

ELM CREEK MAIL

VOL. 3.

ELM CREEK, MANITOBA, AUGUST 15, 1907

NO. 33

A Bank which has conducted a conservative business since 1872, and has steadily increased its assets until they now amount to over thirty-two million dollars, is surely a safe institution to be entrusted with your savings.

BANK OF HAMILTON
Elm Creek Branch:
W. C. SOOLE - Agent

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867
B. E. WALKER, President
ALEX. LAIRD, General Manager
A. H. IRELAND, Superintendent of Branches
Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000
Rest, 5,000,000
Total Assets, - 113,000,000

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED
COMMERCIAL AND FARMERS' PAPER DISCOUNTED

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Deposits of \$1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at current rates. The depositor is subject to no delay whatever in the withdrawal of the whole or any portion of the deposit.

Carman Branch:
Mr. D. McLENNAN, Manager

PIPES

A large assortment of "Shield" Brand Pipes to pick from. Your choice for 35c.

SOUVENIRS

Just arrived, some souvenir pins of Elm Creek school. Also brooches of our town.

WRITING PAPER

The latest and neatest in writing paper. Finest linen papereries, from 25c to \$2 a box. Imperial linenette envelopes, 10c a package.

Pads, Poison, and Tanglefoot for Flies

The Drug Store
ELM CREEK

Advertise
in
The Mail

C.P.R. TIME TABLE

Daily, going West	
Leave Winnipeg	8.00
Arrive Elm Creek	9.48
Daily, going East	
Leave Elm Creek	20.40
Arrive Winnipeg	22.30
Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, going West	
Leave Winnipeg	17.06
Arrive Elm Creek	18.44
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, going East	
Leave Elm Creek	9.48
Arrive Winnipeg	11.45
Daily service, Winnipeg-Regina Tri-Weekly service, Winnipeg-Souris	

CARMAN BRANCH

Daily	
Leave Carman	9.00
Arrive Elm Creek	9.35
Leave Elm Creek	10.00
Arrive Carman	10.35
Leave Carman	20.00
Arrive Elm Creek	20.35
Leave Elm Creek	20.55
Arrive Carman	21.30
Monday, Wednesday, and Friday	
Leave Carman	17.55
Arrive Elm Creek	18.30
Leave Elm Creek	18.50
Arrive Carman	19.25

Local and General

The Starkey House, Carman: "A home from home."

W. T. Kennedy was in town on Thursday last.

T. Mills, of Crystal, N.D., was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bell have moved into Robt. English's house.

Boiler Inspector Campbell was in town this week.

Job printing at The Mail office. Call and see samples.

Jos. Glenn spent the week-end visiting friends in town.

Jas. Lane returned last week from an extended western trip.

J. Sparling spent the week-end in Winnipeg.

M. D. Miller, of Forest River, N.D., was in town a couple of days last week.

The Standard Oil Company has been fined \$29,000,000. Pity the poor consumer!

T. Guinan was in town last Friday with a party of American land-seekers.

R. H. Staples had the misfortune to have his crop partly hailed out last week.

The Municipality of Dufferin climbed on to the water wagon on the 1st inst.

Mrs. Duncan, of Nelson, visited her daughter, Mrs. Jos. Rinn, last week.

Mr. Carrol, of Winnipeg, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Staples, returned home on Tuesday.

A. R. Stevens, who has been suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, is making good progress towards recovery.

A baseball match, played on Friday, August 2nd, between Wingham and Elm Creek, resulted in a win for the former by 9 to 2.

Miss Jennie Rinn, who has been visiting her parents here, returned to Portage la Prairie a few days ago.

W. Mose has been on the sick list for several days, but has recovered sufficiently to resume business.

Bill Miner, the notorious train robber, with three companions, escaped from prison some days ago. The whole bunch is still at large.

At the recent music examination in Carman, Miss Elva Stevens topped the list with 60 marks. Our town should be proud of this promising young musician.

It is stated that the next session of the Dominion House will be held in October, and that dissolution will follow soon after, so as have the elections in March.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Brown left on Wednesday for Strassburg, Sask., where they will reside in future. Their house will shortly be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Clough and family.

