs of war without notice of any kind.

Britain, however, is awakening to the crisis, and is prepared for eventualities. The earl says Britain is grateful to all the colonies for their offers to help. He points out that a Dreadnought would be of no use in Canada, but would have to be near Britain to be of service. A couple of cruisers, however, could be kept in Canada, and they would serve as training schools for a big naval reserve. The Earl of Clanwilliam comes of fighting stock. His father was an admiral and was in command at Halifax at one time. The present earl is a soldier and has a distinguished career.

Wonderful Machine at Saskatoon

Saskatoon.—The latest device in farm machinery is now in operation on the farm of Fred Eugen, on 17-36-5, about half a dozen miles from the city. It consists of a steam engine pulling a set of 10 gang plows behind which is a 4,000 pound sectional cement roller, followed by a seeder, on the teeth of which are chains for the purpose of covering the seed which has been sown. Thus the outfit breaks, rolls, seeds and harrows under one operation. Working twenty hours per day, it prepares and seeds fifty acres. What was raw prairie a day before becomes a field full of promise for the harvest. Certain improvements were invented by Mr Lund, a brother-in-law of Mr. Eugen, for which a patent was received by the inventor. The entire section is to be sown with flax.

Naval Warfare May Be Revolutionized

New Orleans.—If the process for the destruction of protected magazines aboard battleships and in forts devised by H. A. Folk, of this city, is practical, modern warfare will be revolutionized. Folk claims to have discovered a way by which the magazines in vessels miles distant can be exploded by a wireless spark set off by an operator in a tower on the shore. He claims that by his process one man can destroy an entire fleet within a very few minutes.

The young inventor, it is said, has corresponded with the United States government concerning his discovery, and negotiations for its purchase are pending. He has been commanded to secrecy by the war department, and refuses to divulge any part of his process.

Fortune in Hogs

Calgary.—P. Burns, of P. Burns & Co., states that by the prices ruling for pork in this district farmers should be able to make a fortune, but the effort of the majority was being expended on the raising of wheat. Six to seven and a-half cents live weight and eight and a half to nine cents dressed is being paid by Burns & Co., and farmers on small sales obtain in some instances higher prices. Mr. Burns states that the province is being closely covered with a view to securing sufficient hogs to satisfy local demands. He sees nothing to depreciate the price of pork in the immediate future.

Tolstoi's Publisher Punished

St. Petersburg.—Nicoli Selden has been sentenced to six months in the fortress on the charge of having published Count Leo Tolstoi's "Thou Shalt Not Kill," and other political pamphlets.

The magistrates refused to prosecute Count Tolstoi, who wrote a letter to the court declaring that Selden was a passive offender, and inviting the prosecution of himself.

U. S. WARSHIPS ON GREAT LAKES

Some Doubt as to the Legal Right of America to Add to Their Fleet Now There

Montreal.—The Nashville, a United States gunboat during the Spanish war, which is now to become a schoolship on the great lakes, passed through Montreal recently. There is some doubt as to her strict legal right to pass through Canadian waters owing to her being over the 100 foot limit provided by the Washington-Ottawa convention forbidding the passage of any fighting craft over that length. It is also said that she will take on armaments at Buffalo, which also involves a nice point of international law. The guns were sent overland to Buffalo. Consent to her carrying heavy armament on the lakes has not yet been granted, though consent to her being used as a schoolship has already been given by the Ottawa authorities.

One cabinet minister whose attention was drawn to the matter expressed the opinion that the United States had exceeded the terms of arrangement, but as to what action should be taken he declined to state beyond asserting that the question would be looked into.

At the state department it was stated that the popular misconception is that a treaty exists between the United States and Canada on this subject. There is really no treaty, but a sort of agreement or understanding based on an exchange of letters. On April 28, 1817, notes were exchanged in Washington between Sir Charles Bagot, the British minister, and Mr. Rush, the then secretary of state. The effect of these was an agreement terminable upon six months' notice by either party whereby the naval force on the lakes was to be limited on Lake Ontario to one vessel not exceeding 100 tons burden, with one 18-pound gun, on the upper lakes to two vessels of light burden, armed lightly, and on Lake Champlain to one.

This agreement has never been terminated though its provisions may be exceeded by mutual consent. The department here does not seem to be at all agitated over the situation, taking it for granted that the ships are to be used only as adjuncts to the state naval militia. However, it is probable that the whole matter will be inquired into and a new understanding reached.

A Canadian Invention

London, Eng.—A Canadian inventor who is stopping at a hotel here is being closely guarded by secret service men day and night on behalf of the admiralty, with whom h is endeavoring to negotiate a deal for a powerful explosive. It is understood the inventor has already received a fat cheque from the admiralty by way of an option. The inventor declined to be interviewed on the subject by the Canadian Associated Press. Germany is said to be also anxious to secure this new explosive.

Militia Drill to be Reduced

Ottawa.—It is announced in militia orders that in order to keep expenditure on drill within the amount voted by parliament, drill this year will be reduced. The reduction is based on the average numbers trained in each unit during the past five years. None of the following will train: Cavalry paymasters, regimental quartermasters, sergeants, signalling corporals and hospital corporals, artillery brigade staff, brigade quartermaster sergeants, orderly room sergeants and hospital corporals, infantry paymasters, sergeants of stretcher bearer sections, sergeants, drummers and signalling corporals.

Lady Aberdeen Coming to America

Queenstown.—Lady Aberdeen, wife of the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, has sailed on the Cedric for a trip through America and Canada. The countess is president of the Woman's National Help Association of Ireland, and has been conducting an active campaign in that country for the prevention of tuberculosis. In Dublin she maintains Pasteurized milk stations, which were equipped by Nathan Strauss, of New York, whose plans for the suppression of tuberculosis have been heartily supported by Lady Aberdeen.

Nome's Gold Output

Seattle, Wash.—Nome's gold output this year will be approximately $5,000,000, according to a statement made by Jafet Lindenburg, one of the pioneers of the Nome district, who is in Seattle. Mr. Lindenburg says that it is possible to make a fairly accurate forecast this early in the season, although the clean-up of the sluices will not be taken until about the first of July. The gold output this year will be little, if any, greater than that of last year.

All Quiet at the Canmore Mines

Canmore.—Although the Mounted Police are still on the ground, everything is quiet here. The mine owners are making no attempt to repair the damage done to the mine by the recent explosion, and state that no work will be done until after the finding of the board of conciliation, now sitting at Macleod.

The foreign miners are very quiet and no trouble is anticipated.

"Adam God" Guilty of Murder

Kansas City, Mo.—The jury in the case of James Sharp, or "Adam God," charged with the murder of Policeman Michael Mullane in a religious riot here on December 8 last, returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree, and Sharp was sentenced to 25 years in the penitentiary.

Kinrades Are in Boston

Toronto.—The attorney-general's department has been advised that the Kinrade family is still in Boston. They are living quietly there.

BRITISH TWO-POWER NAVAL STANDARD

BRITISH GOVERNMENT DOES NOT CONSIDER AMERICAN FLEET

Mr. Asquith Maintains that Owing to Distance the United States Cannot be Taken Into Consideration in Determining the British Two-Power Naval Standard—Must Have Regard to Geographical Position

London.—In the House of Commons Premier Asquith definitely laid down the view of the British government in regard to the question whether the United States should be considered in determining the British two-power naval standard.

Mr. Asquith said that a great deal of nonsense had been talked about the two-power standard, which was, in fact, nothing more than a purely empirical generalization. He agreed that the range of British vision should not be limited to Europe, but, on the other hand, when considering the effective strength of any other two powers of the world for aggressive purposes, one must have, he said, regard to geographical position.

