













## 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

Rates for commercial or circulating advertisements made known on application.  
Transient advertisements, per line, first insertion, 10 cents; each subsequent insertion, 5 cents.  
Five lines or the inch.  
Notice of help wanted, small items lost or found, etc., 20 cents for first insertion, 10 cents for each subsequent insertion.  
Notices of stock calls, to rent, for sale, etc., to occupy one inch or less, \$1.50 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, APRIL 18, 1907

## Advertising

"Advertising pays." Perhaps you have heard these words repeated every day of your life, and yet there are still hundreds of merchants who do not scratch a line for the advertising columns of a local paper. Among these many of them have tried advertising, but find out, to their own satisfaction, that advertising has not paid them. Had they gone carefully into the matter, they would have found that they did not do it in the proper way.

Advertising is a thing which pays for itself at almost any price, if properly handled, but the trouble is there are hundreds of merchants who do not know how to write an ad. Some storekeepers follow out this plan: "Ten Days Sale of dry goods, boots and shoes to close out a big stock. Everything going at a bargain."

This may not be all that is in the ad, but the rest of it is not worth reading, and the ad will remain in the local paper for two months without a change. Now we do not call that profitable advertising, as the farmer or citizen will get tired looking at the old ad every week, and when a change is made, ten chances to one if it is ever looked at. The merchant to make an advertisement of this kind pay, should at the end of the week make a change, and state the prices of his goods, showing the reduction, and also place the articles in the window, with price tickets on them. Another profitable way to advertise is to put up a certain kind of goods for sale on a special day of each week, advertise this sale properly in your local paper, and when the day comes, have the articles placed in a place where they can be examined by all; but by all means, sell them at the prices advertised, and in this way you induce new shoppers to come to your store and if everything is what it has been represented to be, in nine cases out of ten you will win those people as steady customers.

We, as newspaper men, have a great deal less work if changes of the ads. are not brought in, but we would rather work day and night changing ads. in order to make our paper look bright, and also to have the dollars handed to us cheerfully, making us think that they have got value for their money.

We think that if the above plan is followed out each week that there will be no trouble in convincing merchants that advertising can be made to pay for itself if done in the right way.

Will a merchant who is wise ever cease to advertise? Yes—when the trees grow upside down; when the beggar wears a crown; when ice forms on the sun; when the sparrow weighs a ton; when gold dollars get too cheap; when women secrets keep; when a fish forgets to swim; when Satan sings a hymn; when girls go back on gum; when the small boy hates a drum; when no politician schemes; when mince pie makes pleasant dreams; when it's fun to break a tooth; when all lawyers tell the truth; when cold water makes you drunk; when you love to smell a skunk; when the drummer has no brass when these things all come to pass; then the merchant who is wise will neglect to advertise.

## Care For Mustard

Every farmer who is troubled with wild mustard in his fields can read with profit the article in the Technical World Magazine for April on "Farmers Fear Weeds No Longer." The article is illustrated with colored plates and tells the story of the experiments for the eradication of not only mustard but other pests in the weed line. After a number of years of investigation a chemical has been found in iron sulphate which will kill off the weeds and leave the cereals uninjured. It has been tested and found successful on oats, barley, wheat and speltz. The article says: "The time for making the test is of extreme importance. The condition of the weather is a factor to be considered. The day must be bright and sunny. There must be no wind and the dew should have been evaporated. If rain follows the spraying within a few hours the solution will be weakened and the mustard will not be successfully exterminated." The article says 100 pounds of iron sulphate dissolved in 51 gallons of water is necessary to spray one acre and will cost about 55 cents and the labor is placed at 25 cents per acre. A Wisconsin farmer who tried the experiment says he could not find a straw of mustard in his field, and furthermore there was no rust on the grain sprayed while fields adjoining which were not sprayed were badly affected.

## Sudden Death

Rathwell, Man., April 12.—Mr. Arthur Cavanagh, a prominent and prosperous farmer, of this vicinity, died suddenly this morning at about a quarter to six o'clock. He had risen about 5, and after lighting the fires had gone out to the barn to feed the stock. John Gamble, his hired man, went into the stable about 6 and found his employer lying in a stall beside one of the animals, which he had apparently been watering. Gamble hurried into the village and summoned Dr. Duadas, who found life extinct. It was decided that an inquest should be held, and a jury was empanelled, with A. Forbes as foreman. After the medical examination and the hearing of the evidence from the witnesses, the jury brought in a verdict of death from heart failure. Mr. Cavanagh has resided in this locality for 25 years, and was a very successful farmer and a worthy citizen. A wife and five small children are left to mourn his untimely death.

## Rebuild Working House

The C.P.R. has decided to rebuild their working house of elevator D, Fort William, that was destroyed by fire last fall. The whole structure will be remodelled and given a capacity of 200 cars per day. Prior to its destruction it had only a capacity of about 75 cars. Several of the old tanks will be torn away and the house given an entire overhauling. Elevator D has been twice burned, the working house being entirely destroyed each time. It was built in 1898 to hold 1,500,000 bushels, and was added to in 1902, so that its capacity is now over three million bushels and it is the largest single storage elevator in the world.

The railway commission has made an official request to the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk railways to loan motive power to the Canadian Northern Railway, in order to alleviate the congested traffic conditions that are at present hampering trade and setting back the progress of the west.

The commission has asked the transcontinental roads to do whatever they can, in the interests of Canada, the commission being satisfied of the incapacity of the C.N.R. to cope with the difficulty.

According to advice from Port Arthur, the indications are that the break up of the lake will be the latest in the history of navigation at that port.

## Bring Along Your Harness

And Have It Repaired

—AT THE—

## Elm Creek Harness Shop

A Fine Stock of Harness, Collars, and Sweat Pads Always on Hand.


JOS. RINN, Prop.

W. MOSE, Mgr.

## Marriage Licenses Issued

C. H. LEMMON  
The Mail Office  
ELM CREEK - MAN.

**HELP FOR VICTIMS OF EYESTRAIN**



Most cases of headache, nervousness and insomnia are due directly or indirectly to eyestrain. Drugs afford only temporary relief, our scientifically-adjusted glasses will positively remove eyestrain with all its attending afflictions.

**J. H. COCHRAN**  
Jeweller - CARMAN

**60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE**

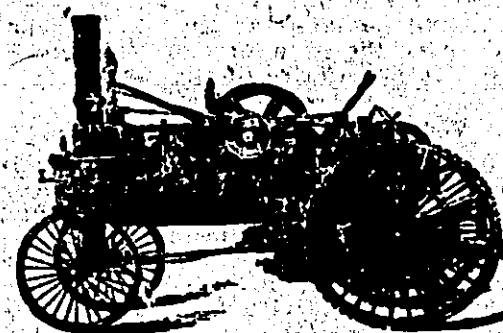
**PATENTS**

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS  
COPYRIGHTS & C.

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

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers.

**MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 65 1/2 St. W., Washington, D.C.

We do  
JOB  
PRINTINGThe kind that  
attracts  
attention**J. MURRAY**Engineer and  
Machinist

ELM CREEK - MAN.

Engine, Boiler and Machine Work  
of every description.**HORSESHOEING**  
(A. BLACK in charge)

REPAIRS A SPECIALTY

All Work Guaranteed



## Manitoba Lands

THE Province of Manitoba has, approximately, 1,000,000 acres of land for sale throughout the Province, to which the attention of intending settlers and others is desired. These lands are the cheapest now on the market, and may be purchased direct from the Government on the very easy terms of ten yearly instalments, with interest at 6 per cent., placing the power to purchase well within the reach of all bona fide home seekers, irrespective of their financial standing.

**HAY.** In districts where drainage is required, the Government of Manitoba have already and are now inaugurating very extensive drainage systems, whereby lands that are low or flat are reclaimed and made fit for cultivation. When once this land is reclaimed it is especially rich and productive. When not entirely drained it yields an abundance of wild hay of the best quality, and is, consequently, invaluable for stock-raising purposes.

Up-to-date maps of the Province are kept on hand, upon which are marked in red all lands for sale. This will be sent free, with price and full particulars, upon application.

