

Winnipeg Office - - 293 Market Street

Jeweller and Optician • • CARMAN

Should this company visit our town again we hope

under cultivation, good buildings, water and shelter; a good chance for a man with ten horses. — Apply to George

W. C. SOOLE - - - Agent

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

Over \$5 and not exceeding \$10	5 cents	
" " " " " "	10 cents	87
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These Orders are payable at par at any office in Canada of a Chartered Bank (Vancouver), or at the principal banking houses 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.

Mr. D. McLENNAN, Manager

Holliday & Simpson

ELM CREEK, MAN.

A TOTAL DEFICIT OF - \$831,800 A TOTAL SURPLUS OF \$1,631,843

From a Financial Standpoint, WHICH of the two political parties merits your support?

NOW BLEANS SAVED A FIREMAN

Many a man has escaped perils of fire and ocean to fall a prey to disease. Bileans saved Fireman J. E. Flanagan, of Bagin Road, Kingston, from this fate. He says: "I suffered terribly from indigestion and constipation. After food I had acute pain, a sensation of weight at the stomach, and belching followed by a 'worm-out' and languid feeling. My bowels would not work healthily but headaches were common, and I fell into a weak, worn-out state. What I needed was a remedy that would give me a new lease of life. One box of this remarkable remedy greatly improved me and a few boxes cured me. I have now gained weight and am quite restored. Bileans also cures piles, female ailments, anæmia, spring debility, blood impurities, pimples, eruptions, and all liver and kidney troubles. All druggists and stores at fifty cents a box, or from Bilean Co., Toronto, for price."

THE HUMAN BODY.

It is a Mass of Tiny Soap Globules Called "Myellins."

Man is made of soap and not of dust, according to a statement recently delivered before the Harvey Society at the Academy of Medicine in New York City by Professor J. G. Adams.

Man is not entirely made of soap, of course, but there are scattered through his body an unknown number of tiny globules called "myellins," which are now believed to be a primitive form of soap. It is the only pure type of soap on earth, and scientists say it may be that man was originally constructed on a self-cleansing principle. All he had to do was to exercise his will power, think hard and set his myellins of soap globules in motion.

The soap nature of human beings has been discovered by means of the polarizing microscope. Professor Adams gave a history of the curious researches which led up to the great discovery. Fifty years ago Virchow stumbled on the presence of myellins in nearly every tissue of the body. They were plentiful in the brain. They dissolved in hot alcohol. Strong alkalis failed to break them up. Virchow thought the myellins were albumens.

It was not until 1888 it was discovered they possessed peculiar refractive power. Finally Professor Loeb of Cambridge made an elaborate study of the globules and showed under the polarizing microscope they had queer cross markings and were in reality "liquid crystals" showing precisely the same markings as soap globules. This was considered sufficient to demonstrate their identity with soap.

The myellins, or soap globules, seem to contain a remarkable substance in common with acids and crystals. —New York World.

The Three Peanut States.

Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia are the leading peanut states. In Virginia the white peanut and the small red peanut are the varieties chiefly produced, while Georgia also largely produces this small red nut. In Tennessee the white nut, which is larger than the red and the larger variety of the red nut are raised. The chief peanut counties are Humphreys, Perry, Hickman and DeKalb, but the area of peanut cultivation has been enlarged in more recent years. Few peanuts are produced in east or west Tennessee, but in the counties named they are the chief money crop of a large per cent of the farmers. The peanut has many names—goober, pinder, earth nut, ground nut, ground pea. Northern soldiers called them goobers, and there was a well known song entitled "Grabbing Goober Peas" which was a favorite with troops marching through Georgia. —Nashville American.

Windows of Celluloid.

One of the many uses to which celluloid is put is in supplying window lights for the curtains of automobile tops. Celluloid is made in sheets of extreme thinness down to a thickness of only five-one thousandths of an inch, and such sheets of celluloid can be rolled up as readily and as closely as sheets of paper. From sheets of transparent celluloid pieces are cut of the size required for the windows, and when these have been set in place they can be rolled up with the curtains, like any other part of it. While the window of celluloid can thus be readily rolled up it is liable to be dented or crumpled, as a roll of paper would be, and so celluloid is not a perfect material for this use, but it appears to be the best that has yet been found.

A Poet's Dream.

A gentleman talking to a friend about the antiquity of his family which he carried up to Noah, was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ah!" said he. "How so, pray?" "Why," replied the other, "when I was a whale a pedigree of a particular family was shown to me. It filled about five large skins of parchment and near to the middle of it was a hole in the margin. About this time the world was created." —London Tit-bit.

Talkers—Can you see any earthly good in a tramp?

Sociologist:—He's a friend of the laboring man.

Talkers—How so?

Sociologist:—He never gets in his way. —Detroit Free Press.

Old Bailey Disappears.

London.—The new central criminal court erected on the site of the historic old Newgate prison, commonly known as Old Bailey, was opened by King Edward, who was accompanied by Queen Alexandra.

The function was a state affair. The streets traversed by the royal procession were decorated with bunting and lined by large crowds. The lord mayor and the sheriffs in their robes of state met their majesties at Temple Bar, where the lord mayor presented the king with the city sword. In a pavilion in front of the new session house an address was presented to the king, who replied and declared the building open. Their majesties subsequently inspected the interior of the court-house, the corner stone of which was laid in 1902. The king, in reply to the address, referred to the "Barbarous Penal Code" administered within the walls of the old building and said he rejoiced at the fact that this was being gradually replaced by the progress towards higher civilization by law, breathing a more humane spirit aiming at the nobler purpose of reforming criminals, by showing mercy to first offenders, which often proves the means of reshaping their lives.

SALT RHEUM CURED.

By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Doctors Treatment Had Failed.

Skin trouble indicates that the blood is in a poisoned state. It is the poison in the blood that causes blotches, pimples, eczema, boils, salt-rheum or bad complexion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood that banishes these troubles. Mrs. Osborne, wife of Andrew Osborne, clerk of the Township of Kennebec, Frontenac County, Ont., writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they did for me what doctors failed to do. Some years ago I was attacked by salt-rheum in the hands, caused by a run down condition of my blood. I endured the tortures of this terrible disease for some time, and only those who have been similarly afflicted can realize my suffering. At times my hands were so bad that I could not comb my hair; I was helpless. I consulted a doctor but his treatment failed to benefit me—my case seemed incurable. While in this condition I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. A trial soon began to improve and by the time I had taken about a dozen boxes I was completely cured and I have not since had the slightest return of the trouble. I can heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all similar sufferers."

You can't cure eczema, salt rheum and skin eruptions with salves and outward applications. These troubles are rooted in the blood and can only be cured through the rich, red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. This simple medical fact should be known to everyone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure skin diseases, but all other troubles caused by bad blood, such as anæmia, with its headaches, dizziness and backaches, heart palpitation, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and the special ailments that afflict so many women and growing girls. You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

General B—was the financial agent of the penitentiary of Texas in the early days. He warmly opposed General Houston's last election as governor of Texas, and not wishing to lose his place he in due time presented a petition asking to be retained his long and faithful services being urged as a reason for granting the prayer of the petitioners. "It appears from this petition," said Houston, "that you have been in the penitentiary eight years."

"Yes, sir."

"And you say that you have performed faithfully every duty imposed upon you during that time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, sir, I pardon you out."

"When I was in Arizona last summer, I used to read every week a little country paper whose editor's name I do not recall, an unalloyed joy to me."

Geodes Ernie Lamar.

"Once I remember, this editor wrote of a contemporary:

"Thus the black lie, issuing from his base throat, becomes a boomerang in his hand, and, hoisting him by his own petard, leaves him a marked man for life."

He said in his article on home life:

"The faithful watch dog of the good wife, standing at the door, welcomes the master home with honest bark."

—London Tit-bit.

Accidents to your home may happen at any moment.

GET READY for emergencies.

Buy a bottle of

Fellows' Learning's Essence

For Lameness in Horses

Only one bottle—used as directed—will cure lameness of any kind, whether it be caused by any of the following:

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Your Doctor

Can cure your Cough or Cold, no matter how long it has lasted, by going to a bottle of SHILOH'S CURE. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and it will cure you in a few days. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and it will cure you in a few days. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and it will cure you in a few days.

Why pay two to five dollars when a twenty-five cent bottle of SHILOH will cure you in a few days?

Why not do as hundreds of thousands of Canadians have done, and get a thirty-four cent bottle of SHILOH by your doctor whenever a Cough or Cold appears?

SHILOH will cure you, and all druggists back up this statement with a positive guarantee.

