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MICHEL REPORTER

VOL. 1. NEW MICHEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA, SATURDAY, AUG. 7, 1909. NO. 45

Hotel Michel

T. Crahan, - - - Proprietor

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

Michel, - British Columbia

Cooling, Refreshing and Health-Giving

FRUIT SALTS

And Aperients, Such as

Citrate of Magnesia, Phosphate of Soda
Lithia Salts, Etc., Etc., Make an
Ideal Drink for Hot Weather

KENNEDY'S
DRUG AND BOOK STORE
NEW MICHEL

Imperial Bank of Canada
Head Office: TORONTO

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

Savings Bank Department.

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

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

MICHEL BRANCH, T. B. BAKER, MANAGER.

41 Meat market Ltd 41

High-class Butchers

New Michel

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

The Store Where They Send What You Order

2 Deliveries Daily 2

King's Kandy Kitchen

Ice Cream. High Class Fruit, Nuts, Tobacco, Cigars.
Chocolates and Confectionery. . . .

NEW MICHEL

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

Bamboo Fishing Rods, Your Choice for 15 cents

Right Prices, Right Goods and Right Treatment.

The Model Bakery

NOW OPEN!

Bread, Cakes, Pies, Buns, Etc. Fresh Every Day
Driver will call for orders and deliver

The Model Bakery New Michel

Fine Art Printing

At the Reporter Office

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Dear Sir:—Kindly publish the enclosed report of the condition of No. 8 mine, Michel Colliery, as put out at the mine mouth on the 25th and 26th of July, by the Chief Inspector of Mines for B. C., aloug with my few remarks.

This is the first time to my knowledge, that the Chief Inspector of Mines B. C., has been through this District and it would be a God's blessing from a mine-worker's stand-point, if he would visit these mines more often. Since he visited these mines, the Coal Company officials have been very busy rectifying the outrageous condition under which the mine-worker has had to work, and if a government mine-inspector who is paid for that kind of work; namely, enforcing mine-operators of B. C., to comply with the Coal Mines Regulation Act, had not come around at this time, I believe, according to his report, that it would not have been long before we would have had another bad explosion like that which occurred at Coal Creek a few years ago. It is to be hoped for the benefit of the mineworkers that the Chief Inspector of Mines for B. C. will come around here and visit the mines more often, or else the condition of these mines at Michel is liable to stay the same as is stated in the Chief Mine Inspectors report. Hoping I have not taken up too much space in your valuable newspaper, and thanking you for same,

Yours respectfully,
Chas. Garner,
Michel, B. C.

August 5th, 1909

NO. 7 MINE

In accordance with Sub-Section 6, Section 67 of the Coal Mines Regulation Act. I hereby certify that I have examined the roadways, air courses and working places of No. 7 mine. Found the mine clear of standing gas and the ventilation generally good.

Sub section 1, Rule 90, Section 82 of the Act, requiring the shot-lighter to see that the shot is well prepared must be strictly enforced, and no shot must be fired when the shot is on the solid in advance of the cutting or mining. The general condition of the mine is safe.

(Signed) Francis W. Shepherd,
Chief Inspector of Mines.

NO. 8 MINE, MICHEL COLLIERY

In accordance with Sub-Section 6, Section 67 of the Coal Mines Regulation Act. I hereby certify that I have examined the No. 17 chute district, the No. 3 district, and the main return airway. Found gas in No.'s 14, 39 and 40 rooms, in No. 17 chute district. All other places examined clear.

Ventilation in No. 17 chute district is insufficient to keep the places clear, and it is absolutely necessary to increase the quantity as early as possible.

The airways of this mine have been allowed to fall out of repair, and the work of reopening them to ample area must proceed without delay. Brattice must be kept well up to the faces in accordance with Rule 2, Section 82 of the Act.

(Signed) Francis W. Shepherd,
Chief Inspector of Mines.

NO. 8 MINE, SLOPE DISTRICT

In accordance with Sub-Section 6, Section 67 of the Coal Mines Regulation Act, I hereby certify that I have examined the roadways, aircourses and working places of the slope district of No. 8 mine. Found standing gas in rooms No. 1 to 5, No. 2 east level. Places standing.

Also in No. 3 east dip level, and No. 4 west level. The air in this section of the mine is charged with 3 per cent. of marsh gas, and the ventilation must be increased without delay. The working places are well bratticed but great care and vigilance must be exercised by all employees concerned therein, as this section is giving off gas very freely.

I also examined the old workings in the main level to the top of No. 5 incline and found the air in the upper portion charged with 4 per cent. of marsh gas.

(Signed) Francis W. Shepherd,
Chief Inspector of Mines.

Miners at Work

Lethbridge, Aug. 5.—The Canada West Coal Co., of Taber, and the miners, have signed an agreement for two years on run of the mine basis. The mine has started work.

Weber has offered the use of his new store to the baseball club for a dance.

CROW'S NEST

New York and Pittsburg will be represented here next month by a company of capitalists who intend to close a deal in the Flathead coal fields.

The latest conceit in Bacchanalian creations at the Summit is a "soother." People who know pronounce it a veritable desideratum of trout-fishing and humor.

A. E. Hayland, secretary-treasurer for the Crown Coal Company, is another guest at the Summit Hotel. Mr. Hayland finds time to capture many of the gamey trout with which the lakes and creeks surrounding the hotel abound. Mr. Hayland will have his family here within a few days to spend a month fishing.

A. G. Stall, a mining engineer of Cincinnati, Ohio, is at the Summit Hotel, preparatory to his entrance into the Flathead coal fields. Mr. Stall, in an interview with the writer, relative to the Flathead regions, expressed the opinion that "undoubtedly, the coal deposits in this country will create a marked impression in the mining world within the next twelve months."

Mr. Good is compiling a snappy booklet, elaborately illustrated, for distribution to those who enjoy the robust life of the mountains. Photographs of game, fish, trails and scenery depicting the locality will emphasize the more striking chapters of the work. Dr. C. A. Barton is collaborating with Mr. Good. He has many tales of the trail, in which the morose and melancholy ones will find a panacea for their mental illness.

One of the most interesting acquisitions to Andy Good's famous menagerie, is Leo, a young mountain lion, whose capture was effected by Mr. Good, after stalking him for eight hours through the mountain fastnesses. Leo practiced every manoeuvre known to his ilk, but Andy managed to get him into a blind cut on Sheep Mountain, and then the battle royal commenced. The lacerated hands and rent garments of Mr. Good were striking evidenciary of the battle between man and beast. When Mr. Good finally succeeded in roping Leo, the lion was completely exhausted. Packing him on his shoulder, Mr. Good brought him home, and placing him on the verandah of the hotel, he said to Johnny, the keeper of the zoo, "Here's a new chap for you to work on. Don't forget he is in excellent condition to give you a lesson in mastication." Leo is now roaming in the corral, pondering, I presume, upon the inconveniences of incarceration.

Blairmore Townsite

The genial Archie McLeod, the only real estate man in Blairmore, was here this week on a business trip. He speaks very encouragingly of the prospects at Blairmore, and instances many recent sales of Blairmore townsite properties, as significant of the growth and progress of the place. If you want to buy townsite property write him and get a chance to come in before the prices get up in the air.

New Store Opens

Messrs Boyd & Muir are in town looking after the fitting up of their new store in the Great Northern Hotel block. They will open up next week with a new and up-to-date stock of gents' furnishings, clothing, boots and shoes. Their opening announcement will appear in these columns later.

How the Vote Turned Out.

Michel Union, U. M. W. of A., voted on the choice of doctors for their union, on Wednesday last, with the result that Dr. T. A. Wilson, of Vancouver has received the appointment. The following was the ballot.

H. S. McSorley, Michel	232
T. A. Wilson, Vancouver	319
G. E. L. McKinnon, Nelson	14
W. M. Beck, Lethbridge	72
R. C. Weldon, Hosmer	23

The vote taken at the same time as to whether the mineworkers would assess themselves for the construction of a hospital to be owned by them, was defeated.

For Assessment	259
Against Assessment	383

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.

Douglas & Stedman - - - Proprietors

RATES $2.00 A DAY

Everything First-Class and Comfortable

Nothing but white labor employed

'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

COLD STORAGE

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

THE HEART'S FAR CALL

By ELVIRA MENDHAM.

[Copyrighted, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

The road stretched white and endless over the hills and far away. The siren of an automobile came clearly, penetratingly, across the fields and hills, and soon the machine itself dashed across the restful landscape.

"Do drive slower, dear. I'm so afraid we'll run away from all this and never be able to find it again." The girl looked out over the landscape in rapture.

The man, with his hands on the wheel of the automobile, laughed gladly as he slowed up.

"I'm so glad you like it, dear. Of course it is all new to you. If you will only learn to love it as I do! Eight miles more and we're at the ranch, sweetheart. Tell me, are you sure, perfectly sure, that you will never regret coming so far away—that you won't wish you hadn't married me?" And for one little moment a look of doubt and fear crossed his fine, weather bronzed face.

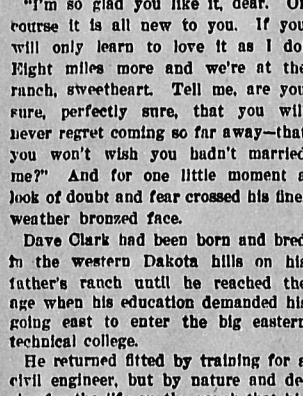
Dave Clark had been born and bred in the western Dakota hills on his father's ranch until he reached the age when his education demanded his going east to enter the big eastern technical college.

He returned fitted by training for a civil engineer, but by nature and desire for the life on the ranch that his father had loved before him. He went along contentedly and successfully and had reached the age of thirty when it occurred to him with overwhelming conviction that there was something of monotony as he was living. "If I were only married," he said to himself, but his heart had refused to respond to any of the wiles of the nearby maidens. He wondered in a mild way just why he had never thought of it before and that night took a train for the east.

"Dave, you old miser, why didn't you come before?" cried Bob Merrill as he all but wrung Dave's hand off when the latter walked into his office. "Well, I can't figure out myself why I didn't," laughed Dave.

That night Dave sat next to Bob's sister at dinner. She wore a blue gown that matched her eyes, and Dave felt sensations that he had never experienced on the ranch.

"I just can't believe you're Dave Clark," she said banteringly, her eyes merry and sweet. "I just know you by heart—how you won the last foot-



"OH, WHY DIDN'T YOU COME, DEAR?" SHE SOBBED.

ball game you played at college by the most record breaking run and how nobody could find you after to congratulate you—oh, I've just known you for ages."

That evening was the happiest Dave had ever known, and he felt as if he had known Bob's sister all his life.

Soon after that he made a second visit to the city. And this second time when he returned to the ranch it was with a wild happiness surging in his heart that turned earth into paradise, for Bob's sister came with him as his wife.

Rosemary was delighted and bewildered with the novelty of the hills and far stretching ranches and the great roving herds of cattle and the absolutely different routine of life. For the first six months Dave tasted the cup of happiness to the full.

Then a little discontented look grew in Rosemary's eyes and dimmed their happiness.

Born and bred in the city, to the city's tastes and ways, the life on the western ranch became to Rosemary a wearisome ordeal. Dave's eyes caught the shadow in his wife's, and, though no word was spoken, each was aware of the cloud.

"Suppose we take a little trip, Rosemary," Dave suggested one evening when they had been married scarcely a year. Rosemary threw down the pen she was writing with, and her face lit up. "Back home?" she suggested tremuously. "Back home," replied Dave, and a sore hurt came into his heart at his young wife's gladness.

"I'll have to go back tomorrow," he announced one evening when they had been in the city about three weeks. His heart contracted with a hot anguish at the look of absolute despair that came into his wife's face.

"I think I'll leave Rosemary with you for awhile," he continued, with a forced smile. "You see, the ranch is pretty dull as a steady diet, and Rosemary might just as well stay on a little longer."

A look of glad relief came into Rosemary's eyes, to be chased away by one of uncertainty and something akin to fear.

Dave bade his wife goodby cheerfully and took the train with a pain at his heart that almost stifled him. The emptiness of every room, of every nook and corner, at home made him like one demented in his first grief. He fought it all out at last, and under the stars he faced the heart tragedy of his life.

Her letters came regularly, chatty and full of her life, and he answered as regularly, with no hint of his real feelings.

At the end of the year came a great decision. He would sell the ranch. The little note of pathos in her letters toward the end of their year apart touched him and caused a new hope in his heart.

"I'd never ask her to come back here," he told himself. In every letter she was asking why he did not come. Couldn't he get away? Had he forgotten her? She was tired of waiting?

"Yes, I must go to her," he acknowledged to himself one cool autumn night as he sat before the fire.

Outside the leaves were fast falling in the dusk, and the bareness of late fall threw a somber sadness over the plains and hills.

"Another year would kill me," he said wearily, looking around the room. "God, how I have missed her—my little wife!" He threw out his arms in longing. She had always run to him in those first days and climbed up on his knees, cuddling her brown head into his neck.

Then came the old rancorous taunt—she hadn't loved him; she had wearied in the first year of their paradise. No; after all, he couldn't go to her, for she did not need him, and his head sank with almost a cry on his breast.

The gust of wind that swept through the room did not disturb his grief. It was a glad, inarticulate little sob of fear and longing that made him start and cause his head to reel as he saw a dainty, wind tossed little figure holding open the door.

Just one little second, and then, before he could rise, she threw herself wildly, passionately into his arms, cuddling her brown head into his neck, kissing and caressing him in a very delirium of happiness.

"Oh, why didn't you come, dear—why didn't you come?" she sobbed in a paroxysm of grief. He soothed and petted and fondled her as he might an infant until her emotion had spent itself. Then when he had become master of himself they talked it all out in the big chair by the fire while night crept on over the silent, shadowy hills and the cattle lowed from afar.

Overreached Himself.

"It's funny how afraid rich men are of being cheated," reflected Mr. Bates, "specially when they get out in the country. Now, last fall one of the fur lined overcoat kind came up here. He snipped off his words as if they'd been coupons, and though he'd come up here for rest he seemed to think somebody'd charge him extry for it if he mentioned the fact.

"Well, the Bassett place, up on Birch hill, was for sale, and he took a fancy to it—looked just like the house where he was born, he said.

"'But don't you let it out,' he says to me. 'They'll be asking some fancy price for it if they know I want it.'

"Well, I drove him up there after he'd made up his mind, and we found Isaac Bassett out in the yard.

"'I hear this place is for sale. How much?' says Mr. Millionaire.

"Isaac opened his mouth, but that was as fur as he got.

"'I'll give you $950 for it; not a cent more,' said Mr. Millionaire slambang.

"'I'll take it,' says Isaac.

"'I ain't mean,' he says, after he'd made out a check and we'd started off, 'nor clost, but I won't be done,' says he, 'jest because I've made my pile.'

"I didn't tell him," chuckled Mr. Bates, "that he'd done himself."

"Had he?" questioned Mr. Bates' companion.

"Sure!" said Mr. Bates. "The farm was put up for sale for the taxes, and all they asked was $650 And I've heard that Isaac had privately offered it for $600."—Youth's Companion.

The Birth of the Daisy.

The origin of the daisy is told in the following legend: It was the belief of the Celtic people that when an infant was taken away from earth a flower was sent. A woman, Malvina, lost an infant son, but as she sat brooding and inconsolable her attendants came running in with joyful news. "Oh, Malvina," they cried, "your babe has come back! A wondrous new flower has come to earth; white are its leaves near the heart, but nearer the edges tinted with pink or crimson like an infant's flesh! When the wind waves it on the hillside, behold, 'tis a child playing to and fro!" And Malvina rose and looked upon her flower and no more mourned, saying, "This flower, Malvina's son returned, will comfort all mothers that have lost their infants!"

On the Jump.

"Is it really only ten minutes' walk to the station from your house?" asked Citiman.

"What a ridiculous question!" exclaimed Subbubs. "Nobody in lovely Swampburst ever 'walks' to the station. I may say, however, that it's only about eight and a half minutes' run."—Catholic Standard and Times.

PRINTING OF BANKNOTES.

Uncle Sam's System Is Complete as Man Can Make It.

The system of checks employed in the engraving division of the bureau of engraving at Washington to prevent irregularities is as complete as human ingenuity can devise. Each die, roll and plate has a number in sequence stamped upon it, and by said number it is recorded. Each employee receiving a piece of steel to work on is charged with the same by its number and a description of the engraving to be made thereon and is not allowed to leave the building until the same has been returned and checked into the vaults. In the custodian's office complete records and the history of 18,000 dies, 19,000 rolls and 18,000 plates are on file. Once a year this office is audited and checked up by a committee appointed by the secretary of the treasury, each piece of engraved work being identified and compared with the records of the office. The system of checks and rules governing the custody of the work is so perfect that in the history of the bureau not a single plate has gone astray. After the plate is finally completed and approved a proof is taken and filed away, and if it should ever occur that a suspicious bill is presented a comparison with the recorded proof will readily show whether it is genuine or not and if counterfeit the difference between the genuine and spurious.

The busiest room in the bureau is that devoted to plate printing. The operation looks easy, but a great degree of skill is required to produce perfect work, and plate printing is a trade in itself. The printer gives a receipt for the plate form, he receipts for every sheet of paper he receives, the press registers every impression made, and he cannot leave until he returns the plate and accounts for every sheet of paper.

With every order to print 1,000 sheets of bills or stamps 1,050 sheets of paper are issued, as there is the liability of spoiling sheets in the wetting, printing or numbering. After the sheets have been printed and dried they are carefully examined by trained experts, who separate all imperfect sheets, and the accuracy and speed with which they detect imperfections are not the least interesting part of "money making." A spot, a stain, a light or uneven impression that would escape ordinary observation is detected and causes the sheet to be sent to the destruction committee, where it is destroyed with the same safeguards employed in the destruction of old, torn or mutilated currency.

The notes of all national banks are alike as to the outline of the face, but the name, place and charter number of each bank are of course different, while the back of all national bank notes in any one state is alike, yet there is a distinctive back of each state in the 1882 series of notes. The more recent designs issued by the bureau, known as the 1902 series, have a comparatively clear space on each side of the center, such disposition being necessary in order to show clearly the silk fiber imbedded in the distinctive paper. This is considered so important that designers are obliged to conform their work thereto, and the backs of this series are the same for every state. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, the bureau printed 7,569,287,805 postage stamps, worth $139,426,811. The stamps to be printed during the present fiscal year will exceed those printed for the year 1908 by 1,000,000,000.—American Institute of Banking.

Hooking the "Crook."

A new kind of self defense is quite common in France among ladies. It is simply the practised use of crook handled umbrella or walking stick. A young lady who was an adept arrested a pickpocket who had seized her bag purse and sent him sprawling at full length on his face on the road, having neatly tripped him up by crooking the right ankle of the human "crook" with her umbrella. Again, when he rose to his feet and sprang at the lady she encircled his neck by the crook of the umbrella and laid him on his face again. Again she flung him by gripping his left ankle and picked up the stolen bag with her umbrella crook. And by this time the police arrived.—Bernard Parsons in Fry's Magazine.

A Blunt Prince.

William F. Doty, the American consul at Tabriz, told in a recent letter a story about a Persian prince.

A party of English tourists were traveling in Persia, and in Tabriz they invited this prince to dinner. He came splendidly attired in gold and white. But he was taciturn. He seemed disappointed. When the dessert was served he sneered and said:

"I am pleased to see that the Englishmen are now taking a leaf out of the Persian's book."