For all information and business to be transacted, apply to—

**L. J. HOWE**

Deputy Provincial Lands Commissioner

WINNIPEG, MAN.

## 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

**CHAS. ANGLE - Prop.**  
ELM CREEK, MAN.RURAL  
MUNICIPALITY  
OF GREYREEVE Elm Creek  
R. H. Staples, Esq.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. ClaudeSECRETARY-TREASURER  
W. C. Soole . . . Elm CreekSOLICITOR  
J. H. Haverson . . . CarmanASSESSORS  
R. J. Wilson . . . Elm Creek  
A. Bonneloy . . . St. ClaudeThe next meeting of the Council will be held on  
Tuesday, April 23rd, at 10 a.m.ELM CREEK  
Butcher ShopAll 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  
Maple  
Leaf  
LaundryCarman Steam Laundry Co.  
Proprietors  
Carman - Man.GOOD WORK - LOW PRICES  
PROMPT DELIVERYPATENTS  
PROMPTLY SECURED

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

## Fannystelle Hotel

Under New Management

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

G. COUTURE - PROPRIETOR

ELM CREEK  
LUMBER YARD

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES.

Building Materials of every de-  
scription are always to be had at  
my yards.

Don't fail to get the special offers  
I am prepared to give on car lots.  
My prices are the best to be had.

**A. R. STEVENS.**The International Harvester Co.  
OF AMERICA

MCCORMICK BINDERS, MCCORMICK DRILLS,  
COCKSHUTT DRILLS, KENTUCKY DRILLS,  
HOOSIER DRILLS, PLOWS, WAGONS, BUGGIES,  
TWINE, ETC.

INTERNATIONAL GASOLINE ENGINES  
J. I. CASE THRESHING OUTFITS

**G. BURNETT - Elm Creek**

INSURANCE

LIBRARY

## What is your 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**

OYSTERS

FLOUR



## Daniel O'Connell Moloney, Ally.

By M. J. PHILLIPS.

Copyright, 1911, by M. J. Phillips.

Alarmed for the open, Morgan Tremaine slipped into the elevator at the fourth floor of the Alameda, where he had his apartment.

"Good evening, Daniel O'Connell Moloney," he said gravely to the tall, slender and friendly elevator boy. Daniel O'Connell grinned cheerfully and whistled through a gap in his front teeth by way of reply. They were sworn friends, the two.

At the tenth floor the car stopped, and the door slid back. Tremaine removed his hat ceremoniously. Mrs. Alderton Ten Eyke, also thitherward bound, large and determined in appearance, marched in. At sight of the young attorney she sniffed, a slight, ladylike, well bred sniff, but nevertheless a sniff. Miss Marjorie Ten Eyke, young and slender, dark eyed and lovely, followed her mother. She did not look at Tremaine, but the faintest hint of added color appeared for a moment in her smooth cheeks. Arthur Benson, a smooth, a heavily patterned mustache, which emphasized his sparse five feet five, brought up the rear. Sixty-five inches or so, not impressive, but a hundred thousand dollars for every inch of it is rather a good average, which the militant Mrs. Ten Eyke fully appreciated.

So did Tremaine, with a hungry glance at his lovely former fiancée. When one is a struggling lawyer, just beginning to see light ahead after a two year battle with callous New York, one gives due consideration to a half dozen millions, especially when the other fellow has them.

"Two months of it," mused Tremaine reverently, despite his jaunty bearing, when he had reached the street. "Two months without a look or a nod or a smile—because, I danced too much with that little rivers girl. I was a fool to do it, and a fool to quarrel over it with Mrs. Ten Eyke. On the lookout for Mammon every minute. In her eyes I am a trifling barrier, as the English saying says. And little Benson can't stand me; he's just a tank and a snort. Marjorie can't like the fellow. Bill constant pressure will have the effect sooner or later. If only something would come up to break the ice, and Tremaine got so interested in him."



HE CAN BEHOLD TO FREE FROM MARRIAGE THEM WHO.

being serious, situations for the fair Marjorie, with himself as the rescuing hero, that he walked three squares beyond his theater.

The next morning he overstepped and rushed to the elevator with an important engagement almost due.

"In a hurry, D. O. O. Moloney," he admonished the youth at the controller. "I'm so late now, I haven't time to speak your full name."

Daniel O'Connell grinned and imitated a steam calliope by whistling shrilly through the gap in his teeth. With apparent carelessness he consulted the indicator board. There was no one waiting to descend. Stealthily he climbed with the levers—swish!

The car dropped fifty feet like a dead weight before Tremaine could move a muscle. Gasping for breath, of which the swift descent deprived him, he beheld an awful death when the car about him the bottom of the shaft. But the mad rush was checked as suddenly as it had begun, and the elevator dashed its journey to the ground floor at a pace approved by all sensible and well regulated lifts.

A glimpse of Daniel O'Connell's grinning face in the mirror made all clear.

"You young rascal!" ejaculated the lawyer as he caught his breath. "You did that on purpose?"

"Well," returned the boy, skipping nimbly out of reach, as he threw the door open, "you said you was in a hurry."

Ten minutes later the pedestrians on thirty-fourth street were much edified to see a good looking young man stop suddenly, stop his thigh resolutely and laugh about. Threat of a fat policeman, hastily turned over his head, somewhat set him on his heels. "Want you to go back?" said that fat man. "No, at headquarters that day. A new one on the wing young man enough to shoot 'em down like a hawk, or even to go to jail, as of which Tremaine, joyously declared in a slight, a spontaneous smile, but not the slightest attention. The high spirits were mysteriously

communicated. That evening Daniel O'Connell, in an endeavor to catch previous change partners, almost lost a tooth out. His small chest was pulled a proper pigeon as he laid a crisp five dollar note in the lap of his mother.

The whirly afternoon was closing as Miss Ten Eyke, in a house gown which to the peevish eye made her beauty simply bewildering, called the elevator to the fourteenth floor of the Alameda. She had spent the afternoon with a girl friend, and as the car stopped her heart beat a little more rapidly over a certain possibility—that she might encounter Tremaine—for Miss Marjorie was very much in love with the young lawyer, despite their quarrel.

She invariably explained to herself at this annoying quickening of the pulses that it was fear, not hope, which made her feel so. Daniel O'Connell approved of Miss Marjorie. She had nice eyes and a friendly way of looking at a fellow. "Sometimes they talked about elevators and books and a guy not having any chance to go to school and how it was a good thing to study nights."

He was a stanch little partisan, too, and talked of his friends of the other sex, chief of whom was Mr. Tremaine. And, although when the conversation turned on the lawyer it usually became a monologue, Miss Marjorie was a good listener. Her eyes would grow soft, and she would sigh a little. One day when Daniel O'Connell gleefully told of a case which Tremaine had just won she gave him a quarter.

"Down!" said a masculine voice, and Miss Ten Eyke's fear or hope was realized. The car stopped at the twelfth floor for Mr. Tremaine. He removed his hat with that air of impersonal courtesy which is so annoying when a person is willing to accept an overture of peace. Of course he had returned his ring and sent back his notes, unopened, and refused to speak to him, but that was two whole months ago. Why couldn't he have been more persistent? Didn't he know a girl could change her mind? Oh, dear! The tenth floor, and he wasn't going to even look—

Swish! The car seemed to drop from beneath their feet. They were falling! An agonized vision flashed into Marjorie's mind, a vision of herself lying crushed and broken at the bottom of the shaft. With a cry which struck remorse to the hearts of the plotters, she turned to Tremaine, hands outstretched.

"Morgan, dear, save me!" And when Tremaine had gathered her protectively into his arms Daniel O'Connell neatly caught the cable again.

Mrs. Ten Eyke was spending the evening in Brooklyn, and by the glowing grate Marjorie and Tremaine planned the wedding down to the last bridemaid.

"I'd like to have Daniel Moloney there, too, dear," said the young man. "He's a sort of accomplice of mine—that is," hastily, "a pal. He's going to be my office boy after the 1st of the month."