In dealing with a remote power whose naval base was 6,000, 8,000 or 10,000 miles away, with no convenient coaling stations, it was elementary common sense not to treat that power as of the same effective value as a power with a naval base a hundred miles or so away. Therefore, pursued Mr. Asquith, the United States cannot be regarded as one of the two powers which would have to be taken into account, for although the United States was the second among the naval powers of the world, she could not be treated as of the same efficiency for aggressive purposes toward Britain as France, Germany or Austria.

Arthur Lee objected to the Premier's view, saying: "It is really impossible to exclude America on the score of geographical remoteness, when she has just sent a fleet of sixteen first class battleships, maintained as a fighting entity throughout, for a voyage of 40,000 miles.

Mr. Balfour, without mentioning the United States, argued that Mr. Asquith had abandoned the traditional British view of the two power standard, but the house rejected, by a majority of 114, a motion embodying Mr. Balfour's criticism.

Wily Ways of the Asiatic Man

London.—The Times Constantinoo'a correspondent says that much apprehension has been caused among the Young Turks and Armenians by the news that the new Vali of Adana, who is described as a somewhat fanatical Kurd, has entrusted the important task of the distribution of the government relief fund to Bagdad, a Turkish landowner who was the first to lead a band of armed men into the bazaar at Adana and begin the slaughter of Armenians.

There is reason to believe, the correspondent adds, that the local Nabales implicated in the massacre are endeavoring to secure official support at Constantinople to protect them from well merited chastisement that many of the military leaders are anxious to put upon them. The attitude of this element in the army and the chamber, however, encourages the hope that their efforts will not be successful.

British Sea Lord to Retire Shortly

London.—It is reported that Admiral Sir John Fisher, senior naval lord of the admiralty, will retire in October at the completion of five years as first sea lord. It is an open secret that the admiral has been very much annoyed by the recent criticisms of his administration. The Mirror says it is able to confirm the report and declares that Vice-Admiral Sir Arthur William Moore, commander-in-chief of the China station, will succeed him as senior naval lord of the admiralty.

Many Applications for Annuities

Ottawa.—The receipts by the government annuities branch now amount to over $113,000, and the applications on hand will add at least $50,000 to this. From Yukon to Cape Breton applications are coming. Dwellers in remote districts seem to be taking more interest in the annuity system than those in the cities.

To Defend Prince Rupert

Victoria, B. C.—On a government mission, stated by some to be an inspection of Prince Rupert, to outline a scheme for fortification for the defence of the port, Rear-Admiral Kingsmill, head of the Canadian navy, left for the north recently on the government fishery protection cruiser Kestrel. Rear-Admiral Kingsmill will also make a report on the necessity for another fishery cruiser.

Professor Prince Delayed

Ottawa.—Professor Prince, Dominion commissioner of fisheries, who expected to pay a tour of inspection to the west during June, has found it impossible to leave Ottawa until some time during September or October, when Winnipeg, Regina and Calgary will be visited and a conference held in those cities with the fish and game protective associations.

Irish Honor Roberts and Beresford

London.—Field Marshal Earl Roberts and Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, both of whom have recently stirred the nation by their sharp criticism of the British army and navy, were the principal guests at the annual banquet of the Irish association in London. The banquet was held at the Holborn restaurant, and was largely attended.

Miss Tiverton's Tea Basket.

By ALICIA SPRAGUE.

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Miss Tiverton always poured tea at precisely 3 o'clock in the afternoon for a select circle of feminine friends.

They drank tea at that early hour so that those who were married might get home in time to prepare 6 o'clock dinners for their husbands and that those who were single might be safely housed before the early darkness of the winter evenings.

Miss Tiverton sometimes wished that they might stay later, for it was always a long, lonely stretch between their going and bedtime.

Sometimes Lavinia Greer stayed with her, and on those occasions Lavinia's brother Richard would call at 9. And these were the social oases in Miss Tiverton's desert of dreary evenings.

She always made more tea for Richard and brought out her little sponge cakes. Richard liked the little cakes, and he liked Miss Tiverton's dainty ways, her delicate pink and white prettiness and her pale rose colored house gowns.

Lavinia thought Miss Tiverton very foolish to wear muslin all winter. "Think of the washing!" she said as she and Richard walked home one evening. "And Letitia Tiverton is as poor as Job's turkey."

"She surrounds herself," said Richard musingly, "with an atmosphere of beauty."

Lavinia sniffed. She hated to have her brother say nice things about Letitia Tiverton. Lavinia had kept her brother's house for many years, and it had always been her great duty to nip sentimental affairs in the bud.

Therefore it was many weeks after that ominous remark of Richard's before she again spent an evening with Letitia. She took her work over in the mornings or went to the little tea drinkings, but she did not allow her brother to darken the doors of the little gray cottage.

One day Richard spoke of it mildly. "We haven't been to Miss Tiverton's for a long time," he said—"not, I think, for four weeks tomorrow."

Lavinia gave him a sharp glance. "How did you happen to remember the date?" she asked acidly.

Richard looked at her quizzically over his glasses. "I noted the date in my diary," he said. "I always write down the events of the day, Lavinia." He did not tell her that he had added after the formal statement, "Brought Lavinia home from Miss T.'s," the further comment, "Miss T. looked like a rose in her pink gown."

A week later he urged Lavinia to call. "She will think something is the matter," he said.

Lavinia shrugged her shoulders. "I have been there in the daytime," she said. "I don't see what more she can expect."

Richard thought for a moment. "She has told us that her evenings are lonely," he reminded his sister.

"Humph!" said Lavinia. "I don't know that we are called on to put ourselves out to go there these freezing cold nights."

Richard returned to his book, but after a reasonably judicious interval he looked up to say, "I saw a very pretty tea basket in a shop this morning, Lavinia, padded inside to keep the tea warm"—

"Who wants a thing like that?" Lavinia questioned scornfully. "I always make coffee, Richard."

Richard said nothing more. He loved tea, but Lavinia preferred coffee, and there you were. Yet the next morning he sauntered to the flaming Japanese bazaar, where were displayed native wares to tempt the tourists who were making the old fashioned southern village a halfway stopping place on their way to the tropics.

The tea basket was a quaint affair of oriental weaving with a gay pink satin lining and a green and pink cord and tassel about the handle. The pink made Richard think of Miss Tiverton. With a defiant look he went in and bought the basket and ordered it sent to her.

His heart failed him, however, when the dark skinned salesman asked him for a card to put with the gift.

"Just send it without," he said hastily. Visions of Miss Lavinia's wrath should she know of his purchase came to him oppressively.

The mysterious basket was to little Letitia Tiverton a source of infinite delightful speculation. She displayed it to her afternoon circle, the rose colored lining, the pink cord and tassel, the fine basketry.

"And I can't imagine who sent me such a beautiful thing," she ended radiantly when all had seen it.

At the first glance Lavinia Greer's eyes had hardened. Of all those women she only suspected where that basket had come from. Richard had sent it. This looked seriously like the beginning of a romance that would be most inconvenient to Miss Lavinia.

On the way home she thought over a plan. It was simple. At dinner she told Richard, "Letitia Tiverton was too silly about a basket that some one sent to her."

Richard started, and his face flushed. He realized that Lavinia had put two and two together and had guessed that it was he who had sent the tea basket to Miss Tiverton.

"I wish you had seen her," Lavinia pursued. "I wish you had heard her giggle and boast that you sent it."

Richard turned questioning eyes upon her. "But she did not know that I had sent it," he said. "There was no card, Lavinia."

Lavinia went on hurriedly. "Well, then, she guessed, for she bragged of it, Richard—it—it—it was disgusting." Miss Lavinia's face was a dull red. She did not like what she was doing now that she was doing it. But she was desperate.

"I can't imagine"—Richard's tone was incisive—"I can't imagine, Lavinia, a woman of Miss Tiverton's delicacy doing a thing like that."

Lavinia tossed her head. "You don't know much about women, Richard," she retorted.

