

CAPITAL PAID UP: TOTAL ASSETS: RESERVE FUND: \$1,000,000: \$1,000,000: \$1,000,000

## BANK OF HAMILTON

A General Banking Business Transacted

### SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and highest current rate of interest allowed.

94 Branches throughout Canada.

**Elm Creek Branch:**  
**W. C. SOOLE - Agent**

## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

D. E. WALKER, President  
ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager  
A. E. IRELAND, Superintendent of Branches

**Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000**  
**Reserve, \$5,000,000**  
**Total Assets, - 113,000,000**

## BANK MONEY ORDERS

ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

\$5 and under	3 cents
Over \$5 and not exceeding \$10	6 cents
\$10	10 cents
\$20	15 cents
\$50	25 cents
\$100	35 cents

These Orders are payable at par at any office in Canada of a Chartered Bank (Vendors excepted), and at the principal banking points in the United States. They are negotiable at \$4.90 to the £ sterling in Great Britain and Ireland.

They form an excellent method of remitting small sums of money with safety and at small cost, and may be obtained without delay at any office of the Bank.

**Carman Branch:**  
**Mr. D. McLENNAN, Manager**

## GRAND VIEW HOTEL

The most up-to-date hotel in Manitoba

Recently remodelled and refurnished throughout

Light, airy rooms

First-class accommodation for travellers and the general public

**CULINARY DEPARTMENT UNSURPASSED**

The bar stocked with the choicest wines, liquors, and cigars

First-class livery in connection

**W. D. NIX - Prop.**  
**ELM CREEK, MAN.**

To make fortunes out of the future you must put something in the present

## Just Out!

Gold-Coppers payable dividends all over British Columbia

## British Columbia Illustrated

Containing over 100 views, post paid 25c. Richest province in British Empire.

Nothing Risked, Nothing Gained. Nothing Ventured, Nothing Won.

### Splendid Opportunity to Invest

The richest men in the world are investing in British Columbia Copper-Gold and Silver Mines. Why can't you begin now? The greatest Gold-Copper discovery of the age is in British Columbia.

**Big Four Consolidated Gold Mines, Ltd. Capital \$625,000**

Every Dollar Subscribed Used in Development of Mine

**Special Offer—20c per Share; will shortly advance to \$1**

Mines directly west of Le Roi and Le Roi No. 2, shares sold from 5 cents to \$100, and Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Canada, Ltd., shares \$150 each, the Giant California, adjoining our own, shares about \$110. Grandby Mine paid over \$1,000,000 in dividends per year. Gold-Copper mines in British Columbia paid large dividends. Big Four assays from \$5 to \$800 in gold, copper, silver, with 30 per cent. in the treasury. Invest now and you won't regret it.

**NOTE:** Most of these mines sold for a few cents once, but, over-capitalized, even now pay big dividends. Big Four is on the railway, near smelters.

Rossland mines received Highest Awards for richest gold-copper ore sent to St. Louis Exposition. Big Four had best display at Dominion Fair, New Westminster, B.C.

No less than 100 shares sold for cash, above this. Shares can be had on installment plan, on yearly contract, 15 per cent. cash, balance monthly.

Nearly Two Miles of Railway on Property

Company has no debts or liabilities. Send for illustrated prospectus and booklet. Mining Up to Date. To Secretary, with 5 cents in stamps.

## BIG FOUR MINES, LTD.

P.O. Box 174, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

### C.P.R. TIME TABLE

Daily, going West

Leave Winnipeg	8.45
Arrive Elm Creek	10.35

Daily, going East

Leave Elm Creek	20.40
Arrive Winnipeg	22.30

**CARMAN-WINNIPEG BRANCH**

Leave Carman	12.15
Arrive Elm Creek	12.45
Leave Elm Creek	12.55
Arrive Winnipeg	15.05
Leave Winnipeg	18.30
Arrive Elm Creek	20.40

**CARMAN BRANCH**

Daily

Leave Carman	9.45
Arrive Elm Creek	10.20
Leave Elm Creek	10.45
Arrive Carman	11.15
Leave Elm Creek	20.55
Arrive Carman	21.30

### Local and General

**Trial Catarrh treatments** are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by P. D. Alair.

**A Happy New Year** to all our readers.

**Foster predicts cold and stormy weather** early in January.

**J. Beaton came in from the city** on Monday night.

**The Starkey House, Carman,** wishes you a Happy New Year.

Owing to Christmas falling on our regular press day, several items are unavoidably held over.

In the last 17 years 22,840 men have lost their lives in United States mines.

A special meeting of the old council will be held on Friday next, 27th inst.

**MARRIED.**—On Tuesday, Dec. 24th, by Rev. H. W. Ferrier, Robert George Love to Alice Ida Armstrong.

A full assortment of Carr & Co's English biscuits at R. H. Staples. Try them once, and you will want them for ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Chard, son, of Kirkella, visited Station Agent and Mrs. Chard this week. They will spend New Year's in the east.

G. Soole was in town on Monday, on a visit to his brother, and left the same night for Seaforth, Ont.

W. Mose is going into business on his own account, in the old harness shop on January 1st. We wish him every success.

We regret to state that Dr. Blakely is seriously ill, and is being attended by Drs. Cunningham and Brown, of Carman. We wish him a speedy recovery.

When the Stomach, Heart, or Kidney nerves get weak, then these organs always fail. Don't drug the stomach, nor stimulate the Heart or Kidneys. That is simply a makeshift. Get a prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Restorative. The Restorative is prepared expressly for these weak inside nerves. Strengthen these nerves, build them up with Dr. Shoop's Restorative—tablets or liquid—and see how quickly help will come. Free sample test sent on request by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Your health is surely worth this simple test. Sold by P. D. Alair.

Bills are out announcing an auction sale at F. Hans' farm on Monday next. Mr. Hans is reducing his stock, as he intends to farm on a smaller scale.

When you are out late at night, and darkness overtakes you, remember there's a star to light you to the Star Barber Shop.—H. H. Oliver (next to Holliday & Simpson's).

We have all heard the old nursery yarns about babies being found under gooseberry bushes, but whoever heard of a baby—and a half-breed at that—being found on a Christmas tree? Uncle says mistakes will occur in the best regulated families.

The editor of the Carman Standard was so flabbergasted at receiving, a few days ago, a \$2 subscription all at once, that he had to publish the fact in his paper. We must confess that we would like to welcome a few similar visitors at this office.

For Christmas and New Year holidays the C.P.R. announce a rate of fare and one third for the round trip. Tickets on sale for Christmas, December 21 to 25; for New Year December 28 to 31 and January 1. Final return limits in both cases, January 3.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cough Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly effective and prompt. Preventics contain no quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage," Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial boxes, 5 cents. Sold by P. D. Alair.

### December School Report

#### PRINCIPAL'S ROOM:

Enrolment	14
Average Attendance	12.6
Present every day	4
Never late	10
Number of days absent	21
Total number of lates	5
Neither absent nor late:	
Ewart Henders, David Kennedy, David Warner.	

#### INTERMEDIATE ROOM:

Enrolment	31
Average Attendance	28.63
Present every day	16
Never late	31
Number of days absent	36 1/2
Total number of lates	0
Neither absent nor late:	
Dollie Allward, John Hume, Flossie Kennedy, Arnold Miller, Sadie Tracey, Lena Tracey, Isaac Johnston, Mervin Johnson, Mark Warner, Robert Woods, Frank Gawley, Violet Armstrong, Olive Gee, Willie Kennedy, Martha Storey, Earl Woods.	

#### PRIMARY ROOM:

Enrolment	35
Average Attendance	27.5
Present every day	9
Never late	28
Number of days absent	112 1/2
Total number of lates	11
Neither absent nor late:	
Earl Burrows, Luella Holliday, Mary Bates, Ruby Bates, Mabel Jessie Thomas, Lillian Armstrong.	

### FIVE DOLLARS REWARD

Lost on November 8th, a large black and white setter dog. Anyone returning same to A. R. Houston, C.P.R. Agent, Fannystelle, will receive the above reward. 28.11.4

### FOR SALE

A warm, well built, one-storey house, nearly new, and four lots, each 25 feet by 25 feet. Good well on the property. Cheap for quick sale. For particulars apply at this office. 28.11.4

## Kootenay Steel Range

The oven door of the Kootenay drops down and provides a shelf upon which to rest the pans drawn from the oven.

The door is strongly braced and will easily support the weight of an extra heavy roast.

Free Booklet on request.

## McCLARY'S

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, HAMILTON

Agent: C. C. CLOUGH, Elm Creek

## THE BEST PLACE

To buy your Xmas Presents is at J. H. COCHRAN'S JEWELRY STORE, CARMAN. You have a \$12,000 stock to make your selection from, and our present prices are far lower than any of the city stores.

We pay the Railway Fare of all our Elm Creek Customers.

## J. H. COCHRAN

THE LEADING JEWELER

Carman - - - Man.

### From the Far North

Walter Grimes has gone to the States to spend Christmas.

Councillor Smith's majority was too big—he will have a dose of swelled head presently.

Herb Gamwell lost a horse last week. Thompson Clark also lost two, his driver and a calf.

Mr. and Mrs. Layland had a party last Monday night. A good time was spent, and everyone was delighted with the entertainment.

On Friday night Miss Ormond, the teacher at New Sydenham school, was presented with a nice dressing case, the gift of her many friends in this district. Mr. Jas. Layland made the presentation.

The ratepayer who was grumbling about the size of his tax bill tried his best to make it bigger. He will now have the extra expense of the election to think about.

W. J. Bell was driving his Oakville friends to Elm Creek on election day. He ought to have brought a few more to keep Smith's majority down. He went to a lot of trouble for nothing.

### Non. R. P. Storey was very

passive on election day. He wasn't helping either party. If he had helped the Ruddell party they wouldn't have been snowed under so badly.

Councillor Smith had a wet cloth round his head all last week to keep his brain box from overheating. He was thinking out how he should reward the men who helped to make his majority so big, and has at last made his decision thusly: He will build a road from the north end of the big ditch to Oakville, so that one of them will go there and not bother coming near Elm Creek at all. He will also put six inches of coarse gravel on the road leading from Mr. Baragar's place to Magnus. He will then co-operate with Mr. Ross and have a sidewalk built from Elm Creek to Mrs. Simpson's. Then, for the Grand Chief of the bunch, he is either going to put up a set of new buildings or present him with a pile of stock food. Mr. Ruddell won't get anything, as he wasn't to blame in the least.

Lax-ets 5 C Sweet to Eat  
A Candy Board Laxative.



## Turning The Tide.

By W. P. BRYAN.

Copyright, 1915, by Elmer Sprague.

"The tide will turn some day," said Alva hopefully as she stirred the sugar in her tea with a carefully cleaned palette knife and then buttered her bread with the same utensil. "There is always a turn of the tide."

Sally Peterson shook her tiny small head vigorously. "There is bound to be a turn—when you turn it. My dear, nothing succeeds in this big town like success."

"But you must first gain success, and that is not something so easily gained."

"Nonsense," declared Sally sarcastically. "Men and women are too busy to inquire if success is real. Look at the way I got ahead. It was all a bluff."

"A bluff?" Alva's eyes were wide open. "You sinful child, I know to my own knowledge of three checks you've had this week."

"Now, yes," said Miss Peterson dispassionately. "I mean when I began, I was on the verge. I was stopping at a place more expensive than I could afford because one of the assistant editors on a big magazine stopped there too."

"I thought I could land him with some of my stuff, but he fought shy of it. Then one day I got a check for \$100 from another magazine. I don't mind admitting that it was commission on a lot of subscriptions I had turned in. The editor at our hotel didn't know that when he cashed the check, as I asked him to, and his eyes bulged. My dear, I sent myself that same check four times in the next week and sold my editorial friend two stories on the strength of my success."

"But where could I get a check?" demanded Alva. Sally smiled.