A carload of nitro-glycerine exploded at Essex, Ont., on Saturday, resulting in three persons being killed and several seriously injured, in addition to an enormous destruction of property. A searching enquiry is being made into the affair, as it is held that both the shippers and the railway company violated the law in sending so dangerous an explosive by freight train.

A very enjoyable excursion took place to Winnipeg Beach, under the auspices of the Carman band, on Wednesday of last week. About 800 were on the train, of whom 200 went from Elm Creek and a like number from Starbuck. The day was spent in boating, bathing, etc., while the devotees of the terpsichorean art indulged their fancy in the pavilion. The trip netted the band over \$100.

A gentleman by the name of McCabe, who had been working at various points along the railway, was so overjoyed at returning to civilization via Elm Creek, on Monday evening, that he started in to celebrate the occasion with copious doses of lime juice. Becoming too demonstrative, he was invited to accept the hospitality of Constable Murray for the night. The case having been diagnosed as "exuberance of spirits," he was released next morning without the usual "three and."

Foresters Attend Church

The members of Court Elm Creek—or, to be more correct, about half of them—attended service at the English Church on Sunday evening, when a special sermon on Stewardship was preached by Mr. Copeland. As a mark of their appreciation of Mr. Copeland's remarks, the members present made a collection among themselves as a special gift to the preacher. This sum, amounting to \$5, was handed to Mr. Copeland by Mr. Mose, accompanied by a few appropriate remarks. Mr. Copeland, through the medium of The Mail, desires to thank the Foresters for their kindly thought towards him.

Hardware Store Changes Hands

Arrangements have just been completed by which Mr. Charles Clough, formerly of Gilbert Plains has become proprietor of the hardware store recently owned by Mr. J. A. Thomson. Mr. Clough, who is practically acquainted with every detail of the hardware business, is making large additions to the stock, so that he will be able to fill all possible requirements. Among other things, he has on hand a large stock of cooking and heating stoves, builders' and shelf hardware, Sharples tubular cream separators, Sherwin-Williams paints, New Williams sewing machines, etc. He has also secured the services of a first-class tinsmith, and is now in a position to execute all kinds of furnace work, eave-troughing, and general repairs.

He extends a cordial invitation to everyone to call and inspect his stock and get acquainted.



SUNSHINE FURNACE

DIRECT DRAFT DAMPER

There is no dust

nuisance in connection with the Sunshine. Because the Sunshine is fitted with a dust flue (see illustration). When you rock down the ashes (no back-breaking shaking with the Sunshine) what dust arises is drawn from the ash-pan up the dust-flue, then across the fire-pot to the smoke-pipe, as shown in illustration, where it immediately ascends to the outer air. Only two things to remember in connection with this operation:—open both the dust and direct draft dampers. Sunshine is just the cleanest, simplest, easiest managed, greatest labor saving furnace that you can buy. If your local dealer does not handle the "Sunshine" write direct to us for

Free Booklet

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, Hamilton, Calgary.

Agents:

R. J. McConnell & Co.
CARMAN, MAN.

Furniture!

IRON BEDSTEADS

White enamel finish	\$3.25
White enamel finish, brass knobs and caps	\$4.25
White enamel finish, brass top rail, knobs and caps	\$8.60
Spring Mattresses, \$2.50, \$3.25, \$3.75	

Our \$3.75 spring cannot sag; it is supported by eight quarter-inch elastic wires

Bedroom Sets of two pieces, Tables, Lounges, Sideboards, High Chairs, Rocking Chairs, Dinets, and Common Chairs at moderate prices

HOLLIDAY & SIMPSON
ELM CREEK

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

C. A. ARNETT - Prop.
ELM CREEK, MAN.

Subscribe
for
The Mail

Matchmaking

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyrighted, 1924, by Homer Sprague.

Enveloped behind his flower boxes on the veranda, Tom Errett could look into the neighboring garden and watch her; for she, too, sought the cool and sweetness of her garden. On Tuesday evening she espied him. What man could resist that smile? There was a silent, perhaps unconscious, invitation in it that brought Tom to his feet and to the wall.