The next time you have a Cough or Cold cure it with

SHILOH

Hard Rules for Children.

London.—Dr. George Carpenter, a prominent authority on the diseases and treatment of children, in a lecture before the Institute of Hygiene, laid down several rules for child-rearing, one of which was that children must never be excused from eating wholesome food when set before them.

They must be made to eat it willingly, he said, and mothers must not be frightened when they scream or otherwise protest. There must be no second helping to dainties. If a child professes to be hungry after it has had its share, bread must be given to it.

Dr. Carpenter condemned currants, which, he said, were excessively indigestible and had not the least nutritive value. Children should never eat currant sultans or plum puddings. They should have no light at night, and should not be allowed to stay up after bedtime.

The Fall of Rheumatic Pains.—When a sufferer finds permanent relief in such a meritorious cure, how glad he is to tell it. O. W. Mayhew, of Thameville, Ont., couldn't walk or feed himself for months—four years ago three bottles of this great remedy cured him—not a pain since—his cure was a triumph for rheumatic sufferers.

The inhabitants of the Canary Isles finding themselves oppressed by famine, sent to the governor of Galicia one of their head men as an ambassador. He advised him not to lose himself in long-winded talk. He promised and kept his word. He took with him a large number of sacks, and, arriving at the town where the governor was on circuit, he opened one of them before him, saying only these words: "It is empty, sir."

The governor ordered this sack and the rest to be filled with meal, but he said to the speaker:

"You had no need to tell us that the sack was empty, nor that it was necessary to fill it; we should have readily guessed that. Another time be briefer in your talk." —Bon Vivant.

They Wake the Torpid Energies.—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated by time, they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parlee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

A Chicago physician was one day called to attend a sick child in a "shabby genteel" quarter of the Windy City.

"Madam," said the doctor to the mother, "you should send this child into the country for several weeks each summer."

"I am sorry to say, doctor," responded the woman, "that we are not rich enough to do that."

"Then," suggested the physician, "have her sent by the Fresh Air Train."

"Oh, doctor," exclaimed the woman, "we are not poor enough!" —Harper's Weekly.

Itch, Mange, Psoriasis, Scratches and every form of contagious skin on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion.

A regiment of regulars was making a long, dusty march across the rolling prairie land of Montana last summer. It was a hot, blistering day, and the men, longing for water and rest, were impatient to reach the next town.

A rancher rode past.

"Say, friend," called out one of the men, "how far is it to the next town?"

"Oh, a matter of two miles or so, I reckon," called back the rancher. Another long hour dragged by, and another rancher was encountered.

"How far to the next town?" the men asked him eagerly.

"Oh, a good two miles."

A weary half-hour longer of marching, and then a third rancher.

"Hey, how far the next town?"

"Not far," was the encouraging answer. "Only about two miles."

"Well," sighed an optimistic sergeant, "thank goodness, we're holdin' our own, anyway!"

"A woman should always depend on her husband for advice," said the devoted wife.

"Yes," answered the visitor, "but it does grow monotonous not to get any advice except to economize." —Washington Star.

"I never speak unless I have something to say," he remarked, when she asked him what made him so quiet.

"Gracious," the girl exclaimed, "how did you ever learn to talk?" —Chicago Record-Herald.

MAKING A NEW NATION.

Mr. Charles Marcell Delivers Address in New York and Tells of a Progressive Land.

New York.—The annual banquet of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association was held at the Waldorf-Astoria. The toast to Canada was responded to by Mr. Charles Marcell, M.P., deputy speaker of the Canadian House of Commons. After referring to the kindly feelings now existing between the people of the United States and those of Canada, and the peace which had reigned between them for now almost a century, Mr. Marcell said:

"I may state that we are organizing a gigantic celebration to be held in the historic city of Quebec on the occasion of the ter-centenary of its foundation, in which it is contemplated that Great Britain, the United States and France will participate, and will be represented by detachments of their navies and armies, in a grand gathering on the Plains of Abraham, on which, in the past, scenes so momentous in the history of the continent have been enacted. This will be another offering on the Altar of Peace. With peace assured through the interest and common sense of the countries concerned, there may be relations between us of the most intimate kind. Let me say at once that we in Canada do not believe that there ever can be political union with the United States."

We came to this conclusion from within the very period when the British flag replaced the flag of France upon the citadel of Quebec.

"Canadians today—French, Anglo-Saxon, Celtic—regardless of their origin or their creed, are one people, faithful in their allegiance to their motherland, but loyal, first and above all, to their native country."

"Proud of their heritage, their tree institutions and the stock from which they sprang, they are doing for the northern part of the American continent what the people of the United States have done for their own country. They are building a nation to share this continent with their cousins of this great republic. Canada is, indeed, today, in every sense of the word, a nation."

"Canada is no longer a fringe of territory on the border of the United States. We are going towards the north, in the climate where strong races live and prosper. We are building a new nation in the western hemisphere, prosperous, God-fearing, self-reliant, progressive."

"Canada extends to you the hand of fellowship in the great work of making of America the whole of America. What God intended should be a land of liberty, freedom and civilization."

"Let us all, brethren alike in our common ideals and common aspirations, resolve, each in his own sphere, to do all that in him lies to foster friendly feelings, come what may with the mother country, the greatest empire in the world's history and the common mother of our North American nations. Let there be peace between the United States and the British Empire and Canada; her eldest daughter, and the peace of the western world, at least, is for all time assured, and a tremendous influence will be exercised for the good of the world at large."

Many patent medicines have come and gone, but Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup continues to occupy a foremost place among remedies for coughs and colds, and as a preventive of decay of the lungs. It is a standard medicine that widens its sphere of usefulness year by year. If you are in need of something to rid yourself of a cough or cold, you cannot do better than try Bickle's Syrup.

"They told me the story of a well-known gentleman of San Francisco, who, charging through all the smoke and flames and litter on the first day of terror, came upon a fashionable lady of his acquaintance trudging along the middle of the street in her bedroom slippers with a window curtain thrown over her shoulders. He stopped his automobile to offer her his assistance in obtaining at the same time that the auto was all that he had saved out of the wreck, and even that had been commandeered by the soldiery."

"I, too, have lost all, she sighed. 'All but your beauty,' said he, with a courtly bow."

"And you all but your gallantry," she retorted, smiling. —Sunset Magazine.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Mr. Briefem, the most famous K.C. of his day, had retired from practice for good and all, and most people were content that it should be so. He bought a fine plot of land and had a magnificent house built upon it. But now came an important point. What should he call the house? It was a very puzzling question, and though he pondered it night and day a successful solution evaded him.

As a last resort, he wrote to a brother lawyer begging a suggestion for a suitable name. In due course the reply came: "Dear Briefem: It ran, 'what is wrong with Dunrobin?'" —English Magazine.

PEN-ANGLE

Pen-Angle Underwear is form-fitting so it can't help fitting your figure.

It's made of long-fibred wool so it won't shrink and it's guaranteed to last.

The whole idea is to make it so good you can't afford not to buy by the trademark (in red).

UNDERWEAR

HAVE PROVEN BEST FOR LIVER TROUBLES

And Constipation—Strong Letter in Recommendation of

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

With the liver in healthful, active condition there is no trouble from constipation, and this accounts for the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a "positive cure" for sluggish action of the bowels.

Mrs. R. Lockley Jones, Mount Tormie, B.C., writes:

"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for some years, and always have them in the house. They are the only pills that relieve me from constipation and liver troubles."

I say this after having tried nearly all kinds without benefit. I would not be without them and have recommended them to my friends, many of whom can bear testimony to their great value in liver and kidney complaints. I am satisfied that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are unequalled as a family medicine."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills succeed where mere kidney medicines

fail because they act promptly and directly on the liver, take the work off the kidneys, and then by their invigorating action on the kidneys restore them to health and vigor.

Because of the intimate and sympathetic relation of the liver and kidneys it is useless to treat them independently of one another. This fact was in the mind of Dr. Chase when he prepared the formula of his celebrated Kidney-Liver Pills and the phenomenal success of this great medicine has proven his wisdom.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills positively cure liver complaint, biliousness, constipation, backache and kidney disease. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box of his medicines.

Why So-called, Then?

Boy Patient—Can you walk on your hand?

Nurse—No, dear, I can't do anything like that.

Boy Patient—I thought you said you were a trained nurse.—Pacific Monthly.

Probable Purchaser—Your father's house is certainly a pretty one, my boy, but what are those funny things on the roof?

Owner's Son—I suppose they're mortgages. Pa always says that the house is covered with them.—Journal Amusant.