"I'll back you. Get out of this cheap boarding house into a good locality. Rent a good studio and leave the rest to me. I'll find the right sort of boarding house for you. Why, from this address alone they would know that you were a struggling artist and despise you accordingly."

There were other but less important details to be settled, and it was the end of the week before Alva found herself established at a fashionable address, enjoying the novelty of her surroundings and yet still fearful of the success of the scheme. For what her boarding place and studio now cost each week she could have lived for two months in the old way.

The second day a check came in an envelope with a fashionable address. Even the waitress was more deferential as she brought Alva her breakfast, and the landlady beamed when asked to cash the check. Other checks followed, and almost before she knew it Alva was being asked for invitations to her studio.

Her work was good, and soon real checks came in with orders for work, and Sally Peterson, who was using the fact that she was writing up society women for one of the Sunday papers to get the checks, no longer guided her wits to keep up the supply. It has been easy to ask for a check for cash on the plea she had to send some money to a friend, and checks were easier than money orders.

Alva was still uncertain. From Puritan ancestors she had inherited odd notions of right and wrong, and it did not seem fair to sell to her patrons pictures that a few weeks ago had been regarded with supercilious scorn by the dealers to whom she submitted them. Under Sally's assiduous coaching she was becoming used to it, largely because there was no way out of it. It was not until Geoffrey Marsden appeared upon the scene that her protest against the slight deceit became strong.

Marsden was a clean cut, young fellow, far less aware of the importance of his millions than were most of his associates. He was doing square duty to some of his friends at one of Alva's studio teas. Thereafter the young man became a frequent visitor to the cozy studio with the simple lettering "Miss Waltham" in black upon the door.

Marsden was not one to let the grass grow under his feet, and in less than three months he had proposed marriage. For an instant Alva's soul seemed filled with gladness, then she remembered with sinking heart that the answer which had attracted her lover was all a sham, a fabrication of Sally Peterson and herself. Gently she withdrew the hand he was pressing to his lips and rose from her chair.

"I'm sorry," she said dully. "I did not realize whither we were drifting. It was wrong of me to permit matters to go so far. Forgive me."

She raised her big, lustrous eyes to his white, tense face and held out her hand in token of dismissal.

"Is it that you do not love me?" he urged. "Is it because of some fault of mine that you say so?" he asked.

"You can learn to love me, dear. The fault might be explained away."

"No, no," she cried. "It is not that. It is because I cannot explain. Please do not ask me to explain." She pushed him from her and sank sobbing upon the Turkish divan.

For a moment Marsden watched her undisturbedly. He longed to take her in his arms and comfort her, to insist upon an explanation in the hope of clearing away the trouble, but, manlike, he could not combat tears so he stole softly out.

Alva heard him go, and she gave away to a fresh accession of grief, which presently exhausted her, and she fell into troubled slumber.

From her sleep she was roused by a knocking upon the door, and almost

before she realized she had called on "Come in," and Geoffrey stood before her.

"I met that little friend of yours down the street," he explained, awkwardly, "and she called me a fool for leaving you before I found out what the trouble was, so I came back," he added.

"I begged you not to ask," Alva reminded tremulously.

"But Miss Peterson said to insist," he countered. "She is a tremendously clever little woman."

"I am sorry I ever met her," cried Alva passionately. "Then I might have been a success upon my own account, and not a creature of deceit. Can you love me knowing that my success is wholly false, an acted lie?"

"You mean that some one else paints your pictures?" he demanded. "I don't care about the pictures. It's you I want, little girl. I don't care who did the pictures."

"It's not so bad as that," she cried, shocked at the suggestion. And then, slowly and sobbingly, she told, bit by bit, how she and Sally had turned the tide. The sun set and darkness settled down, yet neither seemed aware of the gathering dusk.

"And that's how my success was gained," cried Alva as the recital was concluded. "Now you understand why I cannot marry you. You, with your upright business ways, would forever despise me."

"It's merely advertisement," said Marsden, with a laugh. "Is this the dreadful skeleton in the closet that is to keep us forever apart?"

"Isn't it enough?" she demanded miserably.

"Do you know how the Marsden soap works were started?" he asked.

"We're making soap for all the world now, and good soap too. But the first factory was a kettle in our back yard. We all used to work in the evenings, and during the day we three boys, Eddie and my brother George, who died, used to go into groceries and ask for the soap, and father would sell them a box, and that box would bring new orders. Success creates success. We, too, turned the tide."

"And don't you hate me for the deception?" she asked in a whisper.

"Hate you?" he repeated tenderly. "As though I could ever hate you, dear! I am most profoundly grateful to Miss Peterson for making you a discovery so early. Think of the happy years we might have missed."

"It seemed almost dishonest," she whispered. "I thought—"

But Marsden stopped her words with a kiss.

"We have turned the tide again," he said. "Let us not think of the tides that have ebbed and flowed."

**Fireproofed by Water.**  
"Did you ever see wood what would not burn?" said the sailor.

"Oh, yes. There's brier, pipe brier, you know, and there's ironwood and there's—"

But the sailor interrupted impatiently. "No, no," he said. "I mean ordinary wood, pine, this here."

And he drew from his pocket a piece of ancient looking pine. He applied several matches to it, and as he predicted, the flame would not consume, but only blackened it a little.

"This piece of pine," he said, "has a strange story. It was fireproofed by water. It was part of a whaleboat, and once when a harpoon was stuck into a big whale the line fouled, the men all jumped for their lives and the whale made a mad plunge downward, dragging the boat down behind it. Down, down, it went. They thought it would never come up again. It made a lot of these terrific plunges and dives, then it dashed off faster 'n lightning, but it died in the end, and the whaler's men got it, and they got back their boat too."

"The wood of the boat was all like this here, hard as iron. What had hardened it was the pressure of the water. Scientific codgers said the whale must have carried the boat down half a mile or more to change the fiber of the wood like that."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Symbols That Express Affection.**  
What a humdrum old world this would be if it were not for the symbols! Turkey at Thanksgiving, the stockings hung at the blind fireplace or over the back of a chair at Christmas, the rabbits and eggs at Easter, the pennies under one's plate on his birthday—these old make-believes generally sweeten our lives and make us better, gentler and stronger men and women. So when a wedding comes into our circle and we all work ourselves ill over the preparations, either making gowns and decorating the church or earning money to buy material and maintain the family pride with our gifts, when all this is over and the bride's mother has cried and the guests have told what a sweet little girl she was, then we gather with laughter in our eyes and a tug at our hearts and throw rice and old shoes and all sorts of foolishness after the two who are looking so hopefully into the high noon of their lives. It is all symbolical. Surely it is more worth while than the firecrackers of the Fourth of July. Maybe it is as much so as the Thanksgiving day turkey or the Easter rabbit.—Washington Times.

**Failed to Talk English.**  
A pleasant faced woman, cleanly and well dressed, occupied a seat on the immigrant train over the Pennsylvania railroad. Interpreter and passengers tried to converse with her in a dozen languages, but she only looked puzzled.

"What time does this train reach Braddock?" she asked the conductor, in perfect English when the train reached Altoona. Her traveling companions had failed to talk English to her, the only language she knew.—Philadelphia Record.

## A BROKEN HEART AND ITS LOST LOVE

A Question of Sentiment on Which Honest Divergence of Opinion Exists—And a Question of Fact on Which Everybody Agrees.

An eminent writer on the ethical question of love has said: "To be happy though re-married argues both adaptability and courage." Another authority says that most women can really and truly love two, three or four times with equal fervor, but that a man can only really love once.

There are many cases cited to prove these facts, but opponents of the theory quote with equal readiness contrary experiences. The writer knows of one man whose wife died of consumption, which developed from a slight cold, and who, though a sense of duty to his family prompts him to re-marry, cannot break away from the old love of his early days. This man says he contracted consumption from his late wife, but learning of the wonderful merits of Psychine to cure throat and lung troubles, promptly resorted to it, with the result that he is perfectly restored. He states he believes it would have saved his wife if he had used it. He says he would have used it but for the doctors. Now he puts his faith in Psychine and affirms that if he ever marries again his next wife will not die of throat or lung trouble, as he knows Psychine to be a positive cure.

"I herewith send my photo and testimonial for Psychine. I was given up 16 years ago as an incurable consumptive by Prof. Lyman, Rush Medical College, Chicago. I suffered several years after this until I heard of Psychine, and through it I was restored to perfect health, which I have enjoyed for the past ten years. My sickness began first with catarrh of the head. I readily advise catarrh and la grippe sufferers to take Psychine."

**"MRS. A. WELLS.**  
"Lyndall, Man." is the most wonderful cure known to medical science for coughs, colds, la grippe, catarrh, pneumonia, pleurisy, night sweats, chills, wasting diseases, consumption and stomach troubles. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.00, or Dr. T. A. Slocom, Limited, 179 King Street west, Toronto.

After being conducted through an old church by a vergor, a visitor was so pleased with the officer's courtesy and information that he insisted on giving him half a crown. The man shook his head sadly. "Thank you, sir," he said, "but it's quite against the rules."

"I am sorry for that," said the visitor, about to return the half crown to his pocket.

"But," added the vergor, "if I were able to find a coin on the floor it would not be against the rules for me to pick it up."—Tit-Bits.

The greater the irritation in the throat the more distressing the cough becomes. Coughing is the effort of Nature to expel this irritating substance from the air passages. Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will heal the inflamed parts, which exude mucous, and restore them to a healthy state, the cough disappearing under the curative effects of the medicine. It is pleasant to the taste, and the price, 25 cents, is within the reach of all.

On the mighty deep.  
The great ocean liner rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling," was Henry's fervid answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence. "Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away, "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"—Chicago Tribune.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.**

**The Fringe of Art.**  
Ellhu Vedder, the painter, lives in Rome, where he has a beautiful apartment, and in Capri, where his white villa looks down on the sea.

"Ellhu Vedder," said a New York illustrator the other day, "is as bohemian as ever. I visited him last year, and his bohemian ways were delightful."

"You know they tell a story of a visit that he once paid to Alma-Tadema in London in that glittering house which Mrs. A. T.'s money made in grateful, comforting cocoon, bought."

"The morning after his arrival, very early, before even the servants were up, Vedder began a thunderous knocking on his host's sandalwood floor."

"Alma-Tadema turned in his gold bed, threw back the lace coverlet and sat up."

"Who's there? What is it?" he cried in a startled voice.

"I say, Tadema," shouted Vedder, "where do you keep the scissors that you trim your cuffs with?"—Washington Star.

**Three Sherwoods.**  
Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of fifty-two gave birth to triplets, were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains, and all lived to be more than seventy years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.

**Its Shape.**  
Not long ago a Boston municipal official, a stickler for the use of good English, had occasion to consult a physician new to the community.

After the examination the doctor said: "All you need, sir, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the purist sarcastically, "what is the shape of fresh air?"

**Five Sherwoods.**  
Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of fifty-two gave birth to triplets, were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains, and all lived to be more than seventy years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.

**Its Shape.**  
Not long ago a Boston municipal official, a stickler for the use of good English, had occasion to consult a physician new to the community.

After the examination the doctor said: "All you need, sir, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the purist sarcastically, "what is the shape of fresh air?"

**Five Sherwoods.**  
Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of fifty-two gave birth to triplets, were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains, and all lived to be more than seventy years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.

**Its Shape.**  
Not long ago a Boston municipal official, a stickler for the use of good English, had occasion to consult a physician new to the community.

After the examination the doctor said: "All you need, sir, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the purist sarcastically, "what is the shape of fresh air?"

**Five Sherwoods.**  
Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of fifty-two gave birth to triplets, were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains, and all lived to be more than seventy years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.

**Its Shape.**  
Not long ago a Boston municipal official, a stickler for the use of good English, had occasion to consult a physician new to the community.

After the examination the doctor said: "All you need, sir, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the purist sarcastically, "what is the shape of fresh air?"