"Daniel shall be there," replied Marjorie warmly as she nestled more closely to his shoulder. "I just love that boy! You don't know how much he thinks of you, Morgan. I'm so glad he's to be"—she hesitated a little and blushed charmingly over the pronoun—"our office boy. It would hardly seem natural if he wasn't there."

Morgan winked at a particularly knowing coal in the grate. "Darling," he said impressively, "it wouldn't be a wedding without him."

Two and Three Letter Names of God. There are thirteen known languages and dialects in which the name of the Deity is expressed in two letters—viz: Hebrew, Al; Simonian, El; Chinese, Fo; Hindoo-Syr, Ie; Babylonian, Il; Sanskrit, Ja; Egyptian, Ju; Tamil, Ko; Yocatanese, Ku; Hindoo, Om; Far East Hebrew, On; Egyptian, Ra; Chaldean, Ur.

The three lettered name is found in twenty-one languages and provincial dialects—viz:

East Indian, Aom; Hindoo, Aum; Chaldean, Bil; Slavonic, Bog (a contraction of "Bial-Bog," meaning white); Roman, Dea; Grecian, Deo; Esequibo, Dia; Hindoo, Div; Chaldean, Eau; English, God; Swedish and Danish, Gud; Persian, Hom; Hindoo, Hui; Phoenician-Babylonian, Iau; Sanskrit, Jah; Phoenician, Jao; Druidish-Irish, Joh; Egyptian, Koe; Irish-Celtic, Omi; Egyptian, Pan, and Latin, Sol.

Taken all together, there are 173 languages and dialects in which, as a sign of speech God is expressed in words, but in none of them is the word of overgrown proportions, the longest being "Jachukken," a word which expressed the Deity idea according to a certain sect of Irish Druids, known as "mikethoe eaters."

A Bit Too Quick.

The Hospitable Jonjones—You, we're in the same old place where you dined with us last year. By the bye, old man, I wish you and your wife would come and dine with us again on—

The Impulsive Blunk (in the eagerness of his determination never again to dine with the Jonjones)—My dear fellow, so sorry, but we're engaged on the s—on the s—on, th-th-that, even, ing.

Poor Jonjones (pathetically)—Well, old man, you might have given me time to name the day.—London Express.

Her Recommendation.

A girl working as a servant told her bewitching, "I'm going away, mom."

Said the woman indignantly: "Suppose some one writes me for a recommendation, what shall I tell them?"

Said the girl: "Tell them, mom, I shall be with you for a week. That recommendation is good enough for me."

## ROOM FURNISHINGS.

They Should Be Simple, Durable, Sanitary and Artistic.

Do not act on the supposition that everything old is beautiful. Your grandfather's taste may have been worse than yours, observes an expert. Do not buy many things. Do not make a museum of your house.

The furnishings should be adapted to the use to which the family wishes to put them. The life for which the white and gold chair was designed is elaborately and distantly formal. Conventionality and ceremony rather than cozy comfort are suggested by the white and gold room. The use of the room and the purpose of the article should be kept in mind in the selection of furniture.

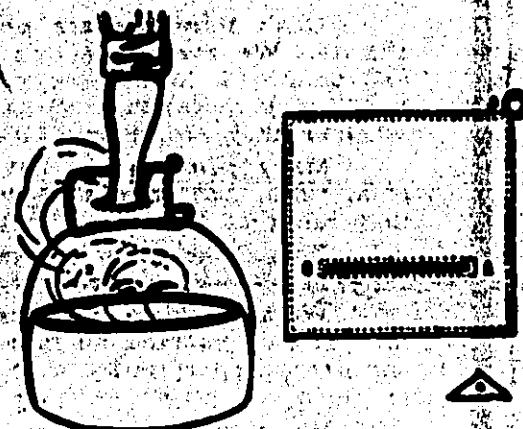
Furnishings should be simple, durable, sanitary and artistic. Color is one of the most important elements in the selection of furnishings. Do we realize that the indefinable difference between the restful room and the inharmonious room is largely a matter of color? A room requires its color to be in unison if it is to soothe and rest.

Frequently the householder may recall Morris' words, "Have nothing in your home that you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." And those from Henderson: "One must surround oneself with wholesomeness and beauty. This parallelism between consciousness and nature makes this insistence upon convenience of arrangement and respect for form and color more than a mere matter of taste. It makes it a matter of moral obligation. A man's surroundings are not accidental. They are a part of himself and must likewise be chastened and purified. An ugly room, badly lighted, poorly ventilated, inadequately heated, must be regarded as morally reprehensible, whether provided for oneself or for somebody else. It is the projection of an evil thought, and, entering into consciousness, lowers the level of human life."—Boston Traveler.

## A MITTEN HOLDER.

Protects the Hand From Steam in Lifting Pots From the Range.

When a young bride I purchased some very pretty blue and white knitted mittens with the other kitchen furnishings. On using them I discovered that they had tails, but no handles, and it was almost impossible to pour anything from them without



KITCHEN MITTEN HOLDER.

scalding my hand in the rising steam. So I made what I call the "mitten holder." Take a piece of cotton sannel sixteen inches long and eight inches wide, fold in halves lengthwise and pad well with flannel. Before closing the side seam cut a slit the width of a hand two inches up from and parallel to the bottom seam on the side not padded (A B). Bind with tape. Then finish the edges, not forgetting a brass ring hanger (C). When in use this will be found ample protection to the back of the hand as well as palm. It launders easily and altogether has proved a great convenience. The same scheme might be used with two sheets of asbestos paper quilted into the cloth. The covering for this holder should be removable for laundering.—Good Housekeeping.

## The Simple Bedroom.

A simple bedroom is most desirable and the most comfortable. Large closets are a great convenience. Under one of the windows a box can be built in which shirt waists may be kept and also serve as a seat. Mirrors may be set into the wall, framed to match the woodwork. If the walls are in good condition it is better to have them painted a delicate tint, though it gives a room a cold appearance. Nothing, however, is as sanitary or economical. If the walls are painted, the hangings and furniture coverings should be figured. If flowered or figured paper is used, then the material for draperies and coverings should be plain. In some bedrooms both wall paper and hangings are of the same design. The floors, of course, should be of hard wood or be painted. It is possible then by removing the rugs and wiping up the floor with a damp cloth occasionally to keep the room free from dust. The rag rugs now so popular are desirable for bedrooms, for they can be washed without much trouble.—New York Post.

## Believe Children Have Taste.

One Boston matron, who has theories of child culture undreamed of by early New England says it is a great mistake to dress children on uniform lines, but that they should be consulted as to what they wish to wear and to exercise their own taste in dress. The Boston woman adds: "The thoughtful child of today appreciates what is good form in dress and other things, and when a little girl gets to be half a dozen summers or so her preferences should be taken into consideration. It is a mistake for reproving elders to frown upon any little fancy which does not coincide with their own ideas." She further remarks that, given an idea, many of these geniuses of the nursery go ahead and improve upon it with a cleverness that would put many designers to the blush.

## CHILDREN'S FROCKS.

No Very Radical Changes in Young Folks' Attire.

In the spring showing of frocks for girls are small black and white shepherd checks. The plaided skirt is again to the fore in tailored suits, and the coats differ from those of last year only in minor details. They fit closer both in the back and at the sides, with straight fronts closing single breasted. Last year the bias strapping concealing the seams was barely half an inch wide. This season some measure as much as one and a half inches wide, as wide that they resemble box plaits. The sleeves, in conventional coat style, end in silk cuffs, and the neck finish is a man's turnover collar faced with the black silk. The buttons are mostly of the material inclosed in black rims.

White frocks and suits hemmed with a color are again to be worn, headed



FOR THE NEW GIRL—4782.

with plain or fancy white braid, which effect brings the two colors into more harmonious relations.

Double skirts appear on many smart little white dresses hemmed with rose linen, the bertha and sleeves showing the same finish; the band of braid taking away the kimono-like appearance.

"Boutache braid will never go out of fashion for trimming children's dresses until something equally appropriate is made to take its place. This year these braids are more alluring than ever. The pretty mercerized varieties are quite as good as the linen, being totally unlike the stiff cotton soutache of a few years ago. These braids must be shrunk before using, and special care should be taken not to strain or pull when sewing them on.