Richard walked abroad that night consumed by angry doubts. Surely Lavinia would not lie. Surely Miss Tiverton would not brag. His gold headed cane tapped the pavement irresolutely. Then suddenly he strode down the street, irresolute no longer.

Miss Letitia, alone and a little wistful in her small gray cottage, heard the tap of the cane as she had heard it every night when Richard went forth for his evening walk.

Behind her curtains she had watched him regularly and had admired the straightness of him, the briskness of his walk, the brown waves of hair which in defiance of modern fashion he wore so long that it almost touched his coat collar.

It had never dawned on Miss Tiverton that such a great being as Lavinia's brother could look upon her and find her lovely. In her humility she had not dreamed that the basket was an offering from such a source.

She had thought the women of her circle might have clubbed together to bestow on her this gift of friendship, and her effusiveness at the afternoon gathering had been due to her gratitude.

The tap of the gold headed cane sounded right in front of her gate, stopped and began again on the stone walk that led to the front door.

Then the bell rang. Miss Tiverton answered it. Richard stepped over her threshold—for the first time without his sister Lavinia.

"I came," he said when he was seated, "to ask a question, a delicate question, Miss Tiverton. Who sent you your tea basket?"

Miss Letitia's clear eyes met his frankly. "Oh, did Lavinia tell you that one was sent me?" she asked. "It's such a beauty!" And she brought it to him, displaying the rose lining and the tassels.

Richard drew a long breath of relief. The doubts that Lavinia had planted fled. There was nothing of deceit in that childlike soul, in that flowerlike face.

"Miss Letitia," he said, with his hand on the basket, "haven't you guessed who sent it?"

Her puzzled glance met his. "No," she murmured.

"I—I sent it," he confessed, "because it reminded me of you—the rose color and the pink—like your pretty gown, your pretty self, a rose of a woman."

Miss Letitia stood half poised for flight. "Oh!" she said breathlessly, and her eyes were like stars. "Oh, Mr. Greer!"

Richard grew bolder. "I sent it because I love you, Letitia. There is no happiness that could exceed that of winning you for my wife."

It came upon little Letitia almost too suddenly, that vision of happiness, and she swayed toward him, looking just then more like a lily than a rose, and the tea basket dropped from her nerveless hand.

Richard caught it deftly as he drew her to him. "You will pour tea for me, won't you," he demanded, trying to bring the color back to her cheeks, "for the rest of my days, Letitia? Lavinia gives me coffee—but, then, oh, hang Lavinia! Will you marry me, sweetheart?"

And Miss Letitia after a startled "Oh, Richard!" buried her face against his coat and said, "Yes."

Don't Be Cheap.

Do not hold yourself too cheap. If you do not think well of yourself others are not likely to think much of you. You are usually taken at your own value. By this is not meant a foolish self conceit, but a proper self respect.

Have a regard for the esteem of those whose opinion is worth having. No one can be admired by all. He who has no enemies may doubt whether he has real friends. Try to win the regard of the good and the wise. If the foolish take offense, pass it by.

Think too well of yourself to stoop to anything coarse, mean or untrue. However humble your station in life may be, you may think yourself worthy only of that which is good and true. To be genuine puts you on a high level. Whatever your purse, you may be rich in character. Think yourself worthy of the best to which you can attain. Aim for the highest you see, and should you fail to reach it you will still be higher than if your aim had been low.—Milwaukee Journal.

Unfeeling.

A soft air shook the honeysuckle vine, and puffs of delicate perfume floated gently to where erotic Blenkinsop sat spooning with his girl. Not a leaf stirred. Only the stars and moon above and the green earth below. All around was the atmosphere of lee-ove.

His tone was reverend and hushed. It was as if this slim and beautiful maiden were in his eyes a goddess.

"Darling," he exclaimed, pausing in his ecstatic osculations, "each time I kiss you it makes a better man of me!"

They fell to again.

A voice from above broke harshly on the night:

"What are you by now, then—saint or archangel?"

A burst of ribald laughter, the rattle of a closing window and then once more the holy calm of undisturbed night.—London Scraps.

GOT HIS MEASURE,

The Witness Had No Further Fear of the Cross Examiner.

The great lawyer was just starting home after a hard day's work in court. A sedate-looking man approached him and said:

"I don't know whether you remember me or not. I am one of the witnesses whom you cross-examined yesterday."

"Ah!"

"There are one or two small matters I wanted to ask you about. You seem to be a person of superior intelligence. I'll walk along with you to your station so as not to waste any time. What I wanted to ask you was this: If I were to say to you that 'the three faces which include a triedal angle of a prism are equal in all their parts to the three faces which include a triedal angle of a second prism, each to each, and are like placed, the two prisms being in all their parts,' what would you understand by it?"

"Why, sir—really"—

"You don't mean to tell me you are stumped by a little one like that?"

"You see, the question is a little sudden, and in order to grasp its full significance"—

"Never mind. Here's an easier one, nearer the beginning of the book. If I were to suggest to you that a certain object is a polyhedron, in which two of the faces are polygons, equal in all their parts, and having their homologous sides parallel, what would be the impression conveyed to your mind?"

"To be candid, I never looked into the subject very deeply."

"You don't mean to own up that you wouldn't know it was a plain, everyday prism?"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light."

"That's all. My boy, who has just left school, could have answered those questions without stopping to think. I feel better. You were putting on a lot of airs yesterday, but you ain't any cyclopedia. I don't believe you are even a handy compendium of useful knowledge. After this display of lamentable ignorance on your part I want to make just one suggestion. If you should ever get me into court again don't you swing at me with any more of your big words and try to act haughty. I've got your measure, and I'm liable to be just as supercilious as you are."—Pearson's Weekly.

Beri-Beri and Hari-Kari.

The busy man, who only has time to read the headlines of a newspaper, hustled up to a bunch of his friends the other day with the remark: "Remarkable case that. Very seldom you ever hear of a Chinaman committing suicide." "I should say it is," said one of the friends. "Did a Chinaman commit suicide?" "Yes, indeed; fellow committed beri-beri down at Point Breeze. He was a sailor." "Indeed? I was always under the impression that beri-beri was a disease, and not a method of self-destruction." "Not on your life," said the busy man; "beri-beri is one of the most horrible forms of suicide known." At this juncture another in the group remarked: "Don't get beri-beri confused with hari-kari. Hari-kari is a way to commit suicide, but beri-beri is a tropical disease." "Now, there's just where you're wrong," said the wise one. "Hari-kari is the Japanese word for suicide, but beri-beri is the Chinese name." It was several hours before they finally convinced him of his mistake.

Both Wanted Bites.

A sportsman went out fishing on a highland loch, his companion being the estate keeper, Sandy McKay. The gentleman proved rather unsuccessful with his rod, and after persevering for a couple of hours he said:

"I think we may as well go home now, Sandy. The trout won't bite to-day."

When they went ashore the sportsman offered the keeper some sherry, which that functionary declined.

"I've got no whisky," said the gentleman. "What is your objection to a drop of sherry?"

"Weel," replied Sandy, "if ye maun ken, it's the same objection as ye hae tae the troot the day—it winna bite."

Eating Oysters.

Surely the queerest way of cooking an oyster is that mentioned in the year 1672, when Richardson, the fire eater, took a live coal on his tongue; on this he put a raw oyster in its shell, while an attendant blew upon the coal with bellows until it flamed and sparkled in his mouth. This continued until the oyster opened and was perfectly cooked.

The European Magazine for 1806 contains an account of a young lady at Brighton who undertook to eat for supper the amazing quantity of 360 oysters, with a certain amount of bread and butter. This feat she performed, greatly to the astonishment of all present.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

A Quaker was negotiating with an insurance agent as to effecting a policy on a vessel overdue. At this juncture he heard of the vessel's loss and and wrote at once to the agent of the company:

"Friend, if thee hasn't filled up the policy thee needn't, for I've heard of the ship."