## SANG TO LION, SAVED LIFE.

City Woman Attacked in Desert Rescued by Her Voice.

Mrs. John Underwood of New York, went to South Dakota on a strange errand, for she was one of the few women travelers thither who went to meet her husband, instead of going to escape from him.

The husband was in charge of a mining property some distance from the town of Custer, and he could not leave his work to escort her over the country, that intervened. She undertook to make the trip alone, expecting to arrive at the mine before night-fall.

Her plans miscarried, and darkness overtook her when she was but a mile or more away. She hastened on, feeling sure that she could reach her husband's side safely, and in almost utter ignorance of what might happen to any one unarmed and unskilled in watching for the dangers of that little-trodden road.

**In Deadly Fear.**  
Without a sound of warning, a long lithe form hurled itself upon her. The attack was so unexpected and the shock so appalling that she shrieked with all the piercing loudness of a woman whose voice had long possessed the volume and sustained power of the trained singer.

Even in the deep dusk, as she lay prone on the ground where the beast's spring had flung her, Mrs. Underwood described the tawny shape of a mountain lion crouched a few yards away, while his eyes glared at her in a hungry hatred that seemed surprised and baffled.

The woman lay there for a moment before she realized the full horror of her situation, while she stared, entranced, into the fiery depths of those near and menacing orbs. Then she comprehended that her single piercing outcry had been something unknown in the experience of the animal.

Half frightened, the lion was waiting, hesitating, summoning fresh hardihood, in order to prepare for its next spring upon her. And, with a sick sinking of her heart, she told herself that his next leap meant her agonized death. The swift inspiration came to her:

"Why not sing to him?"

**Sang For Her Life.**  
There, out in that desert waste, to the strangest audience singer ever had, and for a recompense so priceless that no Calve or Melba would have dared compete for it, Mrs. John Underwood, of everyday, drawing roomed and pianooed New York city, sang for her life, to the fierce and hungry mountain lion, halted in the middle of his hunting.

At the first clear notes of her brilliant voice, so often admired when the gravest harm that threatened was an interruption from some carelessly upraised tone, the lion drew back, as though his early fear had been renewed. But soon he crouched again, and listened, attentive, the terrible head held sideways, as though in criticism of her technique.

As she sang, a tiny hope began to flutter in the woman's bosom. Perhaps, perhaps her voice might keep from the throat which gave it birth those wide, cruel jaws on which her terror forced her to gaze.

She sang on and on, following one song of her extensive repertoire with another, while always the lion crouched before her, his fearful eyes agleam, his body outstretched like a huge cat at ease, and his tail waving slowly, sinuously, from side to side in a growing ecstasy of pleasure.

**Near to the End.**  
Hours passed, and still she sang, sometimes in sheer exhaustion, allowing her voice to sink to silence; again, when her captor moved uneasily, in desperation launching her tired notes upon the desert air. The dawn came, and the welcome day; but the voice, force it as she would, fell low, while the one thought flashed again and again through her weary brain:

"I am near the end."

The end was very, very near, so near that she was about to resign herself to her waiting fate, when a crash that seemed to rend the very universe about her, stilled the brave, worn notes and left her lying there, unconscious.

She came to herself with her husband's arms about her and his rifle lying near. There, upon the spot from which his fierce regard had mowed her through the awful night, lay the mountain lion, shot dead.

**The Modern Test.**  
The full dress life wanes in this country. Those who came before us and had the necessary disposition and means, in their manners, conversation and dress, led, from birth to death, this full dress life, and even in their last moments endeavored to close the term of their existence with full dress behavior and a full dress epigram. The notes of restraint, dignity and effort in this direction are seldom sounded now in England. It is all noise, dirt and speed to-day here. Nothing is of consequence but cash. "What will he be worth?" is asked at the birth of a child. "What is he worth?" when he is a man and "What was he worth?" when he is no more.

**Three Sherwoods.**  
Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of fifty-two gave birth to triplets, were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains, and all lived to be more than seventy years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.

**Its Shape.**  
Not long ago a Boston municipal official, a stickler for the use of good English, had occasion to consult a physician new to the community.

After the examination the doctor said: "All you need, sir, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the purist sarcastically, "what is the shape of fresh air?"

**Five Sherwoods.**  
Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of fifty-two gave birth to triplets, were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains, and all lived to be more than seventy years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.

**Its Shape.**  
Not long ago a Boston municipal official, a stickler for the use of good English, had occasion to consult a physician new to the community.

After the examination the doctor said: "All you need, sir, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the purist sarcastically, "what is the shape of fresh air?"

**Five Sherwoods.**  
Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of fifty-two gave birth to triplets, were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains, and all lived to be more than seventy years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.

**Its Shape.**  
Not long ago a Boston municipal official, a stickler for the use of good English, had occasion to consult a physician new to the community.

After the examination the doctor said: "All you need, sir, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the purist sarcastically, "what is the shape of fresh air?"

**Five Sherwoods.**  
Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of fifty-two gave birth to triplets, were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains, and all lived to be more than seventy years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.

**Its Shape.**  
Not long ago a Boston municipal official, a stickler for the use of good English, had occasion to consult a physician new to the community.

After the examination the doctor said: "All you need, sir, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the purist sarcastically, "what is the shape of fresh air?"

**Five Sherwoods.**  
Mrs. Catherine Sherwood, at the age of fifty-two gave birth to triplets, were named respectively Franklin, Francis and Frederick. They all became sea captains, and all lived to be more than seventy years old. It is related of the brothers that while in Charleston, S. C., they all went into the same barber shop one day to get shaved, one in the early morning, one at noon and the other in the evening, and the barber said that he never saw a man whose beard grew so rapidly as that man's did.

**Its Shape.**  
Not long ago a Boston municipal official, a stickler for the use of good English, had occasion to consult a physician new to the community.

After the examination the doctor said: "All you need, sir, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the purist sarcastically, "what is the shape of fresh air?"

## FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN

There is No Treatment So Certain To Relieve the Itching and Heal the Sores As

Dr. Chase's Ointment

The one common feature of nearly all skin diseases is itching, annoying and oftentimes almost unendurable itching.

The strong point about Dr. Chase's Ointment is that by reason of its remarkable soothing qualities it relieves itching from the moment it is applied.

But Dr. Chase's Ointment does more than this. It is composed of the greatest healing ingredients known to science, and its healing powers are often described as magical.

Allaying the inflammation, relieving the itching and gradually and naturally healing the raw, flaming flesh, Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most effective treatment for eczema and salt rheum that was ever discovered.

There are many kinds of eczema, and nearly all itching skin diseases come under this head. In children it is known as teething eczema, and many a fond mother will tell you with heartfelt gratitude of how her little one was rescued from torturing, itching eczema by the use of this great ointment.

Mrs. Joseph Brickman, Gilbert Plains, Man., writes:—"I have used

**Listened Intently.**  
In a Scottish asylum for the feeble-minded, a minister was preaching to the inmates. Trying to interest them he told them of the Hindoo mothers who throw their babies into the Ganges in order to appease the wrath of the gods. One of the lunatics glared at the speaker so intently that the latter wondered if he had really succeeded in creating some interest. At the end of the service he approached the man who glared, and asked him if the service had been interesting, adding: "I noticed you regarded me very intently when I told of the mothers throwing their infants into the river, and wondered what was in your thoughts at that time."

"I was wondering," replied the feeble-minded one, "why your mother did not throw you in."

**Paying the Lightning.**  
A party of American tourists who were comfortably established in a hotel in Germany discovered a new contribution to "English as she is spoke," only this time they found it in the written word. The building had been recently wired for electricity and under the bulbs in each room directions were posted in French, German and English. The French was irreproachable, the German nearly so. The English read as follows:

"To open and shut the lightning electrical on is requested to turn to the right hand. On going to bed it must be closed. Otherwise the lightning must be paid."—Boston Herald.

"What do you like best at school, my boy?"

"The recess."—Pittsburg Leader.

**FINE Elmira FELT SHOES**

Sold by Leading Dealers 34

For outdoor work, for every day wear, for walking and driving, Elmira Felt Shoes are the warmest, easiest, lightest and most comfortable of all footwear.

The trade mark, shown above, is on the sole of every genuine Elmira Felt Shoe and Slipper. Look for it whenever you buy.

**SAVE YOUR HORSE**

**KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE**

No matter what you have tried—nor how many veterinarians have failed—get KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE, use it as directed and it will give perfect results







## THE ELM CREEK MAIL

\$1 Per Annum in advance.  
\$1.50 if not paid in advance.

Published every Thursday Morning at  
the office, Elm Creek, Manitoba.

## ADVERTISING RATES

Sales for commercial or standing advertisements made known on application.  
Transient advertisements, per line, first insertion, 17 cents; each subsequent insertion, 6 cts.; copy five times to the inch.  
Notice of help wanted, small (table top or board, etc.), 30 cents for first insertion, four insertions for one dollar.  
Notice of stray cattle, in rent, for sale, etc., no copy one inch or less, \$1.00 for first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.  
Advertisements in local columns, 10 cents per line for each insertion.  
All changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than Tuesday noon for insertion in the current week's issue.

C. H. LEMMON, Editor.

ELM CREEK, DECEMBER 26, 1907

## Extravagant Estimates

The estimates for 1908, brought down in the Federal House a few days ago, show that the extravagance which has marked the last few years is to go on increasing. Though this year's expenditure will far exceed that of any previous 12 months, it is proposed to spend a great deal more next year. The total outlay for next year is estimated at \$135,000,000.

For the last eight months the expenditure has exceeded receipts by \$7,994,125. Two glaring examples of the reckless expenditure of the Laurier Government show the incapability of those responsible for the control of the country's finances. It cost \$42,062 to pay experts to put the Marine and Fisheries account books into shape. One of these experts was paid \$7,032, another \$5,861, and a third \$5,252. The Government worked the Yukon telegraph system at this rate for the last eight months—receipts, \$52,725; expenditure, \$136,188; deficit, \$83,463, thus showing the deficit to be more than the receipts.

## Gambling in Land

Writing on his trip round the world, Mr. J. Keir Hardie, M.P., deals with the cost of living in Canada. He says: "The head of a family who earned \$100 a month in 1897 would require to earn \$144 in 1907 to be as well off. Needless to say, there has been no such increase. Rent has almost doubled in the ten years. Further west it has trebled and quadrupled. The great cause has been the insane way in which the Government has permitted gambling in land. Time and again I met men who a few years ago were penniless, and who now reckon their fortunes by the hundred thousand dollars.

"The modus operandi is quite simple. Say a new township is about to be formed. Thereupon the land barons swoop down upon the spot, and buy from the Government every available acre. The price paid may be from one to three dollars an acre. This they may either hold and sell out to settlers as they come along, or they may sell at a substantial profit to a second gang of sharks. Whatever the process, the end is the same; the settler has got to pay from \$300 to \$1,500 for a piece of land which was originally bought for as many cents. As the town grows the price keeps mounting.

"Money is freely spent in booming the place, and all sorts of more or less bogus inducements are held out to tempt unwary emigrants to come first there, and on to them the land is unloaded with its financial burden. Then, having extorted the last farthing out of the place, the gang move on to repeat the operation elsewhere, and the real working settler is left to meet the condition of things which the sharks have created, and to pay by his toil for the fortunes which the swindlers have carried off.

"It saddens one to see a great continent teeming with natural wealth bled white by a horde of unscrupulous speculators."

Editor Jameson Not Guilty  
On Saturday evening, at the Provincial Police Court, Magistrate McKim gave his decision in the criminal libel case of The

King vs. Jameson. Where the editor of the Dufferin Leader, J. W. Jameson, is charged with having libelled Cecil Goddard in his capacity as civil engineer, and who had been entrusted with the laying out of the water and sewer system of the town of Carman.