"How so, Prince Kamil?" said the host's wife, a very tall, lean woman with unusually long teeth.

"They leave all their pretty women at home," said the prince frankly.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

China's Lively Emperor.

P'u l., the infant emperor of China, of course counts for nothing as yet unless the sympathy and love which his pretty babyhood inspires may have an influence upon the trend of events. That he is a healthy young potentate is evidenced by an edict promulgated in his own name and under his own imperial seal which recently convulsed Pekin society. In it he demanded that thirty-five nursing mothers should be immediately found and sent into the palace to minister to his infant needs. —Eleanor Franklin Egan in Everybody's.

ONLY ONE CURE FOR A BAD STOMACH

Indigestion and Similar Troubles Must be Treated Through the Blood

Indigestion can be treated in many ways, but it can be cured in only one way—through the blood. Purgatives cannot cure indigestion. By main force they move the food on still undigested. That weakens the whole system, uses up the natural juices of the body and leaves the stomach and bowels parched and sore. It is a cause of indigestion—not a cure. Others try predigested foods and peptonized drugs. But drugs which digest the food for the stomach really weaken its power. The digestive organs can never do the work properly until they are strong enough to do it for themselves. Nothing can give the stomach that power but the new, rich, red blood so abundantly supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So the reason for their success is plain. The health of the stomach depends upon the blood in its delicate veins. If that blood is weak and watery the gastric glands haven't the strength to secrete the juices which alone can digest the food. If the blood is loaded with impurities it cannot absorb the good from the food when it is digested. Nothing can stimulate the glands, and nothing can absorb the nourishment but pure, red blood. And nothing can give that pure, red blood but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Alfred Gallant, Mill River, P. E. I., says:—"For several years, previous and up to two years ago, I suffered continually from indigestion. I could not eat enough to keep my strength, and what little I did eat, no matter what kind of food, caused great pains, so that I became much reduced in flesh, strength and energy. I consulted several doctors and took medicine from them, but without any benefit whatever. On the advice of a friend I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and soon good results were noticed. I could slightly increase the amount of food day after day, and suffered no inconvenience, until after taking ten boxes I could eat any kind of food and in a short time got back to my normal state of health and feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have surely cured me of a most stubborn case of indigestion."

You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Standing on His Rights

Police Justice—Have you any way of making a living?

Vagrant—I hev, y'r honor. I kin make brooms.

Police Justice—You can? Where did you learn that trade?

Vagrant—I decline t' answer, y'r honor.

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

A country minister in the course of his visiting stayed at a house where a roast chicken was served for dinner. The chicken looked good to him.

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

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

"You mustn't cough so much, Willie," his mother said.

"I can't help it, mamma," replied the little boy with the long golden curls. "Something amuses me in my throat."

Used according to directions, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial will afford relief in the most acute form of summer complaint. Whenever the attack manifests itself no time should be lost in seeking the aid of the Cordial. It will act immediately on the stomach and intestines and allay the irritation and pain. A trial of it will convince anyone of the truth of these assertions.

The Servant in the House

A young couple had taken a house in an exclusive neighborhood and wished to make a good impression at the very beginning of their social career. They were handicapped, however, by the difficulty of securing good servants.

They finally secured one Norah, a very recent arrival from County Kilarney, but the best they could find. This maid's duty was to answer the front doorbell and carry the cards of any visitors to her mistress. She was rehearsed repeatedly in her role, her mistress telling her exactly what to say and how to carry her silver salver.

But, in spite of the training, Norah's mistress awaited the hour of her first dinner party with trepidation, and at the first sound of the doorbell she could not resist the impulse to listen at the head of the stairs.

Norah rushed to the door excitedly, without her salver; but as she opened it and saw visitors standing there, she recollected her instructions, and, throwing up her hands, exclaimed, in a voice of heart-broken dismay:

"B' the howly St. Patrick, Oi forgot me pan!"—Judge.

Two to One

Germany is the state which has the next largest navy to our own. Our fixed policy should be to build ships as such a rate as will ensure our having always double the naval power of Germany, or if any other power in the future passes Germany, then double that of that power. This will secure our sea power.—Spectator.

W. N. U., No. 749

CANCER AND LEPROSY.

A Theory That Connects These Diseases With Blackheads.

A French surgeon named Borrel has recently delivered a lecture at the Ecole de Medicin in Paris, in course of which he advances a novel theory concerning cancer and leprosy. He declares it to be his belief that the bacillus of either malady is concealed in the black pinheads or blackheads which often disfigure our faces and from which, particularly in the nose and chin, scarcely any one is entirely free. When extracted these pinheads or blackheads have the appearance of little worms. They consist of what is known as sebaceous matter, this matter being produced from certain glands with the object of supplying the skin with its due quantity of oil.

Dr. Borrel has been experimenting and has found, with the aid of a very powerful microscope, that this sebaceous matter nearly always contains a bacillus which is cancerous or crab-like in form.

After the age of fifty most persons, male as well as female, throw off much of this sebaceous matter in the ordinary process of aging. The face and chest in particular exude most sebaceous matter. It is about this age, declares Borrel, that cancerous developments begin to make their appearance, and the coincidence is worth remarking.

Hitherto heredity has been charged with being the real promoter of cancerous and leprous evils, it being asserted that the insanitary conditions of former ages were responsible for bringing the bacillus into being. The Metchnikovian theories of micropagy and macrophagy have, however, throw new lights upon the subject. Given the theory, moreover, of Haeckel's—to wit, that the intelligence of all living organisms, no matter how small, enables them to secure the best opportunities for survival—it is conceivable that the crab bacillus of cancer may have found the sebaceous matter in the face the best region in which to promote his happiness and propagate his species.

Dr. Borrel advises those whose face and body are disfigured by blackheads to beware. A solution of alcohol with from 2 to 3 per cent of salicylic acid is, he says, an excellent preventive. Lemon juice is also good.—New York World.

The Interior of the Earth.

The University of Jena has just awarded the prize for the best essay on the condition of the interior of the earth. M. Thiene, who won the University of Jena's prize, did it with the following theory:

The mean density of the earth is known to be more than five times that of water. As the outer layers of the crust have a very feeble density—water 1, rocks an average of 2½—it follows that the interior must have a density of about 7.7, which is that of iron. Again, there is enough accurate information about the rigidity of the earth to make it fairly certain that this is slightly greater than steel. M. Thiene calculates that the crust of the earth is about 930 miles thick, though most of the best authorities are inclined to place it at about thirty miles. If his figures be correct, there must be inside the crust an exceedingly dense and rigid core, which he calls barysphere.—New York World.

Where Tipping Is Barred.

Tourists generally will be interested in the new regulations in force on the German railways. They are drastic, which is not an unusual quality in German rules, and on the whole they seem to be just and practical. Tipping of railway employees on trains is prohibited; passengers giving tips will be punished. The railways will be responsible for passengers' baggage for fourteen days and at all times responsible for luggage lost. Children over ten years will not be permitted to travel in compartments reserved for women. If a train is full a traveler, although he may have a ticket, may be compelled to wait for the next train. A friend taking leave of a traveler and remaining in the train until it moves will have to pay a fine of $1.50.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

AN EXPERIENCED HOUSEWIFE knows that Sunlight Soap means a wonderful saving of time and labour in housecleaning.

Whether with hot or cold water, nothing gets the dirt off so quickly and without injury as Sunlight Soap.

Sunlight makes the home as fresh as new.

A Poser

The self-made man was in a caustic mood. "These schools, ye know," he said, "they're no good. Don't give a boy no practical knowledge; see what I mean? Now, my son, he's supposed to be learning Greek, an' Latin, an' algebra. An' the other day I asked 'im to tell me the algebra for fried potatoes, an' 'e couldn't."

Showed It

Magistrate—John Murphy, the constable says you were fighting. What have you to say for yourself?

John Murphy—Well, your worship, Oi had a clean white shirt on, an' Oi was so mighty proud av it that Oi got up a bit of a row wid a man so as Oi cud take me coat an' wescot off an' show it.

Owing to the steadily increasing cost of fine Ceylon teas such as are sold to the public under the brand

"SALADA"

it has been found necessary to advance the prices of these teas to the grocer. Consequently the consumers will have to pay a correspondingly increased price, but undoubtedly they will be willing to do this in order to get the finest tea the world produces.

Seldom See a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his Ankle, Hock, Stifle, Knee or Throat.

ABSORBINE will clean them off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. $2.00 per bottle, deliv'd. Book 8 D free. ABSORBINE, J.R., for mankind, $1. Removes Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Goitre, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins, Varicosities, Old Sores. Allays Pain. Book free. W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 137 Temple St., Springfield, Mass. LYMANS Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents. Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

THERE'S NO USE IN

Being Poor and Looking Poor

Watch for our Exhibit in the North Manufacturers' Building and see how your weather-beaten barn would look with a coat of our

'COLORSTAIN'

The cheapest and most beautiful decorative for old, weather-worn unpainted buildings.

Carbon Oil Works, Limited, WINNIPEG, CANADA.

2 in 1 SHOE POLISH

Children delight to use it. Polishing shoes with "2 in 1" is child's play.

No more sticky, mussy, hard shining propositions but an instantaneous hard finish, waterproof and permanent, which softens and preserves the leather at the same time.

No substitute even half as good.

STILL ANOTHER EMPIRE

BRITISH EAST AFRICA IS SETTLER'S LAND OF PROMISE.

Col. Owen Thomas Writes of Britain's Little Known Possession on the East Coast of the Dark Continent —Slaver and Missionary Has Opened Up the Land, But Traveling Is Difficult.

An Oriental proverb has it that seekers after Heaven not infrequently miss Paradise, says Col. Owen Thomas in The Standard of Empire. Whether the statement be sound theology or no I will not surmise, but at least the sentiment seems appropriate when white settlement in Africa is the subject under discussion, for in that great continent many goals have lured the Englishman, many El Dorados have shown for him a fleeting panorama. South Africa, North Africa, and the poisonous West, the mysterious Central districts—attractive by the very uncertainty in which distance and silence have alike wrapped their wealth—each in its turn has called across the seas to the British pioneer, and has reaped its harvest in conquered nature, extended Empire, and narrow graves.

"Because on the bones of the English, the English Flag is stayed."

No man who regards Oversea Settlement as I regard it regrets the lives laid down by these earthly Heaven seekers; it was, and is, and will be part of the history-making of our people, but I do marvel sometimes that so few have marked our little Paradise away to the east, where the Indian Ocean laps a wide new land of infinite promise.

And now to lift very lightly and quickly a corner of the curtain that veils the real British East Africa from the comprehension of the Britons of the Empire! At the outset of European visitation the whole East Coast of Africa seems to have been mainly regarded as means to an end. The first Portuguese governor of Mombasa was appointed in 1592, and the era of Portuguese control may be said to have continued till 1729. Considering the duration of this occupation, the tangible results were remarkably few. Moslem rule followed, and lasted with various ups and downs into the lifetime of the present generation, when the exploration of Central Africa and the activities of Christian missionaries on the one hand and slave dealers on the other began to direct attention to this great country lying between the Indian Ocean and the big lakes. The partition of East Africa and the opening of the whole area dates from the grant of a charter of incorporation to a German company in 1885. Three years later the Imperial British East Africa Company was likewise established by Royal Charter, and history began in the Empire sense. The first rail of the so-called Uganda Railway (of which not one yard is in Uganda) was laid in 1895, the Protectorate having meanwhile been established, and its 584 miles reached completion at the end of 1901. Already receipts far outweigh expenditure, though it must be some, perhaps many, years before the capital expenditure is written off.

These few words about the railway may suggest a country of modern convenience in travel, but that is still, and will long be, an unrealized dream. The main line runs from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Nyanza, traversing in its course each successive belt of the Protectorate, but immediately the traveler or settler gets away from that one iron road he falls back upon safari as in days of yore. "Safari," let it be understood, is the Swahili expression for the traveling camp life amid primeval forests and along untrodden stretches of pathless wilds, peopled only by the whispering memories of primitive man. For British East Africa is still the Paradise of the big game tracker, and on safari, away from ordinary routes, lions and leopards, elephants and rhinoceros, buffalo and wilderbeast, hippopotamus and crocodile, giraffe and zebra, and a host of other animals haunt the stranger's wanderings.

It would be impossible for any writer to convey to the homelander, the smoke of whose neighbor's chimney is rarely out of sight, a convincing impression of that weird experience, the first safari. Presently, however, the wanderer, whatever his particular idiosyncrasy, must happen on what appears to him to be the pick of the earth; to one man, perhaps, the wonderful sweep of the enormous grazing areas in the Highlands, to another the ravines of the great Rift Valley, the wonderful agricultural districts of the Highland settlements, the big game areas of Ukamba, or the extraordinary rich flats and valleys of the tropical coast belt. Somewhere the settler with an eye for land can hardly fail to mark the man-hungry country which cries to him, individually, for settlement. For the predominant feature of British East Africa is its remarkable variety and the scope it affords every kind of land settler. There are, of course, unhealthy districts for whites, and there are considerable areas where it would not be wise to take a young family, even though a healthy man could, with reasonable precautions, do well enough. On the other hand, the slopes of the Shimba Hills could provide the planter of tropical products with a home for wife and children within reach of his work on the coastland, while away in the Highlands, where the bulk of British settlement has taken place, the children are as rosy, strong, and full of spirits as their English cousins.

British East Africa is not as yet the country for the man with no capital beyond his manhood—great as that asset is when the possessor has the good fortune to be British. The difficulty for the man without capital of reaching his market practically excludes him for the present.

A GREAT DETECTIVE.

Scotland Yard Sleuth Has Had an Exciting Career.

Detective Inspector Arrow, who was concerned with the arrest of the alleged instigator of the notorious "D. S. Windell" frauds, now being unfolded in the criminal courts, has effected many a dramatic capture in his time, but perhaps none more so than the famous raid of a gambling den, kept by an Italian, in a street off the Tottenham Court Road a few years ago. Plans for the raid were carefully made. Mr. Arrow was to approach the club with a couple of assistants, manoeuvre for an entrance, and thus pave the way for a force of constables who were to be in hiding. The detective expected a long wait, but the unexpected happened. Just as the three officers were approaching the club the doors were suddenly thrown open and an undesirable member was bundled out by the burly proprietor. Seizing this excellent opportunity Mr. Arrow dashed inside. Suspecting that the three were detectives, the proprietor slammed the door, and the inspector and his companions found themselves trapped in a room with a hundred or so evil-looking foreigners. Nothing daunted, Mr. Arrow proceeded to the gambling-room for all the world as though he had all the forces of Scotland Yard at his back. He seized the cards, the bank, and other evidences of gambling, and coolly informed the men that they were his prisoners. It was not until the inmates saw the constables pouring into the club by means of a ladder that they realized how thoroughly they had been outwitted by the intrepidity of one man.

It was chance, pure and simple, that was the means of turning Inspector Arrow's thoughts in the direction of detective work. He began his life as a schoolmaster, and while in the act of performing his duties one day, thieves broke into the schoolhouse and decamped with some clothing. The alarm was raised, and both master and pupils went in pursuit. The chase was continued for several hours, until the culprit fell in a ploughed field from sheer exhaustion. Armed with nothing more formidable than a pair of brawny fists, Mr. Arrow kept guard over the offender until help arrived. The thief proved to be an old offender, and the young schoolmaster was complimented and rewarded by the chief of police for the district. It was this incident that determined his career.

King to Cycle.

Special correspondence of The Standard from London says: King Edward VII. has been recommended by his medical advisers to resume cycling after an interval of two years, and the Messrs. Humber, Limited, have modernized one of his old machines for the purpose. The King first rode a Humber tricycle thirteen years ago, and during the eleven years which followed several machines embodying the latest improvements were built for him.

It was originally the King's intention to have a new machine, but as the delivery of a machine of the special make which he favors was impossible within the specified time, one of his old tricycles was sent to Messrs. Humber to be overhauled and refitted, and was returned to Buckingham Palace.

The machine has been equipped with all the most modern improvements, so as to avoid all danger of tripping or a fall in mounting and dismounting. One of the features of the machine is the absence of all impediments; it possesses a direct central drive, and thus it is easy to jump on or off.

World's Greatest Bridge-Builder.

Sir William Arrol, who has been denouncing the $50,000 which he estimates is spent every Saturday afternoon in England during the winter season by spectators at football matches as "a gross waste of money," is one of the most remarkable self-made and self-taught men who have hailed from North of the Tweed. He started life in a cotton-mill at eleven years of age, but the work in the mill did not suit him at all. "I wanted an easier life," he explained later, "so I went to work for a blacksmith in Paisley," and it was the clang of the anvil and the sight of the sparks which inspired him with that love of engineering which led him to become the world's greatest bridge-builder.

Farm Boy For Professor's Chair.

The career of Prof. Thomas Rees, who has just been appointed principal of Bala-Bangor Welsh Congregational College, is an extraordinary one. He started to earn his living at thirteen as a farm laborer, and at eighteen was working in a colliery. While working as a collier at Aberdare he attended the Ebenezer Chapel in that town, and soon attracted attention by his wonderful preaching powers. When he was twenty-one years of age money was found to enable him to study at Whitland Grammar School. From that time his success was meteoric. Soon he matriculated at the University of London and took his degree. At thirty he was a professor of theology, and at forty years is principal of one of the leading colleges in Wales.

The Very One.

A young student, showing the museum at Oxford to a party, produced a rusty sword, which he assured them was the identical sword with which Balaam was about to kill his ass. One of the party observed that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one.

"You are right," said the student; "and this is the very sword he wished for."—The Isis.

Selling Water.

At St. Day, Cornwall, can be seen daily the strange spectacle of water being retailed in the public streets at a halfpenny per pitcher. The water is brought in barrels drawn by horses, though, if the inhabitants cared to pay for the cost of piping, it would save them a considerable outlay.

READ ALOUD EVERY DAY.

A Strengthening Exercise For Women to Practice.

A famous doctor not long ago advised one of his women patients to read aloud an hour each day for the benefit of her lungs. An easy cure thought the woman. But to her surprise she not only found the exercise fatiguing, but learned that she read abominably.

Not one person in a hundred reads well. The voice is pitched so high that the throat suffers or is so low and mumbly that listeners are maddened in the effort to follow.

To read for hours without feeling it throw the voice well forward, so that vibrations strike the upper lip, and pitch it so that there is no strain either on the throat muscles or on the ear of the listener.

There are some persons who read as if in bonds to get through a given number of words in a stated time. Very fast reading is hard to follow and is particularly deplorable if one is reading to a convalescent. Equally bad is a dragging style that makes one long for a prod. Read quickly, but enunciate each syllable clearly and distinctly.

To read as if one were practicing elocution is extremely bad style, remarks a writer. Never aim at expressiveness. If you have a fine sense of the text unconsciously the voice takes on the correct modulation. Stilted or artificial reading is not to be tolerated.

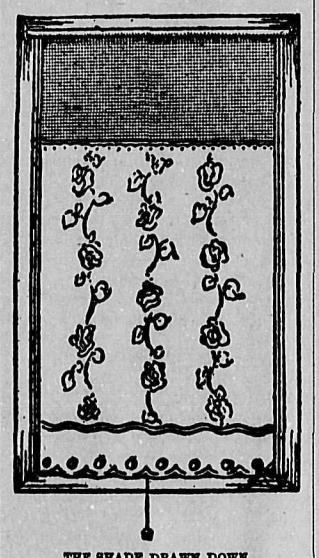
Learn to read naturally, in a pleasant voice, with special attention to enunciation. It is an art no woman can afford to be without. There are many times when one must read aloud, without voice, and a consciousness of being a poor reader does not make it easier.