A graceful little frock for a wee girl is pictured. The material is Persian lawn trimmed with embroidery and beading. The epaulets are of embroidered founcing. JUDIC CHOLLET.

## HERE AND THERE.

A Fascinating Cotton Fabric—Millinery Notes and Dress Hints.

A material that will be popular next summer is flowered cotton tulle. It comes in a variety of patterns on white and tinted grounds. Another idea that allows of an attractive change is a tulle dress in white over a slip of flowered organdie, which gives the same effect as that of the expensive printed tulle.

It is a fact worthy to be noticed that hats are being built with as much regard to the side and back effects as to the front. And any number of ostrich feathers are prominent on the spring millinery.

English flannels in soft pale colorings in checked and striped effects are



FOR BETWEEN SEASONS—5471, 5482.

to be very much worn. A striped suit running to a mixture of olive and black threads so woven that they make only a faint striping on a white ground is fetching.

These flannel suits are made with the new tight fitting little basque coats which are fitted and boned down. They come only slightly below the waist line and button with one button over a tiny double breasted vest set in and trimmed with a dash of color.

The costume illustrated is especially adapted for between seasons wear. The coat is one of the smart fitted styles, with a narrow vest of contrasting material. The skirt is made after one of the new models that give a graceful effect. JUDIC CHOLLET.

## CHIC STYLES.

Little Finish For Most Spring Materials—Gloves Styles.

A satin finish is noticeable on nearly all the spring materials, even on the dress hangings and undergarments. A satin finished fabric is always more effective than a dull silk and for this reason requires less trimming, which is often a decided advantage.

Judging from the present indications, the fashions this spring are more or



OF SEA ISLAND HAINBOOK—5592.

less on the elaborate order, with the exception of the severely plain tailored costume and the plain but extremely chic shirt waist. There are ruffles, plaatings, sources and folds of silk, satin or velvet, and lace and embroidery play an all important part on most of the gowns. Fortunately the lines of most of the styles are good and long and unbroken, so that the trimming following these lines does not seem so appallingly overdone and exaggerated. Materials are also elaborate in design and pattern, but when figured materials are used there is not the same chance for trimming.

The sleeves of the new waists are very attractive. They follow the lines of the arm and are, more becoming than the sleeves of last year. They reach, as a general thing, below the elbow and are finished with the flat unlined band of lace or with narrow ruchings or lace, silk or rows of shirring. There is more than a suggestion of a puff above the elbow, but the trimming lies flat against it, or, if put around it, somehow seems to hold it in place.

Sea island nainsook is gaining popularity as a material for underwear. The dainty chemise sketched is of this material. It is trimmed with narrow Valenciennes lace and beading. JUDIC CHOLLET.

## FASHION STRAWS.

A New Coat For Stout Figures. Dressy Veiling Suits.

The cut of coat for which there is going to be a great demand is tight fitting and half length. It is a little longer in the back than in the front. This coat will be very much affected by women to whom a close fitting jacket is becoming.

Veiling is a favorite material for coat suits; both tailored, demitailored and plain. A stunning suit of blue veiling is trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon.



A LINGER SUE—5582, 5471.

the stripes running around the bottom and around the queer gigot sleeves, which are cut so as to slope up to the inner arm in rounding shape. The jacket is laid in plaits running surplus fashion into a belt in front and the back widths extend in little coat tails, drooping down under the belt. An edge of small tent squares finishes the front edge of the jacket, being cut right into the goods and finished with tiny braid. These squares lie down over a strip of Persian vesting, with a narrow band of blue velvet beyond it. Each square is tacked down with a blue velvet button, and outside of the blue velvet edge are rows of little white val ruches. Close to this on the velvet is set a row of silver buttons.

Navy, black and light veillings make up beautifully over plaids. Especially black, if of a fine quality, shows well over a black and white checked silk lining. A pale tan or putty color over a brilliant plaid is lovely, and a navy blue over a rich wine plaid is among the prettiest of veiled things.

Slightly trained skirts are to be seen in elaborate costumes for the street.

One can never have too many linen costumes for summer of the shirt waist order. The sketch shows one of the most attractive of these suits. It is of cream linen, trimmed with linen braid. The waist gives the much desired long effect over the shoulders.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

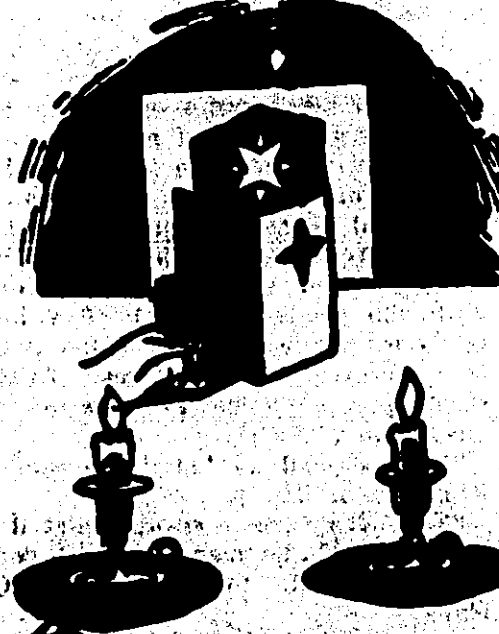
## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

## COLORED STARS.

How to Perform a Pretty Experiment With Cardboard and Candles.

Here is a pretty experiment that any ingenious boy can make. Get a piece of cardboard, say, 8 by 12 inches in size and bend it gently in the middle. In one of the wings thus formed cut a four pointed star, with two of the points vertical and two horizontal. Now bend this wing back upon the other and make a tracing of the star on the latter with a pencil.

Your object is to get the exact center of the star tracing, and this you may do by making a dot at the intersection of the diagonals. Now make another drawing of a star on the uncut wing, but its points must be at an angle of forty-five degrees with the first. Cut this new star out carefully



GARDEN IN FORMER.

and place the cardboard, as shown in the illustration, on a table bearing two lighted candles of the same height and opposite to a screen of white paper fixed to the wall.

Regulate the angle formed by the two wings so that the luminous images cast by the stars may fall, one directly on the other, in the center of the screen. You will thus have a bright star with eight points. Now, if you cover one of the two openings with a piece of colored glass, say green, you will have a tricolored star, with the points alternately red and green and the center white.

The piece of colored glass may be replaced by a windowless container any colored liquid, and the points of the star will then show alternately the color of the liquid and its complementary hue. Some very pretty effects may thus be produced.

## SAP OF THE SUGAR MAPLE.

How the Sweet Liquid is Stored in the Tree—Warmth Makes it Flow.

There is much difference of opinion as to where the sap in a sugar tree comes from. It does not come from the ground by the roots, but in the tree and has been all winter in the form of starch deposited in the cells of the soft wood under the bark. When the weather becomes warm enough in the spring to set in action the vital processes of the tree, this starch is changed into sugar and the cells become so full of the sweet sap as to exert a great pressure on them. The warmth of the spring sun starts this vital action, and the sap circulates through the cells on the way to the buds, which soon swell out and burst into leaf. When the tree is tapped by the sugar maker, the pressure of the sap on the cells forces it out of the opening made. There is no special current up from the roots or down to them; the tree is simply filled with sap all through the soft wood and mostly at that part of it immediately under the bark. Here new wood is formed of the matter held in solution in the sap.

The sap will flow while the ground is still frozen, for it is warmth in the air that causes the flow and not the action of the roots in the soil. Therefore it is quite useless, as some people do, to spread any little or other nonconducting matter under the tree for the purpose of keeping the ground frozen to delay the budding. If this effect be desired, the whole tree must be covered in and kept in a dormant condition by a low temperature all over.—Chicago News.

## Victoria's Crown.

The lightest of European crowns is the state crown of Great Britain, which was made for Queen Victoria. Although it weighs only two pounds and seven ounces, its value is \$1,500,000. One enormous sapphire came from the signet of Edward the Confessor.