The magistrate stated that he had considered the evidence that had been adduced before him, and did not think there was sufficient to warrant him in sending the case up for trial. He was aware that he could not deal with the case summarily, but could not see his way to allow the case to go before the grand jury.

R. A. Bonnar, who appeared for the plaintiff, Goddard, then asked that the prosecutor should be bound over to prosecute before the grand jury at the next session of the court of assize of the eastern judicial district, which was accordingly done. Mr. Jameson returned to Carman, and the case will come up at the next assizes.

## Staples' Prize Distribution

For several months past Mr. R. H. Staples has been giving to all his customers a ticket entitling them to participate in his great \$100 prize distribution. The drawing duly came off on Christmas Eve, and resulted as follows:

First prize, \$50, No. 3,622; second prize, \$25, No. 574; third prize, \$15, No. 566; fourth prize, \$10, No. 3679.

The holders of above numbers will receive their prizes on applying at the store.

A tickling cough, from any cause, is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. And it is so thoroughly harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop tells mothers everywhere to give it without hesitation, even to very young babies. The wholesome green leaves and tender stems of a lung-healing mountainous shrub, furnish the curative properties to Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. It calms the cough, and heals the sore and sensitive bronchial membranes. No opium, no chloroform, nothing harsh used to injure or suppress. Simply a resinous plant extract, that helps to heal aching lungs. The Spaniards call this shrub which the Doctor uses "The Sacred Herb." Always demand Dr. Shoop's. Sold by P. D. Alair.

## Canadian Pacific Ry. ANNUAL Eastern Canada Excursions

LOW ROUND TRIP RATES TO  
Ontario, Quebec, and  
Maritime Provinces

Tickets on sale Dec. 1st to Dec. 31st, inclusive; good to return within three months.  
Tickets issued in connection with Atlantic steamship business will be on sale from Nov. 21, and limited to five months from date of issue.  
Finest equipment. Standard first-class sleeping and tourist cars on all through trains.

TWO THROUGH EXPRESS TRAINS  
DAILY

Apply to nearest C.P.R. agent for full information.

## Canadian Pacific Ry. Western Excursions

SINGLE FARE

Plus \$2 for the round trip, from all stations in Ontario west of Port Arthur, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to

VANCOUVER  
VICTORIA

AND  
WESTMINSTER

Also to Okanagan Valley  
and Kootenay Points

Tickets on sale December 2, 3, 4, 17, 18, and 19, 1907; January 4, 5, 6, 22, 23, and 24, 1908; good to return within three months.

## PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause in congestion, pain in blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least so says Dr. Shoop, and it is correct. He has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets—cures blood pressure away from pain centers. It is effective, charming, pleasantly delectable. Though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Brise your finger and doesn't it get red and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure! You find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents and cheerfully recommend

## Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

SOLD BY  
PALMER D. ALAIR.

## THREE WINNERS

The Winnipeg Weekly  
Telegram

The Family Herald and  
Weekly Star

The Elm Creek Mail

ALL FOR

\$2.00

A COMBINATION THOROUGHLY  
COVERING THE WANTS OF EVERY  
READER

In offering these three prominent weeklies for Two Dollars, we give our readers an opportunity to secure the greatest value ever known in the newspaper world. No one paper could meet the needs of all classes, no does this specially arranged combination.

In the Winnipeg Telegram you have a family journal that weekly records the events of interest throughout the entire west. It has in connection the only colored comic section published by any weekly newspaper in Canada, a feature that amuses and entertains everybody.

The Family Herald and Weekly Star is a world's newspaper, magazine, and agricultural journal combined with numerous special departments.

The Elm Creek Mail provides all the local news of this district, which is of interest to all.

CUT THIS OUT

To the Editor, Elm Creek Mail.  
Please find enclosed \$2.00, for which send me the Winnipeg Weekly Telegram, the Family Herald and Weekly Star, and the Elm Creek Mail, for one year.

Name .....

Address .....

Date .....

## BUGGY FOR SALE

Secondhand Buggy for sale, in first-class condition, newly painted. Apply to J. Murray, Elm Creek. 6.6

## Cochran's Annual Watch Sale

Gents' 20-year Gold-filled Watches \$8.00  
Gents' P. S. Bartlett Waltham  
Movements in 20-year cases.... 12.00  
Gents' Appleton, Tracy & Co. do. 15.00  
Gents' Vanguard 21 J do. .... 35.00  
Ladies' 25-year Gold-filled Watches 12.00  
Ladies' solid 14K Gold Watches.. 25.00

We have a large stock, specially selected, for cash, and are in a position to quote the lowest prices.

Official agent for the famous REGINA  
PRECISION WATCHES.

J. H. COCHRAN  
Carman . . . . . Man.

## Marriage Licenses Issued

C. H. LEMMON

The Mail Office

ELM CREEK - MAN.

## We do JOB PRINTING The kind that attracts attention

## Fannystelle Hotel

Under New Management  
Good Table Board and Rooms. Be  
stocked with the finest Wines, Liquors  
and Cigars. Special attention given to  
the travelling public.

G. COUTURE PROPRIETOR

## PATENTS (PROMPTLY SECURED)

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary fee free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Advice sent upon request. Marion & Marlon, Reg'd., New York Life Bldg., Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

## RURAL MUNICIPALITY OF GREY

REEVE  
R. H. Staples, Esq. Elm Creek

COUNCILLORS  
Ward 1 . . . . . A. Hamel . . . . . Fannystelle  
Ward 2 . . . . . F. H. Bedford . . . . . Elm Creek  
Ward 3 . . . . . J. H. Smith . . . . . Elm Creek  
Ward 4 . . . . . E. Antoine . . . . . St. Claude

SECRETARY-TREASURER  
W. C. Soole . . . . . Elm Creek

SOLICITOR  
J. H. Haverson . . . . . Carman

ASSESSORS  
R. J. Wilson . . . . . Elm Creek  
A. Bonneau . . . . . St. Claude

The next meeting of the Council will be held on  
Tuesday, October 29th, at 10 a.m.

## ELM CREEK Butcher Shop

All kinds of cured and fresh  
Meats to be had at our shop.

Cash paid for fat cattle and hogs  
and live poultry.

We also keep Fish and Fowl in  
season.

## H. Falconer

## The International Harvester Co. OF AMERICA

McCORMICK AND DEERING BINDERS, MOWERS  
AND RAKES

COCKSHUTT, CANTON DIAMOND, JOHN DEERE  
AND EMERSON PLOWS

BUGGIES, WAGONS, TWINE, ETC.

INTERNATIONAL GASOLINE ENGINES

J. I. CASE THRESHING OUTFITS

J. SPARLING & CO. - Elm Creek

## INSURANCE

## What is our time worth

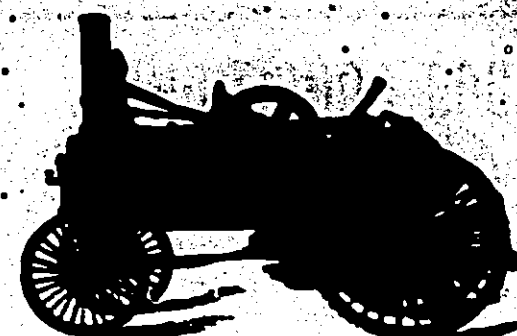
To bake your own bread? We will supply you with one loaf  
per day (seven loaves)-for

Per Week **35c** Per Week

Deduct the cost of the materials for this quantity of bread  
from 35c, and ask yourself if it pays you to bake even once a  
week. Use the best bread—the kind you get at

C. F. Boardman's

ICE CREAM



## J. MURRAY

Engineer and  
Machinist

ELM CREEK - MAN.

Engine, Boiler and Machine Work  
of every description.

REPAIRS A SPECIALTY

All Work Guaranteed

## PATENTS

Anyone sending a sketch and description may  
quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an  
invention is probably patentable. Communications  
should be sent to J. MURRAY, Patent Attorney,  
P.O. Box 100, St. Paul, Minn. We can also  
assist in securing patents in Canada, Great Britain,  
France, Germany, Italy, Japan, and the United States.  
J. MURRAY & Co. 301 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 67 St. Washington, D.C.

## ELM CREEK LUMBER YARD

## LATH!

You who wish to lath your houses  
this fall, call and get your lath

FOR **\$5.75** CASH

Regular Price, \$6.50

## A. R. STEVENS.



## Dorothy's Dilemma.

By CECILY ALLEN.

Copyright, 1917, by P. C. Edmunds.

"Have you a raiment and a heavy veil, Dorothy?" inquired Mrs. Dalrymple anxiously.

"Yes, mother," replied Dorothy mechanically without glancing up from the time table from which she was endeavoring to extract information regarding the trains to Oakdale.

"And plenty of money?"

"Money—and my check book. Really, mother, you'll be asking me next, as you did in my old Sunday school days, whether I have a clean handkerchief." She tossed the time card aside in despair.

"There is no such train as a 3.00."

"I just knew it!" wailed Mrs. Dalrymple in a melancholy sort of triumph. "I never should have tried to take Carleton's message over the phone. A telephone does rattle me so."

Dorothy crossed the room and patted her mother's cheek reassuringly.

"There, there, mummy, don't fret. I am now at the age of discretion. If you misunderstood Carleton's invitation no great harm will be done. I know my way home, but I am sure it must have been for this afternoon, for the golf tournament is on tomorrow, and they said all along that they wanted me to be sure to see it."

The house telephone announced that Miss Dalrymple's hansom was at the door. And down to the hansom flitted Dorothy, her mother attending her to the very door of the elevator.

"I can't help feeling anxious about this trip, dear," she murmured. "I always do get things twisted over the telephone."

Dorothy handed her bag to the obsequious colored boy and gave her mother a farewell peck of a kiss.

"Mummy, if you don't stop worrying about me we will both have nervous prostration. Remember, I've been in New York now three months and have cut my wisdom teeth. Goodby, and send my love to daddy when you write."

Admiring eyes followed Dorothy's slender, lithe figure out to the waiting hansom. The clear eyed, whole souled western heiress was extremely popular with the hotel staff.

"Western brains, breeze and bullion, but eastern breeding," the key clerk remarked to the stenographer. And the white faced stenographer sighed and wondered how it would feel to have her face kissed by prairie breezes and her lot lightened by western made dollars.

Dorothy, all unconscious of the feelings of envy and longing she had excited in another's breast, leaned back in the hansom and thought how differently this trip had been planned only a few weeks before. The Carleton Morgans, both golf enthusiasts, had arranged to entertain a house party at their Oakdale home during the golf tournament. There were to be eight congenial souls under a roof tree famous for grateful shadows, conducive to matchmaking. To be sure, Dorothy did not play golf, did not even understand the mysteries of the game; but then, neither did Jimmy Morgan, brother of her host. Jimmy said one enthusiast in the family was enough. Somebody had to stay sane and play more important games. At the time he spoke the game uppermost in his mind was the world old game of winning hearts, or, more properly speaking, a heart, the heart of Dorothy Dalrymple. And for a time it had seemed as if no congenial house party with a tactful hostess was essential to bring matters to a climax.

Things were all coming his way when the inevitable dam which will crop up in the course of true love's stream turned and twisted his plans in such a fashion that he sat at his desk one morning reading over and over Miss Dorothy Dalrymple's chillingly polite regrets to his invitation for a little dinner and theater party. It mattered not what evil spirit had whispered unjust things in Dorothy's ear. Certain insinuations circulated among his friends that Jimmy Morgan would have good use of Papa Dalrymple's generous bank account made that young man stiffen under her curt note like a West Pointer before the officer of the day. He would ask no explanation, and she offered none.

And here was the day of the house party which she had alternately dreaded and anticipated for one long week. Well, at least she would show Mr. Morgan that a western girl did not wear her heart on her sleeve.

"Oakdale!" shouted the conductor just as she reached this laudable decision.