What Makes You Dependent? Has the stomach gone wrong? Have the nerve centres grown tired and listless? Are you threatened with nervous prostration? South American Nervine is nature's corrector, makes the stomach right, gives a world of nerve force, keeps the circulation perfect. A regular constitution builder for run-down people. One lady says: "I owe my life to it."

That spirit of thrift popularly supposed to pervade New England is amusingly illustrated by the observations of a Connecticut farmer.

The good man had been seriously ill in midsummer, but by reason of his strong constitution is quickly rallied. On being asked in the autumn how he was feeling, he replied in a cheerful tone:

"Pretty fair, now, thanks. Anyway, it don't make much difference, seeing that the farm's well fixed. If I'd died in hayin' or harvestin' time I calculate it'd been \$50 damage to me." Then, after a pause, he added:

"Come to think of it, that's too low a figure—\$50 would be nearer —Philadelphia Ledger.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Attentive Waiter—Feel like a cup of tea, sir?

Irascible Customer—Do I look like a cup of tea? —Harper's Weekly.

"Yes, ma'am," said Bridget, "I'll be 'avin' ye. I don't like that snip of a dude that does be callin' on Miss Mabel."

"The idea!" exclaimed the mistress. "He doesn't call to see you; so what?"

"I know he don't, ma'am, but I'm afraid some of the neighbors might think he does." —Philadelphia Press.

Have One Doctor

No sense in running from one doctor to another. Select the best one; then stand by him. Do not delay, but consult him in time when you are sick.

Ask his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for coughs and colds. Then use it or not, just as he says.

Ayer's

Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Almost as Old As the Hills.

Johnson's

Always keep a box of Ayer's Pills in the house. Just one pill at bedtime, now and then, will ward off many an attack of biliousness, indigestion, sick headache. How many years has your doctor known these pills? Ask him all about them.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

BROOKS' NEW CURE

Brooks' New Cure for Rupture

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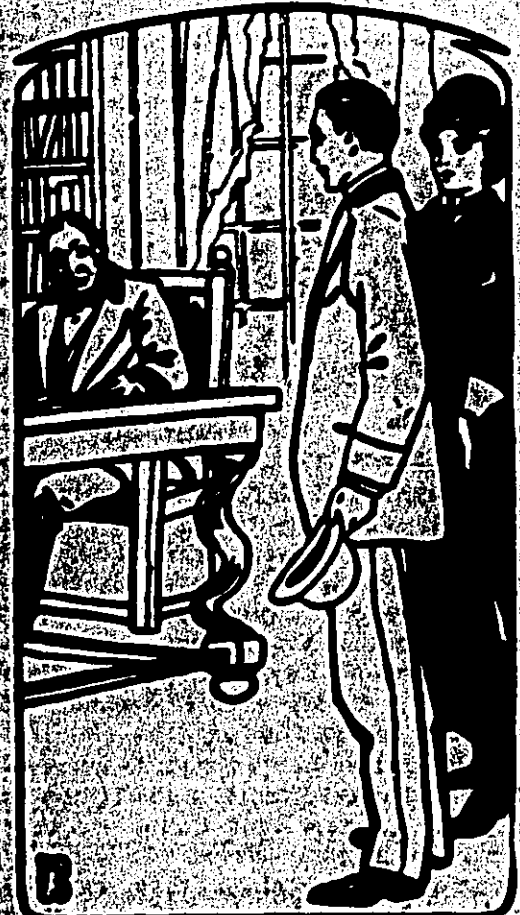
Brooks' New Cure for Rupture

Brooks' New Cure for Rupture

The Governor's Daughter

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay
Copyright, 1914, W. E. C. Parnell

She stood on the porch of the great colonial home, the wind ruffling her light hair, one hand tying with her riding whip. Around a corner of the driveway she caught a glimpse of the stable boy bringing her saddle horse, but it was not at him that she looked. Her gaze was concentrated on a tall figure coming up the drive, a young man in a dark suit very much the worse for wear. Notwithstanding the fact that his coat was much worn at the edges, nevertheless he carried himself with a certain assurance, which the sight of Juliet Arlington, standing erect and expectant by the door, did not in the least diminish. He mounted the steps. Juliet stopped



"A call to see you, Faxon."

playing with her riding whip and looked at him inquiringly. He raised his hat.

"Governor Arlington is at home, is he not?" he queried. His tone, like his eyes, were very direct.

"I really don't know," said Juliet, with polite indifference.

"Nothing daunted," the young man pressed forward, "this, determined

heaven hand and ring the bell."

Juliet gave him a sidelong glance.

"He looks," she thought, "as if he would strike up to the house of fate if

knock on the door and demand if

opportunity were within."

She turned suddenly. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but I believe I made a mistake just now. My father went for a short ride before breakfast. Yet I remember that he came back by a side entrance. I think he is in his study. Do you wish to see him?"

"She waved aside the servant who had come in answer to the bell and led the way herself, her trim heels tapping

now on the bare polished floor, now striking into rugs so soft that they made no sound. At the door on the right of the hall she paused, touched

lightly with her knuckles and in response to the deep voice within in-

quiring, "What is it, Juliet?" answered, "A caller to see you, father," and

sumg wide the door. The young man

thanked her and entered.

"When she returned at luncheon, eyes

and cheeks glowing brightly from ex-

citement, she found her father in a very

happy mood.

"You look," said Juliet, bending over

him, "as if you had found a gold

mine."

"Better than that," he replied. "I've

found just the young man I want for

my private secretary."

Juliet laughed. "Don't you mean,"

she said, slipping into her chair, "that

the young man found you?"

"The governor chuckled. "I guess

you're right," he answered, "and he

did it without a note of pull." He

looked past his daughter through the

window, where a stretch of woodland

could be seen, mellowing toward au-

tom.

"Most people find you that way, fa-

ther, dear," said Juliet, with an ap-

preciative glance.

"The best one do," he smiled, a

light on his rugged New England face.

The Arlington father and son had

been governors of that state, whose

granite hills are not more firm than

the hearts of its people. And the

wives of the governors had been wo-

men of fact and breeding, who lived

quietly and frugally in the great co-

lonial house, but who rose to state oc-

casions with a hospitality that was as

lavish as it was brilliant.

"And you're very like them, Juliet,"

the governor was fond of saying. "If

your mother was alive, she would be

proud of the resemblance. The way

you rule this house and preside over

it shows you have a steady heart and

head, and your discernment of charac-

ter is really wonderful in a girl of

twenty-two."

"What is the young man's name, fa-

ther?" went on Juliet, breaking in on

his remarks.

"Oh? Oh, you mean my private

secretary?" Faxon's face lit up. "John

Pharm. Came of a good family, but

very poor. Worked his way through

college, and now he's ready for a job."

"I see," said the girl slowly.

"The house was very gay that evening

with guests coming and going, and

when came to rest on John Pharm al-

most as much as her father did. He

was dressed in a smart way, as usual, to make the most of different situations. He was courteous, clever and resourceful.

The governor's daughter was surrounded by guests. She was the belle of every dance and dinner and driving party; but, though rumor engaged her first to this and then to that, she made no sign.

"When do you intend to give away that coal young heart of yours?" her father questioned. "And to whom?"

"To the right man at the right time," answered Juliet, serenely, and tripped away to see the formal decorations of the dinner table, for she was entertain- ing a large house party, and it was not her custom to leave the details to servants. She was the last to retire that evening, and as she stood in the great hall at the foot of the wide stair-

case John Faxon lit her candle for her. Then he lingered, watching her as she went up the stairs, the candle's glow making a soft halo for the pale gold of her hair and the delicate beauty of her face. Halfway up she paused and looked over the balusters. Her lips were smiling, her eyes dimly tender.

"Good night," said Faxon, half be- neath his breath, still watching her.

"John Faxon," she said quietly, "haven't you anything else to say to me?"

His face showed a battle between pride and love, and pride assumed the mastery. He shook his head.

"Nothing else," he answered coldly, but the look of adoration that he gave her haunted her dreams that night and for many nights after.

Outwardly their life went on exactly the same. Faxon neither sought nor avoided her. Both went quietly about their duties. The incident that had so stirred them seemed utterly forgotten.

Winter melted into spring, and late one evening Juliet came in from a long ramble in her garden. The essence of the flowers seemed still to cling to her, dewy and fresh and ineffable. Moon-

light streamed in the windows of the great hall as she entered it. She went to the quaint mahogany table for her silver candlestick and was aware of John Faxon standing in the shadow.

Mutely she held out the candle toward him, and he essayed to light it for her. His hand trembled, and three matches went out before he could accomplish it. He was very pale, but the governor's daughter was quite cool and undim-

ayed.