## A Princess of Sin.

For a night, for a day, in a land far away, Ruled a sweet little princess of sin. What she did in those hours In her faraway bowers Who can say unless maybe 'twas tricked

There is one thing she did That can never be hid: She mixed mustard with sugar and spice When her subjects as gay Came to dine on that day They made faces that weren't very nice.

Then she went out to walk With a doll that could talk. And the doll talked as loud and so long That the sweet little maid Said, "I'm very much wrong. There is something inside you that's wrong."

Then she pulled pussy's tail, And poor pussy gave a yell. And pussy gave a deadly scratch. If you don't believe me You can go there and see Through the little red door with the key.—Washington Star.



# THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM

Author of "The Old Man"

Copyright, 1902, by THE POWER PRESS COMPANY

(Continued from Last Week.)

exceptional inducements could not tempt the villagers to the theater. Even an epilogue gained for them none of Mr. Gough's adherents. "The Temperance Doctor" failed miserably. "Drunkard's Warning" admonished pitifully few, while as for "Drunkard's Dream" no one cared what it might be and left him to it.

After such a disastrous engagement the manager not only found himself at the end of his resources, but hopelessly indebted, and with much reluctance he laid the matter before the soldier, who had already advanced a certain sum after their conversation on the night of the country dance, and had also come to his assistance on an occasion when the box office receipts and expenses had failed to meet. Moreover, he had been a free, even careless, giver, not looking after his business concerns with the prudent anxiety of a merchant whose ventures are ships at the rude mercy of a troubled sea. To this third application, however, he did not answer immediately.

"Is it as bad as that?" he said at length thoughtfully.

"Yes, it's hard to speak about it to you," replied the manager, with some embarrassment, "but at New Orleans—"

The soldier encountered his troubled gaze. "So if you can sell my horse," he answered.

"You mean"—began the other, surprised.

"Yes."

"Hanged if I will!" exclaimed the manager. "Then be put out, his hand impulsively. 'I beg your pardon. If I had known—but if we ever, out of this mess I may give a better account of my stewardship.'"

In spite of Barnes' refusal the soldier offered to sell his horse to the landlord, but the latter curtly declined. Having horses enough to "eat their heads off" during the winter, as he expressed it.

Thus it was that the strollers' performance reached a desperate conclusion when making their way from the theater on the last evening. By remaining longer they would become the more hopelessly involved; in going—without their horse's permission—they would be taking the shortest route toward an honorable settlement in the near future—a paradoxical fight from the brunt of their troubles to meet them squarely. This, to Barnes, ample reason for unceremonious departure was heartily approved by the company in council assembled around the town pump.

"Stay and become a county burden, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Adams tragically.

"As well be buried alive as anchored here!" fretfully added Susan.

"The council is dissolved," said the manager promptly, "with no one the wiser—except the town pump."

"An ally of Mr. Gough," suggested Alois.

Thus more merrily than could have been expected, with such a distasteful enterprise before them, they resumed their way. It was disagreeable underfoot, and they presented an odd appearance, each one with a light. Mrs. Adams, old campaigner that she was, led the way for the ladies, elastic and chatty as though promenading down Broadway on a spring morning. With their lanterns and the purpose they had in view they likened themselves to a band of conspirators. As Barnes marched ahead with his light Susan playfully called him Guy Fawkes of gunpowder fame, whereupon his mind almost misgave him concerning the grave adventure upon which they were embarked.

The wind was blowing furiously, doors and windows creaked, and all the demons of unrest were moaning that night in the hubbub of sounds. Save for a flickering candle in the hall the tavern was dark, and landlord and maids had long since retired to rest. Amid the noise of the rain and the sobbing of the wind trunks were lowered from the window, the chariot and property wagon were drawn from the stable yard and the horses led from their stalls. In a trice they were ready and the ladies, wrapped in their cloaks, were in the coach. But the clatter of boots, the neighing of a horse or some other outward circumstance aroused the landlord. A window in the second story shot up and out popped a head in a nightcap.

"Here! What are you about?" cried the man.

"Leaving," said the manager innocently.

The landlord threw up his arms like Shylock at the loss of his money bag.

"The reckoning!" he exclaimed.

"What about the reckoning?"

"Your pound of flesh, sir," replied Barnes.

"My score! My score!" shouted the other. "You would not leave without settling it!"

"Go to bed, sir," was the answer, "and let honest people sleep without hindrance. You will be paid out of our due profit."

But the man was not so easily appeased. "Barnes! Constance!" he screamed.

was about to lash the horses when Kate suddenly exclaimed:

"Where's Constance?"

"Isn't she inside?" asked the manager quickly.

"No, she isn't here."

"Oh, I sent her back to get something for me I had forgotten," spoke up Mrs. Adams, "and she hasn't returned yet."

"Sent her back! Madam, you have ruined everything!" burst out Barnes bitterly.

"Mr. Barnes, I won't be spoken to like a child!"

"Child, indeed!"

But the querulous words were not uttered, for as the manager was about to leave the box in considerable perturbation there, gazing down upon them at a window next to that occupied by the landlord, stood Constance!

"For a tipper or a ruff or some equally wretched frippery, carelessly left by the old lady, all their plans for deliverance appeared likely to miscarry. Presumably Constance, turned from her original purpose by the noisy altercation, had hurried to the window, where now the landlord perceived her and immediately availed himself of the advantage offered."

"So one of you is left behind," he shouted exultantly. "And it's the leading lady too! I'll take care she stays here until after a settlement. I'll stop you yet! Stealing away in the middle of the night—you vagabonds!"

His voice, growing louder and louder, ended in a shrieking crescendo. Disheartened, there seemed no alternative for the players save to turn back and surrender unconditionally. Barnes breathed a deep sigh, so much for a tipper! Their dash for freedom had been but a sorry attempt! Now he saw visions of prison bars and uttered a groan, when the soldier, who was riding his own horse, dashed forward beneath the window and stood upright in his stirrups.

"Do not be afraid, Miss Carey," he said.

Fortunately the window was low and the distance inconsiderable, but Barnes held his breath, hoping the hazard would deter her.

"Do not, my dear," he began.

But she did not hesitate. The sight of the stalwart figure and the strong arms apparently reassured her, and she stepped upon the sill.

"Quick!" he exclaimed, and at the word she dropped into his upstretched arms. Scarcely had she escaped, however, before the landlord was seen at the same window. So astonished was he to find her gone, surprise at first held him speechless; then he burst into a volley of oaths that would have shamed a whaler's master.

"Come back!" he cried. "Come back!"

The alternative was lost in vengeful imprecation.

Holding Constance before him, the soldier resumed his saddle. "Drive on!" he cried to Barnes as past the chariot sped his horse with its double burden.

CHAPTER XVI.

DOWN the Father of Waters a month or so after their flight into the blue, grass country steamed the packet bearing the company of players to New Orleans.

Drawing up in due course to the levee, they became a part of the general bustle and confusion; hurriedly disembarked, rushed about for their luggage, because every one else was rushing; hastily entered carriages, of which there was a limited supply, and were whisked off over the rough cobblestones which constituted the principal pavements of the city.

The hotel was finally reached, and what a unique hostelry it was! "Set the St. Charles down in St. Petersburg," commented a chronicler in 1846, "and you would think it a palace; in Boston, and ten to one you would christen it a college; in London, and it would remind you of an exchange. It represented at that day the evolution of the American tavern, the primitive inn, instituted for passengers and way-faring men; the development of the pathos to the metropolitan hotel of the rural ale room to the palatial saloon."

"What a change from country hostilities!" colloquized the manager after the company were installed in commodious rooms.

Beneath the porch and reception hall extended the large barroom, where several scores of men were enjoying their liquors and lunches, and the hum of conversation, the clinking of glasses and the noise made by the skillful mixer of drinks were as sweet music to the manager when shortly after he strode to the bar.

"Why, it's Utopia," thought Barnes.

"Every one is happy!"