She stood on the platform amid the bags which the porter had arranged at her feet. Various carriages and cars ranged up beside the depot, but there was no sign of a messenger from the Carleton Morgans. Yet she had made the 3:16 train, the nearest hour to the one named by her mother, 3:00.

One by one the carriages, traps and cars filled with residents or guests. More than one curious glance was aimed at the tall, well clad figure of the puzzled girl, and then as the last private vehicle rolled away she summoned a small boy and had her luggage carried to the village back.

"Out to Morgan's? One dollar each way," said the wily Jehu, carefully refraining from mentioning the fact that he had seen the Morgans, outfitted with a suspicious number of bags, leaving Oakdale by the 10:34 train that very morning.

And in his ancient vehicle did Dorothy arrive at the aristocratic door of

the Carleton Morgans, there to be met by an outwardly placid but inwardly perturbed butler.

No, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan were not at home. They had gone to Southampton to spend the week end with Mrs. Morgan's married sister. No; they had left no message. No; the Oakdale golf journey was not until the next Friday and Saturday. No; Mrs. Morgan's maid was not in. She had gone with her mistress to Southampton. Would Miss Dalrymple stop long enough for a cup of tea? It was a raw day.

With the last statement Miss Dalrymple agreed, but she did not care for tea. She wanted to get back to town, not to tell her mother what she thought of persons who got telephone messages tangled up, but—well, just to forget this double disappointment. Of course there was enough to see and do in New York, but she never had seen a golf tournament, and it was embarrassing to face this calm mannered butler in the role of a heedless child who had made a mistake about her invitation. And then there was Jimmy! Perhaps Jimmy might have had an explanation to offer, and now it was pushed a whole week into the future, and weeks are long when love is young.

She climbed into the village back, and back to the town right in the teeth of an ugly east wind they rode, the girl wretched and the man jubilant at his shrewdness in recognizing the psychological moment for not telling all he knew.

At the depot once more Miss Dalrymple drew out her purse. The money pocket contained \$2, a dime, two subway tickets and a tiny gold glove buttoner. If she paid the driver \$2 for her round trip ride she would have 10 cents and two subway tickets with which to purchase her ticket back to town. Then a brilliant idea came to her. She would buy her ticket with a check. She gave the driver the two dollar bill with the dime for a tip.

When the 4:17 train from town pulled into the station a square shouldered, forceful looking chap dived into the depot and made for the ticket window. Coming into the gloomy room, he did not see very clearly the tall figure which stood in his way.

The station agent was saying: "I would be very glad to oblige you, but you could find any one to identify you, but it is against our rules. Good afternoon, Mr. Morgan. Want to use the telephone?"

The tall figure swung around.

"Oh, Carleton, I am so glad!"

Then sudden silence on the part of the two young people and wonder on the part of the station agent. The young man was the first to recover.

"May I usurp my brother's place and be of service to you?" he asked, rather distantly.

Dorothy flushed, then paled, but finally her face set resolutely.

"Yes, I have made a mistake regarding the date of the tournament, and, worse still, I brought only a little cash, and this gentleman will not accept a check, and I want to get home."

Her glance fell, and Jimmy Morgan had a chance to bite his lip before he spoke, without a trace of amusement in his tones.

"You've just missed a train to town, and there will not be another for an hour. I was just about to telephone for my brother's car. Please let me take you back to town that way. See, the sun is coming out."

Dorothy gripped her empty purse and murmured, "I think I had better—"

"Go by automobile, I thought you'd agree with me," interrupted Jimmy smoothly, and while Dorothy drew a quick, amazed breath he picked up the telephone transmitter.

The car was deep in the gloom of the Long Island ferryboat when Dorothy, trying to break an eloquent silence, murmured: "I don't see how I ever made a mistake about the date. Carleton must have meant for me to go with them to Southampton. Mother never does catch messages over the phone."

"Heaven bless her for that and my sudden whim for a quiet night at Carleton's. Otherwise there is no telling, but it is all right now, dear."

"Oh, Jimmy, please—those horrid deck hands. Wait!"

"Not long, dear."

"No, only till we are inside our own parlor," replied Dorothy in her old, mischievous, teasing way, with the result that Jimmy felt that he really could not wait, and what the passing deck hand saw sent him on his way grinning.

A Queer New England Betrothal.

Hawthorne found romance on the shores of old New England, and there is a good deal of it unmined in the modern life of the Yankees. The following story of love and marriage, strange as it may seem, is true:

Years ago a summer boarder at a cottage on a point of land which formed the protecting arm of the harbor of a fishing town in Massachusetts was shown a girl baby only a few months old. He looked at the babe and admired, then said to the mother:

"Will you give me that babe for my wife?"

The mother had known the young man for several summers. She liked him and therefore answered promptly, "Yes."

"Will you promise never to tell her that you have selected me as her husband?"

"Yes."

The conditions of the singular betrothal were observed. The girl baby grew up, and summer after summer the young man courted her. When she was eighteen he married her, and not till then did she know that she had been betrothed to her husband while in her cradle. Can old romance be more romantic than this story of a New England fishing town?—Exchange.

## MERMAIDS OF LEGEND

Sea Women That Were Vouched For by Ancient Writers.

### ORIGIN OF THE DELUSION.

These Traditional Creatures Were Probably Dugongs and Manatees. Seal Maidens of Fable—Mermaids of Fiction and the Seal of Fact.

There is a decided fascination about the mermaids of legend. Considering their traditional form, it does not seem quite certain whether they can be included among the fair "humanities" of old religion, but it would be extremely interesting to see one. In all seriousness the truths and poetry underlying and inherent in the old myths are well worth attention, but apart from these there is something distinctly entertaining in the quasi-historical accounts that we have of mermaids and the heroic attempts at rationalistic explanation. The fancy has taken firmer hold on popular imagination than many of the old legends. Of course they are recognized as nonexistent; but, unlike the majority of mythological beings, they are invested colloquially with a sort of humorous reality.

A "History of the Netherlands" gives a circumstantial account of a great tempest which washed ashore near Haarlem a "sea woman" as she was swimming about. She was captured and cleansed from the "sea moss" that had grown about her, and became a humanized creature, except that she was always trying to escape into the water. And it is added, "Many persons worthy of credit have justified in their writings that they had seen her in the salt town of Haarlem."

In the sixteenth century off Ceylon some sailors captured "seven mermen and mermaids," several priests and physicians testifying to the fact and the latter leaving it on record that after examination and dissection they found the external and internal structures resembled those of human beings. Hudson, the famous navigator, declared that his ship's company had seen a mermaid, the upper part of her body like a woman, skin very white and long black hair. An old Iceland history tells of one near Greenland, "the neck and head in all respects like a human being." The Norwegian Bishop Pontoppidan, who wrote in the eighteenth century, "records the appearance of a mermaid which was deposited on oath by the observers." And not to multiply quotations proving the belief even of the learned in the actual existence of the mermaids, Pliny asserts authoritatively that "as for the mermaids it is no fabulous tale that goeth of them, for look ye painters draw them, so they are indeed."

It seems hard after all these weighty testimonies that we should be assured that the "historical" mermaids were only dugongs or manatees, seals or sea lions, especially as some of these interesting creatures measure some eighteen feet in length and are by no means attractive in appearance. Something in the shape of the head and the breast is relied on by the rationalistic scientists as explaining the delusion, but one is at a loss to understand how this can account for the circumstantial descriptions that have come down to us. Coevals of those old writers have proved to us by their paintings that they held very much the same views as to what constitutes feminine beauty as we have, and we should certainly not discover in the dugong or manatee anything whatever to suggest in the very faintest degree the idea of a pretty woman. Yet there is generally the implication of comeliness in the verbal pictures the old writers give of their mermaids, though Columbus, who reported that he had seen two or three, admitted that he saw no beauty in them. The seal explanation perhaps does the least violence to one's traditional ideas, as whatever may be thought of its resemblance to a woman, it is in itself graceful and its face and eyes are pleasing.

There is, at any rate, a rather suggestive coincidence in the view that the mermaid of fiction is the seal of fact, for closely allied if not identical with mermaids were the "seal maidens" of a thousand fables. The accepted tradition was that these maidens assumed the form of seals, which they could relinquish at any moment by divesting themselves of the seal-skins. Only if while they were disporting themselves in quasi human guise their seal integuments were stolen or hidden they would have to remain as "maidens" and could not resume the form of seals. We know on the authority of many a song and legend that willingly or unwillingly a man has been

"married to a mermaid."

At the bottom of the deep blue sea," but in the case of the fortune teller of a seal maiden's "troublesome disguise" there was no need for a submarine descent. She could quite comfortably live on land and, indeed, had to unless she found her seal-skin again, though always longings, like the mermaid of Haarlem, to become a sea dweller once more. There is therefore unquestionably a certain poetic propriety in the scientific identification of the mermaid with the seal.—London Globe.

### Renunciation.

"I have always been a good friend to you, Mrs. Jinx," said Mrs. Lapsing, with blazing eyes, as she rose to go. "But I am a friend no longer. You have talked about my husband. Right here is where our paths diverge. Good afternoon."

## A NOVEL TIME TABLE.

A Great Convenience in the Up to Date Kitchen.

A clever, little Christmas gift that any busy housekeeper will appreciate has been discovered.

It is a "kitchen time table" consisting of a large piece of cardboard divided into two columns, on which are written the names of various kinds of foods and the time required for cooking or baking them.

Suppose, for instance, that the first item is "sponge cake, thirty minutes." Then the cook will know that the loaf must be left in the oven exactly half an hour.

Not once will she have to disturb it, and not once will time have to be spent in looking at it to see if it is done.

And so, too, with other things. The required time can be learned from experience and then noted down for future reference.

Thus gradually the kitchen time table will increase in length as more items are added to the list.

It proves to be a valuable aid, guarding against burned food and saving both time and labor.

In fact, it is such a convenient and useful little device that it should be found in every kitchen, large or small. The real value of this little device to the housewife is due to the fact that it contains her actual experience.

Her cookbook may tell her the time that is required generally for any specific article. A friend of neighbor may tell her what time is required for baking in her specific home with her stove. But in neither of these instances are all the conditions the same.

## A NOVEL BLOUSE.

Something New in the Tailored Shirt Waist.

Anything in the way of novelty is always welcome where shirts are concerned, for it is by no means easy to encompass a change without sacrificing some of the distinct qualifications of the garment. In the sketch portrayed here, however, a welcome deviation from the beaten track is found, and certainly without any loss to the workmanlike simplicity of the shirt, as a glance at the picture plainly shows.

A striped flannel is the material chosen for its fabrication. As you see, the shirt is distinguished by a little yoke with rounded edges, which is laid on the front and stitched down in



OF STRIPED FLANNEL.

the most workmanlike fashion. The fronts are gathered into the bottom of this yoke in a method which gives fullness to a slight figure and are laid in big flat plaits from the shoulders downward. These plaits meet corresponding ones at the back, but here the yoke is conspicuous by its absence, so that the usual Dana Gibson model obtains. The box plait down the front is fashioned separately, and in it buttonholes are worked in the usual way to secure the fastening.

### Sauces For Meat.

With roast beef, grated horseradish. With roast venal, tomato or horseradish sauce.

Roast mutton, currant jelly.

Roast pork, apple sauce.

Roast lamb, mint sauce.

Roast turkey, chestnut dressing.

cranberry jelly.

Roast venison, black currant jelly or grape jelly.

Roast goose, tart apple sauce.

Roast quail, currant jelly, celery sauce.

Roast caracasback duck, apple bread.

black currant jelly.

Roast chicken, bread sauce.

Fried chicken, cream gravy, corn fritters.

Roast duck, orange salad.

Cold boiled tongue, sauce tartare of olives stuffed with peppers.

Veal sausage, tomato sauce, grated Parmesan cheese.

Pork sausage, tart apple sauce or fried apples.

Frizzled beef, horseradish.

Port croquettes, tomato sauce.