Another advantage of reading aloud is the attention it calls to pronunciation. Words that one has read silently from youth we often find we have mispronounced only when they are first read in company. For this reason it is important that girls and boys be trained in reading aloud beyond what they get in school. It is well to keep a pencil and pad in hand to jot down any word of whose meaning and pronunciation one is not certain.

VENTILATING SHADE.

A Clever Contrivance For Admitting Air Without Annoyance.

Most of us nowadays know better than to sleep with closed windows and would as soon think of taking poisonous food as breathe vitiated air. The ancient prejudice against night air has gone the way of hobgoblins and other old wives' tales, so sometimes one is disturbed by the rustling and waving of shades which fill like sails or try to behave like flags. In consequence one sometimes feels obliged to open



THE SHADE DRAWN DOWN.

the lower sash of a window, which is not a good or safe plan of ventilation.

The real remedy is to have a ventilating blind, which is easily managed by detaching the existing shade from its roller and adding a width of coarse canvas or still more open material, so that when the shade is quite lowered it presents a very porous surface to the open top of the window, enough to check direct draft, but not enough to exclude free passage of air or to set up a noisy wind pressure. Of course when the shade is in normal use this part is invisible, but can soon be brought into use when needed.

Where and How to Keep Parasols.

The parasol is always a problem. It is usually too long to be kept in one's bureau drawer, and if hung in the closet the covering becomes soiled by an accumulation of dust or by rubbing against the dark fabric of gowns or coats.

Parasols may be beautifully disposed of to one's intense satisfaction in long slender bags hung in the closet.

Fine umbrellas may be cared for in the same way.

A parasol bag can be made of some long strip of lining, unbleached muslin or linen that would do for nothing else.

A Postal Tip.

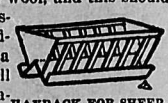
"Most people don't know how to put a stamp on a letter," said a postoffice official. "They moisten the stamp, taking off a certain amount of the mucilage by the process and making it hard to stick. The proper way is to moisten the tip of the envelope where the stamp is to go, then press on the stamp. The paper should not be soaked, just moistened on the surface, however. That stamp will never drop off in the mail bag."

CARE OF SHEEP.

Protecting the Flock In Winter—Some Points on Feeding.

The sheep must have a good shelter from the snow and sleet and cold rains of winter. A shed built against a large building and opening to the south is the best for sheep in the winter. The barn will be a splendid protection, and the farmer who builds his sheep shed against his barn is wise, says an experienced breeder.

Sheep have short necks, they cannot reach very far into a rack, and they should not be permitted to do so if they could because the chaff from the hay gets into the wool, and this should be avoided if possible. It is difficult to make a rack that will hold a considerable quantity of hay and feed it down within reach until the rack is empty. The rack shown in the illustration has a bottom shaped like the letter W, with the middle part the highest. Cut crosspieces out of wide planks similar to the way stair stringers are cut and place them five feet four inches apart. Nail sixteen foot boards on these to form the W shaped bottom, making the V shaped troughs tight to catch the leaves and chaff, and they may also be used for feeding grain, bran or chopped stuff. The rack is three and a half feet wide at the top and sixteen feet long. The spindles at the side should be of hard wood, round. Small hardwood trees cut in a thicket in the woods answer very well. They should be just wide enough apart to let an old sheep get its head through. It is necessary to have the rack three and a half or four feet high so the larger sheep won't try to climb into it.



HAYRACK FOR SHEEP.

If there is not enough room in the shed for the feed troughs they may be constructed on the outside, but it will be better if there is space for them in the center of the shed. The troughs may be constructed in the following manner: Drive down pairs of stobs about twelve feet apart, according to the length desired for the troughs. Nail heavy crosspieces to the stobs just about a foot above the ground. The troughs can be set on the crosspieces and nailed there. It is best to make the troughs about eight inches wide and four inches deep. The lumber should be good and strong.

Oats, bran and shelled corn mixed make a splendid feed for sheep. They will be delighted with good clover or alfalfa hay. When alfalfa is fed they will not need so much grain. In fact, sheep will almost fatten on alfalfa alone. If it is chopped up fine, so much the better. Keep salt near, so the sheep can have access to it whenever they please. It will be a good thing if they can run to a watering trough that is filled with temperate water.

Don'ts For the Horseman.

Don't use cold bits in cold weather. Your horse's tongue is tender, and his mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues.

Don't clip your horse when the mercury is at the freezing point.

Don't fail to blanket your horse when he stands in the cold.

Don't forget that nasal catarrh, diphtheria, bronchitis and other ills often result from exposure and the chill which follows suddenly checked perspiration.

Don't fail to keep your horse's shoes sharp when the streets are slippery.

Don't put your horse's feet in unskilled hands. Good feet are spoiled by bad shoeing.

Don't keep your horse in an overheated stable, then stand him for some hours in a freezing atmosphere and wonder why he became paralyzed.

Don't fail to water your horse the first thing in the morning, but not with ice water.

Sore Shoulders on Horses.

The hide and flesh of a young horse are more tender than those of an old work horse. If the shoulders of the young horse are allowed to become sore during the first season's work it is likely that they will be sore or tender all the rest of the animal's life. If the young horse passes through the first season without injury the shoulders become toughened and, with good treatment, are likely never to become sore.

Tobacco For Worms In Horses.

A horseman says that he has cured horses and colts of worms by pulverizing tobacco leaves with the hands and placing a small quantity in each feed of shelled oats for a few days. He says the worms will be expelled without any ill effects to either the horse or colt. He says that many a colt that is now kept poor and scrawny by the worms, if given pulverized tobacco leaves in this manner, will soon begin to thrive and take on flesh.

Silage For Hogs.

A speaker at a swine breeders' meeting said: A hog will eat about four pounds of silage a day. Figuring corn at the average price, it costs about a mill a day, or a tenth of a cent, to feed silage to a hog. There is all the corn in that amount of silage that a hog will need, but you might add to it by feeding a little protein feed. It is not rich enough in the bone and muscle part of the feed and should have something in that line.

Cleaning the Cow's Udder.

When you brush off a cow's bag with an old bran sack you simply set the dust floating about the room. That doesn't help much. It will settle in the pail just the same. But wipe the udder and the flanks of the cows with a damp cloth and you have done something worth while.

BRILLIANT BASEBALL.

A Brainy Sequence of Plays by the Chicago Cubs.

Generalship by the manager is not all. A good team needs the fewest orders, and what perhaps was the most brilliant half inning ever played in a ball game, from the standpoint of headwork and perfect execution, was one in which the managers had small part. That inning was the last half of the fourth inning of the game between Detroit and Chicago on Oct. 13, the game that practically decided the world's championship series. Chicago had made two runs in the third inning and, with Brown pitching, appeared to be winning easily until O'Leary and Crawford opened Detroit's half of the fourth inning with line singles to left, putting runners on first and second bases with none out and Cobb, the best batter in the American league, at bat. O'Leary is fast, Cobb is extremely fast, and Cobb is a natural and almost perfect bunter. Every one knew that Cobb intended to bunt the ball and that failure to retire either him or one of the other runners probably meant victory for Detroit. Jennings, Detroit's manager, sent Cobb to bat, with instructions to bunt toward third base. They knew that Brown intended to make the play to third base to force O'Leary, and the coachers were signaled to make O'Leary take as much lead toward third base as possible and to start running as the ball was pitched.

Brown, a past master in field generalship as well as execution, walked over to Steinfeldt at third base and said: "Anchor yourself to that bag. The ball is coming there." Kling signaled for a fast ball close to the batter at his waist. It was his plan to have Cobb miss the ball on his first attempt to bunt and then, by a quick throw to Tinker on second, to catch O'Leary off the base. Brown shook his head and signaled Kling his intention to pitch a curve ball low and at the outside corner of the plate. Cobb was hoping that Brown would pitch precisely that kind of a ball, and Brown knew that Cobb was hoping for it, and it was Brown's plan to force Cobb to do exactly what he was most anxious to do—to make a perfect bunt and toward third base. Brown pitched perfectly, and Cobb bunted perfectly, thirty feet toward third base and about five feet inside the foul line. As Brown pitched he went forward at top speed, "following the ball through," and he was in front of the ball when it bounded along. Still running, he scooped the sphere and, whirling, made a terrific throw straight to Steinfeldt, and O'Leary was forced out by fifteen feet on a seemingly impossible play, executed chiefly because Brown knew exactly what Cobb would do.

Chance's magnificent machine was not through. Knowing that the failure of that play would "rattle" the Tigers, they instantly seized the psychological situation. Kling gave a quick signal for a fast inshoot across Rossman's shoulders, and Brown, without waiting for Detroit to rally and plan a play, drove the ball fast and high. Rossman struck at the ball and missed it. Like a flash Kling hurled the sphere toward second base Tinker met it at top speed, touched Crawford three feet from the base and standing still, and Detroit was beaten in a panic. An instant later, as Rossman struck out, Kling threw to second, and Evers, leaping, stuck up one hand, dragged down the ball and while descending touched Cobb as he slid. The big crowd, frenzied over the brilliant series of plays and only half understanding them, cheered for five minutes.—Hugh S. Fullerton in American Magazine.

An Expedition That Failed.

With a courage equal to that of Columbus, two seven-year-old lads set sail from Boston the other day to join Roosevelt in Africa. They had built a raft of railroad ties and provisioned it for the long voyage. Besides several cans of tomatoes and condensed milk, three loaves of bread, a pound of bologna sausage and a lot of crackers, they had two fishing rods, a lantern and an oil stove. They expected to catch all the fish they could eat, no matter how long they might be on the water, for do not fish grow in the sea? Not the least important article in their equipment was a log book, in which they planned to write a record of their adventurous voyage. Of course they were picked up by fishermen before they got to the mouth of the harbor, but this interference with their plans did not lessen the audacity of their undertaking.—Youth's Companion.

Guides For Aeronauts.

Major von Frankenberg, president of the German Aero club, advises that huge signboards be placed on the roofs of church towers and high buildings, with a certain code of signals, visible from airships aloft, inscribed upon them. He also suggests that the frontiers of the different European countries shall be marked by the same method and that at night the signs shall be illuminated in such a way as to make them visible. Aeronauts would carry a signal code book, enabling them to deciper the meaning of the signals.

A Baseball Town.

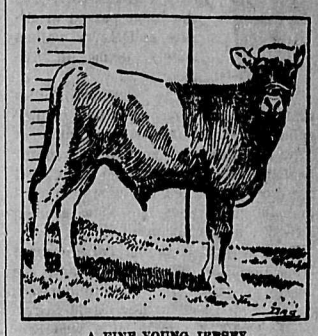
St. Louis is evidently a baseball town, judging by the new city directory, which contains three Players, one Grounds, five Boxes, two Seats, five Fanns, one lone Ruter, two Passes, seventy-four Balls, three Batts, one Mask, twelve Sacks, eight Fielders, one Right, one Center, thirty-nine Shorts, five Pitchers, nine Hitts, three Bunts, one Outt, three Strikes, thirty-two Rapps, two Steals, one Fowle, five Scores and one Game.

FEEDING CALVES SUCCESSFULLY.

While most dairymen have their own method of feeding calves, the experience of others in this work is interesting, and quite often some valuable points may be picked up. Here is what a prominent Nebraska dairyman has to say on the subject:

More mistakes are made in feeding calves than any other live stock on the farm. First of all, the stomach of a calf is very sensitive to changes in the temperature of milk. For this reason I like to let the calf draw its own feed from the mother for three or four days. After that I pour the milk into a warm pail.

Two quarts of milk, which is ample for the average calf, will be reduced to quite a low temperature if milked and then poured into a cold pail in winter; hence the feed pail as well as the milk should be warm. Again, the warm milk should be fed as soon as it



A FINE YOUNG JERSEY.

is drawn from the cow and not allowed to stand or it will get cold, and a young calf must have warm milk or its stomach is likely to get out of order.

It will depend largely on the calf as to the length of time that it should have whole milk. Ordinarily this is from two to three weeks. The change from new to skimmilk must not be made too radical, but gradually. At least a week should be consumed in making the change. This is a critical period in the life of a calf. It should not be given any more skimmilk than new milk, for it will not digest any more, and if more be fed its stomach is almost sure to be upset. As the change is made from new or whole milk to skimmilk a few dry whole oats with a little oilmeal should be given; also a little bright hay.

Where several calves occupy the same box stall stanchions should be provided to confine them while eating. They are much easier to feed, and then each one gets its share, and there is no sucking after the milk is fed. If the grain is fed as soon as they get through drinking the milk they will go to eating it and forget all about sucking, when the stanchion can be opened.

The feed should be increased very gradually. Better feed too little than too much. There will be a time that the calves will not seem to grow much when they are first got on to skimmilk. Don't make the mistake and think that they are not getting enough and begin feeding more, for the chances are that trouble will be the result.

Calves that are intended for beef can be benefited by the addition of a little shelled corn, but those that are to be raised for the dairy will make better cows if not kept too fat. I never care to show my calves that are dairy bred before they are six months old, for the average farmer would go away with the impression that they lacked feed.

For years after I began farming I could not raise a good cow. The calves always were fat and sleek, but they lacked the function of milk giving when they were grown. I was feeding unconsciously for beef and not for milk.

Feeding Whole Grain.

Bulletin 242 of the Michigan experiment station offers some exact data upon the subject of feeding whole grain to cows, heifers and calves. When whole corn was fed to cows 22 per cent was unmasticated, when fed to heifers 10 per cent and when fed to calves 6 per cent. Chemical analysis showed no change in composition of the unmasticated parts, so it is a safe assumption that the animal derives no benefit from grain that passes through the digestive tract unaltered.

Cleanliness In the Dairy.

There is no excuse for having sediment at the bottom of a milk vessel after it has stood for awhile. It does not matter whether milk, cream, butter or cheese is the ultimate product for sale. Any filth in the milk will ruin the chances of a successful business in either case. Cleanliness is the one great thing in successful dairying. Have preparations made for the thorough straining and careful handling of milk in the most cleanly manner.

Clean Pails For Calves.

Filthy pails have caused more deaths to calves than a lack of food during the milk stage of a calf's life. An abundance of good milk will not compensate nor furnish an excuse for the use of filthy pails. Germs are dangerous, and a well cared for pail will be free from germs. Filth is wholly unallowable in the calf business.

Cleaning the Feet of Horses.

When working the horses in winter make it a point to clean out the feet every night with a dull knife, especially during muddy weather. This is not a hard task and will often be the means of preventing serious troubles. Many cases of thrush have started by a little neglect of the horse's feet.

Satan Sanderson

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

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(Continued.)

Chapter 2

HARRY SANDERSON and the judge parted at the gate, and Harry walked slowly home in the moonlight.

The youthful follies that he had resurrected when he had called himself his old nickname of "Satan Sanderson" he had left so far behind him, had buried so deep, that the ironic turn of circumstance that had dragged them into view seemed intrusive and malicious.

He had saved an old college mate from possible disinheritance and the grind of poverty, for David Stires' health was precarious. He thought of this with a tinge of satisfaction. The least of that peculiar clan, one who had held his place not by likable qualities, but by a versatile talent for entertainment, Hugh Stires yet deserved thus much. Harry Sanderson had never shirked an obligation. "As a man sows"—words used by the old man—recurred to him. Did any man reap what he sowed, after all? Was he, the "Satan Sanderson" that was, getting his deserts?

Was he, the "Satan Sanderson" that was, getting his deserts.

* * * * * * *

The later night was very still, and the moon, lifting like a paper lantern over the aspen tops, silvered all the landscape. In its placid radiance the white house loomed in a ghostly pallor. The windows of one side were blank, but behind the library shade the bulbous lamp still drowsed like a monster glowworm. From the shadowy side of the building stretched a narrow L, its front covered by a rose trellis whose pale blossoms in the soft night air mingled their delicate fragrance with that of the jasmine.

Save for the one bright pane there seemed now no life or movement in the house. But outside in the moonlight a lurching, shabbily clothed figure moved, making his uncertain way with the deliberation of composed inebriety. The sash of the window was raised a few inches, and he nodded sagely at the yellow shade.

"Gay old silver top," he hiccoughed, "see you in the morning!"

He capsized against an althea bush and shook his head with owlish gravity as he disentangled himself. Then he staggered serenely to the rose trellis and, choosing its angle with an assurance that betrayed ancient practice, climbed to the upper window, shot its bolt with a knife and let himself in. He painstakingly closed both windows and inner blinds before he turned on an electric light.

In the room in which he now stood he had stored his boyish treasures and shirked his maturer tasks. It should have had deeper human associations, too, for once, before the house had been enlarged to its present proportions, that chamber had been his mother's. The Marechal Niel rose that clambered to the window sill had been planted by her hand. In that room he had been born. And in it had occurred that sharp, corrosive quarrel with his father on the night he had flung himself from the house vowing never to return.

As Hugh Stires stood looking about him it seemed for an instant to his clouded senses that the past six months of wandering and unsavory adventure were a dream. There was his bed, with its clean linen sheets and soft pillows. How he would like to lie down just as he was and sleep a full round of the clock! Lastnight he had slept—where had he slept? He had forgotten for the moment. He looked longingly at the spotless coverlid. No; some one might appear, and it would not do to be seen in his present condition. It was scarcely 10. Time enough for that afterward.

He made difficult selection from these.

He drew out the drawer of a chiffonier, opened a closet and gloated over the order and plenty of their contents. He made difficult selection from these and, steadying his progress by wall and chair, opened the door of an adjoining bathroom. It contained a circular bath with a needle shower. Without removing his clothing he climbed into this, balancing himself with an effort, found and turned the cold faucet and let the icy water, chilled from artesian depths, trickle over him in a hundred stinging needle points.

It was a very different figure that re-entered the larger room a half hour later from the slinking mudlark that had climbed the rose trellis. The old Hugh lay, a heap of soiled and sodden garments; the new stood forth shaven, fragrant with fresh linen and clean and fit apparel. The maudlin had vanished, the gaze was unvexed and bright, the whole man seemed to have settled into himself, to have grown trim, nonchalant, debonair. He held up his hand, palm outward, between the electric globe and his eye. There was not a tremor of nerve or muscle. He smiled. No headache, no fever, no uncertain feet or trembling hands or swollen tongue after more than a week of deep potations. He could still "sober up" as he used to do (with Blake, the butler, to help him) when it had been a mere matter of an evening's tipsiness. And how fine it felt to be decently clad again!

He crossed to a cheval glass. The dark, handsome face that looked out at him was clean cut and aristocratic, perfect save for one blemish—a pale line that slanted across the right brow, a birthmark, resembling a scar. All his life this mark had been an eyesore to its owner. It had a trick of turning an evil red under the stress of anger or emotion.

On the features, young and vigorous as they were, subtle lines of self indulgence had already set themselves, and beneath their expression, cavalier and caressing, lay the unmistakable stigmata of inherited weakness. But these the gazer did not see. He regarded himself with egotistic complacency. Here he was just as sound as ever. He had had his fling and taught "the governor" that he could get along well enough without any paternal help if he chose.