"Thank you," she said as he handed it to her. She looked adorable in the half light.

"Good night," said John Faxon, bow-

ing. Juliet paused.

"Have you nothing else to say to me?" she asked him.

"Nothing else," John answered. He spoke with difficulty.

Juliet dimpled bewitchingly, set down the candlestick and leaned toward him.

"Don't you think it's time you had?" she queried, laughing.

"Juliet," he cried, "you know that I worship you—that I adore you! And you know, too, what has held me silent all this time. I have nothing on earth to offer you but a poor man's love."

"Is love so cheap a thing that you speak of it bitterly?" said Juliet Arling-

ton. "And as for poverty—your life is not lived yet, John Faxon. My grandfather was a governor, my father is a governor, and unless I am the first Arlington woman to be mistaken in a man, my husband will some day be a governor too."

"With your help, Juliet," laughed Faxon brokenly. She was in his arms now, her head against his breast.

"Bless me, what's this?" cried her father, entering and peering through the gloom.

"It means," flashed Juliet before Faxon could speak—"It means that a candidate for my heart has been elected after a most exciting campaign."

"The right man at the right time," quoted the governor softly and held out his hands to them both.

See Eytling and C. R. Thorne, Jr.

When Rose Eytling was leading woman at A. M. Palmer's Union Square

theater, New York, with Charles R. Thorne, Jr., as her vis-a-vis in the cast,

she was a handsome woman and a fine actress. Owing to their different

temperaments, Miss Eytling and Thorne were frequently at odds behind

the curtain. One evening after a tri- fling spat Thorne sought to restore am-

icable relations with the irate actress while in the greenroom, waiting for

their cues to go on together. To achieve his purpose Thorne began to tell Miss

Eytling some interesting bits of gossip, but the actress leaned back in her

chair and yawned, especially often as the actor neared the climax of his story. This so exasperated him that he

exclaimed, with much temper, "For heaven's sake, Rose, don't swallow me!"

Miss Eytling rose with marked dig- nity and quietly responded, "You forget, Mr. Thorne, that I am a Jewess."

John Ruskin.

It was with a volume entitled "Modern Painters," which created a sensa-

tion in 1843 by reason of the brilliancy of its style and the originality of its

views, that John Ruskin first estab-

lished his fame as an art critic. His ul-

timate writings wielded an immense

influence in creating a new interest in the beauty of nature and of art in En-

gland. Then, again, his philosophical

works have done much to vivify ideas

of life and ennobled our standards of

conduct. Ruskin, however, was not only a philosopher, art critic and polit-

ical economist, but also a philanthro-

pit. He devoted time and money to the promotion of home industries and

always worked with the one great aim of improving the condition of his country and countrymen.—London Mail.

A NEED JUST LIKE SLEEP

In the language of Samuel South Sea in "Shamela":

The most convincing proof in proof of the existence in man of an instinct of natural death seems to me that report of by Topsy-turvy in relation to an old woman. In the lifetime of Topsy-turvy, I began an acquaintance of his to obtain for me the details of his most interesting case, of which I had formed but an incomplete statement. Topsy-turvy unfortunately could add nothing to what he had published in his article I believe, however, that I have found the source from which his instance has been taken.

In his book upon the physiology of death, which had its day of celebrity, Brillat-Savarin relates the following: "I had a great-aunt, ninety-three years old, who was dying. Although for some time confined to her bed, she had retained all her faculties, and her condition was only betrayed by her loss of appetite and the weakening of her voice. She had always shown a fondness for me, and I was near her bed affectionately ready to wait on her, which did not prevent my watching her with the philosophical eye I have ever had for the things and events surrounding me. 'Are you there, nephew?' she asked, in a scarcely audible voice. 'Yes, aunt; I am here at your service, and I think you would do well to take a little good old wine.' 'Give, mon ami. One can always swallow liquid,' I hastened. Raising her gently, I made her take half a glass of my best wine. She brightened for a moment and, looking at me with eyes which had once been very blue, 'Thank you,' she said, 'for this last favor. If ever you reach my age you will find that death becomes a need, just like sleep.'

"These were her last words. Half an hour later she had fallen asleep forever. We unmistakably have here an instance of the instinct of natural death. The instinct was shown at a relatively early age is a person who had retained all her intellectual faculties."—Professor Ellis Mitchell in Harper's.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

Beat a boy out of a dime and the crime will never outlaw.

Comparison may not be a detraction, but it is certainly a half sister.

The truth with unselfish people is they are liable to brag about it.

There is only one way in this world to get your own way—insist upon it.

Almost any defense would be all right if you could make people believe it.

It is just as dangerous to tell some people a secret as it is to fool with a loaded gun.

When a man submits to a procession wedding the other men look at him the way boys look at a boy whose mother makes him wear long curls.

The man who has made a failure in any line of business never has a very good opinion of the man who started in the same line at the same time and made it a success.

Too Deep.

The story is told of a lank, discomfited looking farmer who one day during the progress of a political meeting in Cooper institute stood on the steps with the air of one who has been surfeited with a feast of some sort.

"Do you know who's talking in there now?" demanded a stranger, brightly, pausing for a moment beside the discomfited farmer, "or are you just going in?"

"No, sir. I've just come out," said the farmer decidedly. "Mr. Evans is talking in there."

"What about?" asked the stranger.

"Well, he didn't say," the farmer answered, passing a mottled hand across his forehead.

A Pot Tiger.

Out of a river bed where it had tumbled when its dam was put to flight some hunters in India fished a tiger cub. In two days it was as tame as a kitten and grew up the playmate of the camp terrier. It was very fond of them and the terriers worshiped the cub. To allay the fears of a woman visitor the terrier was one night chained up. Next morning the animal was found with a man under her. She had not hurt him. He was a thief, and not knowing of her existence, had come within the area which her length of chain enabled her to command. She sprang upon him, lay on him and kept him prisoner until guards came to release him.

A Famous Fencer.

Apart from its wide range, the natural beauty and sweetness of the voice of Sims Reeves held his audiences spellbound and fully entitled him to be termed the finest English tenor of his day. He especially excelled in oratorio parts, while in opera his success was scarcely less pronounced. Per-

haps it was as a singer of English ballads that Sims Reeves appeared to the majority, and it will probably be many a long day before we shall hear a more exquisite rendering of "Bally In Our Alley" than that of which this great tenor was capable.—London Mail.

Suggested Rules.

Visiting Relatives.—But you have nothing to see over here—nothing, I mean, in the way of grand old things that have long since fallen into dis-

use. Get home.—We haven't any. Wait till you get a copy of the city

directories.—Life.

Conquering Women.

Blocker.—My wife got the best of me in an argument this morning. Mother.

My wife never got the best of me but once. Blocker.—When was that?

Mother.—When she married me. Chas. May.

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A CUP OF TEA

Frederick Douglass, in "The Free Press of the Evening."

One hears a great deal about the alcohol and opium habits and various other drug addictions, but rarely does one hear a word concerning a very common and in many cases very injurious habit—namely, the tea habit.

This habit is much more common in England, Russia and China than in the United States, but one would hardly say that it is uncommon here.

The stimulating effect of tea is due to an alkaloid identical with the caffeine found in coffee. This principle is a valuable medicinal agent, but taken habitually, exerting as it does a powerful stimulating effect upon the heart and nervous system, it is a very serious matter. Some persons drink tea a long time without suffering any inconvenience; others gradually develop a train of symptoms which begin with loss of appetite, dyspepsia and various stomach derangements, followed by nervous palpitation of the heart, insomnia, dreams, broken sleep, incapacity for mental work, neuralgia and various organic ailments. Fatigue follows the slightest effort. The complexion assumes a pasty gray color, the body becomes thin and emaciated, and approaching decrepitude is suggested by the appearance and every action of the victim.

Of course it does not follow that every one who drinks tea, even liberally, will suffer like this, but it is well for every one to know what may happen.—A Physician in New York World.

DIET FOR BABIES.

How Mothers Should Prepare For the Weaning Period.

"A child should not be nursed beyond the twelfth month unless there is some unusually good reason for so doing, as in these days of high pressure living it is doubtful if it is good for the mother or child," says Marianna Wheeler in Harper's Bazar. "Few women are able to prolong successfully the nursing period beyond the eighth month, and usually they must give it up even a month or two earlier. I would advise every nursing mother to start the very first month or even the first week giving her baby one bottle feeding a day in view of the fact that the weaning period is sure to come sooner or later, often from some unforeseen happening instead of in the ordinary course of events. It is well to accustom the stomach at an early age to two kinds of food. Then if it becomes necessary to force the weaning suddenly it is not such a difficult undertaking. Sudden changes from one food to another are not desirable for an infant, especially for a very young one with delicate and undeveloped organs of digestion."