"Eh," said the officers, "cunning fellow. He wants to do us out of the premium." So they wrote to the Quaker:

"Thou art too late by half an hour. Thy policy is filled up."

Why Barrie Does Not Smile.

The melancholy expression on Mr. J. M. Barrie's face at times is said to owe its origin to the following incident. "When I was a boy," he is reported to have said, "I got a prize at school, which had very disastrous results. It was awarded by the girls of the school in plebiscite to the boy who had the sweetest smile, and I won it! That evening my smile disappeared, and has never been seen since."

The Other Girl.

By R. A. BEALL.

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To all their friends there seemed to be something essentially incongruous in the idea of their marriage. Friends, of course, as is well known, have the right to decide those things.

Grace Ormiston was a New England girl of an old Boston family, who knew her Emerson by heart. It was even reported that she knew what Robert Browning meant when he wrote:

Setebos and Setebos and Setebos.

Jim Garrison had been born and reared on a big Kentucky plantation, and he had obtained his education in that school which not only believes but vows that a gentleman's education is complete when he has been taught "to ride, to shoot and to speak the truth."

Yet their marriage had turned out a happy one, for with all Jim's ignorance of books he was a gentleman, every inch of the stalwart length of him. He did feel a bit oppressed, though, at times when his clever and learned wife let him "slide out of the conversation," as he expressed it, and showed by her manner that she knew it was over his head and that she excused him in sympathetic kindness.

The truth was that Jim would have been quite a bit the better for it if he had possessed more of a share of that of which most men have too much—conceit.

Poor Jim didn't have a bit, and he used to rub his handsome head ruefully and with very genuine sorrow at the harassing thought that he was not good enough for his brilliant beauty of a wife and that she must feel some degree of shame for him when she was surrounded by the wise and learned people who called on them continually.

When they had been married a little more than a year a telegram came for Jim while he was absent in Kentucky looking over some of his land. Mrs. Garrison hesitated before she opened the yellow envelope, for she was not a woman who believed in letting her curiosity get the better of her, although she had her full share of that delightful instinct of her breeding.

However, she finally decided that she should open the telegram to see if it was important enough to forward to Jim. Surely every one will forgive that. Women ought to be curious. It's part of their charm. Think of what the world would be without woman's delicious curiosity!

The message was short. But few as the words were they were sufficient to cause something very much like her little world tumbling disastrously down around the pretty ears of Mrs. Garrison. The telegram was dated from a village on Long Island and said:

The Girl is dying. Come at once.

It was signed Jack Farrington. Grace recognized this name as that of one of her husband's friends of whom she had often heard him speak, but whom she had never met.

Grace was not a naturally jealous woman—that is, nothing more than to say that she was not any more jealous than is any good, true, warm souled woman. She tried to remain unsuspicious; but, try as she would, she could find but one interpretation for the message.

Her faith in Jim was too absolute to believe that "the girl" referred to could be her rival since their marriage. She never gave place in her mind for one moment to any idea that her Jim was capable of the shameful, disgusting treachery such a surmise would presuppose.

But she could not help but see that this girl had some old claim on Jim and the thought of such a claim on the man whom she loved so passionately was sufficient to drive her nearly frantic.

She perceived that the sender of the telegram had taken it for granted that Jim would not hesitate to "come at once." And then she recollected with a keen sense that gave her new pain now that Jim always had spoken shyly and hesitatingly about Farrington and had evaded all her attempts to induce him to invite this friend of his early days to their home.

Her feeling was one of total desolation. She moaned at the thought there could be anywhere in the world a woman with such a claim upon her Jim that he must go to her deathbed. Mrs. Garrison realized now and all at once how deeply and helplessly she loved her handsome husband and how empty all her world of knowledge and art would seem to her if that love were destroyed.

At last, however, she began to think of the unknown girl who lay dying. With a mighty effort she put aside her own grief and telegraphed to her husband:

Mr Jim Garrison, Phenix Hotel, Lexington, Ky.
Come home immediately. A matter of life and death. GRACE.

She could not bear to telegraph to him that "the girl" was dying. To refer to her in such a way was repugnant to every instinct, and she was in total ignorance of the girl's name.

Before noon she received the expected reply. It read:

Leave at noon. Arrive tomorrow noon.

Grace Garrison, having forced herself to sacrifice her own emotions and her own wounded love and anguished pride, was not the woman to shrink from making the sacrifice complete and deep, however her feet might bleed on the weary way.

She telegraphed to Farrington that Jim would reach home at noon of the next day and would come down to Long Island immediately and meantime determined to expedite his trip in every manner. Whoever this woman was to Jim, Grace resolved that Jim must reach her bedside before death closed her eyes if she could make it possible.

The railroad time tables showed her that connections could not be made until very late in the evening, and she decided that he must be hurried down in her automobile.

It was a swift machine that had been bought especially for her use by her mother. Jim had steadfastly refused to learn to drive it. But Grace decided that it would not do to have the chauffeur drive Jim on such an errand, for fear of gossip among the servants. She came to the brave decision that she would drive the machine herself.

It was a very worried and excited man who ran to her at the gate of the railroad station. "Tell me what it means, Grace!" cried he.

Grace Garrison had faced the sacrifice, but she was a woman. Her face grew stern and cold. She replied that a crowded station was hardly the place for such confidences and waited silently till he was in the automobile. Then, when they were whizzing on their way to Long Island, she looked fixedly at Jim and without a word handed to him the telegram from Farrington.

Jim read it silently. His face denoted some distress, but it denoted more bewilderment.

"I'm awfully sorry The Girl is dying," he said. "It sort of breaks me up. But if she had to die I wish that I had been left in peace till I had finished business in Kentucky. I was just closing a very profitable little transaction."

Grace looked at him in shocked amazement. Jim stared at her and opened his mouth to say something, but thought better of it. Grace turned her face away to hide her tears, which she could not repress, try as she would. She did not trust herself to speak except once or twice to ask the direction from Jim. The last time she fancied that she heard him chuckle, but dismissed the idea as a morbid fancy.

Farrington met them with a cordial handshake and a strange cheerfulness, which was explained when he said hurriedly to Jim that The Girl was much better. Then he asked coldly if they would not like to see her.

Jim replied in the affirmative without a moment's hesitation, but Grace held back. Then Jim chuckled. It was an unmistakable out and out chuckle.

Bewildered, wondering, Grace followed the two men as Farrington led the way to the stables.

A rather feeble looking mare whinnied when she saw Jim and made a weak effort to get upon her feet.

On the way back Jim said with a happy smile: "You'll have to read up on one subject, anyway, darling. Anybody who knows anything at all about racing knows The Girl. She's the winner of the Shenandoah sweepstakes, the Cumberland futurity and the Gold cup, and she belongs to the racing firm of yours truly, Garrison & Farrington. I'm glad she is better; but, sweetheart, even if she had died I would have considered her well paid for, by the knowledge I've won through your misunderstanding about that telegram. Am I very stupid, darling, if I think that you love me, even though I don't know much of literature and art?"

And Grace Garrison gave him a reply that convinced him that he was not stupid.

Preparing Robin Beefsteak.

On a certain occasion I saw a sturdy specimen of the robin tribe on the lawn searching for provisions for his family of clamorous gormands. At length, by tugging and perseverance, he succeeded in extracting a lusty angleworm from the tough sward and was making the effort to fly to his nest with the prey. But Mr. Worm rebelled. More than that, he writhed and squirmed with the greatest energy, and the bird that had come to market so bravely was in danger of finding his provisions so unruly that he could not reach home with them. But he was not to be defeated so easily. Stepping to the board walk near by, he deliberately began to pound Mr. Worm down upon the hard surface with an emphasis that bade fair to finish all protests and writhing. And so it did. A dozen pecks, and not only was the little fellow's beefsteak ready for transportation, but it was ready pounded for the broiler—or in this case consumption without the aid of broiling.—Young People.