He attentively surveyed the room. It was clean and dusted—evidently it had been carefully tended. He might have stepped out of it yesterday. Not a thing had been disturbed—yes, one thing. His portrait that had hung over his bed was not in its place. A momentary sense of trepidation rushed through him. Could his father really have meant all he had said in his rage? Did he really mean to disown him?

For an instant he faced the hall door with clinched hands. Somewhere in the house, unconscious of his presence, was that ward of whose coming he had learned. Moreau was a good friend to have warned him. Was she part of a plan of reprisal—her presence there a tentative threat to him? Could his father mean to adopt her? Might that great house, those grounds, the bulk of his wealth, go to her, and he, the son, be left in the cold? He shivered. Perhaps he had stayed away too long!

As he turned again, he heard a sound in the hall. He listened. A light step was approaching—the swish of a gown. With a sudden impulse he stepped into the embrasure of the window, as the figure of a girl paused at the door. He felt his face flush. She had thrown a crimson kimono over her white nightgown, and the apparition seemed to part the dusk of the doorway like the red breast of a robin. She held in her hands a bunch of the pale Marechal Niel roses, and his eye caught the long rebellious sweep of her bronze hair and the rosy tint of bare feet through the worsted meshes of her night slippers.

To his wonder the sight of the lighted room seemed to cause her no surprise. For an instant she stood still as though listening, then entered and placed the roses in a vase on a reading stand by the bedside.

Hugh gasped. To reach the stand the girl had passed the spot where he stood, but she had taken no note of him. Her gaze had gone by him as if he had been empty air. Then he realized the truth; Jessica Holme was blind! Moreau's letter had given him no inkling of that. So this was the girl with whom his father now threatened him! Was she counting on his not coming back, waiting for the windfall? She was blind—but she was beautiful! Suppose he were to turn the tables on the old man, not only climb back into his good graces through her, but even—

The thin line on his brow sprang suddenly scarlet. What a supple, graceful arm she had! How adroit her fingers as they arranged the rose stems! Was he already wholly blackened in her opinion? What did she think of him? Why did she bring those flowers to that empty room? Could it have been she who had kept it clean and fresh and unaltered against his return? A confident, daring look grew in his eyes. He wished she could see him in that purple tie and velvet smoking jacket. What an opportunity for a romantic self justification! Should he speak? Suppose it should frighten her!

Chance answered him. His respiration had conveyed to her the knowledge of a presence in the room. He heard her draw a quick breath. "Some one is here!" she whispered.

He started forward. "Wait, wait!" he said in a loud whisper as she sprang back. But the voice seemed to startle her the more, and before he could reach her side she was gone. He heard her flying steps descend the stair and the opening and closing of a door.

The sudden flight jarred Hugh's pleasurable sense of novelty. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets. Now he was in for it! She would alarm the house, rouse the servants. He should have a staring domestic audience for the imminent reconciliation his sobered sense told him was so necessary. Shrugging his shoulders, he went quickly down the stair to the library.

He had known exactly what he should see there—the vivid girl with the hue of fright in her cheeks, the

"My son!" he cried.

shaded lamp, the wheel chair and the feeble old man with his furrowed face and gray mustaches. What he himself should say he had not had time to reflect.

The figure in the chair looked up as the door opened. "Hugh!" he cried and half lifted himself from his seat. Then he settled back, and the sunken, indomitable eyes fastened themselves on his son's face.

Hugh was melodramatic—cheaply so. He saw the girl start at the name, saw her hands catch at the kimono to draw its folds over the bare white throat, saw the rich color that flooded her brow. He saw himself suddenly the moving hero of the stagery, the tractive force of the situation. Real tears came to his eyes; tears of insincere feeling, due partly to the cheap whisky he had drunk that day, whose outward consequences he had so drastically banished, and partly to sheer nervous excitation.

"Father!" he said, and came and caught the gaunt hand that shook against the chair.

Then the deeps of the old man's heart were suddenly broken up. "My son!" he cried and threw his arms about him. "Hugh, my boy, my boy!"

Jessica waited to hear no more. Thrilling with gladness and flushing with the sudden recollection of her bare throat and feet, she slipped away to her room to creep into bed and lie wide eyed and thinking.

What did he look like? Of his face she had never seen even a counterfeit presentment. Through what adventures had he passed? Now that he had come home, forgiving and forgiven, would he stay? He had been in his room when she entered it with the roses—must have guessed, if he had not already known, that she was blind. Would he guess that she had cared for that room, had placed fresh flowers there often and often?

Since she had come to the house in the aspens Jessica had found the imagined figure of Hugh a dominant presence in a horizon lightened with a throng of new impressions. The direful catastrophe of her blindness—it had been the sudden result of an accident—had fallen like a thunderbolt upon a nature elastic and joyous. It had brought her face to face with a revelation of mental agony, made her feel herself the hapless martyr of that curt thing called chance. She had always lived largely in books and pictures, and her world was still full of ideals and of brave adventures. Gratitude had made her love the morose old invalid with his crabbed tempers, and the wandering son, choosing for pride's sake a resourceless battle with the world—the very mystery of his whereabouts—had taken strong hold of her imagination. Of the quarrel which had preceded Hugh's departure she had made her own version. That he should have come back on this very night, when the disinheritance she had dreaded had been so nearly consummated, seemed now to have an especial and an appealing significance.

Presently she rose, slipped on the red kimono, and, taking a key from the pocket of her gown, stole from the room. She ascended a stairway and unlocked the door of a wide, bare attic where the moonlight poured through a skylight in the roof upon an unfinished statue. In this statue she had begun to fashion, in the imagined figure of Hugh, her conception of the prodigal son—not the battered and husk filled wayfarer of the parable, but a figure of character and pathos erring through youthful pride and spirit. The unfinished clay no eyes had seen, for those walls bounded her especial domain.

When Hugh went shamefacedly up the stair from the library the artificial glow that had tingled to his finger tips had faded. The poise of mind, the certitude of all the faculties of eye and hand that his icy bath had given him, were yielding. The penalties he had dislodged were returning re-enforced. He was rapidly becoming drunk.

He groped his way to his room, turned out the light, threw himself fully dressed upon the bed and slept the deep sleep of deferred intoxication.

(To be Continued.)

The strongest peculiarity of people who are in love is they think they aren't any crazier than the rest of the world.

The average man seems to think paying taxes is as cruel as supporting his family.

QUIETED HIM AT LAST.

What Happened to One of Those Inquisitive Individuals on Board Ship.

HE was one of those inquisitive individuals one meets on shipboard who persist in boring the captain with nonsensical questions. For twenty minutes the captain had answered the volley of interrogations with a smiling face, but now he was losing his patience.

"But, captain," insisted the bore, "is it really true that we have fresh vegetables all the way over?"

"It is, sir," responded the master, "and now I must be getting"—

"And fresh meats?"

"Yes, sir, and as I said"—

"And fresh milk?"

"Yes, but you will have to excuse me, as"—

"Just one more, captain."

"Well, what is it? Be quick."

"Where do you get your fresh milk from at sea?"

The captain made a megaphone of his horny hands and roared: "From our herd of sea cows that follow in our wake, sir. Look over the stern at eight bells and you will see the stewards milking them."—Chicago News.

In 1950.

"What are you doing there, Fred?"

"I have an appointment with a friend to meet him at this corner, and now I don't know whether it's in the street or up here."—Browning's Magazine.

Easy to Classify.

The newly married couple had just moved into their new home. On the morning after their arrival a baker called to solicit their trade. He found the young wife in the kitchen. After explaining that his wagon delivered once a day the baker asked, "And may we have your trade, madam?"

"Yes," she replied timidly. "We will give you a trial."

"And about how much bread will you want each day?"

"Well, I don't know exactly. You see, there are only two of us." Then doubtfully, "Would five loaves a day be enough, do you think?"—Judge.

A Strange Rat Catcher.

"Yes, sir," boasted the hotel proprietor, "that dog's the best rat catchin' dog in the state."

Even as he spoke two big rats scurried across the office floor. The dog merely wrinkled his nose.

"Rat dog!" scoffed the traveling man. "Look at that, will you?"

"Huh!" snorted the landlord. "He knows them. But just let a strange rat come in here once!"

Cheap Board.

New Curate—Can any of you tell me how much it costs to board an automobile here?

Old Resident—About $30, I think.

Young M. D.—But it only costs $25 to board a horse.

Miss Stenographer—And it only costs 5 cents to board a trolley.—Success.

Couldn't Use It.

"You are never satisfied, Jimmy," said his mother. "Here you have a beautiful bobsled, and yet you're moping all the time."

"Well, I can't help it. Papa had ought to get me a hill to slide down now. You won't let me use it on the stairs."

Satisfied.

"I have come, sir, to ask you for your daughter's hand."

"I am sorry, young man, but my daughter will have to live in my house for awhile yet."

"That's fine! I was afraid we'd have to rent one."—Cleveland Leader.

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 by anecdotes."—Washington Star.

Just Callers.

"You don't have many visitors out here," said Citiman, "do you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Subbubs, "coming and going nearly every day."

"Mostly women, I suppose."

"Yes; servant girls."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Not Exclusive.

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

Walters—Why, I don't know.

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

Still Loafing.

Silas—Here be an article in this agriculture paper entitled "A Movement Among Farm Hands."

Cyrus—It must be a fake. I haven't noticed a blamed movement among farm hands since last summer.—Chicago News.

REMARKS BY HER FACE.

YOU gaze upon me in your mirror,
You shake your head sadly and sigh,
You wish my complexion were clearer
Than as it appears to your eye.
Well, say, if I'd rub you and grease you
With all of that stuff on the shelf
Do you think such treatment would please you?
Now, how would you like it yourself?

We started; our chances were equal.
I did all I could as your face.
And what is the worrying sequel
That in my reflection you trace?
You've smothered me deep in that powder
You take from the box on the shelf
To make me look prettily prouder—
But how would you like it yourself?

A smile in your eyes used to twinkle
When you looked at me in the glass.
Remember how you've rubbed this wrinkle
So that it won't show under gas?
You've steamed me and pulled me and hauled me
And smeared me with stuff from the shelf,
You've pinched me and marked me and mauled he—
And how would you like it yourself?

Witch hazel, cold cream and queer lotions
You've worked into all of my pores,
With samples of other odd notions
You've taken on trust at the stores.
I've tried to be true to my duty,
But you've pinned your faith to the shelf.
I know you can't call me a beauty—
But how would you like it yourself?

What! I'm once again to be pasted
With somebody's mixture? Please don't!
You'll find all your efforts are wasted—
You bid me look well, but I won't!
You look at me now with a shiver,
Then grab at a box on the shelf.
With wrath at my faults you may quiver—
Still how would you like it yourself?
—Chicago Post.

A Reasonable Argument.

Attendant—Sir, you know very well that dogs are not admitted here.

Visitor—He isn't my dog.

Attendant—But it followed you in.

Visitor—Well, so did you.

A Considerate Husband.

"Say," remarks Peckham in a hoarse whisper during his wife's temporary absence from the room, "whatever you do, don't allude to Eleanor as my better half in her presence."

"All right," rejoined the guest. "It's an expression that I seldom use, anyway, as it is both shopworn and plebeian."

"It isn't that," said Peckham in explanation, "but Eleanor is awfully sensitive when it comes to fractions, and it would annoy her if you were to rate her at anything less than three-fourths."—Chicago News.

Little Joe.

Being afraid at night, Joe was told that God was always there and would take care of him, and he must just say his prayer and go to sleep. He repeated his little prayer, but still fretted about the dark. I said, "Oh, but you don't trust God."

To which he tearfully responded, "I will in the morning!"—Delineator.

Noncommittal.

"I wonder what kind of a dress Jennie is going to wear to that al fresco party."

"Why don't you ask her?"

"I did and am as wise now as I was before. She said she was going to wear a lawn dress."—Baltimore American.

Animate Scarecrows.

Mistress—Anna, I saw you in the garden last night with a man.

Maid—Me, mum? Oh, no, you must have mistaken the two scarecrows for us.

Mistress—Well, I will look more carefully next time. But I certainly saw the scarecrows kissing each other.

Better Still.

"I want you to understand," said Newed firmly, "that I am going to be the head of this combine."

"Oh, very well, dear," rejoined Mrs. Newed, "and I am going to be the neck, so I can turn the head any way I please. See?"—Pittsburg Post.

Opposite Constructions.

"How's luck, fellows?"

"Behind the clouds is the sun still shining," replied the optimist cheerily.

"Yes," agreed the pessimist dolefully, "the sun still shines only behind the clouds."—Kansas City Times.

Still Worse.

Stoute—It's very depressing to have a wife who is an invalid.

Pettyman—Imagine what it is, then, to have one that is perfectly healthy!—New York Life.

The Gadzooks Heroes.

In days of old,
When knights were bold
And quick to draw the blade
Their endless scraps
For writing chaps
A deal of copy made.

And it was well,
As things befell,
That they did slash and carve,
For had they not
Today a lot
Of novelists would starve.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Young Folks

PERSONATING A CENTAUR.

How Mythological Creature May Be Represented by Two Boys.

This is a diversion in which two boys personate a centaur, a creature of Greek mythology, half man and half horse, says Popular Mechanics. One of the players stands erect and the other behind him in a stooping position with his hands upon the first player's hips, as shown in Fig. 1.

The second player is covered over with a shawl or table cover which is pinned around the waist of the first player. A tail made of strips of cloth

MAKING UP THE CENTAUR.

or paper is pinned to the rear end of the cover. The first player should hold a bow and arrow and have a cloak thrown loosely over his shoulder, as shown in Fig. 2. Imitation hoofs of pasteboard may be made and fastened over the shoes.

MEASURING RAINDROPS.

Simple Method by Which Size of a Drop May Be Determined.

You would think it impossible to measure the size of raindrops as they come streaking downward from the gray clouds and seem to disappear in minute flashes of silver on the pavement. Yet science has devised a plan by means of which the volume of each drop can be accurately determined.

A broad metal tray is filled with loose flour to the depth of about two inches. Then, carefully covered, it is carried out into the shower the size of whose drops it is desired to measure. The cover is suddenly removed, the surface of the flour is exposed for about four seconds, then is again sheltered and carried indoors, where an examination can be made at leisure.

What happens is that the drops which fall upon the loose flour, although they spatter a little, retain for the most part their spherical shape. Within a few minutes they have absorbed enough of the soft flour to make them semi-solid, and within two hours they have hardened into pellets of a size that can be handled and measured.

Use of this simple and clever device has established beyond question the old theory that the farther a drop falls the larger it is.—Chicago News.

A Few Timely Don'ts.

Don't go out in the woods to fly a kite. Only birds fly there.

Don't climb trees after strawberries.

Don't try swimming in a muddy creek.

Don't smile at a strange bull.

Don't try to catch a whale with a bent pin.

Don't cry like a goose if a goose cries at you.

Don't get angry after going to bed after the chickens to be awakened by the rooster.

Don't use the barn roof for a toboggan slide. You may find the shingles rough.

Don't eat up your picnic lunch before you start out.

Don't sit under the tree and wait for the weathercock to crow.

Don't expect to find straws in a dish of strawberries.

Don't try to pick geese from the gooseberry bush.

The Pup Didn't Mind.

Uncle Caleb—Have you named your dog yet, Clarence?

Little Clarence—Yes, sir; I called him after you.

Uncle Caleb—That isn't complimentary.

Little Clarence—Oh, well, he hasn't got sense enough to care.

A Riddle.

What is that which will go up a pipe down, but will not go down a pipe up, or will go down a pipe down, but not up a pipe up, and yet when it has gone up a pipe or down a pipe will go up or down? Answer—An umbrella.

A Birdseye View.

Birdie, birdie, on the tree,
Singing sweetly as can be,
What have you to make you so
Happy? I should like to know.

Says birdie, "I've a roomy nest,
With all the dear ones I love best,
And of the lovely landscape, too,
I find I have a 'birdseye view.'"
—Philadelphia Record.

THE FATEFUL MISS DOUGLAS.

By PROVIDENCE REVERE.

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Mrs. Ransom surveyed her tall brother meditatively, while he returned the scrutiny with smiling cheerfulness. John MacPherson was enjoying to the utmost his little visit to his sister, whom he had not seen since her marriage a couple of years previous, so he did not in the least understand why she should sigh and remark seriously, "It's too bad; yes, it is!"

"What?" he asked lazily. It was a extra fine cigar he was smoking, and it did not seem possible just then for anything to be of deadly importance.

"Why, that you got here just the day after Isabel Douglas left town," responded pretty little Mrs. Ransom. "She's the dearest girl! She"—

"Lives in Kentucky, beautiful as a dream, glorious brown eyes, most charming disposition on earth, is"—

"Where'd you meet her?" broke in Mrs. Ranson breathlessly.

"I never had the pleasure," laughed her brother. "Only I had to sit one whole evening during my visit in Toledo and hear my hostess recount the charms of this most evasive Isabel. She had left there just the week before my arrival. I seem to cast a blighting shadow over her enjoyment. At any rate, she runs at my approach."

"Now, isn't that queer?" said his sister. "But, really, John, I'm in earnest about wanting you to know her."

"So was my Toledo hostess," he answered amusedly. "If only the lady and I were of a similar mind and as much in earnest nothing on earth could save us from wedding cake and rice. But we aren't, thank the fates," he cried rather fervently.

At the age of thirty-five John MacPherson, comfortable in his bachelor quarters in New York, wealthy enough

"I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT IN THE LEAST," SHE LAUGHED.

to indulge any whim, looked with quiet and polite pity at the unfortunates he knew tied down to domestic cares. He had fully decided he wanted none of that for him. What happiness he might miss was more than compensated for in peace and quiet and freedom.

"You're all wrong, Jack," said his sister rather wistfully. "Aren't you ever going to abandon your crazy notions and marry some nice girl and settle down?"

He threw out his hands in mock dismay as he got to his feet. "I'm the most settled down person you ever saw, Nan," he protested. "I'm as steady as a railway time table and perfectly contented just as I am. I could attend the wedding of some other fellow to your amiable Isabel without a qualm."

"No, you couldn't," said his sister forcibly. "You've never seen her."

But if he had not seen her the fame of Miss Isabel Douglas was destined to haunt his ears. During his visit at his sister's he heard Miss Douglas' name so frequently on the lips of visitors that he grew half irritated. It was impossible that any girl could be such a paragon, and if she was he had no desire to know her.

Such perfection would be decidedly tiresome, he concluded, and so he dismissed her from his mind.

When he reached Chicago on his homeward way he stopped to transact some business. Phillips, his lawyer, was most cordial in pressing his New York client to come out to his house, and MacPherson was half inclined to accept. His frame of mind experienced an instantaneous change, however, when Phillips added:

"We've a visitor coming tomorrow you'd like to meet, I know—Miss Isabel Douglas of Kentucky. She"—

"Sorry," said Mr. MacPherson decidedly, "but I can't wait over a day on any account, my dear man." At that moment he would have gone a hundred miles out of his way to escape meeting this southern paragon.

He did not stop to reflect she undoubtedly had not the slightest desire of meeting him either. The constant sound of her name and the rehearsal of her attractions had molded itself into a haunting shadow, pursuing him, and he actually disliked the very thought of her. He wondered crossly why she never stayed home, where she belonged. He hated gadabouts. Then he went back to New York.