"Good evening, Mr. Errett," said the girl in white.

"Good evening, Miss Smith," answered the man on the wall.

"You look altogether too comfortable. I think we shall have to follow suit and build a veranda."

"Don't. Use mine," was on his tongue's end, but he only responded, "It is comfortable." Then the informality of the situation was too much for him. "Won't you come over and try it?" he pleaded.

"I'm afraid the wall is too much for me," she said, smiling demurely.

Tom was a man who never turned back, his hand once on the plow. He dropped quickly to the ground, on her side of the fence.

"I'm dreadfully lonely," was his apology.

On Wednesday she was not visible, and there was a void upon the earth. On Thursday and Friday things resumed the new glamour. On Saturday the moon was a shadowy crescent above the tree tops. The stars were still visible in sunset mists; the air was odorless with the scent of mignonette and sweet peas. Tom, expectancy written in every feature, waited for the flutter of white amid the flowers, the sound of a voice which was like no other voice he had ever heard. At the first signal of her approach, he stepped boldly on to the wall.

"Special delivery, sir," said a servant's voice behind him. He opened the letter, conscious that her eyes were upon him. It was from the wife of a college friend inviting him to spend Sunday at their country place. He glanced at his watch. There was barely time to catch the last train. Then his eyes fell upon her.

"Answer, sir?"

"No—yes—wait a moment."

His eyes still sought hers.

"Can I help you?" she asked sweetly.

"Will you?" he flashed eagerly. "May I go to church with you tomorrow?"

The corners of her mouth drew together in a wise little smile, for Tom had not impressed her as being a churchman.

"Yes, but it's early mass."

Tom did not flinch.

"Thanks," he said quietly, and, scribbling a few words, he handed them to the man.

To Mrs. Herndon Roberts, Holly House, Columbia Heights, N. J.

Another engagement. Impossible to go. Actually sorry. THOMAS ERRETT.

To Mrs. Herndon Roberts, Holly House, Columbia Heights, N. J.

Your letter miscarried and came too late. Greatly disappointed. Will run up next Saturday if convenient to you.

AUGUSTA SMITH.

Herndon Roberts, returning from the Columbia links, found his wife staring at the two telegrams with disappointed eyes.

"Kate is against us," she groaned.

"Tom has another engagement—here's his wire, and another from Augusta says that my letter miscarried and reached her too late. I shall write them both special delivery now."

Going to her desk, Mrs. Roberts glanced the following notes:

Dear Tom—Don't make any engagement for next Saturday or Sunday. If you have one, break it, do, Tom, dear. We are going to try the new links. I can't think of any stronger inducement. Take the 3:10 by way of the Cortlandt street ferry. Visibly, but cordially yours,

AGNES ROBERTS.

My Dear Augusta—Can't understand my letter miscarrying, but I won't cry over spilled milk, although I was tempted to. Delighted at the prospect of having you with us this coming Saturday. Take the 3:10 train by way of the Cortlandt street ferry. Always affectionately yours,

AGNES ROBERTS.

The gatekeeper at the ferry shut Tom from joining the hurrying crowd as James yards in advance.

"Sorry, sir, but you're too late," he said. "There'll be another boat in a few minutes."

Tom, suit case in hand, gazed helplessly at the closed gate.

"Too late to connect with the 3:10," he said. "This boat would have made it." But his tone was listless.

The official eye still regarded him coldly. "Sorry, sir," he repeated.

"Where were you bound for?"

"Columbia Heights."

"No more trains for the Heights today, sir."

"Where's the nearest telegraph office?" asked Tom, striving to hide the grin of delight which spread over his face as the man spoke.

He sent his telegram to the Robertses, jumped into a cab and drove home—elated. Disappointment awaited him, however. The house next door was suspiciously quiet.

"Cook says they've gone away," ventured his man as Tom sat down to his solitary dinner. "Claret, sir?"

"For how long?" asked Tom faintly.

"All summer, sir. Miss Smith has been to the Hot Springs. Rheumatism, terrible, sir."