DRESS HINTS.

Shoes that have become hardened by dampness or mud if rubbed with a little glycerine and wiped off well before applying blacking will not crack.

In making a shirt waist with tucked fronts an easy way to get both sides the same is to measure the length desired for both fronts, leaving it in one place, and then tack it, which saves the bother of measuring and is done more quickly.

Mantles, bodices and waists should never be hung. They should be neatly folded, so as to keep them as straight and even as may be, and laid flat on a shelf. A piece of paper or muslin should be tucked over them to preserve them from dust.

Go over silk drop skirts and silk petticoats every now and then with a clean cloth, wrung so hard out of water that it is barely moist. It is surprising how much dust the cloth will take up and how much it adds to the life of the skirt.

Baby's Bedroom Slippers.

When making children's little bedroom slippers it is very often difficult to buy the ordinary lamb's wool soles in the small sizes. Here is the best way for making them at home: First procure a piece of thin, soft leather, which may be bought from most shoe repairers for a few cents; then cut a pattern of the sole of baby's ordinary shoe the size you require. Afterward cut out in leather, taking care to get the rights and lefts. Next take a piece of tape half an inch wide, double it and machine round edge of sole, leaving the double edge to form a welt to sew the woolwork to. Now get a piece of cotton wool and lay on sole perfectly even, cover with a piece of tissue paper to prevent wool catching and machine altogether; leather upward, nearly half an inch from the edge so as not to interfere with the welt. Machine down center of sole, also across, tear off the paper, and you will have a pair of the nicest and warmest little soles for bedroom slippers.—New York American.

Mending Tinsware.

A unique method of mending tinware is practiced by a clever housekeeper. After trying to solder a leaky pan with poor satisfaction, one day in desperation she caught up a paper bag—the kind made of tough brown paper—and tore off a piece which she pasted across the hole on the outside, using cold water paste. Hot water was then turned into the pan and left to stand for a few minutes when she found her makeshift patch was on so tight that seeping with a knife would not remove it. The patch remained in place for three weeks or until the dishwasher of the pan on the stove to dry and spread of the paper. However, it was very easily replaced and is now my friend's regular method of mending certain pieces of tinware. In looking for a piece of tin used for cooking vessels this is a cheap and quick method worth passing on.



MRS. CAROLINE F. CORBIN.

She labors to keep her feet from the ballot box.

Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin of Chicago, who for many years has been president of the Illinois Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women, is a bitter opponent of any and all movements tending to bring her out into contact with the ballot box. Mrs. Corbin aims to elevate and advance women in the social plane, but she does not believe in the ballot box as a means to her end. Her motto is, "The home for women and women for the home," and it is along these lines that her life work has been mapped. Mrs. Corbin has published many books, most of them upon social ques-



MRS. CAROLINE F. CORBIN.

tion, and is a contributor to the magazines. She was born in Connecticut in 1835 and was married to Calvin R. Corbin in 1861. Her first important work as a leader of her sex was in the foundation of the Association For the Advancement of Women. The most recent book which she has brought out is "A Woman's Philosophy of Love," published in 1902. Mrs. Corbin opposes woman's suffrage on the ground that it threatens home life and is an adjunct to Socialism.

The Bath Rug.

The bath rug should be made of washable material, should be daily shaken and the floor, if of tile, wiped with a damp cloth. Wooden bathroom floors should be dusted with a long handled lamb's wool brush, and special pains should be taken to clean under and behind the fixtures, so as to remove every accumulation.

That everything thus collected should be burned seems obvious, but long and rigorous training sometimes is required to persuade the ignorant not to drop them down the tub. Nothing is more provocative of plumbers' bills than this. Even bits of soap, although they seem harmless, have a tendency to collect all other solid particles and cause an accumulation which it will cost to remove. The interior of the catch basin must be daily cleaned with a long handled stiff brush, slightly curved at the end. This brush should be excellent of its kind, else the bristles will fall.

For cleaning the marble basin and the bathtub and faucets strong soap-suds with ammonia or soda should be used now and then, but for the daily cleaning one of the quickest and best agents is gasoline.

Molten a small cloth with this, and a quick rubbing will cause the streaks of greasy dirt to disappear as if by magic. All nickel is brightened at once by gasoline. There are objections to the odor, but fresh air from the windows, opened at the top and bottom, will

THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM.

Author of "The Old Oaken Bucket"

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(Continued From Last Week.)

CHAPTER X.

"THE show troupe has come to town," said the tall, lank postmaster to every one who called, and the words passed from mouth to mouth, so that those who did not witness the arrival were soon aware of it. Panchinello and his companions never attracted more attention from the old country peasants than did the chariot and its occupants as on the day after their night in the woods they passed through the main thoroughfare of the village where they were soon to appear.

Dealing as in review before the rank and file of the village, the coach, with an extra flourish, rattled up to the hotel, a low but generous sized edifice, with a wide, comfortable veranda, upon the railing of which was an array of boots and behind them a number of disconcerting looking transoms.

"You want to register, do you?" said the landlord in answer to Barnes' inquiry as the latter entered the office.

"We don't keep a register, but I guess we can accommodate you, although the house is rather full with the fellows from the art. ex.," he added, by way of explanation, in answer to the manager's look of surprise. "Philadelphia freight wagon, I suppose you would call them. But we speak of them as arts because they take in all creation. There's the occupants making a Mount Ararat of the porch. They're downhearted because they can't for the town's temperance."

"I trust, nevertheless, you are prepared for a season of legitimate drama," suggested Barnes.

The other shook his head dubiously. "The town's for lectures clear through," he answered. "They're been making a big fuss about show folks."

The manager's countenance did not fall, however, upon hearing this announcement; on the contrary, it showed forth inscrutable satisfaction. No sooner were they settled in far from commodious quarters than preparations for the future were seriously begun, with Barnes the leading spirit. Despite his assertion that he was an scholar, the manager's mind was the storehouse of a hundred plays, and in that department were many bags of gold and many bags of lead. From this accumulation he drew freely, frankly, in the light fingered fashion of master playwrights and lesser theatrical thimble riggers.

Before the manager was a table—the stage—upon which were scattered miscellaneous articles, symbols of life and character. A stately miscellany represented the leading lady, a pepper box the irascible father, a rotund mustard pot the old woman, a long, slim crust the innkeeper, and a powder upon the lover.

Barnes gravely demonstrated the action of the scene to Saint-Proper, and the latter became collaborator, "babbling" as it were, while the manager, in his autobiographical date book and diary, "the sword for the pen and the glow of the Champs de Mars for the glimmer of a heroine's lamp." And yet not with the inclination of Berguoyne or other military gentlemen who have courted the banks and neck. On the contrary, so foreign was the occupation to him leaving that often a whimsical light in his eye betrayed his disinclination and modest disapproval in his own stress for the task. "He said the way I laid out an act reminded him of planning a campaign, with the cavalry arrayed for swift service and the infantry marching steadily on, carrying with them the main plot or strength of the movement."

No sooner were the salt cellar and pepper box revealed, and the powder upon the arm of the loving craver, with the curtain descending, than Barnes, who, like the immortal Alcibiades Triplet, could turn his hand to almost anything, became furiously engaged in painting scenery. A market place, with a huge wagon containing oxen and poultry, was dashed off with a certainty that would have made a rural academical turn green with envy. The Tiddy Wink too was so faithfully reproduced that the painted bottles were a real temptation while on the pastoral green of a rural landscape, grassed down as lifeless that, as Barnes observed, it actually seemed they would eat the scenery all up. But, shabby news and play were alike finished, and results demonstrated that the manager was correct in his estimate of such a drama, which became a forerunner of other plays of the kind.

"The Bottle," "Fruit of the Wine Cup," "Aunt Dinah's Prayer" and "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

In due time the drama was given, in the bare hall, after the rehearsal had been witnessed by a committee from the temperance league, who reported that the play "could not but contain great educational value."

It was a success, the success of an honest and successful drama in all good things. The temperance league was not only well pleased, but the play had secured a large audience. The town had secured a large

audience platform, which now served the purpose of a stage, and—no worthy circumstance—there were gas jets for footlights, the illuminating fluid having, at that early date, been introduced in several of the more progressive villages. Between the acts these yellow lights were turned low, and, running with the current of popular desire, the orchestra, enlarged to four, played by special request "The Old Oaken Bucket."