Strangely enough, even there he was not left in peace. One of the newspapers printed a page of pictures and gossip about beautiful women, and, idly glancing it over, the name of Douglas caught his eye. He groaned as he looked closer. Yes, the first name was Isabel. Then he searched for the picture of her and stared at it half indignantly. It was a very lovely face. More than that, it was high bred and thoughtful, as well as perfect in line and form.

But John MacPherson had seen too many beautiful women to be especially attracted by any one in particular. He wondered idly what there could be about this particular girl which so hypnotized all her friends and acquaintances. In a few weeks she had passed out of his mind entirely.

But John MacPherson was not to slip out of the clutches of determined fate in this easy fashion. With no warning whatever, no premonition of the trap before him, he climbed the steps of a Fifth avenue house one night to fulfill a dinner engagement.

His hostess was a charming woman, and her dinners were famous. He was in a very pleasant frame of mind. As he opened the little envelope containing the name of his dinner partner he exclaimed so sharply that the well trained footman could not forbear a glance of astonishment. On the card was the name of Isabel Douglas.

MacPherson, instantly in revolt, meditated flight for an instant, then realized how impossible that was and that there was nothing to do but go downstairs and meet her. Never in his life had he entertained such a violent prejudice for any woman's society as he now felt for hers. He was entirely blind to her innocence of the manner in which her name had been rung in his ears till he hated the sound of it. At any rate, she should not add him to the list of victims report said strewed her path.

He entered the big drawing room and greeted his hostess.

"I've favored you tonight," that lady said, smiling. "I've given you the prettiest and nicest girl here to take out to dinner. Do you know Miss Douglas of Kentucky?"

"I do not," said the hapless John MacPherson crisply and mentally set his teeth. In two minutes it was all over, and he was properly introduced to her. Just what he had expected Miss Douglas to do was hard to say. He had braced himself for resistance, but to his bewilderment, like a dash of cool water in his face, he realized there was absolutely nothing to resist.

Miss Douglas, far lovelier than her picture, had given him one rare, cordial smile which revealed the secret of her power, for it was a smile speaking a sympathetic interest in the individual addressed, and then had not paid much more attention to him, being interested in the conversation of a returned arctic explorer.

MacPherson studied her at his leisure and as the moments passed found himself grasping wildly at all his ingrained prejudices against her. He had wits enough to reflect in a panic stricken way that if the mere sight of her was so disarming acquaintance with her might work marvelous changes in a man's feelings. When they passed out to the dining room MacPherson found himself halting for something to say, a new experience for him.

The girl herself broke the ice by remarking that she thought she knew his sister. Was not Nan Ransom out west that relative? She had mentioned her brother so often.

By the end of that dinner John MacPherson was miserable, apologetic, at sea. He did not know why he should be so upset. All he realized was that he had a crazy desire to explain to Miss Douglas how sorry he was for being such an egregious idiot as to dislike her before he had met her.

"She certainly got in her special brand of hypnotic work on me, all right," he told his reflection grimly that night as he took off his cravat before the mirror. "But, then, she's an exception."

John McPherson was a man who went out after what he wanted when he got his mind made up. He never really made up his mind about Isabel Douglas, however—that is, deliberately. He did not have time. It was a fatal attack from the very first sight of her. And when he asked her to marry him after she had been in New York two weeks only and she very properly protested at his haste it plunged him into despair so deep that he made life unbearable for his servants.

But Miss Douglas knew of her own heart, too, after several years of experience in refusing numerous suitors, and she did not keep the man she found she really cared for waiting too long before she promised to marry him.

"I don't understand it in the least," she laughed, blushing and shaking her head when she had said 'Yes.'"

"Neither do I," agreed John MacPherson promptly. "And I intend to marry you as soon as I wheedle you into naming the day for fear you'll change your mind."

Then he telegraphed his sister out west, who knew nothing of what had been going on in New York. Mrs. Ransom laughed and cried alternately when she got the laconic message. It said:

"I have at last met Isabel. You can buy your gown to wear to the wedding."

His Ailment.

The captain had been tortured with a million questions about everything between heaven and earth, bearing it all heroically and patiently—the names of the towns they passed, the number of passengers on board, the size of his family, how much his salary, dangers, storms, etc.

One of the Ladies—How long have you been in charge here, captain?

Captain—Not very long, madam; only two years.

Lady—Indeed? And why did the former captain leave?

Captain—He died, madam.

Lady—How sad! And what did he die of?

Captain—He was asked to death by the ladies.—Judge.

The Next World.

When it comes to admission in the next world we are all deadheads.—New York Life.

WON A PRINCESS.

How Tommy Saville, the Guide, Wooed Liza Navew.

They sat together in front of the tepee not long after sunset. As the great orb sank behind the tree-clad landscape, the shadows gathered until the moon took form high in the heavens, at first pale and phosphorescent, then distinctive and bold, bathing the north with its soft illumination. The river wormed its way to the eastward, like a great serpent of silver, which glistened with the trend of each curvature as it progressed through the forest. The lakes sat like mirrors in the dark green foliage, and looking down into their depths one could see other moons and other forests with innumerable trees standing at strange and uncertain angles.

The tepee was near the shore, and in front two lovers sat, holding each others hands and whispering to each other. The young man was Thomas Saville, the white guide of Temagami, and the other Liza Navew, an Ojibway princess and daughter of Chief Wapash of Mattagami.

The chief's home was at Napow Kwasing, 20 miles south of Fort Mattagami. Tommy had gone there to see the father some time before, and there he was dazzled by the beauty of this seventeen-year-old maiden. They came to know each other better, and now they sat together as the great moon smiled down on the northern wilderness.

"Ni wi ni po win?" he asked fervently, which means in English, "Will you be my wife?"

"San wi puck. Pa ni ma ni ping," she replied. "It is too soon. Not till summer." And so she passed her eighteenth birthday and the summer came.

Three passengers who stepped from the Cobalt special recently attracted considerable attention. One was Mr. Saville, one his fiance wearing pretty beaded moccasins and the garb of her people, and the other Daniel Swen, a great Ojibway boy runner, who may be faster some day than Longboat.

The bride-to-be looked in wonderment at the great buildings, the clanging street cars and hurrying traffic of all descriptions, the marvelously gowned women and fashionably dressed men. It startled her and she clung closer to her Tommy. Later in the day the party took a ride around the city in a taxicab, and this Indian girl, from far up the Montreal river, who had never seen a steam locomotive or a city, marveled, but sat in silence.

In a beautiful Rosedale home recently Tommy Saville, the White Guide of Temagami, was married to Liza Navew, an Ojibway princess.

This charming bride of the northern forest was brought to Toronto a few days ago by her husband-elect. She then wore the gilded trappings of her tribe.

Rev. C. W. Follett of Zion Methodist Church performed the Christian ceremony, which joined together this daughter of Chief Wapash of Mattagami with the White Guide, whose whole life has been spent among the wilds of northern Ontario. The princess had discarded her moccasins and blanket and appeared in a fashionable blue traveling gown with a tuscan hat, trimmed in blue. About 20 friends of the bridegroom were present at the ceremony.

Mr. Saville gave his bride a pearl sunburst, a coral necklace, traveling bag and an emerald and pearl ring.

Tommy and his princess will find their greatest happiness in the north, somewhere near the new mines at Shining Tree.

The Chief's Dignity Overthrown.

Once, a long time ago, when Sergeant of Detectives James Verney of Toronto was just Mounted Constable Verney, he was given a horse that always turned in at a west-end hotel so that the rider could get a drink. Jim swears he never taught him. Anyway, when the occasion arose for Crief Grasett to ride at the head of a parade to the exhibition, the line of march led past the hotel and the chief was riding Jim's horse. The line approached the hotel, and the chief was sitting on his mount with dignity and distinction when suddenly the animal, not overly discriminating in his view of the possible difference in tastes, bolted into the driving shed and stood patiently waiting for his rider to refresh himself. It is understood that Jim and the chief talked the matter over afterward.

A Training Farm.

It is interesting to note that Rev. Maclean Goldie, Nova Scotia's London agent, has been approached with a view of establishing a farm in Nova Scotia under the auspices of the Church for training young men from public schools, such as Eton and Harrow, who desire to follow agricultural pursuits. This institution, if established, would be in touch with the Agricultural College at Truro, and would thus afford young men an opportunity, not only of gaining practical experience of Canadian farming, but also of laying a theoretical basis which would prove of inestimable value in later life.

To Teach the Blind.

The reverend ladies of the Providence Community of Montreal, having learned that there is a system in vogue in L'Arny, France, whereby instructions can be imparted to blind as well as deaf mutes, Sister Ignatus of Loyalo, a talented member of their teaching staff, has been sent abroad to acquire the new system.

Bears Near Bobcaygeon.

Bears are reported plentiful to the north of Peterboro. At Bobcaygeon some of the village children came across a large she bear and cub at a slaughter house on the outskirts of the town.

B. C. University.

Nearly 100,000 acres, out of 2,000,000, to be reserved for a provincial university endowment, have already been selected.

FIRST WOMEN DOCTORS.

Dr. Jenny K. Trout of Toronto Heads the List.

A glance at an early register of the Ontario Medical College reveals the fact that Jenny K. Trout was the first woman licensed to practice medicine in Ontario. Dr. Trout is the wife of Edward Trout, for 40 years publisher of The Monetary Times. The list of early woman graduates follows:

Jenny K. Trout, May, 1875.
Emily H. Stowe, August, 1880.
Augusta Stowe Gullen, April, 1883.
Alice McGilvary, Hamilton, April 24, 1884.
Margaret Corliss, Australia, April 29, 1885.
Helen E. Reynolds, Kingston, April 29, 1885.
Marion Livingstone, Mount Morris, N.Y., May 11, 1887.
Susie Carson, China, May 8, 1888.
Elizabeth Embury, Belleville, May 8, 1888.
Annie A. Lawyer, May 8, 1888.
Mary C. B. MacKay, Stellarton, N.S., May 8, 1888.
Alice McLaughlin, May 8, 1888.
Annie L. Pickering, May 8, 1888.
Opie Sisley, Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1889.
Isabel McConville, Kingston, May 22, 1889.
Lelia Ada Davis, Toronto, Oct. 29, 1889.
Susanna Peep Boule, United States, May 22, 1890.
Minnie Brown, May 22, 1890.
Clara Demorest, Melita, Man., May 22, 1890.
Emily J. Irvine, Woodstock, Oct. 30, 1890.
Ida Eliza Lynd, Toronto, May 22, 1890.
Mary H. McDonnell, Hensall, May 22, 1890.
Maggie McKellar, India, May 22, 1890.
Emily J. Smith, Woodstock, Oct. 30, 1890.
Hattie A Walker, May 22, 1890.

Besides these there are fifty more lady graduates in Ontario.

Canada and the Payne Bill.

Edward Porritt contributes to the May number of The North American Review an article entitled "Canada and the Payne Bill." Mr. Porritt characterizes this bill as less hostile to Canada than almost any tariff enacted at Washington since the reciprocity treaty was abrogated by the United States and Canada. He says of the policy of the Liberal Government in Canada:

"Except for a preference for Great Britain, the Liberal Government in 1897 adopted the National Policy of the Tories in its entirety. Since 1897, Liberal Governments have greatly developed and extended the National Policy. In so doing, they have curtailed the preference which was granted to Great Britain in 1897; and they have also raised a much greater barrier against reciprocity with the United States than existed when they took over the National Policy from the Tories in 1897. As a result of the control of Government at Ottawa by the Liberal party, Canada is to-day on a more protectionist basis than at any time since Confederation in 1867; and to-day there are in the House of Commons not half a dozen members who would support a bill for lowering protective duties, or for repealing the bounties to the iron and steel and other industries—an integral part of the Liberal National Policy — which are now costing the Dominion nearly three million dollars a year."

A Unique Ceremony.

A unique ceremony in the academic world took place a few days ago, when a special convocation of the University of Toronto was held at the residence of David Boyle, curator of the Provincial Museum, for the purpose of conferring on him the honorary degree of LL.D. This unusual step was taken owing to the illness of the recipient of the degree.

The ceremony took place at the bedside. Dean Galbraith of the Faculty of Applied Science presented the candidate, and in the absence of the chancellor, Prof. Ramsay Wright, vice-president of the university, conferred the degree. Mr. Boyle stood the ceremony very well.

Owing to the unusual nature of the convocation only a few members of the senate and some personal friends were present.

Mr. Tiffin and the Grade.

Mr. E. Tiffin, the G.T.R. superintendent at Allandale, has a division of heavy grades. One Sunday being in a hurry to get home, he was going up from Toronto on a freight train. There are no passenger trains up the Northern on Sunday till evening.

The long train was slowly crawling up the ridges of King to roll down to Allandale, and Mr. Tiffin from the top of the caboose was impatiently viewing the puffing locomotive laboriously making the ascent.

"Where's the top of this grade, Anderson?" the superintendent asked the conductor.

"That pine, sir," said the "con," pointing to a tree on the crest ahead.

"I'll have it moved down this way," announced the lord of the division with decision.

But it's there yet.

A Lacrosse Reminiscence.

Barney Ryan, son of Peter, used to play lacrosse. So did Peter A. Small, also son of Peter. Barney could run some in those days, when neither he nor Toronto's lacrosse grounds was as big as they are now. One day a dilatory swallow sailed over the old grounds, then on North Sherbourne street. Barney thought it was the ball and gave chase. Peter Small watched him bearing down the field. As he passed he hailed him with a chuckle:

"Keep it up, Barney, by," he cried, "you've got a long way to go before it lights."

Big Salmon Year.

It is anticipated that the salmon pack for the year will be smaller than that of 1905, which was the last big year. Each fourth year the run of salmon is very much larger than in other years. In 1905 877,000 cases were put up, but this year the number is not expected to exceed 750,000.

THE LATE DR. WATERS.

Ottawa Civil Servant Was a Widely-Known Literary Lecturer.

Hundreds of people who never saw Ottawa and whose interest in that city was of the slightest, felt a personal loss when they opened their newspaper a few days ago and read that Dr. John Francis Waters had that morning entered the office of the Under-Secretary of State and dropped dead before anyone had time to speak. This was a painful shock to Mr. Mulvey on his first day in his new office as Under-Secretary.

Dr. Waters was one of those civil servants who do honor to a much maligned profession. He was a well-educated man upon entering the service, and he devoted his leisure to the study of biography, with the result that he was sought after as a lecturer all over Ontario and Quebec within reach of Ottawa. He used to consider his lecture on Madame Savigney as his best, but many of those who, in Trinity College and other institutions in Toronto, listened to his lecture on Dean Swift rank it above the other. Few men, English or Irish, seemed to gain a deeper insight into the life of that remarkable, gifted and unfortunate man. Audiences used to be thrilled with horror as Dr. Waters worked up to those last terrible scenes where Swift described himself as "dying like a poisoned rat in a hole." But Dr. Water's range was a wide one. Byron, Dickens, Mary Stuart, and Hawthorne did not exhaust his list. The most wonderful thing about him as a lecturer was his marvellous memory. Not only could he quote the poetry of his subjects, but he would reel off page after page of Swift or Dickens without a note or memorandum of any kind. The result was that the whole lecture was his own. There was no transition from talking to reading. No connection was lost. With a good voice and presence and undoubted literary ability of high order he was one of the happiest lecturers on literary subjects that Canada has yet developed.

Algonquin Park.

Few citizens of Ontario seem aware of the fact that in Algonquin Park they possess a unique game preserve and playground extending over some 2,000 square miles of forest and lake and river. The highest land in Ontario, it contains the sources of the Muskoka, Madawaska and Petawawa rivers. The breezes which blow across this "roof of Ontario" are renovating and recuperative in their influence upon the human system. The multitudinous lakes and rivers invite the visitors to canoe expeditions in various directions, and the expert angler will find the black bass and trout to his liking.

But the distinguishing and most delightful feature of the park is the wild life with which its forests abound. Under the care of Superintendent Bartlett and his rangers, the deer, beaver, mink, otter and other animals have multiplied exceedingly. Evidently conscious of protection, these woodland peoples have lost much of their wonted shyness, and the lover of nature may with the exercise of a little patience study the habits of these interesting inhabitants of the forest at first hand. The Government is fully justified in so strengthening Mr. Bartlett's hand that he may be able thoroughly to police the entire reserve and to protect its forests from fire and its native animals from the depredations of the trapper and poacher.—Toronto News.

Codfishing Now On.

Newfoundland's great business the codfishery has begun. Hundreds of schooners have been in St. John's, getting their supplies for the coming season. The spring herring, the first bait used, is beginning to appear, and small catches of cod are being made; but the season, owing to ice and fog, is late. Newfoundland carries on a small bank fishery, but the main industry is a shore fishery prosecuted all round the island and at Labrador. Salmon, lobster, herring, etc., are abundant, but the main business is the codfishery.

More than 28,000 boats and small vessels are employed in Newfoundland and Labrador, and the whole resident population, with the exception of a few farmers and workers in mines and factories, are engaged in the fishery.

Will Live In Vancouver.

Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the brilliant Mohawk poet, has adopted Vancouver, B.C., as her home, and is now settled in that city.

At her recent dramatic recital in Pender Hall, which was her seventeenth appearance under the auspices of the Vancouver Y.M.C.A., it was announced that she intended making Vancouver her home, at which the large audience burst into spontaneous applause. At the close of the performance, Miss Johnson thanked her listeners.

"It makes me feel," she said, "that at last I have settled among friends."

Then she gave her "Toast" to Vancouver, which was received with enthusiasm.

Jews In Montreal.

A remarkable thing noticed during the Corpus Christi parade in Montreal recently was the change that has come over St. Lawrence Main street, up to a few years ago the commercial boulevard of the French-Canadian race, and through which this great procession always walked. To-day the street has become, to a great extent, the home of the Montreal Hebrew merchants, and the saying is that there will not be a Roman Catholic storekeeper on this thoroughfare five years hence, and that the attitude of the people to-day and the comparatively few decorations in honor of so important a feast of the Church goes to justify the prediction.

Technical Schools In N. S.

The Nova Scotia Technical Schools, the first in Canada, have completed the second year of their existence, which has been one of great success. The actual total cost of the thirty or more engineering, coal-mining, and technical schools was only about one-third of the amount formerly sent away annually to the United States for correspondence courses.

DEFINITIONS.

Some Queer Ones Gleaned From a High School Examination.

Among the questions in an examination in definitions in a well regulated high school in an eastern city were these: "What is a broncho?" "What is a boomerang?" "What is a pantomime?" "What is a cartoon?" And these four excited some most remarkable answers. The following bona fide replies, taken at random from the papers, show in many cases decided originality, to say the least, but they likewise display the effect of imperfect enunciation and pronunciation and of the association of ideas without due regard to "sense."

In reply to the first query, "What is a broncho?" were the following: A broncho is an herb used as a medicine, a part of your body, a foreigner, a man that lives on ranches.

"What is a boomerang?" called forth, among others, these: A boomerang is a species of the baboon family, what an Indian chews, something explosive.

The replies to "What is a pantomime?" included the following: A pantomime is an animal that eats human flesh, a person who finds fault, a man who is always on the bad side of everything, a trunk, a box to carry people in, resting on the shoulders of four men; a vision of one's former sins.

As for the question "What is a cartoon?" that seemed to excite the wildest ideas of all, and there were brought forth such answers as these: A cartoon is a vessel for holding articles, a strong windstorm, a kind of fish, a bunch of flowers presented to a hero or a nobleman, a soldier's water bottle, a statue, a strong gust of wind.—New York Tribune.

MONTENEGRO DANCES.