He Did It.

A teacher had just finished explaining the use of the ditto marks when she noticed one of her young searchers for knowledge searching for it in a story book. So she made him stay after school and told him to write the sentence "Always pay attention" 100 times.

In a very short time he gave a glad shout, "I've did it!"

"What kind of language is that?" she remarked severely. "And you surely haven't had time to do it."

"Well, I'm done it, then. Anyhow, here it is." He held up his paper. The sentence was written once at the top, and the remaining surface was covered with dots.

"But you haven't done it!" she exclaimed.

He gazed at her scornfully.

"Course I have. Them's ditto marks. Made 'em ninety-nine times. They're good things."

What else was there to do but to let him go at once? And she did.

A MIGHTY FORTRESS.

The Famous Rock of Gibraltar and Its Armament.

A GUN IN EVERY CREVICE.

The Place Stored With Food and Munitions of War to Stand a Siege of Seven Years—An English View of the Cannon Studded Stronghold.

"An enemy's fleet could be sent to the bottom in ten minutes before getting within five miles of Gibraltar. Not even a torpedo boat could succeed in entering the bay unobserved on the blackest night." That sums up the opinions of the most eminent naval experts as to the impregnability of the world's greatest fortress.

But disappointment awaits the sightseeing visitor. The rock, though barren, is covered with luxuriant vegetation—not a fort prominent, not a gun to be seen even with the most powerful glasses, no discernible ammunition magazines, no strongholds, only a peaceful, prosperous harbor and a sleepy, straggling town.

It is night, and the maneuvers are on. Swift playing searchlights transform the bay into a sheet of shimmering silver upon which are seen majestic British warships and elongated flying shadows, the torpedoes. Guns answer guns out of every conceivable crevice and corner, blending in one deafening uproar, while scores of shells plow the water for miles around.

Sentries are everywhere; infantry parties crouch in the shadows; hundreds of gunners stand ready behind hundreds of guns in these mysterious labyrinths hewn out of the solid rock—"the galleries." The vicious barking of Maxim guns gives contrast to the deep toned baying of these mammoth pieces of ordnance, the mere report of which cracks stone roofs and bursts doors and whole windows. Could any fleet live through the murderous hail of gigantic shells?

Gibraltar never sleeps. By day and night two perfectly equipped signal stations, proudly flaunting Britain's flag of ownership, unceasingly sweep the seas around to a distance of fifteen miles on a clear day, instantly reporting the coming and going of each vessel. Sentries guard all the prominent forts, magazines and gateways; gunners sleep beside their guns; engineers are ever ready beside the powerful searchlights.

Modern "needle" guns, the finest in Europe, are installed on all the most prominent points. They are unreachable from the sea, even as they are undiscernible, owing to the skill with which they are painted and draped to match the surrounding vegetation, while huge screens drop automatically before them as each shell is fired. They have a range of fifteen miles and could drop shells on Ceuta, in Africa, opposite, quite comfortably. One gun weighs 110 tons and is capable of throwing a shell weighing three-quarters of a ton. In that marvel of engineering under great difficulties, the galleries, are concealed guns for every day in the year.

These galleries are divided into three sections, entry to which is guarded, while one is closed even to high officers, containing preserved stores, munitions of war, rainwater (for Gibraltar has no springs) and a complete condensing plant—all calculated to outlast a siege of seven years.

The firing is the most mathematically perfect imaginable. The surrounding waters are mapped out into squares, upon which certain guns are kept ready trained, so that it is almost impossible to miss. During practice targets are towed across the bay, the object being to hit the water a few yards in advance of them.

Although the sentries have now been reduced, a few years ago 158 were needed daily, the most important point being the north front, where English sentries face Spanish sentries. But the mere pressure of an electric button by the officer of the guard would cause a miniature earthquake on the neutral ground.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Haggis as the Scotch Make It.

To make haggis take the heart, tongue and small liver of the sheep, one pound of bacon, four ounces of crumbs of bread, the rind of one lemon, two eggs, two anchovies (sardines may be used), a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Chop the heart, tongue, liver and bacon, mix thoroughly, add the breadcrumbs, the anchovies, chopped fine; the lemon rind, grated; then the pepper and salt. Beat the eggs and pour them over. Pack this into a kettle or mold, cover and boil or steam continuously for two hours. Turn it on a dish and serve very hot.

A Clever Cook.

Mrs. Nurich was in the jewelry store.

"Here are some new souvenir spoons we have just got in," said the clerk, placing a tray for her inspection.

"Oh, ain't those lovely!" she exclaimed. "I must have some of those! Our cook makes such lovely souvenirs!"—Argonaut.

Well Posted.

"What was that musty old explorer talking about?" inquired the languid lady.

"Progressive Patagonia."

"And how do you play it?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, that makes the feast.—Clarendon.

FORTIFIED AT FIFTY

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Health and Strength to Women at a Critical Time.

Few women reach the age of fifty without enduring much suffering and anxiety. Between the years of forty-five and fifty health becomes fickle, and acute weaknesses arise with rheumatic attacks, pains in the back and sides, frequent headaches, nervous ailments and depression of spirits.

The secret of good health between forty-five and fifty depends upon the blood supply. If it is kept rich, red and pure, good health will be the result, and women will pass this critical stage in safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help women of mature years as no other medicine can, for they make the rich, red blood that means good health, and brings relief from suffering. Mrs. C. Donavon, Newcastle, N. B., says: "About two years ago I was greatly run down and very miserable. I did not know what was wrong with me. I was hardly able to drag myself about, had severe headaches and no appetite. I felt so wretched that I hardly cared whether I lived or not. I had often read of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for others and I decided to try them, and I can now truthfully say I found them all they are recommended to be. Under their use my health gradually came back; I could eat better, sleep better and felt stronger in every way, and before long I was enjoying as good health as ever I had done."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the trouble in the blood. They actually make new blood. That is why they cure such troubles as rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, kidney troubles, headaches, sideaches and backaches, and the ailments of growing girls and women of mature years. 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.

What He Thought

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him." "Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you." "Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"

$100 Reward, $100.

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

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

Chicken Homiletic

A country minister in the course of his dining out on the circuit came to a house where a roast chicken was served for dinner. He had previously encountered a series of rib-cornered beef dinners and chicken looked good to him.

"Well," he facetiously remarked, "here's where that chicken enters the ministry."

"Hope it does better there than in the lay work," rejoined the small boy of the family.

"Do you always allow the minister who marries you to kiss you?" asks the lady with the alimony expression of the lady with a half-dozen wedding rings arranged as bangles on her bracelet.

"Dear me, no!" smiles the latter. "That is so horribly old-fashioned, my dear. But I always kiss the judge who divorces me."

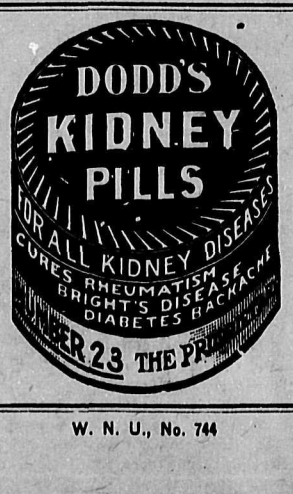
A Pill that Proves its Value.—Those of weak stomach will find strength in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they serve to maintain the healthful action of the stomach and the liver, irregularities in which are most distressing. Dyspeptics are well acquainted with them and value them at their proper worth. They have afforded relief when other preparations have failed, and have effected cures in ailments of long standing where other medicines were found unavailing.

"What are you talking about? A thing can't be a great help and a great drawback at the same time."

"I don't know. How about a mustard plaster?"—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

As a wedding anniversary present to his parents in Scotland a machinist in Altoona, Pa., sent them a phonograph record of his voice, which they had not heard for thirty years, but recognized immediately.