The song had just sprung into popularity, and in a moment men, women and children had added their voices to the instruments. It was not the thrill of temperance fanaticism that stirred their hearts, but it was the memory of the old pioneer home in the wilderness; the rail splitting, road building days; the ancient rites of "rulings" and other neighborly ceremonies; when the farmer cut eye with a cradle and thrashed it out with his fall; when "better and eggs were plimoney" and wheat paid the storekeeper.

"How solemnly they take their amusements in the north, Mr. Barnes," exclaimed a voice in one of the transoms. "What a contrast to the south—the wicked south!"

The manager turned sharply. "We are more servants of the public, Mr. Manville."

"And the public is master, Mr. Barnes! How the dramatic muse is whipped around! In Greece she was a goddess, in Rome a busy, in England, a sprightly dame, now a straight laced Priscilla. But you have a recruit, I see!"

"You mean Saint-Proper?"

"Yes; and I can hardly blame him—under the circumstances," murmured the land baron, at the same time glancing around as though seeking some one.

"Circumstances! What circumstances?" demanded the manager.

"Why, the pleasant company he finds himself in, of course," said the visitor easily. "Ah, I see, Miss Carver," he added, his eye immediately lighting, "and must congratulate her on her performance. Curious dusty hole, isn't it?"

Struck by his remark, with his handkerchief as he moved away. "What business had he behind the scenes anyway?" grumbled the manager. "Dusty hole, indeed! Confused his 'impudence'! But, his attention being drawn to the pressing engagement of a first night, Barnes soon forgot his irritation over this unwarranted intrusion in lowering a drop, holding a fly or readjusting a flat to his liking."

The land baron meanwhile creased to the smidgen at the rear of the stage behind the boxed seats, where he had observed the young girl waiting for the curtain to rise on the last act. As she approached Manville, who stood motionless in an unlighted spot, the pale glow played upon her a moment, wrote on her cheek, in shyness on the folds of her gown, and then she stepped into the shadow, where she was met by a tall figure, with hand eagerly outstretched.

"Mr. Manville," she exclaimed, drawing back at the suddenness of the encounter.

"His radiant eyes held hers, but his greeting was conventional."

"Did I not say the world was small, and that we might meet again?"

"Of course, we are always meeting people and parting from them," she replied unconcernedly.

"He laughed. 'With what delightful indifference you say that! You did not think to see me again?'"

"I hadn't thought about it," she answered frankly, annoyed by his persistence.

"I am unfortunate," he said.

Beneath his free gaze she changed color, as though the shadow of a rose had touched her face.

"You are well?" he continued.

"Yes."

"I need not have asked," his expression conveyed more, so much more, but he said so importantly. "How do you like the new part?"

"It is hard to tell yet," she answered evasively.

"You would do justice to any role, but I prefer you in a historical or romantic play, with the picturesque old costumes. I fear, however, I am detaining you."

He drew aside with such deference to permit her to pass that her companion, much to her surprise, was half inclined to turn and leave him more graciously, but this impulse was succeeded by another feeling. All defined, the prevailing mood, thought, had she looked she would have seen that her departing guest, touched his hand and he quickly raised it to his lips, kissing it immediately. As it was, she moved on, unaware of the gesture. The conductor, or, rather, string quartet, had ceased; Barnes' hat in hand, a multitude of hands bowed her companion; the footlights glared, the din of voices subsiding, and the curtain rose.

Remaining in the background, the land baron watched the young girl approach the entrance to the stage.

"How do you do, Mr. Manville?" said a girl just behind, voice, interrupting the conversation, and Barnes, in a short time, had a new partner, a girl

"The bottle he's making you, Barnes."

"Push," murmured dubiously. "I don't believe you! You came to me once, one day. Well—Society—she is already engaged."

"Really?" said the land baron.

"Yes. You understand? He (Barnes) has with his every glance," she added vaguely. "Barnes was never known to commit the such a little when it served his purpose."

"I should like to be following her with more than his eyes," he muttered the master of the master dryly.

Barnes tapped the stage viciously with a little foot. "She's a lovely girl," he continued, drawing cabalistic signs with the prevailing slipper.

"You are piqued," he said, watching her skeptically.

"Not at all," quickly, startled by his blunt accusation.

"Not a little jealous?" he persisted playfully.

"Jealous?" Then, with a frown, hesitatingly: "Well, she is given prominence in the plays and—"

"You would not be subordinated if she were not in the company? Apart from this, you are fond of her?"

The foot ceased its tracing and rested firmly on the floor.

"I hate her!" snapped Susan, angered by this baiting. No sooner had she spoken than she regretted her outburst.

"How you draw one out! I was only joking, though she does have the best parts and we take what we can get!"

"But she's a lovely girl!" concluded the land baron.

Susan's eyes flashed angrily.

"How clever of you! You twist and turn one's words about and give them a different meaning from what was intended. If I wanted to catch you up—"

"A truce!" he exclaimed. "Let us take each other seriously hereafter. Is it agreed?" She nodded. "Well, seriously, you can help me and help yourself."

"How?" doubtfully.

"Why not to allies?"

"What for?"

"Mutual service."

"Oh!" dubiously.

"A woman's yes?"

"No," with affirmative answer in her eyes.

He believed the latter.

"We will seal the compact then."

And he bent over and saluted Miss Susan on the lips. She became as rosy as the flowers she carried and tapped him playfully with them.

"For shame! La! What must you think of me?"

"That you are an angel."

"How lovely! But I must go."

"May I see you after the play?"

"Yes."

"Do not fail me or the soldier will not transfer his affections to you!"

"If he dared!" And she shook her head defiantly as she tripped away.

"Little fool!" murmured Manville, his lips curling scornfully. "The one is a pest; the other—be patient and caught his breath—a passion!"

But he kept his appointment with Susan, escorting her to the hotel, where he bade her good night with a lingering pressure of the hand and ordered his equipage to the door.

"Haden't you better wait until morning?" asked the surprised landlord when the young patron announced his intention of taking an immediate departure. "There are the barn burners, and traveling at night—"

"Have they turned footpads?" was the light reply. "Can't I drive through my own lands? Let me see one of their thieving faces!" And he made a significant gesture. "Not ride at night! These Jacobins shall not prevent me."

Barring the possible danger from the horseholders, who were undoubtedly ripe for any mischief, the journey did not promise such discomfort as might have been expected, the coach being especially constructed for night traveling. On such occasions between the seats the space was filled by a large cushion adapted to the purpose, which in this way converted the interior of the vehicle into a sleeping room of limited dimensions. With pillows to neutralize the jarring, the land baron stretched himself idly upon his couch and gazed through the window at the crystalline lights of the heavens, while thoughts of horseholders and barn burners faded into this air.

At dawn when he opened his eyes the morning star yet gleamed with a last pale lustre. At the manor, where the patron shortly reached, the overwakened Oly-kocks was already engaged in chopping wood near the kitchen door. The growling of the bound at his feet called the caretaker's attention to the master's coming, and, driving the ax into an obstinate stick of hickory, he donned his coat, drawing near the vehicle, where he stood in stupid wonderment as the land baron alighted.

"Any callers, Oly-kocks?" carefully asked the master.

"A committee of barn burners, my liege, to ask you not to nerve any more wheat."

"And so give them time to fight me with the lawmakers! But, there, carry my portmanteau into the library and—"

—as Oly-kocks' upper lip drew back—"teach your dog to know me."

And, expecting the value, Manville took therefrom a handsome French writing case.

"Then with Bab of the law," wrote the patron, "to be known by these means, then are summoned to appear before me! I have work for you, and to move any one with a writ, assign, bring an action or any of your rascally, preposterous tricks! Send me no demerits, but your own incompetence!"

Which, despite the patron addressed to his legal satellite and dispatched by messenger.

"To be our vassal!"

CLERKS' HOURS IN GERMANY

As shown in the survey with the long middle interval.

A discussion is going on in commercial circles in Germany regarding the respective merits of the English and German systems of arranging the hours of work in banks, company offices and big business houses.

It has always been customary in Germany for clerks and accountants and all workers of this class to begin work considerably earlier than in the case in England and to terminate work in the evening much later than is usual in London. Work begins in German offices, as a rule, at 8 o'clock in the morning and is frequently not concluded before 8 o'clock in the evening.

Partial compensation for the early beginning and late termination is obtained by taking a two hours' pause at midday, but even with this break the total hours worked in German offices considerably exceed those in English offices, especially as a half holiday Saturday is still an exceptional arrangement in Germany.

An agitation is now going on for the abolition of the long middle interval and of the introduction of the hours of work usual in English offices. Many German business men, however, resist the innovation and persist in maintaining the old fashioned system.