But even he, who thus ruminated his glass, fell upon an old man seated at a table where the waiters treated with such deference the manager, concluded he must be some one of no slight importance. This gentleman was thin, wrinkled and worn, with a few white hairs in his hair, scanty, his dress was shabby, and his attitude, while that of a dignitary in the sun, was that of a beggar in the sun.

"What a queer fellow!" thought Barnes, "I never saw anything like him before."

With manifold distrust, adjusting his chair, he began toying his bread close

to the plate. The look of "deception" and "deceit" a grimace of triumph illumined his countenance as he rapped excitedly on the table.

"Waiter, waiter, do you see that soup?" he almost shouted.

"Yes, M. le Marquis," was the humble response.

"Look at it well!" thundered the old gentleman. "Do you find nothing extraordinary about it?"

Again the bouillon was examined, to the amusement of the manager.

"I am sorry, M. le Marquis, I can detect nothing unusual," politely responded the waiter when he had concluded a painstaking scrutiny with all the gravity and seriousness attending so momentous an investigation.

"You are blind!" exclaimed the old man. "See there: a spot of grease floating in the bouillon, and there another and another! In fact, here is an 'archipelago of grease!'" This witty claim was relieved by an ironical smile. "Take it away!"

The waiter hurried off with the offending dish, and the old man looked immensely satisfied over the disturbance he had created.

"Well has it been said," thought the manager, "that the destiny of a nation depends upon the digestion of its first minister! I wonder what he'll do next!"

Course after course that followed was rejected, the guest keeping up a running comment:

"This sauce is not properly prepared. This salad is not well mixed. I shall

to the plate. The look of "deception" and "deceit" a grimace of triumph illumined his countenance as he rapped excitedly on the table.

"Waiter, waiter, do you see that soup?" he almost shouted.

"Yes, M. le Marquis," was the humble response.

"Look at it well!" thundered the old gentleman. "Do you find nothing extraordinary about it?"

Again the bouillon was examined, to the amusement of the manager.

"I am sorry, M. le Marquis, I can detect nothing unusual," politely responded the waiter when he had concluded a painstaking scrutiny with all the gravity and seriousness attending so momentous an investigation.

"You are blind!" exclaimed the old man. "See there: a spot of grease floating in the bouillon, and there another and another! In fact, here is an 'archipelago of grease!'" This witty claim was relieved by an ironical smile. "Take it away!"

The waiter hurried off with the offending dish, and the old man looked immensely satisfied over the disturbance he had created.

"Well has it been said," thought the manager, "that the destiny of a nation depends upon the digestion of its first minister! I wonder what he'll do next!"

Course after course that followed was rejected, the guest keeping up a running comment:

"This sauce is not properly prepared. This salad is not well mixed. I shall

to the plate. The look of "deception" and "deceit" a grimace of triumph illumined his countenance as he rapped excitedly on the table.

"Waiter, waiter, do you see that soup?" he almost shouted.

"Yes, M. le Marquis," was the humble response.

"Look at it well!" thundered the old gentleman. "Do you find nothing extraordinary about it?"

Again the bouillon was examined, to the amusement of the manager.

"I am sorry, M. le Marquis, I can detect nothing unusual," politely responded the waiter when he had concluded a painstaking scrutiny with all the gravity and seriousness attending so momentous an investigation.

"You are blind!" exclaimed the old man. "See there: a spot of grease floating in the bouillon, and there another and another! In fact, here is an 'archipelago of grease!'" This witty claim was relieved by an ironical smile. "Take it away!"

The waiter hurried off with the offending dish, and the old man looked immensely satisfied over the disturbance he had created.

"Well has it been said," thought the manager, "that the destiny of a nation depends upon the digestion of its first minister! I wonder what he'll do next!"

Course after course that followed was rejected, the guest keeping up a running comment:

"This sauce is not properly prepared. This salad is not well mixed. I shall

to the plate. The look of "deception" and "deceit" a grimace of triumph illumined his countenance as he rapped excitedly on the table.

"Waiter, waiter, do you see that soup?" he almost shouted.

"Yes, M. le Marquis," was the humble response.

"Look at it well!" thundered the old gentleman. "Do you find nothing extraordinary about it?"

Again the bouillon was examined, to the amusement of the manager.

"I am sorry, M. le Marquis, I can detect nothing unusual," politely responded the waiter when he had concluded a painstaking scrutiny with all the gravity and seriousness attending so momentous an investigation.

"You are blind!" exclaimed the old man. "See there: a spot of grease floating in the bouillon, and there another and another! In fact, here is an 'archipelago of grease!'" This witty claim was relieved by an ironical smile. "Take it away!"

The waiter hurried off with the offending dish, and the old man looked immensely satisfied over the disturbance he had created.

"Well has it been said," thought the manager, "that the destiny of a nation depends upon the digestion of its first minister! I wonder what he'll do next!"

Course after course that followed was rejected, the guest keeping up a running comment:

"This sauce is not properly prepared. This salad is not well mixed. I shall

to the plate. The look of "deception" and "deceit" a grimace of triumph illumined his countenance as he rapped excitedly on the table.

"Waiter, waiter, do you see that soup?" he almost shouted.

"Yes, M. le Marquis," was the humble response.

"Look at it well!" thundered the old gentleman. "Do you find nothing extraordinary about it?"

Again the bouillon was examined, to the amusement of the manager.

"I am sorry, M. le Marquis, I can detect nothing unusual," politely responded the waiter when he had concluded a painstaking scrutiny with all the gravity and seriousness attending so momentous an investigation.

"You are blind!" exclaimed the old man. "See there: a spot of grease floating in the bouillon, and there another and another! In fact, here is an 'archipelago of grease!'" This witty claim was relieved by an ironical smile. "Take it away!"

The waiter hurried off with the offending dish, and the old man looked immensely satisfied over the disturbance he had created.

"Well has it been said," thought the manager, "that the destiny of a nation depends upon the digestion of its first minister! I wonder what he'll do next!"

Course after course that followed was rejected, the guest keeping up a running comment:

"This sauce is not properly prepared. This salad is not well mixed. I shall

to the plate. The look of "deception" and "deceit" a grimace of triumph illumined his countenance as he rapped excitedly on the table.

"Waiter, waiter, do you see that soup?" he almost shouted.

"Yes, M. le Marquis," was the humble response.

"Look at it well!" thundered the old gentleman. "Do you find nothing extraordinary about it?"

Again the bouillon was examined, to the amusement of the manager.

"I am sorry, M. le Marquis, I can detect nothing unusual," politely responded the waiter when he had concluded a painstaking scrutiny with all the gravity and seriousness attending so momentous an investigation.

"You are blind!" exclaimed the old man. "See there: a spot of grease floating in the bouillon, and there another and another! In fact, here is an 'archipelago of grease!'" This witty claim was relieved by an ironical smile. "Take it away!"

The waiter hurried off with the offending dish, and the old man looked immensely satisfied over the disturbance he had created.

"Well has it been said," thought the manager, "that the destiny of a nation depends upon the digestion of its first minister! I wonder what he'll do next!"

Course after course that followed was rejected, the guest keeping up a running comment:

"This sauce is not properly prepared. This salad is not well mixed. I shall

to the plate. The look of "deception" and "deceit" a grimace of triumph illumined his countenance as he rapped excitedly on the table.

"Waiter, waiter, do you see that soup?" he almost shouted.

"Yes, M. le Marquis," was the humble response.

"Look at it well!" thundered the old gentleman. "Do you find nothing extraordinary about it?"

Again the bouillon was examined, to the amusement of the manager.

"I am sorry, M. le Marquis, I can detect nothing unusual," politely responded the waiter when he had concluded a painstaking scrutiny with all the gravity and seriousness attending so momentous an investigation.

"You are blind!" exclaimed the old man. "See there: a spot of grease floating in the bouillon, and there another and another! In fact, here is an 'archipelago of grease!'" This witty claim was relieved by an ironical smile. "Take it away!"

The waiter hurried off with the offending dish, and the old man looked immensely satisfied over the disturbance he had created.

"Well has it been said," thought the manager, "that the destiny of a nation depends upon the digestion of its first minister! I wonder what he'll do next!"