The Kolo Is a Feature of All Great National Festivals.

The national dance of Montenegro is the "kolo," somewhat similar to the "horo" of Bulgaria. Both sexes take part, crossing hands and forming an unjoined circle. The music they supply themselves, each end of the horn alternately singing a verse in honor of the prince and his warlike deeds. The "kolo" is always danced at any great national festival, and the effect of the sonorous voices and swaying ring is very fine. Then there is another dance performed by four or five, usually youths, to the accompaniment of a fiddle, the leader setting a lot of intricate quick steps which the rest imitate at once. It is really a sort of jig and makes the spectator's head swim if he watches it for long.

I never saw any dances in northern Albania, though certain Slav artists love to depict wonderful sword dances, with beauteous maidens swaying gracefully after the style of nautch girls. A casual observer who has seen the Albanians come into Montenegrin markets or to their great weekly gathering in the bazaar of Scutari could never picture these stern, lean men dancing or at play. They never smile, and they look the life they lead, each clan ever ready for war with its neighbor and absolutely pitiless in the vendetta. The red Indian is not more stoical in his bearing than the northern Albanian clansman.—Wide World Magazine.

Kent and Burr.

James Kent, famous for his "Commentaries on American Law," was a great admirer of Alexander Hamilton, and when the great Federalist was killed by Aaron Burr in a duel he became the implacable enemy of the latter. One day long afterward when in New York the judge saw Burr on the opposite side of Nassau street. He went across the street as fast as his years would permit and, brandishing his cane in Burr's face, shouted:

"You're a scoundrel, sir, a scoundrel, a scoundrel!"

Burr proved equal to the emergency. He raised his hat and bowed to the ground and then said in his calmest professional tone, "The opinions of the learned chancellor are always entitled to the highest consideration."

The Deserter.

"Do you desire to have it understood," asked the judge, addressing the lady who wanted the divorce, "that your husband deserted you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please tell the court as concisely as you can how he deserted you."

"Two months after we had completed our wedding trip he scolded me because he thought I was extravagant in the matter of getting clothes, and I went home to my people."

"Yes. Proceed."

"Well, I waited and waited and waited for him to come and beg me to return to him, and he never did."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Eye For Business.

White—Why are you so anxious to lend that friend a dollar whenever he asks it? He only spends his money in drinks and cigars. Black—Oh, he always pays it back. White—But there must be some other reason for your ready generosity. Black—Well, there is. He always spends half the money on me.—Judge.

Not Guilty.

"Young man," said the serious person, "don't you realize that the love of money is the root of all evil?"

"Well," answered the spendthrift, "you don't see me hanging on to money as if I loved it, do you?"

Same Thing.

"Don't court trouble."

"No; court a girl and the rest will take care of itself."—Boston Herald.

Never mind who was your grandfather. Who are you?—Proverb.

THE NIGHT AT THE FROLIC.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

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"Professor Burke, the world's greatest animal trainer, and his unridable mule" were the attraction at the Frolic theater. The stories of that mule's idiosyncrasies had traveled far uptown, and people were thronging the dingy theater nightly.

To increase the attraction an offer of $5 to the man who could ride the mule for three minutes had been posted. At the stage door Professor Burke himself, heavy of frame and black of mustache, chewed on an unlighted cigar and surveyed with amused glance the wiry, rather slender figure of the young man facing him.

"Is that offer of yours on the level?" demanded Harvey Dillon.

Professor Burke removed his much chewed cigar to emphasize his answer adequately.

"On the level?" he repeated. "Why, kiddo, this is the only act in the whole business that makes good. This is the real thing, kiddo. G'n you ride?"

"Some," was the modest reply. "I have ridden range, but just for fun."

"Well, you make this funny, an' there'll be more than a five spot in it,"

"THE BEST LITTLE WOMAN IN THE WORLD," COMPLETED HARVEY.

promised Burke. "Here's a quarter. Get a gallery seat, an' when I call for some one to ride you come downstairs an' ride. If you ride I'll talk to you afterward."

"I just want to make one stake," explained Harvey, but Burke nodded his head wisely as he followed Harvey around to the box office to make certain that the quarter was applied to its proper purpose. He needed a young man to act as assistant, and he liked the alert air of this somewhat seedy appearing young fellow.

Burke went back to the stage door, content that the young man would not go away. Harvey Dillon climbed the steep stairs to the gallery and huddled into a seat, glad to have a place to rest where it was warm.

Ever since he had quarreled with his father over his marriage to Bessie Boynton and had set out to earn his own living he had been existing in a world of disillusionment. He had journeyed all over the town for weeks and nothing had been offered to unskilled labor, unbacked by recommendations.

Harvey was too proud to ask recommendations of his former friends. It seemed too much like a confession of failure. The last of his money had gone the day before, and the announcement that Professor Burke would give a dollar a minute to any one who could ride his mule or $5 to one who could remain on her back for three minutes had caught his eye.

When, almost at the end of the performance, Burke called for riders he rose in his seat and made his way down the steps to the orchestra floor and back of the boxes to the stage. Two others volunteered—typical residents of the quarter—and Harvey hung back to watch their frantic attempts to mount the mule.

They soon gave up. Only one had mounted the animal's back, to be thrown over her head with disconcerting promptness. Burke turned to Harvey.

"Stick on if you want to earn the money," he hissed. "Make some sort of a show or I'll kick you off the stage."

Harvey gritted his teeth and went out on the stage. He felt violent shame for making a spectacle of himself, but there was the $5 if he could hold out for three minutes.

Burke headed the mule, and Harvey made a dive for the brute's neck. The crowd shrieked its joy as he caught hold, for the last man had been dragged three times around the stage before the mule had brushed him off against the rope.

They looked to see Harvey share his fate. But before the first circuit of the stage had been completed Harvey swung himself on the animal's back and with his feet firmly braced against the fore legs and a firm grip on the cropped mane he kept his balance.

Even in the rush of events he thought longingly of the big McClellan saddle that he had used in the west. It was a vastly different proposition to stick here without saddle, stirrups or reins. But, on the other hand, he had the mule at a disadvantage. The animal was unused to riders who sat straight and rode straight.

The beast could not dislodge this new style of rider. Though she bucked and plunged and did pirouettes all over the stage, Dillon only clasped her sides the tighter and his fingers clutched more desperately at her mane.

Out in the misty smoke hung auditorium the crowd was yelling itself hoarse. Already one minute had been called, and they were well along in the second. Harvey's fingers ached and his legs felt the terrific strain of their tight grip. The shaking up he was receiving made him faint, for he had not eaten since morning.

It seemed to him that above the bellow of encouragement from the crowd he could hear a voice that sounded oddly like his father's. It seemed to give him strength to hold out. It meant $5, money that would give fresh sinews of war in his fight for a living.

Round and round whirled the mule. An occasional leap into the air varied the monotony. Harvey's head began to swim, and the bright lights were blurred and indistinct. It seemed that he could hold on no longer, but over the din of the shouts he still seemed to hear the same stentorian "Hold on, boy!" which brought fresh courage, and he clung desperately to the puzzled beast.

Then came a shout louder than all the others, and he was conscious that some one had caught the creature's head and that some one else was lifting him down.

Burke caught him by the shoulder and turned him toward the footlights, thrusting a note in his hand as he did so.

"Ladies and gentlemen," announced he, though ladies were conspicuously in the minority except in the chorus on the stage, "this young man has stuck to the mule's back for three minutes, winning the cash prize of $5 If he can repeat the performance tomorrow night I will give him $25. I hope you will all be here tomorrow to see him make the attempt—thanking you, one and all."

The hand on Harvey's shoulder forced him to bow, and then came the banging of chairs as the audience made its way out.

At either side of the stage the boxes ran inside the footlights, and from one of these stepped a portly gentleman. The man made his way across the stage in spite of the objections of the stage hands, and a moment later David Dillon was slapping his son on the back.

"Wouldn't have missed it for the world!" he cried. "Ben Davis insisted on coming to see that freak mule and dragged me along. You've got the grit, boy. I need you in my office. Want to sell that mule?" he added, turning to Burke.

"That mule is worth $5,000," was the pompous reply. "Why, my dear sir"—

Dillon drew his boy aside.

"I'll give six thousand to your wife as a belated wedding present. A man who can ride that beast three minutes is entitled to marry whom he likes You've won more than $5, Harvey. You've won my respect and"—

"The best little woman in the world," completed Harvey.

A Successful Stratagem.

When the electric telegraph was first introduced into Chile a stratagem was resorted to in order to guard the posts and wires against damage on the part of the natives and to maintain the connection between the strongholds on the frontier. There were at the time between forty and fifty captive Indians in the Chilean camp. General Pinto, in command of the operations, called them together and, pointing to the telegraph wires, said:

"Do you see those wires?"

"Yes, general."

"I want you to remember not to go near or touch them, for if you do your hands will be held, and you will be unable to get away."

The Indians smiled incredulously. Then the general made them each in succession take hold of the wire at both ends of an electric battery in full operation, after which he exclaimed:

"I command you to let go the wire!"

"I can't. My hands are benumbed!" cried each Indian.

The battery was then stopped. Not long after the general restored them to liberty, giving them strict instructions to keep the secret. This had the desired effect, for, as might be expected, the experience was related in the strictest confidence to every man in the tribe, and the telegraph remained unmolested.

Booming a Cemetery.

Cecil Rhodes once fitted up a beautiful cemetery near Kimberley, but for some reason it remained untenanted. Seeing this, Mr. Rhodes offered a bonus to widows who would bring their husbands to be buried in his cemetery, but without avail. Eventually one poor woman allowed her husband to be buried there, and a handsome marble stone was erected over his grave. But even then the scheme hung fire. The inhabitants passing the gates of the beautiful cemetery would look through the railings and see the one man lying there in solitary state and go away shaking their heads and thinking how lonely it must be. Mr. Rhodes got so exasperated that he increased the bonus until it was a large sum Then the inhabitants gradually began to weaken, one after the other, bringing their dead to the lonely cemetery, which became as popular as such a place can properly be.

WILL HER LOVE SURVIVE?

She loves me dearly, she declares,
This maid so sweet and pure.
All joys and griefs with me she shares.
Of that I am quite sure.
But as Time urges his career
From day to week and month to year
A small voice whispers in mine ear,
Say, will her love endure?

Me she cajoles with all the wiles
Her woman's wits contrive—
Embraces, kisses, tears and smiles—
But will her love survive?
Alas, I fear the years to be
Will change her attitude to me,
For at the present day, you see,
I'm fifty—she's just five!

—Stuart Furniss in New York Journal.

Extract From a Novel.

"Our traveler felt that his companion was beneath him and secretly desired a separation."

Waiting Her Chance.

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

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

His Profession.

"Have you no trade, no profession?" asked the lady at the door.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Sauntering Sim. "I have a profession, and I've just stopped here to do a little professin'. If you could put a little jelly on de bread I'd promise not to leave any chalk marks on your gatepost."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hit Him Hard.

Newly Wed Husband—The time has come, dearest, when I shall have the painful task of acquainting your father with the fact that I am heavily in debt.

Wife—Don't mind that. I'm sure he'll give you the sympathy of a companion in adversity.—Fliegende Blatter.

Clever.

"She's a very clever woman."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. She can keep her husband at home evenings without resorting to any of the tricks suggested by the women's magazines."—Detroit Free Press.

In Washington.

"Times have changed among White House visitors."

"How now?"

"I just saw a cow puncher elbowed aside by a man in golf clothes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Impractical Suggestion.

"You must learn to trust your fellow men," said the professional optimist.

"There's no use in talking that way to me," answered the worried looking citizen. "I'm in the grocery business."—Washington Star.

After Marriage.

"He used to send me ten letters a week."

"Well?"

"And now he can't even bring home one pay envelope."—Washington Herald.

Maybe.

"What dreadful things we hear about people we don't know!"

"Yes. Do you suppose people we don't know hear just as terrible things about us?"—Cleveland Leader.

No Injuries.

"Br'er Jones done fall off de watah wagon."

"Was he hu't?"

"No, suh. He was a hardened sinnah."—Harvard Lampoon.

The Right Locality.

She—For heaven's sake, John, don't make love to me right here in a dressmaking parlor.

He—My dear, is it not a fitting place?—Baltimore American.

Excused.

"Is hypocrisy ever excusable?"

"I think so—for instance, the interest that a young man pretends to take in the girl's family."—Springfield Republican.

CASH FOR PROMOTER.

Does $50,000 Worth of Talking For Fifty Cents.

MIDDLE AGED MAN CALLER.

Dropped In on the Major by Accident. How the King of Fakers Relieved Sufferer of Some Small Change and Then Disappeared.

[Copyright, 1909, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.]

IT was 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and the grand promoter sat in his office wondering if there would be any 12 o'clock lunch for him. The state of his finances had just satisfied him that there wouldn't be when there came a knock on the door. Without hesitation he bade the knocker to enter. An experience of ten long years had taught him the difference between

"I WANT TO ASK WHERE IN THUNDER THE DENTIST IS!"

the knock of a creditor and that of a person who merely wished to make an inquiry. This knock belonged to the latter class, and no peril surrounded it. A middle aged man, with his jaw tied up, entered and said:

"I want to ask where in thunder the dentist is! He has a sign at the foot of the stairs, but I've been up and down and can't find him."

"Something in your appearance leads me to believe that you are suffering from toothache," suavely replied Major Crofoot as he arose and placed a chair for the other and wondered if Providence had brought him a sucker.

"Of course I'm suffering with toothache. Would I have a rag around my jaw if I wasn't? Would I be hunting a butcher of a dentist if I wasn't? Would I have walked the floor and cussed all night if I wasn't?"

"Then I will take it for granted that you are suffering, but at the same time I wish to compliment you on your stability of character. You, sir, are a man who knows exactly what ails him. You don't mistake toothache for tuberculosis. I am glad to meet you, sir; very glad."

"But I'm looking for a dentist," protested the caller.

"Certainly, but I shouldn't be in any hurry. He is two floors up, and he'll grin with delight at the idea of pulling a tooth. You are a strong minded man. I think you can throw the ache off if you try to. Yes, I see strength of character in every line of your face."

"But I'm only a longshoreman."

"That may be your occupation, but if you had had the opportunity you would have been one of the great financiers of the country and had millions behind you. Don't dispute me, my friend. It is my business to judge character. What a leader you would have made in Wall street—what a leader!"

"But I'm not educated."

"No? That is unfortunate. For that reason you may never become a Napoleon of finance, but there may yet be something in the future for you. Strength of character and the right man behind you will do wonders. Is your aching tooth better?"

"I think it is a little better," was the reply as the rag was slipped off the jaw.

"Just as I told you. It's your strength of character coming to the rescue. I knew I could not be deceived in you. I also see that you are an astute man—very astute. I don't know when I've met an astuter."

"What—what does that mean?"

"Sharp, cute, cunning, farseeing. I don't believe anybody ever played a gum game on you."

"No, you bet they didn't!" heartily replied the man as he doubled up his fists.

"And those Wall street fellows never got you in for a lamb?"

"Not by a durned sight! I never had any money to speculate on, but I know them for a lot of skins. Say, this tooth don't hardly ache at all now."

Strength of Character.

"It's your strength of character you are bringing to bear. I don't think the dentist will get any chance at you. Look here, my friend, I have been studying you, and I believe you are the man I want. It never takes me over ten minutes to size a man up. Yes, you are the man."

"Do you want a boss stevedore?"

"I want you, but not for that purpose. You know all about hydraulics, power and pressure, I take it?"

"Yes."

"I was sure you did. My business is promoting, organizing and making at least 50 per cent profit for all investors. I have promoted twenty-three enterprises and have now got the twenty-fourth in hand. This is to be the greatest thing of all. It's my own invention from top to bottom, and you must remember that I have connection with Wall street."

"But I have no money," protested the caller.

"You must have $5—three—two—one?"

"I have just got 50 cents. I thought the dentist would yank out the old tooth for that."

"Um—um, I see! Great strength of character and plenty of astuteness, but only 50 cents, just enough to buy the stamp for the articles of incorporation. Well, I must have you with me. The lack of capital must be offset with character and astuteness. Now, then, for the invention. You know what dried apples are, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you take a pound of dried apples and pour water over 'em what happens?"

"They swell."

"Ha, an answer right off the reel! Yes; they swell at least 50 per cent. In swelling they must give out power. What becomes of the power?"

"It's wasted, sir."

"Just as I expected you to answer. Yes; it's wasted. Every day in the year sufficient dried apple power is wasted to run every steamship and factory in the world. Why not save instead of waste it? Why not harness it up and make use of it? Do you see the point?"

"By thunder!" exclaimed the man as he saw it.

"Ah, ha, you do see it! Well, I saw it long ago and hence the new corporation entitled the Great American Dried Apple Power company. It's bound to be a world beater, and such men as you are going to help me to make it so; capital, $10,000,000. Stock sells above par at once. Dividends anywhere from 50 cents to a dollar per annum. We own our orchards; we dry our own apples; we pour on water from our own wells. One thousand pounds of swelling dried apples runs the biggest steamer across the Atlantic. One hundred pounds per day runs a cotton mill. A mere five pounds per day runs a street car. And, sir, when the apples have swelled until they can swell no more we sell them at half cost to hotels, restaurants and pie bakers. It's going to work a complete revolution in power throughout the world. Nothing like it since the time of Adam. The government alone will pay us $10,000,000 a year. Coal has got to come down to $2 a ton. That's the scheme, and what do you, with your astuteness and strength of character, think of it?"

"It's g-great," replied the man as he got up to walk around.

Salary of $10,000.

"Then leave your 50 cents on the desk to buy a state stamp with, and come in on Monday next to take your place in the new corporation as manager. I want you to look out for the orchards and the apples. Your salary will be $10,000 a year to start on."

"N-o-o-o; you can't mean it!"

"And gradually raised until you are working for $50,000 a year. The 50 cents, please. Thanks. I shall look for you Monday. And now, as you know, I'm a very busy man, and Monday—Monday, sure. Good day."

And the man found himself out in the hall and going downstairs before he realized that the conversation was finished. He had gone half a block when he suddenly clapped his hand to his jaw and uttered a groan. Then he retraced his steps and ran upstairs and was pounding vigorously on the major's door when the janitor of the building came along and said:

"So that old guy has done you up, has he?"

"Say, he's even got the rag off my jaw!" was the reply.

"Well, don't raise a fuss about it. He went out the back way, and you may never see him again. Just charge it up to experience. Oh, he's a dandy, the major is!" M. QUAD.

Experienced.

"Are you sure you know how to handle her, dear?"

"Sure! Didn't I read up all about sailboats in the encyclopedia before I bought her!"—New York Journal.

Improvement Needed.

"I suppose you like your new motor car, Mr. Wheatlands?"

"Yes," replied the wealthy agriculturist, "but I'd get a lot more satisfaction out of the dad gum thing if I could only make it feel the whip when it gets balky or skittish."—Kansas City Times.

A Smile.

When you waks up in the morn
With a feeling of "all gone"
Do not go around forlorn.
Meet it with a smile.
If the sun will not come out,
Do not poke around and pout.
Put your somber thoughts to rout.
Meet it with a smile.

If your job looks hard today,
Piled up seemingly to stay,
Don't have feelings of dismay.
Meet it with a smile.

If a bill comes in to you
Which has long been overdue,
Don't convert the air to "blue."
Meet it with a smile.
—Boston Herald.