Many German stockbrokers, company directors, directors of banks and captains of industry adopt a curious arrangement by which they dine, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and afterward return to their offices from 6 till 8 o'clock in the evening.

Those Germans who have practical experience of office work in England are unanimous in declaring that English clerks do just as much in six or seven hours as German clerks in nine or ten hours and advance this as a strong argument in favor of the general adoption of the English hours of work in offices.

A few of the big banks in Berlin have already got as far as a working day of eight hours, from 9 o'clock in the morning till 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with two hours less Saturday, when they close at 3 o'clock—Berlin Letter in London Standard.

Electricity in the Home.

In a \$2,000 or \$4,000 house it is a very common matter to wire for electric lights, but by giving the subject a little further attention with your electrical contractor and the architect it is possible to arrange outlets for lighting socket heating devices at very little extra expense. Such receptacles would be taken off from the lighting wires in a very simple manner. The cost of operating later at lighting rates would not be large, for the reason that the electrical devices which will be used on such a circuit consume only a small amount of electricity and are generally used for only short intervals. They would comprise, for example, the chafing dish, the coffee percolator, heating pad, cigar lighter, shaving mug, curling iron, baby milk warmer, small frying pan, and many others—Cassier's Magazine.

A Bale of Cotton.

In order to see how far a certain bale of cotton was shipped before being manufactured into goods W. H. Parks, Jr., of Ennis, Tex., placed a note in a bale which was shipped in the autumn of 1905 asking the person who finally received and opened it to write to him and tell him where the cotton was used and what price was paid. The bale traveled many thousands of miles, as is shown by this letter, which Mr. Parks received recently from Reval, Russia, which is situated on the Baltic sea:

Reval, Russia, Aug. 2 (Sept. 5).

The bale of cotton in which your letter and blank memorandum were found was received at the Baltic mill, Reval, Russia, via Bremen, bought from Gebrüder Fritz of that city at 2.54 a pound.

A Tree Fresh.

A rare proof of the vitality of certain trees is offered by a poplar in the village of Gunten, on the Lake of Thun. When, about twenty years ago, a fountain was placed before the post-office building of that place the building was used for a shank and girder of the water conduit a young poplar trunk which they drove into the ground and in which the pipe was inserted. After a short time the trunk began to throw out shoots, and today it is a tall tree, with heavy foliage. The water pipe is now completely overgrown, and it is a strange sight to see a jet of water stream forth from the interior of the uninjured tree.

Chinese Pirates.

When Chinese pirates are caught and convicted they speedily pay the penalty of their crimes. A newspaper of the far east publishes this bit of news: "Seven of the pirates who took part in the attack on the river steamer Saliam were beheaded in Canton. The prisoners were brought on to the ground in baskets, from which they were immediately released. They were then made to kneel in a row. Promptly on the stroke of 12 the executioners took up their positions in front of the doomed men and cut off their heads in very quick succession, to the accompaniment of loud shouts from the Chinese spectators."

Salmon Rope.

A New York concern has begun the manufacture of a specially made rope for salmon purposes. One prominent salmon buyer has given it an order for 50,000 feet. Heretofore these explorers of the faithless upper regions have been compelled to import the rope needed for their excursions. The kind now being made in America is kind upon from the finest Italian fiber and laid up with the utmost care so as to produce the greatest possible tensile strength with a minimum weight.

IN FASHION'S REALM

SKATING COSTUME FOR GIRLS WHO LOVE THIS SPORT.

A Color That is Especially Becoming Should Be Selected—Corduroy Skirt—A Most Attractive Costume—And to Indiscreetly Trimmed With Mink.

Now that the skating season is here it behooves every lover of this sport to procure at once a smart skating costume, provided that this gown was not purchased some time since in order to be ready for the first real freezing spell. It's every bit as essential to have a skating costume perfect in its way as it is to possess the correct style of reception gown or ball dress, and it is the greatest mistake to think that any old dress will pass muster simply because it is to be put to hard usage.

Corduroy makes a most attractive skating costume. A color that is peculiarly becoming should be selected, for



OF MODERATE AND LACE.

the dress must be most simply made, relieved only by the fur collar at the throat and possibly by some bright shade in the hat. Red is most effective and is always charming for winter. White corduroy is scarcely practical, but, trimmed with mink or sable, it would be difficult to conceive of a more charming costume. Any rough cloth is better than one with a smooth finish, and the bright shades of blue, red, green or brown are all attractive against the dark fur. It is better to have the collar and sleeves directly lined, or, rather, faced, with fur or to have a double fur collar attached to the coat than to wear a separate stole or boa, which is sure to be continually slipping off and so be a constant form of annoyance. A brilliant red cheviot trimmed with mink or brown marten worn with a hat of the same kind of fur does not make such an expensive costume, and nothing could be more effective.

To be correct a skating skirt should be unusually short—if becoming it need come but an inch or so below the high boot—for if too long it will be continually catching in the skate and, besides, will quickly become damp from the ice. It should be full, but have as few points as possible, for it is a nuisance to have this style of skirt constantly pressed off, and yet plaits that have "come out" are exceedingly ugly. A plain three-quarter or hip length coat with fitted or semi-fitted back and box front is altogether the smartest model. The so called three-quarter jackets are some inches shorter than those of last year, and save in the elaborate coats for afternoon there are few of the long, models. Long sleeves with turned back cloth or fur cuffs are alone sensible.

A smart skating costume may be made of pastel blue cloth, with a simple cloth waist, short full skirt and plain three-quarter jacket. To be slip-



FRONT OF SKIRT AND DOTTED LINE.

ped on after skating in this suit, a long loose fur lined coat of the same shade of cloth, trimmed with wide mink collar, revers and cuffs, is a charming combination. A little blue velvet toque trimmed only with mink head and tails sets off this skating suit to advantage. It is a jump from skating gowns to French blouses, but the illustrations show two of these waists carried out in the latest mode. Both are elaborately trimmed with lace and embroidery, and they have the short sleeves, which are to continue their popularity throughout the spring and summer.

AMY VARNUM.



I wish to consider that one trial of all dairymen, the clipping of the manure to the thighs and backs of the cows, writes W. J. Elliott in American Agriculturist. I have heard it said that this is easily overcome if the dairyman makes it his chore to brush down the thighs of the cows every day. It is a fact that it is not a big chore if we look to the bedding and the brushing each day. At present I am practicing in my dairy a system of keeping clean the cows' thighs. It consists of the clipping very short of the hair on the thighs, backs and tail of the cows. The accompanying illustration shows what I mean. You will find the portion of the cow's thigh that is clipped is below the dotted line.

With an ordinary pair of horse clippers cut very short the hair from below the hock to a line drawn from the stifle to the tail head. The horse clippers in a way also be used for clipping the under, but the clipping of the tail is difficult unless we have some one to hold it.

Now, when the cow gets up, any litter that

may cling to her thighs will dry very quickly because it is so close to the hide. When dry it is very easily brushed off and the thigh is as clean as ever. If the thighs are not clipped and the long winter coat of hair becomes wet with manure we all know what a long time it takes it to dry even if brushed off as clean as possible.

This system has worked so successfully and it takes such a short time to clip the animals that I clip not only my cows, but my steers. It is really wonderful how clean they can be kept with very little care when they are clipped in this manner. Besides this, with my steers, we clip a ridge two widths of the horse clipper right along the backbone from the tail head to the back of the head. This is just the place, especially on the steers, where the hair, in a measure, is standing on end and furnishes a splendid position for dust and dirt to drop directly into the hide. When the hair is cut short the slightest brushing will prevent the collection of dust and dirt in this manner, and thus the steers have not that restless itchy feeling along the shoulders and back.

This system of clipping the cows and steers is practiced regularly twice each winter. Two of my men clip ten cows in an afternoon before milking time, and I certainly figure that these few hours are saved ten times over during the winter by the ease with which the cows are kept clean.

Concentrated Dairy Feeds.