Course after course that followed was rejected, the guest keeping up a running comment:

"This sauce is not properly prepared. This salad is not well mixed. I shall

to the plate. The look of "deception" and "deceit" a grimace of triumph illumined his countenance as he rapped excitedly on the table.

"Waiter, waiter, do you see that soup?" he almost shouted.

"Yes, M. le Marquis," was the humble response.

"Look at it well!" thundered the old gentleman. "Do you find nothing extraordinary about it?"

Again the bouillon was examined, to the amusement of the manager.

"I am sorry, M. le Marquis, I can detect nothing unusual," politely responded the waiter when he had concluded a painstaking scrutiny with all the gravity and seriousness attending so momentous an investigation.

"You are blind!" exclaimed the old man. "See there: a spot of grease floating in the bouillon, and there another and another! In fact, here is an 'archipelago of grease!'" This witty claim was relieved by an ironical smile. "Take it away!"

The waiter hurried off with the offending dish, and the old man looked immensely satisfied over the disturbance he had created.

"Well has it been said," thought the manager, "that the destiny of a nation depends upon the digestion of its first minister! I wonder what he'll do next!"

Course after course that followed was rejected, the guest keeping up a running comment:

"This sauce is not properly prepared. This salad is not well mixed. I shall

to the plate. The look of "deception" and "deceit" a grimace of triumph illumined his countenance as he rapped excitedly on the table.

"Waiter, waiter, do you see that soup?" he almost shouted.

"Yes, M. le Marquis," was the humble response.

"Look at it well!" thundered the old gentleman. "Do you find nothing extraordinary about it?"

# WARNING

## Look Out for Wild Cat Mining Investments

Legitimate Mining Companies selling Treasury Stock for development purposes will not want you to wire your money. They encourage investigation. Fortunes are still to be made.

We do not believe that three or four cents represent adequate compensation for the work of any dollar for a full calendar year, even if it is guaranteed by a Savings Bank, a Trust Company or a Government Bond.

Why should the masses, whose investments and deposits in Banks and Trust Companies alone make great enterprises possible, be deprived of the benefit of legitimate profits earned by these same investments and deposits?

The man of small mental capacity jumps to the conclusion that there is something wrong wherever he sees a large advertisement of the sale of Treasury Stock in any corporation. This is neither fair to himself nor to those who do him the courtesy of inviting his attention. In excuse for his own inability to think, he becomes a knocker and a croaker, fretting in his own little world, envious and jealous of those who, by their judgment, foresight and courage, have grasped these selfsame opportunities, leaving him by the wayside with the old story still on his lips: "Luck never comes my way." Of course, luck never came his way and never will. Luck means nothing else but trusting in one's own resources—one's ability to think out and decide for one's self. Successful men spell luck with a big capital "P," which spells "Think."

We rely on our vigor, ability, prestige, methods and organization to sell any company stocks that we offer to the public. We have never asked immunity for any company's stock we have sold, and fear neither public discussion nor legitimate and constructive criticism. We expect any propositions or enterprises we offer to be discussed and criticized with unsparingness equal to that which we mete out to others.

## Why Do We Advertise so Heavily?

Railroads advertise; banks solicit funds and ask you to open your accounts with them; the strongest organizations bring to their aid the people and money—all for the same purpose: to increase their capital, to more fully perfect the industry, thereby increasing the profits. It is only through the combined thought, energy and capital of many that great results are possible.

The reason we offer stock to the general public is for the same reason that the United States Government distributes its Bonds among so many people as possible. It has found more profitable to have a large number of persons giving their influence to an enterprise rather than confining it to a monopolistic few. We want the interest of a number of shareholders; hence this opportunity to buy stock.

If you do not want to take advantage of this opportunity, it is your privilege; but we can say in all confidence that the mistake will be yours, and a serious one. We are directing your attention to a safe and legitimate investment, and if you fail to take advantage it is not our fault. Blame yourself and put it down on your list of regrets. We extend a cordial invitation to everyone anxious to make money to write us.

Don't think we are philanthropists. We are not in business for love. We are not doing you charity. We are not giving money away. We are paid as Fiscal Agents by companies we represent, and paid well, as our services come high—because we furnish the energy, ability and experience in handling corporation matters. The biggest banking houses in the world are paid in the same way, whether they are selling Japan or Russian Bond Issues, or Railroad Stocks and Bonds.

Many persons who have followed our advice have retained their original holdings with their original faith, and from time to time have added to both. Their confidence has not been shaken, because they felt that it had not in the beginning been misplaced.

These who have followed our advice before and bought stocks that we had recommended, have thanked us over and over again, and you will be doing the same.

We are asking investors to join us in an enterprise that we know now positively will be successful. You do yourself an injustice if you are unfaithful to the degree that you do not take advantage of legitimate opportunities that come within your notice, and which can serve you to profitable advantage provided you give them proper consideration.

We cordially invite all investors in Cobalt to fully investigate our proposition. We are chartered under Ontario law. Scrutinize our list of Directors. Compare our low capitalizations with that of other companies. Inspect the last official assay of the values—4578 oz. silver to the ton—that equals \$2,742.80 each ton. In fact, take every conceivable precaution before investing. And then be doubly sure—invest under our absolute 30-day guarantee and on our four-payment plan.

It is our business to seek profitable investments for money savers. We can do no more for you than find the most desirable properties for such investments. We spend the necessary money in the employment of competent Mining Engineers, Experts and Lawyers conversant with Mining Law to examine propositions and properties until we find one where the conditions are favorable to the investor. You get the benefit of our experience and judgment, backed by the experience and judgment of other capable men who have given their lives to the business of mining.

Do you know what the mining business is and what enormous profits the industry has produced during the last four years? Do you know about Cobalt and the almost unbelievable fortunes it has made for many men? Read the following facts and figures, and remember the possibilities of Cobalt have only just begun to develop.

According to a recent tabulation by the "Mining World," 156 Mining Companies paid during 1906 dividends to the enormous figure of one hundred and five million one hundred and ninety-seven thousand seven hundred and fifty-five dollars (\$105,197,755.00) or a total of five hundred and seventy-four million six hundred and ninety-two thousand nine hundred and seventy-one dollars (\$574,692,971.00) since their incorporation. This does not include the profit earned by thousands of corporations and individuals owning mining properties who do not make public reports. Who receive these dividends? Certainly not those that passed up the opportunity.

In 1871, Calumet and Hecla stock was peddled around at 50 cents on the dollar and was even traded for supplies; these same shares are now selling at \$1,000.00 each, with plenty of eager buyers, and that since 1871 this concern paid dividends amounting to over ninety-nine millions of dollars (\$99,000,000.00). This mine is certainly a star, and a bright one, but it is only ONE. There are others, and many of them that with developing, will prove as good. Even as half so good should satisfy you.

When a Mining Company can earn and pay its stockholders in profits in the course of a short period of time several times its capital stock and still have reserves sufficient to permit its continued operation for many, many years to come, it is a substantial argument in favor of mining investments.

## We Look for the greatest Boom this Summer at COBALT ever Known in the History of any Mining District

Cobalt is rapidly coming to the front as the greatest Silver Mining District in the world. The great Silver Mines of Cobalt are all especially demonstrating the fact that there is no more valuable or profitable investment if the investor gets in at the start.

The dividend payments in Cobalt Stocks have already astonished the world. Hudson Bay Stock during 1906 paid 9.00 per cent. in dividends. This stock was offered to the public at 40 cents a share, and is now valued at \$180.00 per share, with eager purchasers. Thousands of Canadians and Americans who bought this stock when it was originally offered were made independently rich.