"Hot Springs—rheumatism?" repeated Tom, regardless of his English in his excitement.

"I suppose, sir, that when folks get old they feel a bit shaky, sir," the man explained.

"Old?" roared Tom. "What do you mean?"

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The cook said Miss Smith would be forty-four come next September, sir.

"Of whom are you speaking, Jones?"

"My reference is to the maid's party, sir. Miss Smith, Mrs. Smith's sister-in-law."

Tom felt his face go white. He stared stonily at his plate.

"And she let me call her 'Miss Smith'?" he murmured, a remark which, if his man heard, he gravely ignored.

For a week Tom lingered about his veranda and garden, desolate and discontented, and when a summons came from Holly House, on Friday morning he blessed the fate. Holly House, at least, would have no haunting memories of her presence. Mrs. Roberts' message ran:

Third call to Holly House. Will you come Saturday?

His reply was brief and expressive: I will if I have to walk.

Having secured his seat half an hour before the train left, Tom was deep in his paper when the train boys began to cry their wares:

"Popular looks of the day! Papers, magazines!"

"Give me Harper's," said a quiet voice from the seat behind:

Tom whirled.

"Mrs. Smith," he cried.

"I thought you looked familiar," smilingly, "but backs are often deceiving. Won't you join me?"

She made room at her side.

"How much of a ride do we have together?" asked Tom, having migrated.

"My stop is Columbia Heights."

"How nice," was her answer. "You can help me with my luggage."

"This is providential," he cried.

"Where do you stay?"

"Holly House."

"What?"

"Mrs. Herndon Roberts' place. I'm to be there over Sunday. I met her in Europe three years ago, soon after my husband's death."

Tom had opened his mouth to speak, but the transfiguration of his face at her last word was too great for speech. The mouth closed without a sound. It was she who broke the silence.

"It is strange that they have never said anything to either of us about the other," she mused.

"Where were you last Saturday, Sunday, Monday?" demanded Tom.

"At Holly House. Were you asked?"

"I was. I missed my train."

"I was to have gone a week before, but my invitation miscarried," she said.

"Do you remember the special delivery I received three weeks ago? I was standing on the wall talking to you when it came."

She nodded.

"It... an invitation from Mrs. Roberts," he said simply.

Then they looked at each other unsmilingly, for the situation had suddenly assumed prophetic significance.

"Do you know, I think they have been trying to bring us together," Tom announced presently. Her hand lay on the cushion beside him. He put his own over it firmly. "Shall we let them?"

"It is too good a joke to spoil," she murmured, blushing exquisitely. "Do you think you can keep a straight face when we are introduced?"

"Columbia Heights?" yelled the conductor.

Beau Brummel.

Brummel went to prison for debt, but came out again to resume his fopperies. His friends made him a small allowance of £120 per annum, equal to Caen to £300, but he could not be expected to live on such a pittance.

When he had not 4 francs in the world he would order boot polish at 5 francs a bottle from Paris and call the tradesman who supplied it "a scoundrel" for venturing to ask for his money. In the end his intellect gave way. He lost his memory and much of his little mind. He grew slovenly and careless, yet to the last clung to his eau de cologne and some other luxuries. Finally, his mind all gone, he was removed to a charity hospital, being now reduced to the utmost impoverishment and content to change his linen once a month instead of three times a day, as of old. Here he died under the care of sisters of charity on March 30, 1840. Thus ended the striking career of perhaps the most worthless for whom history records, his death being a fitting termination to his useless life.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin.

Cock robin is a great nuisance when the nest is undergoing repairs or has to be rebuilt, for he everlastingly bothers the lady robin while she goes about her fine art of nest building. Does he ever assist in the good work? Not he. He will not soil his pretty bill with one bit of lint or moss, or anything necessary for the nest. After the little fellows are hatched he becomes a genuine old hen, and will hover about the nest while the lady is away for worms for her young. He may once in a while forget his lordliness and bring a worm for his lady, but as for food for his offspring, the fuzzy little fellows would starve were they to depend upon the father robin for food. He seldom bothers about the little ones' first flight attempts, and will sit perched handsily by while mamma tackles the delightful task. But let danger approach the young or the mate, and lo and behold! Mr. Robin becomes a genuine fighter, and will draw near to the jaws of death boldly and without hesitation.—London Telegraph.