W. N. U., No. 744

THE PLAIN OF GUISNES.

Its Transformation Into the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

It was a magnificent display when Henry VIII. of England and Philip I. of France met in good fellowship on the plain of Guisnes.

The king's retinue had been selected from the noblest of the kingdom. Wolsey, with his 300 followers, headed the escort and was followed by dukes, earls, barons, bishops and knights, with their retainers. The escort numbered 4,000 horsemen, not including the queen's escort, numbering nearly 2,000 persons and 800 horses. The French king had an equally splendid retinue. King Henry and his great cavalcade were taken, on arrival at Guisnes, to the magnificent palace provided by Wolsey. There was an old palace there, and Wolsey had established himself in that and erected one for his king. The palace was the most beautiful place imaginable. It had so many glazed windows that it looked as though built of crystal, and much of the woodwork, both inside and out, was covered with gold. All the way from the gate to the door were rows of silver statues. Inside the walls of the chambers and halls were hung with magnificent tapestry embroidered in gold, and the ceilings were draped with white silk.

But Henry was not to spend all of his time in his fine palace, for tents had been erected on the plain, and in these the two kings and their suits were to lodge. The tents of the French king were pitched just outside the walls of the town of Ardres and extended almost to the tents of King Henry.

The tents in which the two queens were lodged were covered with cloth of gold, as were also the tents of the ladies in attendance upon them and of all members of the royal families. The effect was dazzling. Beautiful pavilions, hung with cloth of gold, dotted the plain; banners floated everywhere; fountains of wine spouted in the bright June sunshine; horses, decorated with fluttering ribbons, pranced about gayly. So gorgeous had the dreary plain been made that it has become known in history as the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

BROWNING'S "SORDELLO."

The Critics Had Lots of Fun With the Famous Poem.

When Robert Browning was twenty-eight years old and after he had written "Paracelsus" and his tragedy of "Strafford," he wrote "Sordello," about which there has always been such a variety of opinion. Dante in his "Purgatory" wrote of Sardello, who was a poet of Provence.

"When "Sordello" appeared it made a sensation. Punch said it had offered £100 to any person who would reasonably explain one single line and that after a year no one had claimed this reward. Burlesques were written on it, and in one of these it was claimed that the funniest lines were some of the exact original ones.

A story is told of witty Douglas Jerrold, who met a friend one day and asked, "Have you read 'Sordello?' Does it mean anything?"

The friend replied that it meant nothing whatever. "Thank heaven!" said Jerrold. "Then I am not mad! I read it yesterday and feared I had lost my wits. It is only Browning who has lost his."

Another story was that criminals at Newgate prison who were condemned to death were offered full pardon if they would listen to the reading of "Sordello," but in every instance they hastened with glee to the gallows. Browning once said that he blamed nobody but himself for the work and that it had many faults of expression; that he meant to lay stress on incidents in the development of a soul and that little else is worth study. This estimate of his work was given twenty-five years after it was written, when he had revised it and dedicated it to a friend. He rewrote very little of it, and his followers have a belief that he considered "Sordello" his best literary work. It certainly has many beautiful lines, and in particular there is a word picture as striking as anything in our language:

That autumn eve was stilled.
A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests like a torch flame turned
By the wind back upon the bearer's hand
In one long flame of crimson; as a brand
The woods beneath lay black.

—Boston Globe.

The Boss Got Ahead.

"I came mighty near resigning my job this morning," said Ardup, ordering coffee and sinkers. "I'd made up my mind that the boss and I couldn't get along any more."

"Well, why didn't you resign?" asked the man sitting on the next stool.

"He beat me to it by just one second."—Chicago Tribune.

Smart Boy.

Mamma—Edgar, didn't I tell you not to take any more preserves from the jar? Small Edgar—Yes, ma'am. Mamma—Then, if you wanted some, why didn't you ask me for them? Small Edgar—'Cause I wanted some.—Chicago News.

How He Manages Her.

"How is it that your wife is so tractable?"

"Why, I told her when we were married that she could do just exactly as she pleased, and of course she finds no pleasure in doing it."—Chicago Post.

The Fighting Eel.

Bacon—Which do you think is the gamiest fish? Egbert—Well, the black bass is the gamiest to catch, but the eel is the gamiest when it comes to getting it off the hook.—Yonkers Statesman.

WINNIPEG MAN CURED OF RHEUMATISM

Remarkable Case of Cure After Specialists Failed.

Winnipeg, Man.—A prominent resident of this City, who for personal reasons does not wish his name mentioned publicly, but who permits us to show his letter to interested enquirers, writes to say that he was suddenly taken with excruciating pains in the back and side, which were pronounced by his physicians as Rheumatism. Hot applications were at once resorted to, the usual medicines administered, supplemented by electrical treatment, but all to no purpose. In his desperation he took Gin Pills on his own account, and in a few hours after taking the first Pill the pains commenced to subside. He continued taking them and in 48 hours he had not an ache or a pain left.

Gin Pills are sold at 50c a box—6 for $2.50. Send to us if your dealer does not handle them.

Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 116

What She Wanted

Mrs. Neurich (in music store)—"I want a piece of music for my little girl, who is learning to play the piano."

Clerk—"Yes, ma'am. Here is 'The Maiden's Prayer,' for 25 cents. How would that suit?"

Mrs. Neurich—"Oh, she's farther advanced than that. Why, last week she played a piece that cost 50 cents. Haven't you something for about 75 cents?"

He grated his false teeth in despair "You have no heart, Flo Footlites!" he cried. "Cupid, if he shot a million arrows at you, would but have his trouble for his pains." The beautiful girl nestled more luxuriously in the rich upholstery of the Limousine. "He certainly would," she said, "if he used an old beau to shoot with."

It was sentence day in the city court. A man in the prisoners' pen, who had been sentenced to two years for larceny began to cry softly. The big man next him, who was going to serve seven years for bigamy, said: "Aw, wotcher sniffin' about?"

"I'm—I'm—the-the-thinkin' about leavin' (sob) my—my—family. Leaving' my wife——"

"Aw, cut it out! Look at me. I ain't cryin' am I? An' I'm leavin' two of 'em."

Try Murine Eye Remedy

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain Murine Doesn't Smart; Soothes Eye Pain. Is compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. Try It in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co. Chicago, will send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

No Cause for Shame

The Grocer—I hear your wife supports the family by taking in washing, Uncle Rastus. Is it true?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; dat's wot it am, sah!

The Grocer—Well, don't you feel just a little bit ashamed of it?

Uncle Rastus—Shamed? No, sah; dere's nuffin' dergradin' erbout washin', sah. Ah's proud ob de ole woman, 'deed Ah is.—Chicago Daily News.

Nursemaid—I'm going to leave mum.

Mistress—Why, what's the matter? Don't you like the baby?

Nursemaid—Yes'm, but he is that afraid of a policeman that I can't get near one.—London Tatler.

The Nerves Not Understood

By most people and by many doctors —Hence their treatments fail.

The best authorities now agree that restorative treatment such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the only rational and successful means of cure.

It is not so very many years since diseases of the nerves were attributed to the presence of evil spirits and more recently sufferers from nervous derangements have been told that they only imagine they are sick.

When Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was first put upon the market as the only natural and effective method of curing derangements arising from exhausted nerves it was considered almost revolutionary, but its success was remarkable from the start, many who used it being cured of such severe forms of nervous trouble as locomotor ataxia and partial paralysis.

Now the very best authorities claim as did Dr. Chase that the only way to cure diseases of the nerves is to make the blood rich, red and nutritious and to build up the wasted nerve cells by such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. W. R. Sutherland, St. Andrews, Man., writes: "In 1903 I was stricken with paralysis, fell helplessly to the floor and had to be carried to bed. The doctors pronounced it a bad case as I had no power in my tongue and left leg. For six months I lay in that condition without benefit from the doctors' prescriptions. My husband advised me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and by use of this treatment all the symptoms disappeared. I can now talk plainly, my leg is all right and I can do all my own housework. I am grateful to be cured by so wonderful a remedy."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE OLD FLINTLOCKS.