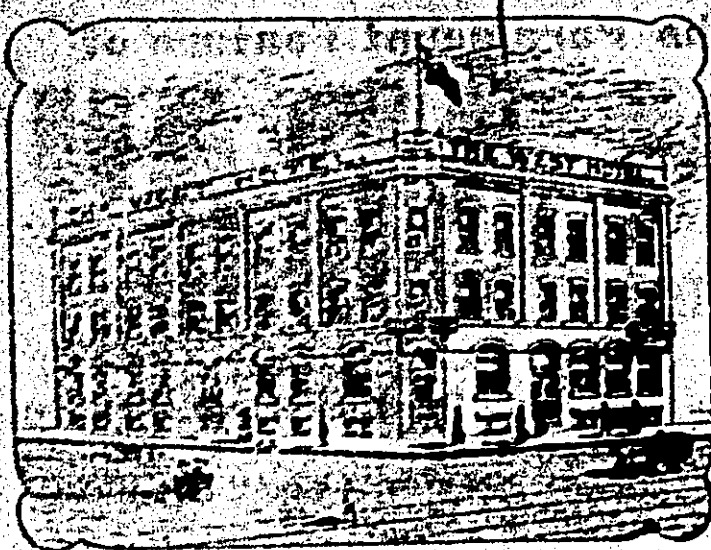
## Ontario-Quebec Cobalt







## The WEST HOTEL



Main St.  
Winnipeg

Corner Main and Sutherland  
One block north of C.P.R.

MODERN  
ELEGANT  
UP-TO-DATE

Fifty-eight Bedrooms with  
all conveniences  
Best Meals, Wines, Liquors  
and Cigars

E. KERN - Prop.

## Correspondence

The Editor does not accept any responsibility for the opinions of his correspondents. All letters written over a nom de plume must bear the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

ELM CREEK,  
APRIL 16, 1907.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,

As we understand that our names have been mentioned in connection with the recent affair at the post office, we wish to state that we were in no way connected with it.

We wrote to Mr. McGuire, provincial constable, enquiring if our names had been mentioned to him, and we append herewith his reply to our letter.

Yours truly,

GUY JOHNSTON.  
WM. SARGENT.

"Winnipeg, April 13, 1907.  
"Mr. Guy Johnston,  
"Elm Creek, Man.

"Sir,  
"Yours of the 8th to hand to-day, and in reply would say that I never heard your name spoken of in any way, either in Elm Creek or Winnipeg.  
"Trusting this will be satisfactory.

I remain, yours truly,

H. MCGUIRE,  
"Provincial Constable."

## Want Tax Removed

The women of British Columbia are in rebellion against the \$500 head tax imposed on Chinese entering Canada. There has been created in the sunset province a corner on domestic help. The Chinese make admirable domestic servants, but their scarcity has raised the cost of their service, and many ladies who in former years prized the Chinese as a household treasure now either cannot get or cannot afford to keep such a domestic. The women are circulating petitions for the repeal of the tax, and capitalists are backing them up in their demands. The labor men, however, strongly oppose the abolition, and things are lively over the question just now.

## At the Conversations

The Literary Lady—Do you think Hamlet was insane or merely assuming to be?

The Victim—I beg your pardon, I didn't catch the name.

The Lady—Hamlet.

The Victim—Oh, yes, odd name, isn't it? Friend of yours?

The Lady—I am talking of

Hamlet, prince of Denmark.

The Victim—To be sure, Hamlet Prince of Denmark. I know a lot of those Denmark princes, but I don't seem to place Ham. By the way, Denmark's getting to be quite a town. They tell me they have two regular trains running there now—one of them a freight. And I heard the other day that Eastern capital had secured an option on the building lot across the street from the livery for a clothes-pin factory. Denmark is certainly looking up.

The literary lady glares at the victim coldly and removes herself to another part of the room.

Whereat the victim smiles.

Cleveland Plain Dealer

## Poem on a Barn

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk. "I have a poem," she began.

"Well?" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate her, but she calmly resumed:

"I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and"—

"Oh," interrupted the editor, with extraordinary suavity, "you don't know how relieved I am. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper, and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn, I'll stop and read that poem."

## Nervous in the Pulpit

He was a very young clergyman and on this his first day at his first appointment, he showed evident nervousness.

After reading the service the young clergyman faltered out the following announcement:

"Services will be held at 10 a.m. next Sunday at the north end and in the afternoon at the south end at half past three. Infants will be baptised at both ends."

TEACHER: Tommy, give me a sentence in which the word damper occurs.

TOMMY: You're too damper-ticular about our spelling.

## THE FAVORITE PAPER

There's a little country paper that I love to sit and read,  
A paper poorly printed and behind the times indeed,  
With its pages small and narrow and the ink inclined to spread;  
And here and there a letter gravely standing on its head.

Or caps a bit erratic, boldly popping into view  
In unexpected places; and knocking things askew,  
A real old-fashioned paper from my own native little town,  
Each week I hail its coming, and I never put it down.

Till I've read its every column, all the local news, you know,  
About the dear old folks I lived with long ago.  
I note whose barn is painted, whose cattle took the prize,  
And how Phil Potts has raised a squish of wondrous size.

How Farmer Martin's daughter takes the school another year,  
At this I pause and smile a bit and feel a little queer,  
Remembering how in by-gone days when life seemed made of mirth,  
I thought this schoolma'am's mother was the sweetest girl on earth.

And now and then, perchance, I read that one I knew was dead,  
Or find some boyhood chum the second time had wed,  
And so it goes and none can know what memories sad and sweet,  
Come back to me when'er I read this homely little sheet.

— Press and Printer.

## HERDING

I will again herd cattle for the season of 1907 at my old herd grounds in S-5. 18.4 4

GEO. AYMONT

## FARM FOR SALE

Good Farm, 240 acres in 6-8-3, for sale. 150 acres broken, 125 fall plowed. Good house, barn, granaries, well, pond, and recently planted wind break. Apply to H. Haigh, Elm Creek. 28.3.4

## OXEN FOR SALE

Two pairs of oxen for sale, four years old, in good condition. Apply to G. W. Reid, Smead Farm, eight miles north west of Elm Creek. 28.3.4

## HERDING

Send your horses and cattle where they will be well looked after and will get fat. Good pasture, water, and shelter. 244

THOS. SIMONS

## J. Denbury, M.D.

Coroner for Province of Manitoba  
Medical Health Officer for Grey  
Office at rear of drug store. Office hours 10 to 12 a.m. and 2 to 6 p.m. Night calls answered at Mr. Allward's residence, next to the chopping mill.

H. F. W. VERNON, M.D., C.M.  
FANNYSTELLE MAN.

## 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, &c.  
Solicitor for the Bank of Hamilton, and the Rural Municipalities of Dufferin 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 days 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. Dun & Co., etc.

Office over Post Office  
CARMAN MAN.

## L.O.L. No. 1760.

Meets the Friday night on or before the full of the moon in each month. Visiting brethren are cordially invited to attend.

REV. G. C. GRANT, W.M.  
G. SIMPSON, R.S.

## J. A. STOREY

Auctioneer  
ELM CREEK MAN.  
Terms reasonable: to be had on application

## A. HAMEL

Auctioneer  
FANNYSTELLE MAN.  
Terms on application

FANNYSTELLE  
LIVERY STABLE

First-Class Horses and Rigs.  
Orders promptly attended to.

ALPH. POIRIER PROP.

## The Elm Creek Dray

WALTER CANN, Prop.

All kinds of draying done  
Orders by mail promptly attended to

Wayside  
Temperance  
Hotel

J. GUPPY Proprietor

Special Attention Given to Travellers  
Good Meals Warm Rooms  
Low Rates for Permanent Boarders

ELM CREEK - - - MAN.

(Opposite C.P.R. Depot)

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.  
325 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

C. H. LEMMON  
Sole Agent, Elm Creek

## WE PRINT

Letterheads

Noteheads

Billheads

Envelopes

Cards

Programmes

Posters

Catalogues

Reports, Etc.

NOTHING TOO LARGE NOTHING TOO SMALL

The Mail  
Elm Creek - - - Man.

Clothing Buyers  
Ride to Carman  
Free!

We give every customer purchasing Ten Dollars' worth, and over, their fare free.

Avail yourselves of this offer. Our selection is very large this spring, and every garment cut to the fancies of fashion's followers.

REMEMBER! We are the sole agents for Twentieth Century Brand Clothing.

We make to order if you wish.

ONCE OUR CUSTOMER  
ALWAYS OUR CUSTOMER

HART & CO.  
Carman's Greatest Clothiers