Corned beef, mustard.

Lobster, cutlet, sauce tartare.

Sweetbread cutlet, sauce-bechamel.

Redbirds, fried bismby, white celery.

Cold boiled fish, sauce piquant.

Broiled steak, maitre d'hotel butter or mushroom.

Tripe, fried bacon and apple rings.

Broiled fresh mackerel, stewed gooseberries.

Fresh salmon, cream sauce and green peas.

## RAISED HIS WAGES.

The Way an Employer Got Square With a Faithless Assistant.

A story is told in Milwaukee concerning an elderly, German who conducted a good sized manufacturing plant on the south side. He had an engineer at his factory who had been with him for fifteen years and the old gentleman had implicit confidence in him. It was with a profound shock that he discovered finally that the frustated engineer was "grafting" most shamefully.

The proprietor thought it all over for a long while and then sent for the engineer. When that functionary arrived the following dialogue took place:

"Ah, John! Good morning, John. How long has you been working by this place?"

"Fifteen years."

"Ach, so. And not are your wages?"

"Twenty-five dollars a week."

"Al-m-m. Well, after today it will be \$5 a week more."

The engineer thanked his employer profusely and withdrew. A week later the old gentleman sent for him again, and the same conversation ensued, ending with another \$5 a week raise. The third Saturday he sent for the engineer again, and after the same questions and answers he raised his salary another \$5 a week.

On the fourth Saturday the engineer was again summoned before the boss.

"How long have you been working here, John?" asked the proprietor.

"Fifteen years," replied the engineer, who by this time had grown to expect the weekly question and salary raise as a regular thing.

"And how much wages are you getting?"

"Forty dollars a week."

"Ach, so? Well, you are fired."

"Fired!" exclaimed the engineer, almost fainting. "Why, you have been raising my salary \$5 at a clip for the last three weeks."

"Sure I have," roared the Teutonic boss, all his indignation flaring out at once. "And the reason that I did it was that it shall make it harder for you for when I fire you, you loser!"

## SILVER KING OF THE SEA.

The Feats That a Tarpon Will Perform When Hooked.

If you have never seen a tarpon imagine the Mediterranean sardine that you take from the box for lunch lengthened out to six or seven feet. Give it two enormous staring black eyes, a supercilious lip of the most grotesque shape coming down and twisting up again, a mouth that can be thrown so wide open that thirty feet distant when the fish is in the air you can see blue sky down its throat and out through the arched gills. Give the fish a greenish back and a long spine at the dorsal, a powerful sardine-like tail and equip its belly and sides with scales which look more like newly minted trade dollars than anything else, dollars often twice their natural size, into which the purest molten silver has been dropped, scales that flash thousands of rays in every direction, scales that gleam, corruscate and in the full glare of the sun form so many sunbursts to dazzle the eye and confuse the excited angler.

I have taken the "sabalito" under various circumstances and have seen it leap along the outer Florida reef and down by the Rio Grande, where it forms in gigantic schools and moves south in winter, and everywhere it is the same sensational equilibrist, the same air climber and sky scraper when hooked or snared. What the sensations of the tarpon are when hooked it would be difficult to say, but I fancy it is frightened and leaps in the direction away from the pain center, and so two leaps are alike.

It may go directly up, into the air, carrying a big wave with it, and, lash the air, or it may go out of the water head first, rising like a ray of light ten or fifteen or more feet, then fall gracefully. Every possible position I have seen the frightened tarpon take, from standing on its tail as upright as a soldier to exactly the opposite direction, and an old angler informed me that he had seen a tarpon make a lateral leap of thirty feet.—Charles F. Holden in Recreation.

### A Little Too Original.

"You New Yorkers are wonderful," said the man from the west here for a brief stay and seeing everything from the Bronx to the Bowery. "Nothing is impossible here—at least I saw vines twined across the sky last night. It was in a restaurant in Forty-second street," he continued. "The ceiling is painted sky blue, and there are little electric lights set to look like stars. Also there are the clouds floating about, but then there are the vines that kill the otherwise very neat illusion. Originality is all right, but vines hitched to a sky is too square for a man from the west."

### The Main Point.

Mrs. Scapleigh—They say, my dear, that the new rubber plant, the Ficus pandurata, is extremely beautiful. It has a glossy veined leaf—Mr. Scapleigh (who has strained his back looking the house plants around)—I don't care anything about its glossy veined leaves. What does the dum thing weigh?

### A Great Financier.

Cholly—Harry is a great financier. Chapple—Yass! Cholly—He borrowed sixpence from me yesterday to take him to the city to see a man that he knew he could borrow a pound from, and with that pound he flew off to stand a dinner to another man whom he borrowed a hundred from.—London Telegraph.

## IN FASHION'S REALM.

What Is Correct in Mourning Styles For Modish Women.

### DULL KID BOOTS MODISH.

Jewels Not Good Form in First Mourning—After Six Months Pearls and Diamonds Permissible—Motoring Costumes Are Smart and Sensible.

Of course it goes almost without saying that lusterless fabrics are the kind that figure in mourning costumes and millinery. For fall and early winter wear nothing is better than black-lane.



SMART COSTUME OF HENRIETTA AND CRAPE.

down, which has a dead luster and is between weight—that is, neither transparent, like voile, nor heavy, like a cloth. It is a silk and wool weave and has an air of richness that is most attractive. Many of the dull corded silks and poplins in light weights are also worn, and henrietta broadcloth in the new dull chiffon finish, fine cude cloths and fine melton cloths are among the correct fabrics, these heavier weights of course for coat and skirt suits.

Lusterless taffetas and ribbons are used for trimming the medium weight costumes of second mourning. Crape is still correct for full mourning, but is only used on ceremonious costumes. It is often entirely omitted from the little plain suits that are accepted as correct styles for street wear. Lace or embroidery is never permitted in strictly mourning costumes. In their place there are blue tucks, wider tucks or folds, hemstitched bands and fine platings. The little platings are used as bands, being stitched on both sides, anything suggestive of a frill being counted bad taste.

In kid gloves either the suede or glace are counted correct. Suede an-



MOORNING FROCK OF DULL BROADCLOTH.

ished hile or silk gloves are proper in warm weather. Of course the embroidered top gloves that we see in the shops would come under the ban of all embroidered things in mourning. This rule also applies to hosiery, only the plainest of stockings being permissible and lace hose entirely de mode during the mourning period. Dull kid boots are the correct footwear. In purses the dull jet beaded bags are correct for dress and dull finished leathers in black for more practical use. Gun metal and dull jet ornaments are equally favored, the jet being a later fashion and therefore accounted better style. Bright jet may be used during the later periods of mourning. Jewels are not worn in the earlier periods of mourning, a widow eschewing these for the first six months. After that period she may wear pearls and diamonds, but, of course, no colored stones. In case of some undelayable festivity in the family, like a wedding, a widow may adorn her white crape costume with white jewels even before the lapse of the six months' period. AMY VARNUM.



# The Marathon Mystery

A Story of Manhattan

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Red-Headed Boy"

Copyright, 1904, by Henry Holt and Company

(Continued)

## CHAPTER XXV.

Went looking at him a moment in silence. It was evident that he was suffering some exquisite mental anguish, though I suspected, somehow, that it was not because of his imprisonment. There was something deeper than that; something that touched him more closely.

"Oh, come, Jack," protested Godfrey, at last, "this is no time to put on the high and mighty. You don't seem to realize what an exceedingly serious position you're in."

"I know one thing, Godfrey," returned Drysdale, with a forced smile, "and that is that I didn't kill Graham nor steal the necklace. So I know they can't convict me."

"I wouldn't be too sure of it. Things like that happen occasionally. How did Graham get hold of that button of your raincoat?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"You wore the coat that evening?"

"Yes."

"And the button was on it?"

"Yes. I'd have missed it if it hadn't been. Besides, I buttoned the coat up when I started back to the house."

Godfrey's face flushed, and his eyes began to glisten.

"You're sure, then, that it was on the coat when you returned to the house?"



"Either you killed Graham or Tremaine did."

"Why, yes," answered Drysdale, looking at him in some astonishment, "reasonably sure."

Godfrey fell a moment silent; then he shook his head impatiently.

"There's another thing," he said, "How did your pistol get out there in that boat?"

"That's another puzzle."

"Now, see here, Jack," continued Godfrey seriously, "there's one thing certain, either you killed Graham or Tremaine did."

"Tremaine?" repeated the prisoner, with tightening lips.

"Yes. Do you know of any evidence against him?"

Drysdale paused a moment, his brows knitted.

"No," he answered positively at last, "I don't see how Tremaine could possibly have done it."

"Why not?"

"Because he didn't leave the house, so Delroy says. I know he was there when I went out, and when I came back I saw him sitting by his lighted window, writing apparently."

"Ah! Then after a moment, 'Did you keep that journal you promised to keep?'"

"Yes. You'll find it in my room. That is—"

He stopped suddenly and colored.

"Well! Out with it!"

"I just happened to think that perhaps that fool of a coroner's got it. See here, Jim, if you find it I want you to promise me one thing—that you won't read it—not yet—it won't help you a bit."

"I'm not so sure of that," retorted Godfrey grimly. "Why don't you want me to read it?"

"The fact is," Drysdale answered, coloring still more, "that after I got started I forgot I was writing it for you."

"I see," said Godfrey dryly as the other paused. "I'll promise you this, Jack—I won't read it unless I find that I can't clear you any other way."

Drysdale heaved a sigh of relief.

"That's all I want," he said. "Afterward perhaps I won't mind, but just now—"

His voice trailed off, his lips trembled.

"And you're nothing more to tell me?"

"Not a thing."

"Very well, we'll go out and have a look about this place. We'll come in again this afternoon. We're going to clear you," he added confidently.

We heard the faller's footsteps approaching along the corridor.

"I don't doubt it," said Drysdale, with a puzzling listlessness. "It's a very good of you both to take all this trouble."

The faller opened the door, and we passed out.

"Do you know when the inquest will be?" Godfrey asked as we stepped through together into the outer room.

"Yes, sir; tomorrow mornin'. They'd have had it today, but Coroner Heffebower hopes to find the necklace by tomorrow."

"Oh, so they haven't found it, then?"

"No, sir; they searched Drysdale's room, but it wasn't there. Now they're tryin' to digger out where he hid it."

"Well," observed Godfrey, "they'll have to figure a long time, because he didn't hide it anywhere."

"Maybe not, sir," retorted the faller, with a skeptical smile. "But appearances are dead again him. Why, even his girl thinks he did it."

"How do you know that?" demanded Godfrey quickly.

"When Heffebower was bringin' him out of the house, they met her in the hall and she asked Drysdale what he wanted to do fer, why he couldn't wait."

"What's that?"

"That's purty good evidence, I think."

Godfrey had listened with a face hard as steel. He turned away without answering, and as we went down the street together I saw that this new development puzzled and worried him sorely. That Miss Croydon should think Drysdale guilty, even for an instant, was inconceivable!

We made our way to the nearest hotel and engaged a trap and while it was getting ready ordered a light lunch. Godfrey ate in thoughtful silence; as for me, I confess that I saw little ground for that conviction he had expressed so confidently, that we could prove our client's innocence. I was forced to admit that to look at Drysdale no one would believe him capable of such a crime. But, then, for that matter, to look at Tremaine, who would believe him capable of it? Put the two men before a jury and Tremaine would come off victor every time. It becomes instinctive in time for a lawyer to try to look at his cases with an average jury's eyes; he must see them as those twelve men in the box will see them—and applying that method now it was very evident to me that the chance of clearing our client was very slim indeed.

The trap came around to the door, and in a moment we were off along the sandy road. At last we swung down before the door at Edgemere. A man ran out to hold our horse. We asked, for Mr. Delroy, and a servant who had been stationed in the vestibule took in our cards. He returned immediately and conducted us to the library. Delroy came forward to meet us, our cards in his hands, a curious look of doubt and perplexity upon his countenance.