IN A FAMOUS MANSION

HOME OF THE DASHWOODS SOLD TO EARL OF LEVEN.

Kirtlington Park, One of England's Most Noted Country Seats, Passes Out of Hands of Its Owners For Centuries—Notable Carving and Panelling Are Points of Interest to Art Lovers.

Kirtlington Park, Oxfordshire, for several generations the family seat of the Dashwoods, has been sold by the present baronet to the Earl of Leven and Melville. The estate is considered to be one of the most beautiful in the county and of goodly proportions, extending, as it does, to several thousands of acres, including the model village of Kirtlington.

The historical interest associated with it is considerable. It was for

many years the residence of John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster," and in 1420 passed to his grandson, King Henry V., the estimated value then being £13 6s. 8d. and seven oxen or "boves."

The mansion, which stands in the old wooded park, was erected in 1746, and belongs to the Italian style of architecture, as portrayed above It is placed a little to the east of the remains of the more ancient building, and looks out upon a fine prospect of green-sward, oak and elm. To the south, stretching away upon the horizon, are the blue Chiltern Hills. Inside, the house affords much treasure-trove interest. There are some notable examples of carving by Grinling Gibbons and much fine old oak panelling. One of the apartments bears the name of the Monkey Room by reason of the fact that its painted ceiling, done by Clermont in 1745, represents a group of monkeys engaged in field sports—a companion work, apparently, to that in the fishing lodge on Monkey Island on the Thames at Taplow. The salon contains some valuable oil paintings and other works of art, as well as many historic treasures.

Kirtlington old church and village are also filled with treasurable memories of the past.

Burials In the Abbey.

The question of the establishment of an independent authority to decide who is and who is not to be buried in Westminster Abbey is larger than people suppose. The vesting of peculiar authority in deans is of misty origin, and in no case is it less definite than in the case of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster. The relationship of a dean, with his peculiar authority, to the bishop of the diocese is very difficult to define. Certainly the Dean of Westminster is entirely independent of ecclesiastical authority, save in respect to his personal character. Of course, the Abbey has become a Valhalla, but if a non-ecclesiastical authority had the decision, in what way could it also make a decision, as to the religious service to be held? Curiously enough, that is the real question, though in our tolerant day it seems to be absurd. Nor will disestablishment release the singular authority of deans, unless cathedrals are taken from the church altogether, which is not at all likely. It was no mean authority who said: "Ah, yes, bishops are essential to the existence of the church, and deans are only an accident; but you can't prevent accidents." The position is curiously illustrated by the phrase, "Dean and Chapter." Who ever heard nowadays of a chapter having an idea of its own?—Dundee Advertiser.

Queer Pronunciations.

Below are a few names of places that often puzzle a stranger: Happisburgh, in Norfolk, is pronounced "Hazeboro," Abergavenny simply drops a syllable and becomes "Abervenny," and it is alleged that St. Neots sounds more like "Snoots" than anything else. Cirencester seems to vary from "Sister" to "Sizeter." In Suffolk, Waldringfield is "Wunnerful," and Chelmondiston "Chimston," while in the adjoining county of Norfolk Hunstanton is "Hunston," and in the West Country Badgeworthy is "Badgery," and Cornwood "Kernood." Huntingdonshire claims the purest English, but they call Papworth "Parpor." And not far away is another village of beauty. The motorist turned upon a rough road and asked the intelligent laborer where it would take him. "That road," said the honest countryman, wiping his brow, "will take you to 'Ell, sir." The courageous motorist went on and found Elsworth, which is pronounced "Elsor."

Risen From the Ranks.

After a distinguished career, Capt. Michael H. Connery, quartermaster of the 4th Special Reserve Battalion of the Manchester Regiment at Ashton-under-Lyne, has retired from the army under the operation of the age clause. He spent twenty-eight years in the ranks before getting his first commission in July, 1897. He served with the 6th Militia Battalion in the Boer War, and was mentioned in Lord Kitchener's despatches and specially promoted captain five years earlier than he would have received the rank in the ordinary course.

Surgeon's Opinion

OF KNIFE FOR PILES

Operating often a fad—The modern way of curing piles is with DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Sir Henry C. Burdett, K.C.B., of London, Eng., in a recent address said: "What we want are surgeons, who with wisdom to be conservative have courage to protest against the growing tendency to put a knife into everybody on the smallest possible pretext."

Too many doctors have a desire to use the knife at every opportunity. The rewards to them are rich, but think of the suffering of body and mind, the enormous expense and the risk of life itself. An operation should be the last resort, for in spite of glowing promises the results are often very disappointing.

Many a sufferer from piles has been cured by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, after operations have failed. Hundreds of thousands have escaped operations by using this treatment first and thereby obtaining cure.

Mr. Arthur Lepine, school teacher, Granite Hill, Muskoka, Ont., writes: "For two years I suffered from bleeding piles, and lost each day about half a cup of blood. I went to the Ottawa General Hospital to be operated on, and was under the influence of chloroform for one hour. For about two months I was better, but my old trouble returned, and again I lost much blood. One of my doctors told me I would have to undergo another operation, but I would not consent.

"My father, proprietor of the Richelieu Hotel, Ottawa, advised me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and two boxes cured me. I did not lose any blood after beginning this treatment, and believe the cure is a permanent one. I gratefully recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment as the best treatment in the world for bleeding piles." 60 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Too Literal

Dick—You got engaged last week, old chap, didn't you?

Frank—Yes, my boy; but that's all off now.

Dick—Why—incompatibility of temper?

Frank—Not at all—rather the reverse. She advised me to practice economy, and I started by getting her an imitation gold ring.

The Retort Courteous

"I detest a liar above everything."

"Well you're certainly not egotistical."

President Hadley is never without a ready and witty remark. Yale's Sunday services are addressed by prominent clergymen of many denominations and from many cities. When these visiting preachers occasionally ask President Hadley how long they shall speak he invariably replies: "There is no limit, sir, upon the time you may preach; but there is a Yale tradition that no souls are saved after the first twenty minutes."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Contributor—I sent you some suggestions telling you how to make your paper more interesting. Have you carried out any of my ideas?

Editor—Did you meet the office boy with the waste basket as you came upstairs?

Contributor—Yes.

Editor—Well, he was carrying out your ideas.

No matter how deep-rooted the corn or wart may be, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure if used as directed.

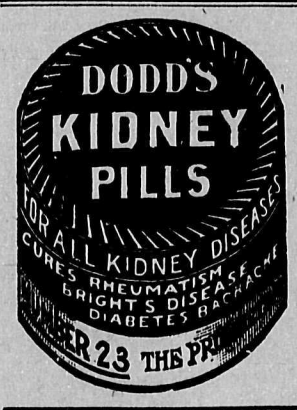
Rebecca—"Vasn't dat a nice luf led-der I wrote you, Iky, tear?" Iky—"Yes, Beccy; but make it shorter negst dime. I had to bay two cents bostage on dat letter."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

He Needed It

This happened on the Soo flyer not long ago. A man rushed in from the car behind, evidently in great agitation, and said: "Has anybody in the car any whisky? A woman in the car behind has fainted."

Instantly dozens of flasks were produced. The man who had asked for it picked out the largest one, drew the cork, and put the bottle to his lips. With a long, satisfied sigh, he handed it back and remarked: "That did me a lot of good. I needed it, for it always makes me feel queer to see a woman faint."



FINDS IN EGYPT.

Ancient Palace Discovered by British Archaeologist.

Prof. Flinders Petrie recently gave an account of the work of the British School of Archaeology during the past season at Thebes and Memphis. The great result of this year at Memphis has been the discovery of the palace of King Apries—the Pharaoh Hophra of the Bible—who was contemporary with Jeremiah. Hitherto no palace has been known in Egypt beyond the tower at Medinet Habu and some portions of rather earlier date. The palace now discovered is of impressive scale, about 400 feet long, and half as wide. The Middle Court is well over a hundred feet square, and the painted stone columns in it were more than 40 feet high. The stone-lined halls, of which seven remain, were over 40 feet long and half as wide. The brick walls were nearly as large and the walls were about 15 feet thick. A still larger court extended on the north side, in which lie capitals of columns which must have been about 50 feet high. The approach to the palace led up through a large mass of buildings to a platform at a height of about 60 feet above the plain. In the ruins scare armour, hitherto rarely found in Egypt, was discovered. Good bronze figures of gods were also found. What Prof. Petrie described as the one supreme piece was the fitting of a palanquin of solid silver, a pound in weight, decorated with a bust of Hathor with a gold face, of the finest workmanship of the time of Apries. The great gateway and the immense walls descending deep into the mound indicated that there lay there the ruins of successive palaces built one over the other, and Prof. Petrie prophesied that in six or eight years, if the school received sufficient financial support, they might dig down to the earliest records of the Egyptian Kingdom. The temple of Merenptah occupied a large part of the work, some of the columns and bases showing that Pharaoh was appropriating older work. The temple of Ptah and the desert village or region were also explored during the season.

Princess Christian, Clubwoman.

Hundreds of congratulatory messages reached Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, recently, when H.R.H. Princess Christian—Queen Victoria's eldest surviving daughter — celebrated her sixty-third birthday.

Her Royal Highness takes a very prominent part in public and charitable works. She is the moving spirit of the Royal School of Art Needlework in South Kensington, which provides work for numbers of poor gentlewomen.

In accordance with her desire to live, as far as possible, the life of a private person, Princess Christian recently joined a ladies' club in the West End of London. On one occasion she went there, attended as usual by a gentleman-in-waiting.

Now, one of the rules of this particular club is that no "mere man" are allowed on the premises. Another member who happened to see the princess going upstairs with her escort at once complained to the manager that "a member had broken the rules by bringing a gentleman friend with her!"

A Man of His Word.

Sir Peter Nicol Russell, a wealthy Australian, who died in England, received knighthood in recognition of his munificent gifts to the University of Sydney, and his will has been under discussion in the Sydney courts. A curious fact was mentioned in evidence. Sir Peter was the proprietor of extensive ironworks in Sydney. His men threatened to strike over some subject in dispute. Sir Peter told them that if they did he would shut down the works and never open them again. The men laughed, and said that was all "bluff." They struck, and Sir Peter was as good as his word. The gates were closed, and never again was the clang of steel heard there. Sir Peter left Sydney forever, and spent the rest of his life in England. That strike cost the workers of Sydney many hundreds of thousands of pounds.

"Budge."

It is probable that if that popular actress Miss Ruth Vincent, who is appearing with such success in "A Persian Princess" at the Queen's Theatre, Shaftesbury avenue, London, could be induced to mention whom she considered to be the greatest admirer of her singing, she would reply, "Budge," by which name her little son is known to his intimates. "Budge" is now about four years of age and is a charming little fellow. "He always sits in the drawing-room when I am practicing my songs," says Miss Vincent, "and imitates my notes wonderfully in his little staccato voice. Is he to become an actor? No, I shall not let him go on the stage."—London Tit-Bits.

The Origin of John Bull.

In March, 1712, there was published in London a satirical brochure dealing with the events of the previous year and bringing prominently into light the doings of Spain, Louis XIV., Holland and England—the last-named country being represented by "John Bull." The original of the character was John Bollingbroke, Minister of Queen Anne—who in the first edition was spoken of as "Lord Bullingbrook" and "John Bullingbrook" alternately—the title of the brochure subsequently becoming abbreviated to plain "John Bull." It was the production of a Scotch writer, Dr. John Arbuthnot, and not Swift, as some have stated.

The Star Chamber.

The "star chamber" was so called from the place in which the court was held in one of the rooms of the King's palace in Westminster. Upon the ceilings were stars, hence the camera stellata or chamber of stars. It was of very ancient origin and had excessive powers, but could not pronounce the death penalty. It was abolished by act of Parliament in 1641 during the reign of Charles I., but this unfortunate monarch was sentenced to be beheaded from this same "star chamber."—London Queen.

When troubled with sunburn, blisters, insect stings, sore feet, or heat rashes, apply Zam-Buk!

Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Cures sores on young babies due to chafing.

Zam-Buk is made from pure herbal essences. No animal fats—no mineral poisons. Finest healer!

Druggists and Stores everywhere.

Presented His Card

Andrew Carnegie, at a recent dinner, told the following story:

"I was travelling Londonward on an English railway last year," he said, "and had chosen a seat in a non-smoking carriage. At a wayside station a man boarded the train, sat down in my compartment, and lighted a vile clay pipe.

"'This is not a smoking carriage,' said I.

"'All right, governor,' said the man, 'I'll just finish this pipe here.'

"He finished it, then refilled it.

"'See here,' I said. 'I told you this wasn't a smoking carriage. If you persist with that pipe, I shall report you at the next station to the guard.'

"I handed him my card. He looked at it, pocketed it, but lighted his pipe nevertheless. At the next station, however, he changed to another compartment.

"Calling the guard, I told him what had occurred, and demanded that the smoker's name and address be taken.

"'Yes, sir,' said the guard, and hurried away. In a little while he returned. He seemed rather awed. He bent over me, and said apologetically:

"'Do you know, sir, if I were you I would not prosecute that gent. He has just given me his card. Here it is. He is Mr. Andrew Carnegie.'"

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Clear Robbery

Disgusted Diner—You ought not to have killed this fowl.

Restaurant Proprietor—Why, sir?

Disgusted Diner—You've robbed it of an old-age pension!

Clean Stomach, Clear Mind.—The stomach is the workshop of the vital functions, and when it gets out of order the whole system clogs in sympathy. The spirits flag, the mind droops and work becomes impossible. The first care should be to restore healthful action of the stomach, and the best preparation for that purpose is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. General use for years has won them a leading place in medicine. A trial will attest their value.

Not Kind

Cholly—I'm afraid that glass of wine has got into my head.

Molly—It must be awfully lonely.

Wilson's Fly Pads are sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

Like Father, Like Son

Caller—Harold, when you get to be the head of a family, what will you say to your children when they are naughty?

Harold—Oh, I'll do like papa. I'll tell them how good I was when I was a kid.

The Pill That Leads Them All.—Pillsare the most portable and compact of all medicines, and when easy to take are the most acceptable of preparations. But they must attest their power to be popular. As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the most popular of all pills they must fully meet all requirements. Accurately compounded and composed of ingredients proven to be effective in regulating the digestive organs, there is no surer medicine to be had anywhere.

What He Meant

"Your novels will not endure," said the critic.

"I know it," said the author.

"They are not literature," said the critic.

"Correct," said the author.

"Well, then, what do you mean by them?"

"Money," said the author. "Waiter, fetch me a porterhouse steak."—Atlanta Constitution.

As a vermicide there is no preparation that equals Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It has saved the lives of countless children.

Mrs. Dexter, from somewhere "down-state," was enjoying her first ride in a crowded street car in Chicago. It happened that a health officer, in the performance of his regular duties, was taking a sample of the air in the car. Mrs. Dexter saw his manipulations, but could not understand them, so she turned to a policeman who was sitting next to her.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me what that man is doing?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the officer. "He's bottling th' atmosphere."

"For mercy's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter. "What won't they do next! Do they can the air and sell it nowadays?"

"Hope it does better there than in lay work," rejoined the small boy of the family, who recognized an old barnyard retainer.

THE BETH DIN.

Where Law Comes Cheaper to Jews of the London Ghetto.

In a small turning out of "Petticoat Lane," in the heart of the Jewish quarter of London, or "Ghetto," is situated the Beth Din. It may well be termed the "Poor Jew's Law Court," for not only can disputes of all kinds be settled here, but no charge whatever is made for the use of its services, the expenses of carrying it on being borne by the Jewish community. Its sittings are usually presided over by the Chief Rabbi.

Here resort Jews of all classes and nationalities to adjust differences, and obtain advice—the Russian refugee and the Roumanian outcast, the Polish fugitive and the Portuguese emigrant, old Jews with hooked noses and straggling beards, young Jewesses with glittering eyes and coal-black hair. Here sits an aged Israelite, his small skull-cap stuck far back upon his few remaining hairs. Two long curls, or "peahs," fall on either side of his face. These are regarded by orthodox Jews as evidence of piety and learning, and are never cut. His clawlike nose, his long, matted beard, his olive-tinted skin, complete the picture. You almost expect to hear him claim his "pound of flesh."

His claim is, however, of a less inhuman kind. His friend has called him a "Shabsel Tzirnick"—about the grossest insult one Jew can offer to another, implying he is a follower of the impostor Messiah of that name. The rabbi elicits the fact that the complainant only received this insult after himself calling his friend a "Terdeganov," or horse thief. Oil is poured on the troubled waters, apologies are exchanged, and both parties leave the court friends.

Then follows a claim by "Minyan" men for extra payment. According to Jewish custom, on the "Jahrzeit," or anniversary, of the death of a parent, a special prayer, called the "Kaddish," is offered up for the soul of the departed. At least thirteen male Jews over thirteen years of age must be present, thirteen being regarded by Jews as a lucky number. This is called the "Minyan." Certain of the poorer Jews attend these services to make up the full complement of thirteen, and are paid for their attendance. This dispute is about what amount is to be paid. After much argument, a compromise is arranged.

Now come cases of all kinds. A Jew unsuccessfully seeks damages from a fried-fish vendor, because, he alleges, the oil in which the fish he purchased was fried was not "kosher"—i.e., prepared in acordance with the Jewish law. A servant sues her mistress for wages due. Various money-lending cases, disputes between landlord and tenant, etc., follow.

In the Beth Din no oath is taken. Each party is expected to tell the truth, and generally does. When, however, there is a very distinct and direct conflict of evidence, statements can be repeated on oath.

It must not be supposed that the sole function of the Beth Din is judicial. It also decides questions of ritual, appoints officers for the performance of Jewish rites and ceremonies, and examines converts to Judaism. Questions relating to the Jewish dietary laws are also decided here. There is still in existence a law, although it is obsolete by now, by which water left overnight should not be drunk, for fear lest there might be a serpent's sting in it.

A Cosmopolitan R.A.

"The son of American parents, born in Florence, trained in Paris, living in London, a citizen of the United States, speaking Italian, French, German, and Spanish almost as fluently as he speaks English." Thus has Mr. Sargent, R.A., whose pictures are again amongst the most notable at Burlington House, been described. Mr. Sargeant also pleads guilty to a taste for hunting. There is a story told of a visit he once paid to Fairford, the residence of his compatriot and brother Academician, Edwin Abbey. They had had a long day's hunting, and his host was changing his clothes when he heard cries of "Horrible! Horrible!" preceding from Sargent's bedroom. Alarmed, he rushed in, only to find his friend woefully surveying the ruins of a new top-hat. "My dear fellow," he cried, "what's the matter?" "You see that hat," said Sargent. "My horse put his foot through it to-day. I was thinking how terrible it would have been if my head had been inside it."

Flower Trade of the Scilly Isles.

The Scilly Isles, five in all, lie out in the Atlantic forty miles off the Cornish coast. The development of their flower trade has changed them from poverty stricken spots into islands of the blessed. Not many years ago the inhabitants eked out a precarious and scanty living by potato culture, but one day a man of wise forethought named Trevelick came to the conclusion that flowers would bring a richer harvest. He could see them growing riotously in the little gardens, and he collected a few bulbs here and a few there until he had enough to start business with, and the first consignment he sent to Covent Gardens brought prices that are now spoken of with something like reverence. With the passing of the years flower culture has settled into a well organized trade, providing occupation for everybody who wants to work on the islands.

Lord Marcus Beresford's Advice.