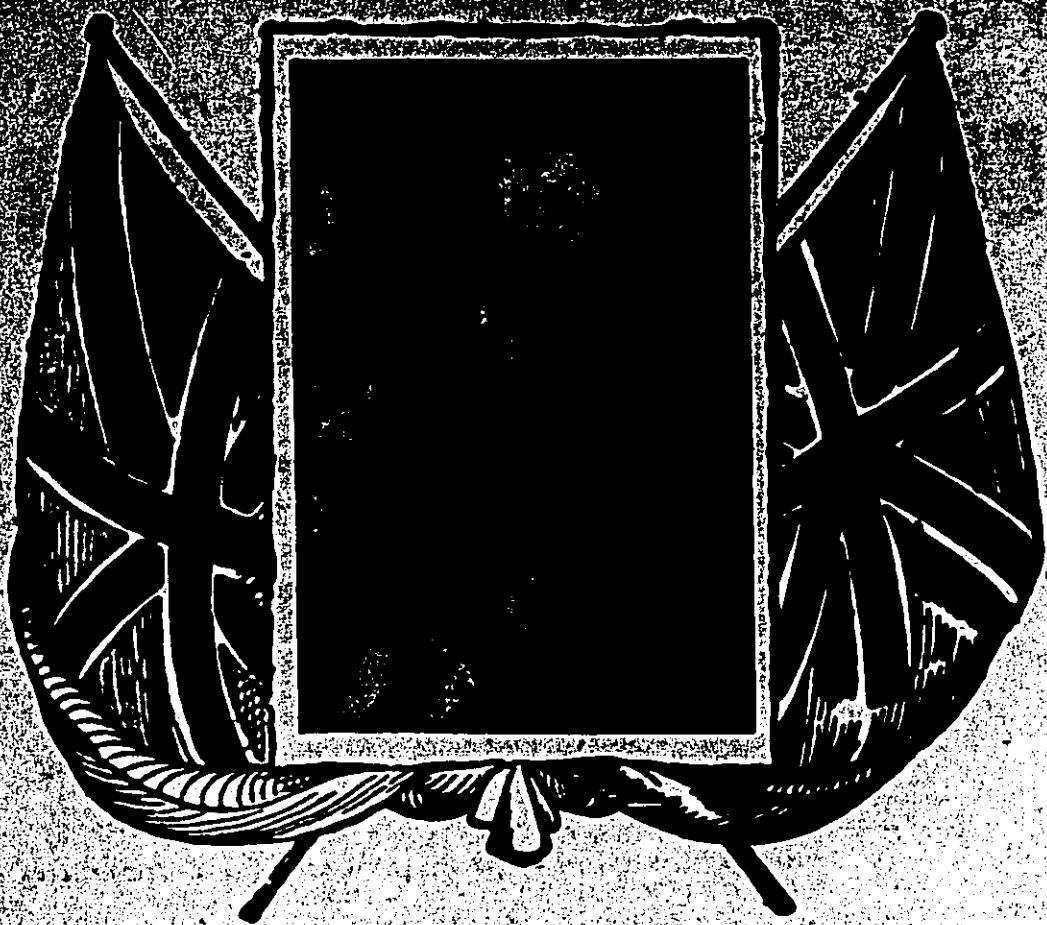
In experiments to determine the best forms of roughage for dairy cows along with concentrated foods the Pennsylvania station found that where grass is not available silage was best. Some dry fodder or hay should be fed along with the silage. The experiments show that corn stover can be used to replace timothy hay with excellent results and a considerable saving of cost. If grown in a rotation, timothy hay should be sold and corn used for the dairy animals. Pure cottonseed meal contains a larger per cent of digestive protein than gluten meal and is much richer in fertilizing qualities. It will in most cases prove the best feed to produce milk and butter. As cottonseed meal is often adulterated, farmers should require a guarantee of 42 to 46 per cent of protein. Wheat bran is one of the finest of dairy feeds, but it contains only about one-third as much protein as cottonseed meal and often costs about the same per ton; therefore, the dairyman is paying three times as much for each pound of protein. If the dairyman is obliged to buy feed, the most concentrated will usually prove the most economical.—Farmers Advocate.

Weeding Out.

Whether the cows are grade or pure bred, vigorous selection must still be practiced. In order to select intelligently it is necessary that accurate records be kept of the cow's performance. We need not know what the herd average, but we must be able to pick out the poor cows that are bringing the average of the herd down. A man may be known his best cow without bothering with the milk scales and the Babcock test, but experience on trying both ways shows that he does not always know. Frequently the cow that he thinks the best turns out the poorest, says Otto Irwin in Farm Star.

Overhauling the Herd.

This year would be a good one to convert those unprofitable milk cows you have been "boarding" so long into beef. Be sure you do not discard your good cows when you begin overhauling and thinning out your herd, for often the most unpromising cow is the lot from external indications is the best. The sure way to know what is what is to weigh and test the milk from each and all your cows. After you have made a thorough test of their dairy capacity you can rid yourself of the boarders to better advantage. This will be a good time to begin improvement, says the Farmers Advocate.



Elm Creek and Fannystelle Welcome the Premier

SOLID FOR THE GOVERNMENT

If enthusiasm counts for anything, Premier Roblin's chances of being returned to power to-day are about a million to one. The enthusiasm displayed at his meetings on Thursday last has probably never been excelled in the history of the province. Any doubts as to which way our French friends would vote, if such doubts ever existed, were dispelled by the reception given to the Premier at Fannystelle last Thursday afternoon, at a meeting held in Lawson's Hall, under the presidency of Mr. F. J. Butcher.

After a few preliminary remarks by the chairman, Mr. W. D. Staples, M.P., briefly outlined the Government policy, being followed by Mr. Dubuc, of Winnipeg, who addressed the electors in French. By the applause which greeted him at frequent intervals, it was evident that his remarks met with the hearty approval of his fellow-countrymen. Hon. R. P. Roblin then addressed the meeting and in a telling speech showed the benefits that had accrued to this district and to the province as a whole during the administration of the Conservative Government.

In the evening a meeting was held in Elm Creek, Whittam's Hall being crowded to its utmost limit. Here, again, the proceedings were marked by great enthusiasm. Mr. Joe Rinn officiated as chairman, and there were also on the platform Mr. R. H. Staples, Reeve of Gray, Mr. George Sexsmith, Reeve of Dufferin, M. Dubuc, Mr. Briant, and Mr. Isaac Fuller.

Mr. Rinn opened the proceedings with a few brief remarks, and then called on Mr. Staples to address the meeting. In a very able and interesting speech Mr.

Staples dealt with the railway policy of the Government, showing that that much-criticized action in guaranteeing the C.N.R. bonds was a good stroke of business, as they had only done so to the extent of \$10,000 a mile, while the railway was worth from \$20,000 to \$30,000 a mile, and thus the security was worth more than double the amount guaranteed. He mentioned that C.P.R. bonds had been guaranteed to the extent of \$18,000 per mile, and so that the Roblin Government's bargain was the best of the two. He also showed how the Government had lightened the taxes of the people by taxing corporations, such as railway, telephone, and telegraph companies and other big concerns who previously enjoyed exemption from taxation. By this means the Government had collected about \$700,000. There were several other points which Mr. Staples touched on before concluding his address.

The Premier's rising to speak was the signal for a great outburst of cheering. In the course of his speech he tersely recounted the progressive policy of the Conservative Government during its term of office. He also spoke at some length on the boundary question, and explained that now was the time for Manitoba to press her claims for an outlet to the Hudson Bay, or rest content with what had been called her "postage stamp" position on the map of Canada.

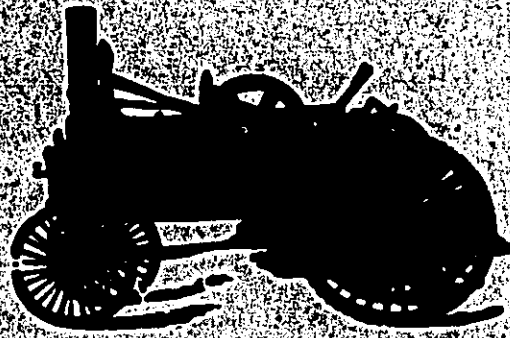
A large number from Elm Creek attended the meeting at Fannystelle, going up in the Premier's private car. On the return journey a number of Fannystelle residents came to attend the meeting in Elm Creek.

Port Arthur Woollen Mill

A knitting factory and woollen mill is the latest industry to be started in Port Arthur. The promoters of the enterprise, Messrs. Rippin and Ellis, who came from the east, installed machinery in a building on Van Horne Street for the knitting of all kinds of woollen goods, including gloves, mitts, stockings, sweaters, etc. They have secured liberal local orders and began work this week. In addition to knitting the lines of articles mentioned, they will deal in yarn of all kinds.

Just as soon as they can do so, Messrs. Rippin & Ellis will install carders, weavers, etc., for making yarn from the raw wool to be obtained from the sheep feeding premises here. Evening Chronicle, Port Arthur.

Mr. Rippin is known to many in Elm Creek, having resided here for some time last summer. He expects to make a tour of the west this year in the interests of his firm, and will probably visit Elm Creek in the course of his travels.



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