Fault of the Sex.

"John, look at that yacht," said Mrs. Stubb, who was leaning over the rail.

"Just see how clumsily she tacks."

"What is the name?" queried Mr. Stubb from the steamer chair.

"Edith."

"Well, no wonder. Anything female always tacks clumsily."—Household.

Empty Jails in Australia.

There is at least one place in the world where crime is decreasing, and that is in Sydney, New South Wales.

According to a statement made by one of the high Government officials there the Sydney jails are seldom occupied. There are fewer criminals in proportion to the population than ever before in the history of the country, and the Government is now wondering what use the jails can be put to if they become entirely deserted.

When THE KING IS GUEST.

Etiquette to be Observed When His Majesty Visits.

If you were to get the chance of entertaining the King or Queen of England for a little "week-end" visit, this crowning privilege of high life would cost you a good deal of trouble in the elaboration of details, as well as addition to cash expense. The King is nothing if not a "good fellow"; but he is a stickler for all that is coming to him as representing the throne of Great Britain and India. Hence, when he goes to a country house, a list of the visitors that are to be received while he is there must be submitted to him, with a full liberty to cut out guests or add to their number, as he prefers. The menus for all the meals are inspected, too. The latest pictures of King Edward in the illustrated newspapers (and these photographs are obviously more accurate as to facts than such paintings as are ordered by royalty of great painters) show him to be as impressively portly and as generally amiable as ever, but with a distinct shadow of age creeping over the familiar and well-beloved personality. And yet they say that so far as his gastronomic influence goes, it has been exerted in favor of smaller and lighter dinners on great occasions. Of all cookery he likes the French best, but when it comes to home dishes his favorite is beans and bacon. Even on these informal week-end visits to friends in which the King delights he cannot come without bringing as part of his personal retinue two motor and five chauffeurs, including a mechanic. His recreations from personal choice are a motor drive, a game of golf and a sitting in at bridge in the evening. When Queen Alexandra is along the hangings of the royal apartments must be in pale and pretty colors, and she expects fresh sheets edged with lace laid on her bed each night. It should be understood, too, that the King never stirs anywhere without his favorite dog, Caesar, and the Queen has her Japanese dogs and her singing birds around her even on her foreign trips.

ARE KNIGHTHOODS SOLD?

Allegations of Graft in Connection With Honor.

An effort is being made looking to an investigation of the matter of the bestowal of honors both by the present and the late Government, rumor having been busy with the names of some of the recipients who, it is alleged, contribute freely to party funds with the understanding that they would be remembered at the distribution of knightships and other honors.

Hugh Cecil Lea, member of Parliament from East St. Pancras, who is also a newspaper proprietor, brought the matter up through the press, and in the House of Commons Lord Robert Cecil, on a question of privilege, endeavored to have Mr. Lea brought before the bar of the House, for the purpose of giving him an opportunity of substantiating his charges. The subject, however, was shelved on motion of Premier Campbell-Bannerman, which the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour supported.

Arthur Basil Markham will revive the question, having given notice of a motion "that a select committee be appointed to inquire whether the late and present administrations entered into any corrupt agreement with any persons to recommend such persons to the King for the purpose of their being created peers, baronets or knights, in consideration of their paying certain sums of money for such honors."

Fire Worship in London.

There exists in London a mysterious sect of fire worshippers, not foreigners, either, but well educated and apparently intelligent people of good social position.

According to the calendar, he proceeded, "this is the longest day. Inside that house there have been assembled since sunrise about two hundred people who call themselves the 'Faithful Community' and there, with all the light of day shut out, they are bowing low or kneeling before a little oil lamp, worshipping the sun."