"My dear Godfrey," he began, "I didn't like to refuse to see you, and yet I've declined to talk to reporters."

"You're not talking to one now, Mr. Delroy," broke in my companion. "I've come down purely in Drysdale's behalf. Of course I'll write up the story if I succeed in getting him off, but I'll not use anything I learn here in that way."

"Oh, that's all right then," said Delroy breathless a sigh of relief. "Glad to see you. And you, too, Mr. Lester."

"Mr. Lester is Drysdale's counsel," explained my companion. "Between us we're going to see that he's cleared of this ridiculous charge."

"Yes, I hope you will. Sit down, won't you? Ridiculous, that's the word for it, and yet," he added, passing his hand before his eyes in a dazed way, "there are so many points of evidence which seem unexplainable that I've grown giddy thinking about them. It's such a terrible thing my wife is quite prostrated, even a little delirious at times; her sister is almost ill; we're all been terribly upset."

"No doubt," nodded Godfrey, his face curiously intent. "We're not going to trouble you much now, Mr. Delroy. The only thing I should like you to do is to give us an account of all that happened that evening. I hope you will do that."

"Yes, I'll be glad to do that." And he proceeded to tell in detail the story the reader already knows.

"There's one thing," said Godfrey when it was ended. "Is it true that Miss Croydon seemed to believe Drysdale guilty?"

"Yes," answered Delroy, "for an instant she did, but she explained to me afterward that she thought it was Tremaine who had been killed."

Godfrey's eyes glared with sudden interest.

"Tremaine! Then there's been all feeling between them?"

"Yes, at least on Drysdale's part. He'd conceived some absurd suspicion of Tremaine, told me I'd done wrong in inviting him here, acted rather nastily about it, in fact."

"Thank you," said Godfrey quietly, though his eyes were still shining.

"Now I should like your permission to look over the grounds and to examine the rooms which Drysdale and Tremaine occupied."

"Certainly." And Delroy took the

bell. "Lester," he said to the servant who entered, "you will take these gentlemen wherever they wish to go and answer any questions they may ask you."

We went first to the bathroom and pitter-pattered over the scene of the tragedy. I was struck at once by the change in Godfrey's demeanor. He no longer seemed either perplexed or worried. His face was shining with triumph. Evidently he had discovered a way out of the labyrinth.

To the bathroom he gave a particularly careful scrutiny, searching in every corner, apparently, for some minute object which he failed to find. Out on the pier again he stood, looking up and down with thoughtful face.

"Fahaw!" he said suddenly. "I might have known I was just wasting my time in there. Come this way, Lester."

He hurried back through the bathroom and down to the beach. Along the edge of it he walked, scrutinizing every inch of the sand. Suddenly he stooped, with a little cry of triumph, and caught up a small bottle. It was quite empty. He removed the cork, sniffed it and replaced it quickly.

"Do you mean to say, Godfrey, I demanded in astonishment, 'that you have been looking for that bottle?'"

"It's precisely what I've been looking for," he returned exultantly. "And I've learned one thing—never to mistrust a logical deduction. Now let's go back to the house. And, Thomas, he added to our guide, 'take us back by the way that will bring us opposite the room occupied by Mr. Tremaine.'"

"All right, sir," said Thomas. "His room was right next to Mr. Drysdale's in the east wing—there it is now, sir—third and fourth windows from the end."

"And the fifth and sixth windows belong to Mr. Drysdale's room?"

"Yes, sir."

A sort of balcony ran along the entire wing just beneath the windows, half covered with creeping vines, which in summer no doubt completely draped it. Godfrey examined it with shining eyes. Then he walked straight to the end of the building.

"Now, Lester," he said, "I'm going to make a prediction. I predict that we'll find the wall at the corner freshly scratched in more than one place. Ah, now, see there!"

The marks were plain enough; and the cluster of heavy vines which ran up here against the house also showed signs of abrasion.

"What would you say those marks meant, Lester?" Godfrey asked.

"I should say," I answered, readily enough, "that some one had recently climbed up to the balcony or down from it."

"Both ways, Lester; both up and down. Oh, this is much simpler than I'd expected! Now take us up to the rooms, Thomas."

But in the vestibule he paused.

"Is that the rack where the coats hang, Thomas?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And where Mr. Drysdale hung his coat that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you happen to notice, Thomas, when he came in whether or not the top button of his raincoat was missing?"

"Yes, sir," answered Thomas slowly. "I thought about it afterward, and it's mighty funny, sir, but I'd swear he had his coat buttoned up tight around his throat. How could he 'a' done that if the top button wasn't there?"

"How indeed?" mused Godfrey, gazing at the rack with eyes intent.

Then they softened, brightened; his face broke into a smile.

"Of course," he said, half to himself. "How dease of me not to have thought of it! Now, Thomas, we'll go upstairs."

(To be continued.)

Her Opportunity.

"I've come to give notice, ma'am."

"Indeed?"

"And would you give me a good reference, ma'am? I'm going to Mrs. Jones, across the way."

"The best in the world, Maggie. I take that, was'n't it?—Life."

Passing of a Famous Bridge.

At last, the old bridge over the Golden Horn at Constantinople is about to be done away with and replaced by a new structure. An amusing tale is told in connection with the efforts of an American firm to secure the order. With a view to impressing the sultan with the quality of its work, an elaborate painting was prepared for presentation to his majesty showing the bridge as it would appear during a storm which would have done credit to the Atlantic.

However, the firm was informed that the sultan would be so horrified by this view that it at once prepared a picture showing the bridge as it would appear on a beautiful summer's day. Even this, however, Reuter says, failed to effect its purpose.

Medical Matters.

Of recent years only six deaths occur to each 100 amputations. This is owing to the improvements in antiseptic surgery.

A Berlin physician is endeavoring to have a course in cooking introduced into the medical curriculum. He says doctors are in the habit of prescribing a diet for their patients with regard only to its chemical ingredients, forgetting the importance of an appetizing method of preparation.

With a serum prepared after a method of his own, Professor Chantemesse has since 1901 treated a thousand cases of typhoid fever, with a mortality of only 4.7 per cent, while during the same period in the other hospitals of Paris among 5,021 patients treated without the serum the mortality was 17 per cent.

## AIRSHIP AHoy! WHAT IS YOUR CARGO?

When first the New Year came to begin  
Appeared a baby boy  
In nothing but a pair of wings  
And smiles of dimpled joy.

But, growing fast, the next decade  
He wore a wig with curls  
And rode a fiery prancing steed  
And courted all the girls.

He peered at the world in coach and four,  
A squire in coat of blue  
And snowy stock and buckled shoes  
And neatly ribbeded cuds.



BREKID HIS AIRPLANE IN FLIGHT.

Still making progress with the times,  
A dandy with a cane,  
Tall hat, tight waist and ruffed shirt,  
He made his bow again.

'Twas only one short year ago  
We heard a rush and jar,  
In dust and smoke before us stopped  
A scarlet motor car.

Forth stepped a chauffeur clad in furs  
And, mid the mingled din  
Of horns and bells, invited us  
To take a twelvemonth's spin.

But now above the chimneys, beheld,  
We listen in the night  
To hear the whirling fans that bear  
His aeroplane in flight!

—Minna Irving in New York Times.

Watching the Year Out.

Throughout the world the practice of watching the old year out and the new come in has been a common observance for many centuries. In the monasteries and convents of various religious orders it has always prevailed, and several Protestant denominations observe it as a beneficial institution, promoting, as it does, piety and the formation of good resolutions. Resolves for the future are not limited to our own time, for nearly 1,900 years ago Pliny, the scrapbook maker, noted in his quaint fashion the return of the Saturnalia; made a memorandum that during the coming year he must make sacrifices to certain gods whom he had neglected and that in other ways he must amend his life. There is no record that he did, so his New Year resolutions were probably forgotten as quickly as those made nowadays.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Ducking the Drunkard."

In Herzegovina "ducking the drunkard" is a New Year's practice by the common people, and if no drunken man can be found a prisoner from the nearest jail is borrowed, then ducked, soundly kicked and set at liberty. In Oman it was until lately the custom to celebrate all marriages on the first day; hence during the last month of the year business was good with the go-betweens. In Dalmatia any man whose conduct had not been what it should was expected to go before the priest of the neighborhood and put good resolutions in writing, a certified copy being given to his wife, or, if unmarried, to his mother.—Boston Herald.

Why We Call It January.

The Romans called the first month of the year January in honor of the god Janus. At dawn of the year the people, robed in white, sacrificed elaborate offerings to their gods; especially to Janus, fraternal greetings, benevolent gifts and exchanges of costly presents marked the day. All evil speaking, quarrels or excesses were for a time laid aside, and the ideals of a nobler future were brought to mind by parables enacted in public places. The soldiers renewed their vows of loyalty to Caesar and put on new uniforms.

New Year's in the Alps.

Among the many time-honored customs of the Alps none is more interesting than that of New Year. The village pastor delivers his sermon, which is listened to by people who have come a distance of many miles over snow frequently thirty feet deep. When midnight comes the bells ring out upon the frosty Alpine air, and as they re-echo far and wide over the hills and valleys there are mountain villages where the melody of other village church bells chords in harmony, producing a concert no city could afford.

Scottish Kisses.

A highly popular custom of the young Scots of past years was for young men to go about the streets ringing doorbells, and there was the right to kiss the girl who answered the ring. In case the girl proved elderly or unattractive there was no erasing the expected salute, however much it might go against the grain of the bell ringer.

## A NEW YEAR INJUSTICE.

The Bartender Complains of the Good Resolution Habit.

"John, I'll have to lay you off for the first two weeks of the new year. You, Harry, will have to lay off a week."

The speaker, a lean man, stood in a splendid and spacious beer saloon, a place of polished mahogany, ornate columns, great mirrors and large paintings of beautiful women. Ropes and wreaths of evergreen twined about the pillars and the electrolers, and on the massive bar stood a bowl of "free punch" for it was New Year's day.

"Yes, boys," said the lean man, "you'll have to go."

"What for, boss?" asked the younger of the two bartenders. Mechanically with his woolen bar cloth he polished the bar till it shone again, and anxiously he gazed in his employer's face.

"Why, John, you ought to know what for."

The saloon keeper spoke impatiently. A fat man entered from the street, approached the bar with reluctant steps, then all of a sudden turned hurriedly and departed.

"Well, I'll be damned!" said Bartender John. "That's the fourth fellow has done that this mornin'. What's it mean anyway?"

"You ought to know what it means, John," repeated the saloon keeper. "It's the meaning is the cause of your suspension."

"Yes, John," the man resumed; "your suspension is caused by the New Year's swear off of that fellow and thousands like him. All over the broad land, John, countless numbers of men swear off drinking for a year on New Year's day. Half of them stick to their swear off for a week, and the other half, with just a few exceptions, stick to it for two weeks. Those two weeks of January, John, are always the two poorest weeks on the publican's calendar. He can't pay expenses; hence he retrenches; hence he lays off prudent, industrious young chaps like you—chaps with a bit put by, so that they can stand a little idleness without privation."

"All right, but," said John, sulkily, "but I ain't got nothing put by, and I think it's a shame that my poor wife and innocent babe have got to suffer at this joyous holiday season through the swear off of a lot of foolish, thoughtless men. It don't seem right nor just."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY.

In China New Year's is the Little One's Great Festival.