At the time when Lord Marcus Beresford took over the King's horses His Majesty had only a very moderate lot of animals in training. "Well, what do you think of them, and what would you do with them if they were yours?" he asked Lord Marcus one morning as they were watching the royal string at work on Newmarket Heath. Beresford looked the horses over reflectively for a moment and then said bluntly, "Shoot most of them, I think." "Shoot them by all means, then," retorted the King.

Ingenious Paupers.

Leicester Corporation is bringing into use a new pattern of drain-trap, as it has discovered that many of the poorer inhabitants have been using the old patterns for saucepans or potato boilers.

THE SLY FOX.

Dead In the Dairy, But Lively When He Got Outside.

Several years ago at an old-fashioned farmhouse called Tittle Hall, in Boxted, a small village lying between Sudbury and Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, England, there lived a farmer and his wife who thought much of their cows and dairy, but they were rather pestered with foxes, as the squire of Boxted Hall, an ancient mansion, being lord of the manor, did not allow them to be molested, as they were reserved for sporting, and so it happened that the farmer's wife on going into her dairy one morning was horrified to see a fox of an enormous size lying dead, as she supposed, on the floor. The dairies at that time were large and airy, with large lattice windows and floors paved with clinker bricks, which were often scrubbed down with a birch broom and much water. A brick was left out of the wall level with the floor for a sink hole, where all the refuse was washed out. The fox in his nightly prowls around the house appears to have scented the cream through the windows or sink hole and, as he would like to taste it, squeezed himself through the hole into the dairy and made his way to the cream pot, and as it was so very nice he ate it all up. He swelled himself up to such a size that he could by no means get back through the hole again, and, hearing footsteps coming, he lay down on the floor and feigned to be dead. The lady, suspecting what he had been doing, looked into her cream pot, and, finding it all gone, she was so exasperated that she took him up in a rage, thinking he was dead, and with an ugly word threw him out into the backyard; but, to her great consternation and dismay, as soon as reynard found he was at large and once more free to use his legs he bounded off at full speed, leaving the lady to grieve over the escape of the audacious and crafty thief.

Municipal Ownership.

Municipal ownership of the city gas plant has proved to be not only a profitable undertaking for Manchester, Eng., but economical for the consumer as well.

The city's profits since the works were taken over 25 years ago have been $6,750,307, while the price of gas in the Manchester district at present is only 55 cents per thousand cubic feet, according to a report to the bureau of manufactures.

In addition to furnishing gas cheaply, the Manchester corporation has provided free of charge gas stoves to all householders making requests for the same. A movement is on foot to reduce the price of gas to 49 cents for sundry manufacturing purposes and a graduated reduction for ordinary uses.

To illustrate the growth of the business, it is stated that the producing capacity of the works is 26,900,000 cubic feet per 24 hours, against 13,000,000 in 1883. An investment of $13,382'875 capital is represented.

Manchester has a population of about 600,000.

How Sir Thomas Dewar Won Success.

"Grasp opportunity and put it in your pocket," is the favorite motto of Sir Thos. Dewar, who early in life, long before he became connected with the famous whisky which bears his name, started in business at home as a rat-killer. A penny for each tail produced as evidence of his skill was the rate of payment allowed, and Sir Thomas has since confessed that he earned a good deal of pocket-money at the business. Not only as a commercial king, however, but also as a keen and enthusiastic sportsman, has Sir Thomas won admiration. Once he came near winning the Derby, with Forfarshire, in the year the race was won by Diamond Jubilee. On the course, Sir Thomas heard an anxious Scotsman, who had half a sovereign on, tremulously inquire of his neighbor, "Where's Forfarshire?" And the withering reply was, "A county in the north of Scotland."

Appropriate.

It was at a concert held in the village schoolhouse. In the chair was a local merchant who, though a good business man, was not much of a scholar. He intimated that the next song would be "Ora Pro Nobis."

The singer made a terrible mess of it, and consequently it was a great relief to the audience when she had finished the last verse. The chairman did not know the meaning of "Ora Pro Nobis," so he applied to the man sitting next to him. He also did not know that it meant "pray for us." But, not wishing to admit such a thing, he said:

"Oh, it means 'we thank you.'"

There was a great burst of laughter from the audience when the chairman, as the lady was leaving the platform, rose to his feet and said:

"Miss Smith, 'ora pro nobis.'"—London Answers.

His Hobby Is Work.

There is a good story told regarding General Sir Beauchamp Duff, whose name is mentioned as successor to General Sir O'Moore Creagh as Secretary at the India Office. Not long ago a reporter tried to find out Gen. Duff's recreation. "Do you play bridge much?" he asked. "Not much," answered the general. "Billiards, maybe?" "Nothing to speak of." "Chess?" "Badly." "Any outdoor sports?" "At long intervals." "Then what on earth do you do?" "The rarest thing possible in the British Army," said Gen. Duff; "I work."

A Clergyman's Sacrifice.

From time to time taunts have been levelled at the clergy in regard to their efforts to obtain "fat" livings. Here is a case, however, which proves that they are not always influenced in their choice by monetary considerations. Rev. F. Swainson, vicar of St. Barnabas, Holloway, has just rejected the offer of a living worth approximately $8,000, although his present income is under $1,500; and simply because he is so deeply attached to the working people of his parish that he will not leave them.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER

Every mother knows how fatal the summer months are to small children. Cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent at this time and too often a little life is lost after a few hours illness. The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of the Tablets prevents stomach and bowel troubles, or if the trouble comes suddenly will bring the little one through safely. Mrs. Geo. Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., says:—"My baby was suffering from colic, vomiting and diarrhoea, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

An Awkward Compliment

Inspector General Hornaday of the G. A. R. was relating incidents of famous national encampments.

"I remember a little Jap who attended one of our banquets," he said, smiling, "and a queer compliment that he paid to a colonel's wife.

"I sat between the two, and the lady said across me:

"'Mr. Takashira, you compress the ladies' feet in your country, don't you?'

"'Oh, no, madam; that is a Chinese custom,' said the Jap. 'We Japanese allow our ladies' feet to grow to their full size. Not that——'

"And he bowed and hissed in the polite Japanese way.

"'Not that they could ever hope to rival yours, madam.'"

After making a most careful study of the matter, U. S. Government scientists state definitely that the common house fly is the principal means of distributing typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox. Wilson's Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease germs, too. No other fly killer compares with Wilson's Fly Pads.

Warder—Your wife is here asking to see you, Seventy-seven.

Seventy-seven (in desperation)—Phew! Tell 'er I'm hout!

Eyes Are Relieved by Murine

when irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Room. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,928 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not 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. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

In Danger

One of the humorous advertisements which brighten the dusty way of Brokenhill (N.S.W.) runs as follows, says the Sydney Bulletin: "Notice—Will Thief who took Butter from back of Hillside Ham Shop call and get the bread, or they will be made bilious by the law, as they were seen?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Danger Past

Pat—I hear yer woife is sick, Moike.

Mike—She is thot.

Pat—Is it dangerous she is?

Mike—Divil a bit. She's too weak to be dangerous any more!

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents,—I cured a valuable hunting dog of mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT after several veterinaries had treated him without doing him any permanent good.

Yours, &c.,
WILFRID GAGNE,
Prop. of Grand Central Hotel, Drummondville, Aug. 3, '04.

Time He Was Dead

Some time ago an office boy answering the telephone for the first time in his life, not knowing how to use it, was told that when the bell rang he was to answer it.

When, therefore, he heard it ring, he picked up the receiver and shouted: "Hello! Who's there?"

The answer came back:

"I'm one hundred and five."

"Go on," said the boy. "It's time you were dead."

The Oil for the Farmer.—A bottle of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil in the farm house will save many a journey for the doctor. It is not only good for the children when taken with colds and croup, and for the mature who suffer from pains and aches, but there are directions for its use on sick cattle. There should always be a bottle of it in the house.

Preparing for the Lecture

Mark Twain at a dinner at the Authors' club the other day said: "Speaking of fresh eggs, I am reminded of the town of Squash. In my early lecturing days I went to Squash to lecture in the Temperance hall, arriving in the afternoon. The town seemed very poorly billed. I thought I'd find out if the people knew anything at all about what was in store for them. So I turned in at the general store. 'Good afternoon, friend,' I said to the general storekeeper. 'Any entertainment here tonight to help a stranger while away his evening?' The general storekeeper, who was sorting mackerel, straightened up, wiped his briny hands on his apron, and said: 'I expect there's goin' to be a lecture. I been sellin' eggs all day.'"

THE MICHEL REPORTER
NEW MICHEL, B. C.

GEORGE G. MEIKLE, -- MANAGING-EDITOR

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

SUBSCRIPTION TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

In and Around Town

Fishing is now at its best.

Raspberries are very plentiful.

The new school building is now completed.

Thos. Crahan was in Fernie on Tuesday.

School opens here along about September 1.

Miss G. Andrews is a guest at the Great Northern Hotel.

G. G. Henderson of H. M. Customs, Fernie is here to-day.

The Canadian Club will meet on Tuesday evening at New Michel.

Mr. Roberts, storekeeper for the Corhin Coal & Coke Co., is in town to-day.

The E. V. Holding Co., have the foundation laid for Weber's new store.

The mineral springs near the quarry are becoming quite a resort.

W. Todhunter and F. Irvine took in the baseball dance at Elko last night.

Frank A. Martin has the contract for the interior fittings for Boyd & Muir's. new store.

H. Somerton arrived home yesterday from a trip to the A. Y. P. Exposition.

S. W. Barclay, cashier of the C. N. P. Coal Co., Fernie, was here on Thursday.

The survey of the government road between Hosmer and here starts next week.

Elk Valley bottled beer is now on the market, and is even better than imported Schlitz.

E. V. Cook, real estate and financial agent, leaves to-day for Fernie where he will permanently locate.

George Kometz's new residence is just about completed and adds greatly to the appearance of the street.

The output at the mines is increasing, some 18,000 tons being taken out on Thursday.

B. K. Muir and J. F. Boyd, of Winnipeg have arrived to open up here in gents' furnishings, etc.

W. Onderkirk, boozerine mixeralogist, understudy for Jas. Carney, is filling an engagement at the Northern, during the latters absence up north.

The National Apple Show Bulletin for 1909 contains a premium list of the National Apple Show, Spokane, with prizes valued at $25,000.

The Board of Trade met in the parlor of the Great Northern Hotel on Monday evening. Only the ordinary routine work was put through.

Miss Rae Pickering, of Canmore, Alta., left yesterday for Calgary accompanied by her sister, Mrs. J. S. Thompson, and little Miss Rae Thompson, on a two weeks visit.

W. M. Thompson, of Canfield, Ont., accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Thompson, has been visiting his son J. S. Thompson, Great Northern station agent here. They left for home yesterday.

Two handsome signs now decorate the sides of the Reporter building, the windows have been frosted and lettered, and a big improvement in the appearance of the office is noticeable.

People mailing letters at Michel for New Michel or vice versa are reminded that it takes a two cent stamp to defray the postage. Letters mailed with only a one cent stamp, for either town, are taxed two cents on delivery.

R. H. Moore, G. B. Stedman and J. Carney left on Wednesday on a hunting, fishing and exploring trip up the Elk. They will likely be gone a week or ten days, or as long as the bread and bait holds out.

Fernie's celebration on Monday was a grand success. The banquet given by the Board of Trade was a daisy, according to the report brought back by the representatives of our Board of Trade. There was a clash somewhere, and the editors of the local papers were absently conspicuous.

Geo. Komotz lost a valuable cow on Monday, through it being struck by a C. P. R. freight.

A. Potter, with Somerton Bros., is leaving next week for Vancouver and the A. Y. P. Exposition.

There must be something doing up the Elk, as several prospecting parties have left for there this week.

Messrs. Baker, Woods, Rudnick, Harrison, Smith and Atherton spent Sunday at Hot Sulphur Springs, about 25 miles up the Elk.

The Milwaukee (C., M. & St. P.) it is stated, have acquired the Corbin properties and will not extend up the Elk until late this fall, at the earliest.

What about our Custom House? Have both our importers and exporters got cold feet? It is a pity that when we have things in our grasp those mostly to be benefitted suddenly get that far-away look in their eyes and go away back and sit down.

If you have friends visiting you or if you are going on a trip, or have any item of a social nature you would like to see in print, drop a note containing the information to the Reporter. It won't cost you anything, and your friends will be glad to see it.

There are rumors of much dissatisfaction amongst the English miners at the result of the recent ballot for the Miners' Union physician.

UNION SECRETARIES

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

BADGE OF HONOR
— THE —
TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION LABEL

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

LOST AND FOUND

LOST.—VALUABLE PEARL NECKLACE. Finder please return to Reporter office. Liberal reward.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE

HELP WANTED—MALE

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

FOR SALE

LOT FOR SALE. ONE OF THE BEST IN business district. Apply at this office.

TO LET

NOTICE

AT ONCE!

A Reliable Local Salesman Wanted to Represent

Canada's Oldest and Greatest Nurseries
In Michel and adjoining Country

We have been shipping stock for thirty years to British Columbia, and as our trees are grown on Limestone soil, they are acknowledged by experienced fruit growers to be longer lived, and hardier than Coast stock

A permanent situation for right man with territory reserved

Pay weekly. Free Outfit. Write for particulars.

STONE & WELLINGTON
FONTHILL NURSERIES
(Licensed by B. C. Government)
TORONTO - - ONT.

For First Class
INVESTMENTS
— IN —
Prince Rupert
Saskatoon, and
Lethbridge City Property,
Creston Fruit Lands, and
Farm Lands,
See, or write
MORGAN & McKAY
BOX 58 MICHEL, B. C.

The Summit

An Ideal Summer Resort
At Crow's Nest

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

Reasonable charges.

Andy Good, Proprietor

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. T. Chenoweth, 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.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH
MICHEL, B. C.

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

L. P. ECKSTEIN D. E. McTAGGART
ECKSTEIN & McTAGGART
Barristers, Solicitors Etc.
ECKSTEIN BUILDING, FERNIE, B.C

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

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

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

Business Bringers

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Scientific American.

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

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

Saturday Specials

10 Men's Suits. Regular 10, 12, $14. Special price $8.00
A pair of Good Braces into the Bargain.

40 Pairs Men's Trousers. Regular 2.50, 3., 3.50
Special Price 2.00

50 Dozen Men's Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers
Special Price, each .50

100 Men's All Silk Ties. Regular .50c and 75c.
Special Price, 3 for 1.00

The largest Stock of Shoes for Men, Women and Children, at Prices that Cannot be Duplicated

Remember We Are Moving

Weber, New Michel

Last week, before the paper was on the streets an hour, the whole edition was completely sold out and orders kept coming in all afternoon for copies containing "Dopey Duffers Definitely Defined." By request we are re-publishing the same and printing an extra large edition. Get in your orders early for extra copies. Ed.

DOPEY DUFFERS DEFINITELY DEFINED

There's a crowd of dopey duffers, they reside in every town;
They know more than a lawyer and are always calling down,
And they sure do knock the paper and condemn its meagre size,
But they're not on the subscription list, nor do they advertise.

If asked to pony up a bit, their language is not nice,
They talk about old country sheets and then they quote the price
And wonder why the publisher can't turn out sheets as fine
As those they used to read at 'ome, across the bloomin' brine.

They'd like to get a paper like "The People," "Lloyd's" or "Times,"
Chucked full of fights and murders and unmentionable crimes,
But as for local news and such, they do not care a rap
And prefer to spend their money for a mug fresh from the tap.

They never think about the size of the offices at 'ome,
They never think of cities that can place us in the gloam,
Or the large and costly presses that grind out this bulky stuff,
Nor the price that they would have to pay for just one little puff.

They forget the price of labor in this new land o'er the sea,
And how much more their wages are than where they used to be,
And they fail to understand the cause, in a little town like here,
Why newspapers are not half the size and almost twice as dear.

If they want to read a paper, do they buy one? Seldom, Nit!
They sit around till someone's through and then they read a bit,
And grouse about the lack of news and blawst our bloomin' eyes,
Say, there's no one wants to please them. No writer ever tries.

Their grudge is better than their praise. That's so, as sure as sin,
And the editor who tries to please is always taken in.
So let these dopey duffers lie and plug along their way
And just like any other dog, they'll surely have their day.

Blairmore Townsite.

Lots for Sale all over Blairmore Townsite, by the only Real Estate man in Blairmore.

If interested, write for particulars
Office on Main Street

A. McLeod, Blairmore

It is time some one got busy and put some pressure on the Government. We are not getting the treatment we were promised and are entitled to. Noticeably in evidence is the graveyard, the neglected rock cut, the dam or breakwater in Michel Creek, the negligence in appointing a health officer and several other important necessities.

Blairmore

A. McLeod was at New Michel this week.

The post office has been removed to new premises.

There is a lot of building going on here and none too soon.

There is evidence of more trouble in the big cracks that are apparently spreading in the mountain.

Baseball

Hosmer played Coleman at Coleman on Wednesday. Hosmer won with a score of 11-2.

Elko played baseball with Michel here last Sunday on Michel Football grounds. The score was 7 to 5 in favor of Elko.

The game at Fernie on the 2nd between Corbin and Fernie was one of the best games seen in the Pass this year. The Corbin outfit played Fernie from start to finish, and beat them with a score of 9-7.

Sir Richard Cartwright is coming West.

Alberta had heavy hailstorms yesterday.

Calgary will run Sunday street cars.

Vacuum Cleaners on Trains.

The Great Northern Railway has introduced another innovation on its transcontinental train between St. Paul and the Pacific Coast. Vacuum cleaning machines are now used to keep the cars spick and span. The time honored broom has been relegated to a dark corner of the porter's locker and its functions hereafter will be performed by a machine in charge of a skilled operator. The apparatus comprises a vacuum pump driven by an electric motor and a metallic reservoir for receiving the dirt. The machine is mounted on wheels and is taken from car to car. There are special attachments for taking the dust out of upholstery, curtains and draperies, as well as from the carpets. The machine is a part of the train equipment and a uniformed operator has been added to the train crew; his only duties being to keep the cars neat and clean.

Fernie Defaults to Bellevue

There were no games in the league football series last Saturday though two games were scheduled. Hosmer was to have played Frank at home, and Fernie at Bellevue, but Hosmer was not able to play and asked for a postponement. Fernie defaulted to Bellevue, giving Bellevue two unworked for points, while Fernie's chance at the pennant, if she had any, goes glimmering.

The first game for the Mutz cup was scheduled to be played in Frank next Saturday, with Coal Creek as the visiting team, but at Coal Creek's request the game will go over to another date and Frank will go to Hosmer for the postponed league game.

The official score of the standing of the league teams has been revised to eliminate from consideration the points scored in the two games in which Cowley figured before withdrawing from the league, and which gave Michel and Bellevue two points each.

The championship would seem to lie now between Michel and Coal Creek, though Frank has the odd chance that would be presented should Michel lose her one remaining game and Coal Creek three of her four. Should such a thing happen, Frank by winning all of her five could win, a consummation not much to be expected.

Following is the revised standing of the teams:

Teams	Won	Lost	Draw	Points
Michel	8	1	1	17
Coal Creek	6	0	2	14
Fernie	3	3	5	11
Frank	3	2	2	8
Coleman	1	4	1	9
Bellevue	2	3	1	5
Hosmer	0	8	0	0

—Frank Paper.

There are no developments in the Black Hand cases.