They Seem to Have Done Some Rather Tolerable Shooting.

"These old shooting irons," said a man from Virginia, who was examining an old flintlock rifle, "always have my profound respect. Our grandfathers and great-grandfathers did their hunting with tuem and used them in our two victorious wars with England. They were always good weapons and are now, if they are equipped with a good stock and a good lock. They could do fine service. Any man who was any sort of a marksman could do effective work with them in their day. This fact was well illustrated in an incident that happened several years ago near Richmond. The story was printed in some of the leading newspapers in Virginia and was the cause of much interest.

"There was an old farmer residing in one of the peninsular counties who was coming on the cars to Richmond and had with him one of those old fashioned weapons. In the train he got into conversation with a small party of gentlemen, who expressed much interest in his old rifle, and the farmer told of some rather extraordinary feats of marksmanship that he had performed with it.

"Finally he was persuaded to give an exhibition of his skill with the old relic, and a trial came off at Rocketts in the presence of a few gentlemen. The old flintlock was fired seven times and only missed the mark once. At first the old man fired it at some small objects—to get his hand steady, so he said. Then the old fellow handed to his son, who had every faith in his father's skill, a large potato and stationed him at fifty yards distance, holding the potato between his thumb and forefinger.

"The rifle cracked, and the potato was split into several pieces. Another shot was made at the bowl of a pipe which the boy was smoking, and the bowl was smashed. Several other shots were made at various objects, but in trying to hit a copper cent that was tossed in the air the marksman made a miss. He was considerably mortified at this and laid the blame on a bystander who sneezed loudly at the critical moment, but made another attempt, which was successful.

"The old man then declined any further trials of his skill and when offered a sum of money to repeat his feat of shooting a potato from his son's hand refused, saying he didn't care to experiment any further unless his weapon was freshly cleaned. The boy was willing, but the old man was obdurate. The young man showed not the least anxiety during the dangerous experiment upon himself."—Washington Post.

A Necessity.

"Twenty dollars for retrimming your hat!" exclaimed Mr. Madison. "But we agreed to spend nothing except for things that were positively needed."

"Well, John, this is. You see, my best friend has just had hers retrimmed, and I have promised to go with her to the concert on Friday."

"Oh, all right. But I can't give you more than fifteen this morning, because I broke my meerschaum and must have it mended."

"Can't you smoke your old brierwood?"

"Certainly, dear. And you can wear your old hat."

"John, let's begin to economize next month after we get things all straightened out."

"All right."—New York Herald.

To Multiply by Division.

Everybody knows that learning the tens in the multiplication table is as easy as "pie" and that the fives are not much harder; but, slight as is the mental effort required in multiplying any number by five, it may be lessened still more by discarding the multiplier entirely and substituting a divisor instead. This may sound paradoxical, but by experimenting you will find that dividing by two will bring the same result as multiplying by five, provided you add a cipher to the quotient if the dividend be an even number or five if it be odd. For instance, if you multiply 2,734 by five the product is 13,670. What is still easier, divide 2,734 by two, which is done almost instantaneously; then tack on your 0 and you have 13,670.

Separate and Together.

First Seaman—I say, Bill, wot's this card?

Second Seaman—That's the saloon passengers' menu, of course.

"But wot does it mean?"

"Oh, it's a list of all the things they have for dinner—soup and fish and vegetables and meat. That's the difference between the saloon and the forecastle; they get them all separately and call it a menu. In the forecastle we get them altogether and call it Irish stew."—London Answers.

True Tale.

"My daughter gave us an awful scare the other day," said a caller last night. "She went away for a visit in New York. And she sent a telegram from Buffalo, her first stop. My wife was afraid to open it. We had visions of train wrecks, sudden illness and all sorts of things. And what do you think the message said? This:

"'I forgot to tell you—don't eat up all the strawberry jam while I'm gone.'"—Cleveland Leader.

As It Happens.

Bobbie—Papa, when a foreign count gets engaged to an American girl, is she his fiancee? Robert—That is a matter of opinion, son. Usually she is his financier.—New York Press.

Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places.—Emerson.

HOW AUTHORS WROTE.

Pope Thought Best When in Bed—Victor Hugo Wrote Standing.

Alexander Pope, who was the literary pontiff of his time, thought best when in bed. Whenever a thought came to him he would jot it down on a scrap of paper. His servant often found bedclothes and floor covered with white bits containing aphorisms which have now become backneyed quotations.

Victor Hugo wrote "Les Miserables" standing up, an attitude which Hawthorne also assumed when he wrote many of his romances.

One leg thrown over the arm of a chair or sitting on the arm of his secretary's chair were Napoleon's favorite positions while dictating to Bourrienne, a position which he varied now and then by patting that scribe on the head or pulling his ears.

Sir Walter Scott could while reclining on a lounge dictate to two amanuenses, who frequently had to stop writing, so funny the dictated passages seemed to them.

Balzac, in a monk's robe, frequently wrote from midnight till noon, taking drafts of strong coffee when drowsiness attacked him and thus shortening his life by many years, no doubt.

William Morris made one of his famous translations from the Greek while riding on the steam cars. Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel, original in all things, were most original in the position they took while thinking. They were wont, so Mr. Traubel says, to climb upon a pile of lumber and lie down upon their backs. In that way each found out what the other's best thoughts were.—Boston Globe.

WANTED NO LAWYER.

It Was a Simple Matter to Satisfy the Accused.

"Jed Blake to the bar," ordered the judge in a rural Alabama court.

A big, hulking negro ambled up to be arraigned for murder.

"Jed," began the judge, "you are charged with the gravest crime known to the law, that of taking the life of a fellow man. One of the forms of punishment for murder is death. Have you made any arrangements for your defense in this case, Jed?"

"No, suh, jedge. I ain' done nuthin'."

"Have you a lawyer, Jed?"

"No, suh, jedge. I ain' got no lawyer. I ain' got nuthin', jedge."

"Well, Jed," said the judge, showing a little impatience, "have you talked to anybody about this case?"

"I talked to de sheriff some dat night when he come after me, jedge, but you knows dat didn't do no good."

"For your information, Jed, I will state that it is within the province of this court to appoint counsel to any defendant who has none. I am now ready to appoint you a lawyer. Do you want one?"

"No, jedge. I don't want nuthin'," replied Jed rather dolefully.

"See here," snapped the judge, "I won't have any more of this foolishness. You say you don't want any lawyer. Well, then, what do you intend to do about this case?"

"Well, I tells you, jedge, I ain' 'tendin' to do nuthin'. Ef it's jes' de same to you, jedge, as far as I's concerned I's willin' to let do whole matter drap right here."—Everybody's.

Woman and the Jewish Talmud.

The Jewish Talmud has these sentences about women: "A good wife is heaven's noblest gift. A housewife never allows herself to be disturbed from her work. Even while conversing she is busily spinning. An old, experienced woman in a household is an ornament to it like a pearl. He who lives in an unmarried state knows no joys, none of the blessings of home, and is without support. The man who stands at the deathbed of his wife feels like those who saw the temple of Jerusalem reduced to ashes, for the wife is the temple in which each man finds repose and quiet, where he rests after the labors of the day and where he can give expression to his feelings, joyful and mournful. God has given to woman more ability of judging correctly than man."

A New Version of It.

Robert, the small son of Mr. Brant, has lately acquired a stepmother. Hoping to win his affection, this new parent has been very lenient with him, while his father, feeling his responsibility, has been unusually strict. The boys of the neighborhood, who had taken pains to warn Robert of the terrible character of stepmothers in general, recently waited on him in a body, and the following conversation was overheard:

"How do you like your stepmother, Bob?"