Except at the Chinese New Year, which comes in February, it is very hard to catch a glimpse of children in China. Little beggars will run beside you for miles to earn a cash, a copper coin, with a square hole in the middle of it, worth the twentieth of a cent, but children who have parents to care for them seem to be kept indoors all the time, or only allowed to play in walled yards and gardens. We used to say to each other: "Why, where are the children? Haven't they got any?" But at New Year's we found out that they had. This is the great holiday of all the year in China, when everybody hangs out flags and colored lanterns and sets off fireworks. (We borrowed our custom of fireworks for the Fourth of July from China's New Year's.) All the people put on their best clothes and the children the best of all, jackets and trousers of bright blue or green or yellow or purple, the boys and the girls so much alike that you can only tell them apart by their hair. The boys of course are braided in a pigtail, and the girls' is done up on her head with silver pins or, if she's a very grand little girl, with gold or jade. Thus decked out, the children go walking with their proud papas and mamas and often go to the theater, which is a rare treat for them.

Perhaps Chinese children have romping plays together, but they always look as if they were born grown up.—St. Nicholas.

Where New Year's Lasts a Month.

The celebration of New Year's is carried on more extensively in Japan than in any other country. The reason for this can only be accounted for by the fact that the custom has been handed down to succeeding generations for centuries. The time the occasion involves is quite lengthy, lasting from the 13th of December (Koto Hajime—viz, beginning of things) to the 10th of January (Hokori no yaburi), which is apprentices' holiday. On both of the occasions a sort of stew is eaten, composed of red beans, rice, sliced fish and konnyaku root.

Every Little Bit Helps.

"You say you encouraged our friend to make another New Year's resolution?"

"I did," answered the man whose heart is all right.

"But don't you know he'll break it at the end of six weeks at the latest calculation?"

"I hope not. And even if he does he'll be six weeks ahead of the game."

A Persuader.

"Did you make any New Year's resolution?" asked Miss Miami Brown.

"No," answered Mr. Ernest Pinkley, "but I done persuaded Mistah Collier to make one. After I got those with him at de las parlor social, he was willin' to promise dat he'd stop tryin' to pick 'sturbances fobover an ever."

Revised Version.

I remember, I remember,  
The house where I was born,  
And also the janitor, bellboy, butcher boy,  
baker boy, bootblack, elevator man,  
grocer's boy,  
And everybody Christmas morn.  
—New York Sun.

## A DUTCH NEW YEAR.

Old-Time Hospitality in the Mohawk Valley.

CAKES BY BUSHEL. BASKET.

Honest Graft For the Matutinal Milkman—Run Teddy the Official Drink. Festive Day For the Faithful Farm Hand—Open House Everywhere.

There was no day of the year so generally, particularly and joyously celebrated in the Mohawk valley by the early Dutch settlers and by their descendants as New Year's, and when Jan and Barent met Rijkertje and Engeltje early on a bright, frosty New Year's morning the religious and somewhat formal greeting was when put into English:

"I wish you a happy New Year. Long may you live. Much may you give and happy may you die and inherit the kingdom of heaven by and by."

The preparations for the New Year's hospitalities were begun by the mothers and their daughters frequently as soon as the first frost and snow made their appearance, for there was much to be done to be ready on the joyous day. New Year's cakes, rich and delicious (some of the descendants of the early Dutch housekeepers make them now, using the same recipe and the same ancient dies and stamps that their great-grandmothers used) and about the size and shape of a man's hand and less than half as thick, were made by the bushel basketful—literally.

It was not unusual for the hospitable Dutch housewife to give from five to six hundred cakes to the children who called before the noon hour. The early rising by the boys and girls, which a proper observance of the day demanded, is equaled in our day by the early rising on the Fourth of July.

There was one old mansion in the Mohawk valley that was particularly notable for its hospitality (not only on New Year's day, but upon all occasions) and good times. It stood and is still standing on the estate of Alexander Lindsey Glen and was named by him in 1859 Scotia in memory of the land of his birth. The children started on their rounds at sunrise and went from house to house lustily pounding with the great iron or brass knockers. The little ones shouted, "Happy New Year for a cake!" but the older ones refrained from so far giving themselves away by leaving off the last three words. It was not at all an unusual occurrence for three or four hundred cakes to be given to the boys and girls before breakfast from the Glen mansion.

Coming down to more recent days in the Mohawk valley, the custom of giving cakes was extended to the milkmen. Each milkman always purchased a new bushel basket to carry about on New Year's morning in his wagon

for holding the supply of cakes and the other dainties which were sometimes added. Each house where milk was left helped fill the bushel basket.

At about 10 o'clock in the morning the men began to make their calls after making the most elaborate toilet of the year. A previous acquaintance was not necessary for one to make calls. It was the one day of the year when every home was open to everybody without regard to birth or position. The last day of the old year was spent by the women of the family in preparing dainty confections, solid, rich cake, and in the morning the choicest old wine was brought up from the cellar, and hot rum toddy was made, rum toddy being the official New Year's drink in the Mohawk valley.

The Dutch parook sparingly of the wine and toddy at each house, and, although nearly all the men were "mellow" by the time the festivities ended at midnight, no one was drunk. There was one exception to this rule. The farm hands were usually dead to the world by noon and so out of the way of their betters.

But all this charming hospitality and the delightful customs were made impossible a generation or more ago by the outsiders of other nationalities than Dutch, who flocked to the larger towns of the valley and turned the day of hospitality into a day of drunkenness.—New York Times.







# Why Not Save Money ON YOUR NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIPTION

Why pay the full price for a newspaper alone when you can get three papers for little more than the price of one? Why send your subscriptions to a number of different papers, when you can save time, trouble, and money by taking advantage of the undermentioned offers? We have arranged with the proprietor of NOBLE DEEDS—a monthly magazine devoted to the record of deeds of heroism, nobility, and self-sacrifice—to make our readers the following remarkably cheap clubbing rates.

## These Prices Speak for Themselves:

The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Western Home Monthly.....	\$1.50
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Montreal Weekly Witness....	2.00
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Montreal Daily Witness.....	3.50
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Canada West Magazine.....	1.65
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Farmers' Advocate.....	2.50
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Manitoba Weekly Free Press...	1.75
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Winnipeg Daily Telegram....	5.36
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Winnipeg Weekly Telegram....	1.85
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Nor-West Farmer.....	2.00
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Winnipeg Weekly Tribune....	2.00
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the World Wide Magazine.....	2.40
The Mail, Noble Deeds, and the Canadian Pictorial.....	1.75

## TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THESE PRICES!

Fill in name and address below, mark the combination you want, cut out this advertisement, and send it, with the necessary amount to the office of this paper. These papers may also be sent, without extra charge, to friends in any part of the British Empire.

Name .....

Address .....

If you do not need this form just now, cut it out and save it for use at a future date.

# HEETERS! HEETERS!

Cold weather is here, and the only way to be comfortable is to have a good, serviceable heater. Come and see our

## "Famous" Base Burners

before purchasing.

I have just opened a grand display of

## SILVERWARE

suitable for wedding or birthday presents.

**SPECIAL SNAP** for the balance of this month.—To everyone purchasing a "Never Fail" Oil Can, 4 imp. gals., I will fill with best Eocene Oil at 28 cents per gallon.

A square deal to everybody.

**C. C. CLOUGH, ELM CREEK**

## E. M. BLAKELY, M.D.

Physician and Surgeon  
Diseases of Women and Children  
Office in Elm Creek Drug Store. Residence at Mr. E. H. Wilson's. Office hours 10 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 5 p.m.

## DENTISTRY

DR. A. L. McLACHLAN,

Resident Dentist, of Carman, will visit Elm Creek on the First Monday in each month, for the practice of his profession. Office at rear of the Drug Store.

## J. H. HAVERSON

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, Etc.  
Solicitor for the Bank of Hamilton, and the Rural Municipalities of Dundas and Grey. Agent and Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation.  
Unlimited amount of money for investment. Will be at Elm Creek on Municipal Council day, for transaction of general business.

## F. J. BUTCHER

SUCCESSOR TO BROOKS & SUTHERLAND

Barrister, Attorney,  
Solicitor, Notary Public.

Special Examiner in the Court of King's Bench

Solicitors for the Canadian Bank of Commerce, R. G. F. & Co., etc.

Office over Post Office

CARMAN MAN.

## LAIDLAW & ST. JOHN

Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.

ELM CREEK MAN.

Office in Municipal Council Chamber  
Winnipeg Office, 711 Union Bank

Mr. S. R. Laddlaw will visit Elm Creek every Saturday for the transaction of business. Any enquiries or business requiring during the week may be left with Mr. W. C. Swale, who will forward to Winnipeg anything requiring immediate attention.

## J. A. STOREY

Auctioneer

ELM CREEK MAN.

Terms reasonable: to be had on application

## A. HAMEL

Auctioneer

FANNYSTELLE MAN.

Sales Conducted in Town or Country

## CHURCHES

### PRESBYTERIAN

Preaching every Sabbath, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.  
Sabbath School, 1.45 p.m.

Rev. G. C. GRANT, Pastor.

### CHURCH OF ENGLAND

Service every Sunday at 7 p.m.  
Sunday School at 2 p.m.  
Choir practice, Wednesday at 8 p.m.

Rev. E. A. DAVIS, Rector.

### METHODIST

Preaching every Sabbath, at 7 p.m.  
Sabbath School, 2 p.m.

E. L., Friday, 8 p.m. and choir practice.  
McDermitt School, preaching 11 a.m.  
Munro School, preaching, 3.30 p.m.  
Sabbath School, 2.30 p.m., alternate Sundays.

Dakota School, preaching, 11 a.m.  
Culross School, preaching, 3 p.m.  
Sabbath School, 2 p.m., alternate Sundays.

Rev. H. W. FERRIER, B.A., Pastor.

### ROMAN CATHOLIC

Mass at 10 a.m.  
Evening Prayer, etc., at 7.30 p.m., on the last Sunday in each month.

Rev. J. V. JOUBERT, Priest.

# New Scale Williams PIANOS

Are Winning Fame and Distinction

In the short space of time that these pianos have been on the market they have won fame and distinction, and that has been sought in vain by many manufacturers for a lifetime.

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS PIANOS are a decided improvement in tone, case beauty, and general construction, and are made to withstand the most severe climatic conditions.

Consider the economy of purchasing an instrument that is built beyond all doubt as to durability, and one that will teach you the highest appreciation of what is best in music.

Doherty Organs. Mason & Hamlin Organs.

Cross, Goulding & Skinner, Ltd.  
323 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

C. H. LEMMON  
Sole Agent, Elm Creek

# R. H. Staples

Wishes his Many Friends

# A Happy New Year

Look on Page 4 for the  
Winning Numbers

Thanking you for past  
patronage, and hoping  
to see you all through  
the coming year,

Yours for business,

# R. H. STAPLES Elm Creek - - Man.

Challenge Sale Now Raging!  
25 Per Cent. Discount Sale!

LOOK!

LOOK!

\$20 Suits & Overcoats,  
reduced to... \$15.00

\$18 Suits & Overcoats,  
reduced to... \$11.25

\$12.50 Suits and Over-  
coats, red. to \$9.40

A large assortment of  
broken lines of  
Suits, ranging down  
to... \$5.00

\$5 Buster, Sailor, and  
Norfolk Suits, re-  
duced to... \$3.75

A few Suits for  
little lads at \$2.00  
and... \$1.50

Boys' and Youths'  
Three-Piece Suits,  
as low as... \$3.50

Any Men's Soft Felt  
Hat, valued from  
\$2 to \$3, red. to \$1.00

Men's Warm Winter  
Caps, worth \$1. to  
\$1.50, reduced to .75

Penman's heavy fleece  
Underwear Suits,  
reduced to... \$1.00

A large assortment of  
Felt Footwear for  
Men and Women,  
lace or gaiters \$1.50

Tooke's brand of Fine  
and Working Suits  
—the roomy make.  
Reg. \$1.50; now \$1.00

Few Fine Coon Coats  
red. to \$50, \$55, \$60.



We'll hitch a bigger load to your dollar, than it ever pulled before. Reputation is the sign of merit. What we say means much; what we do means more.

LOOK FOR THE BUSY STORE!

## HART & CO.

OPPOSITE VICTORIA HOTEL, CARMAN