"Like her! Why, fellers, I just love her. All I wish is I had a stepfather too."—Woman's Home Companion.

Letting Him Down Easy.

A young man of very limited means after the marriage ceremony presented to the minister 27 cents, all spread out on the palm of his right hand. "This is all I've got, parson," he said. Seeing a disappointed look in the minister's face, he added, "If we have any children we will send them to your Sunday school."—Success Magazine.

Artificiality Natural.

"Don't you men really know that women are very largely artificial?"

"Why, yes."

"And what do you think of it?"

"That it's natural, of course."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Result of Rashness.

"Out of a job, are you?" asked the first girl. "Boss catch you flirting?"

"No; I caught the boss. Say, what sort of a wedding dress do you think is real swell?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

GOT TO THE ROOT OF HIS TROUBLE

AND DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED W. WRIGHT'S BACKACHE.

He Had Suffered for Several Years but the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Gave Him Quick Relief.

Kelvington, Sask. (Special).—"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Backache, and I have recommended them to others who have also been cured." These are the words of William Wright, a farmer well known here. "I believe I inherited my trouble," Mr. Wright continues. "At times for several years it was very severe. I also suffered from Lumbago and in the morning I had a bitter taste in my mouth and was troubled with dizziness and my skin was dry and harsh and there was a sediment in my urine.

"No treatment I could find gave me any permanent relief till finally believing that my kidneys were the root of my trouble I determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Four boxes cured me."

Mr. Wright went at his trouble sensibly. He examined his symptoms, and they showed him that Kidney Disease was his trouble. Do as much for yourself, and if your symptoms point to disordered or diseased kidneys the cure is easy. Dodd's Kidney Pills will do it. They never fail.

His Arithmetic Wrong

It is related that a Philadelphia Professor from the university of Oxford at a banquet one night drank several glasses of port. The professor did not know this wine's extraordinary strength, and in all innocence he took too much. When he rose to leave the table, his legs, to his dismay, tottered, and the room seemed to sway slightly. The horrified professor got to the parlor safely. He sat down in the most distant corner. But soon his young hostess, leading a maid who carried her beautiful babies came to him for his approbation. The professor sat up very erect. He gazed at the twins glassily. Then he articulated carefully, in a hoarse, thick voice; "What a bonny child!"

True

Every man may have his price, but one thing is sure, there are a whole lot of men who aren't worth it.

Most people figure respectability in dollars and cents.

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are known to have effected many remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value

"My cocoa's cold," sternly announced the gruff old gentleman to his fair waitress—"

"Put your hat on," she sweetly suggested.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The first alarm of fire given by electricity was sounded at Boston on the evening of April 28, 1852.

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

The late Senator Ingalls of Kansas was noted for his ready retorts and epigrams, which were not always devoid of sting and smart to those to whom they were addressed.

It is related that once, when engaged in a controversy with a senator from Delaware, he evaded the real question by saying:

"I thank the senator from that great state which has three counties at low tide and only two counties at high tide."

A WINDSOR LADY'S APREAL

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

A Tempter

"There's nothing like a yacht," he said,
As on the beach they stood;
"It's nice," was her reply, "but then,
A smack is quite as good."

Rub it in for Lame Back.—A brisk rubbing with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will cure lame back. The skin will immediately absorb the oil and it will penetrate the tissues and bring speedy relief. Try it and be convinced. As the liniment sinks in the pain comes out, and there are ample grounds for saying that its touch is magical, as it is.

When He's "It"

The farmer's life has cares and joys,
His work is long and hard and rough;
He slaves from dawn till after dark
To raise and grow and own enough,
His sorrows he can always drown
When, with his team he's hired to haul
A busted auto back to town.

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

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

SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, -- MANAGING-EDITOR

In and Around Town

J. E. McCool was in Fernie yesterday.

G. C. Meikle was in Fernie on Saturday.

A. J. Watson of Fernie was here yesterday.

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

George Fisher's residence has been painted a fine spring color.

Miss Wade and Miss Belle Thomson visited New Michel this week.

Geo. L. Doyle, accountant for P. Burns & Co., has been here this week.

R. J. Black, Superintendent of the M. F. & M. railway was at the G. N. Hotel on Friday.

G. E. Huddlestone has our thanks for a fine lot of new rhubarb, pulled from his ranch up the Elk.

McCool & Moore's driver that had its hoof injured some two weeks ago, is now able to move around.

Geo. Bond of the Crow's Nest Pass Hardware Company, Frank, has been here for the past few days.

Kennedy's drug and book store has been moved into his new premises, and certainly its one of the finest.

A. J. Procktor and J. V. Davidson of the Western Fancy Goods Co Winnipeg and Port Arthur, were here over Sunday.

The water in Michel creek has been higher this season than it has been for years, and considerable damage of a local nature is the result.

Henry Behnson, M. P. P. for Victoria, one of the largest cigar manufacturers in the province and an old Klondyker, was here this week visiting his old friend R. H. Moore of the Great Northern Hotel.

Harry Ryan has bought out the Balmoral House formerly run by H. Carr, and will conduct it in a first-class manner. It is hoped he will meet with good success as he is of a deserving nature. The notice was received too late to change the ad, but watch out for it next week.

Owing to moving and getting settled in our new premises, we are a little behind with the paper. We hope to have another hand at work next week.

One Cent a Word

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

FOR SALE CHEAP, A SMALL COOK STOVE Can be seen by inquiring at this office.

SUNDAY SERVICES

METHODIST CHURCH

MICHEL AND NEW MICHEL SERVICES EVERY SUNDAY

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

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

Rev. S. Cook, Pastor.

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

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

MICHEL, B. C.

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

Union Bakery

G. SOVRANO, Proprietor

OLD TOWN, - - - MICHEL

Fresh Bread Delivered Daily

Coffins

In stock and made to order

FRED. POMAHAC,
NEW MICHEL

BAILEY THE BUILDER,

BUILDER & CONTRACTOR

Estimates Furnished Free, on Short Notice.

NEW MICHEL

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

CANADA:
PROVINCE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA,
No. 484.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

J. J. SCOTT,

GENERAL BLACKSMITH,

Horseshoeing a Specialty

NEW MICHEL

PHOTOGRAPHS

SOMERTON BROS.

Studio Now Open Over The Store

Sinclair the Tailor

Cleaning and Pressing
Repairs and Alterations

Gent's and Ladies' Clothes.

No. 90, Over the Creek.

Business Bringers

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

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

ALL Kinds of Musical Instruments sold at Somerton Bro's.

WHO Sells the New Scale William's Piano? Somerton Bro's.

Rosedale Dairy

Open for business on May 15th.

Fresh Milk, Cream, Butter and Eggs Delivered daily to all parts of both towns.

A. C. MURRAY, : PROPRIETOR

And Still They Come

The M. F. & M. Railway has put an engine on to handle the Michel yards to do the work which heretofore has been divided between the C. P. R. and the G. N. Ry. In consequence, they are running their time card freight which had previously had Fernie for the terminal point, through to New Michel.

This means at least 15 to 20 more workingmen at New Michel, and last but not least is Geo. Pushee, who switched here for years for the C. P. R. and one of the best railroad men in the Pass. With his advent a new era begins.

Baseball Smoker

The smoker given by the baseball club on Friday night was well attended and the boys will clear up some fifty dollars in consequence. Everyone present seemed to enjoy themselves and it was past midnight when it broke up.

A Good Compositor
in his first or second year
can fill out his time
at fair wages, working
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Come at once
Business Rushing

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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WEBER

King of the Road
Overalls
AND
Shirts
Are the Best

Because they are well made, from the best cloth obtainable, and you can buy them at the same price you pay for inferior goods.

WEBER, NEW MICHEL

Weber, New Michel

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