"Their ordinary days of worship are Sundays and Mondays. Their rites are said to follow closely the lines of worship of the Parsees, a race which some sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago was driven from Persia to seek a home on the western shores of India. They worship fire and light and are directing their praise naturally to the sun as the greatest emblem of fire and light. Their shrine in that big, dismal, deserted looking house is the little oil lamp referred to, which is carefully watched and never allowed to go out."

New Zealand Prosperous.

It is said that New Zealand has neither a pauper nor a millionaire, but that it has "the most advanced system of laws enforced anywhere on earth"; and there can be doubt that it is prospering, as the following statistics for last year show.—Population, 909,000; value of imports, \$74,214,000; value of exports, \$78,350,000. Principal exports: Wool, \$32,484,000; frozen meat, \$14,000,000; butter, \$7,604,000; phosphorus, \$3,766,000; kauri gum, \$2,636,000; cheese, \$1,534,000; output of sawmills, \$10,250,000; output of grain mills, \$6,144,000; output of breweries, \$2,736,500; and output of bacon factories, \$1,236,000. The total commerce of New Zealand is \$166 for each inhabitant. That of the United States is about \$34 for each inhabitant. That of the United States is about \$34 for each individual idgwo about \$34 for each inhabitant; that of Great Britain itself \$122 for each inhabitant.

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"Their ordinary days of worship are Sundays and Mondays. Their rites are said to follow closely the lines of worship of the Parsees, a race which some sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago was driven from Persia to seek a home on the western shores of India. They worship fire and light and are directing their praise naturally to the sun as the greatest emblem of fire and light. Their shrine in that big, dismal, deserted looking house is the little oil lamp referred to, which is carefully watched and never allowed to go out."

New Zealand Prosperous.

It is said that New Zealand has neither a pauper nor a millionaire, but that it has "the most advanced system of laws enforced anywhere on earth"; and there can be doubt that it is prospering, as the following statistics for last year show.—Population, 909,000; value of imports, \$74,214,000; value of exports, \$78,350,000. Principal exports: Wool, \$32,484,000; frozen meat, \$14,000,000; butter, \$7,604,000; phosphorus, \$3,766,000; kauri gum, \$2,636,000; cheese, \$1,534,000; output of sawmills, \$10,250,000; output of grain mills, \$6,144,000; output of breweries, \$2,736,500; and output of bacon factories, \$1,236,000. The total commerce of New Zealand is \$166 for each inhabitant. That of the United States is about \$34 for each inhabitant. That of the United States is about \$34 for each individual idgwo about \$34 for each inhabitant; that of Great Britain itself \$122 for each inhabitant.

Empty Jails in Australia.

There is at least one place in the world where crime is decreasing, and that is in Sydney, New South Wales.

According to a statement made by one of the high Government officials there the Sydney jails are seldom occupied. There are fewer criminals in proportion to the population than ever before in the history of the country, and the Government is now wondering what use the jails can be put to if they become entirely deserted.

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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

Notice for commercial or standing advertisement made known on application.
Transient advertisements, per line, first insertion, 10 cents; each subsequent insertion, 6 cents.
Notice of help wanted, small items lost or found, etc., 50 cents for first insertion, four insertions for one dollar.
Notices of stray cattle, to root, for sale, etc., occupy one inch or less, \$1.00 for first insertion and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion.
Advertisements in local column, 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.

LEMMON, Editor.

WEEK, AUGUST 15, 1907

BRANDON, MAN.

JULY 22ND, 1907.

Among the many features of the grain trade in which the grain growers of the prairie provinces are concerned, that of the terminal facilities at the lake front stand out prominently.

While the storage and clearing facilities were in the hands of the railway companies there was no cause for unrest, as there was no inducement for manipulation.

They being carriers of grain could not dispose of any accumulated surplus without creating suspicion, nor would they profit by the disappearance of low grade wheat while passing through their elevators. Of recent years those engaged in the handling of grain from initial points have been gradually acquiring terminals, until now practically all the buyers at country points control their own terminals at Fort William and Port Arthur.

The Canadian Northern elevator at Port Arthur is leased to the British American Elevator Company; the Ogilvie Milling Company own their own terminal; stockholders in the Northern, Winnipeg, Dominion and Canadian Elevator Companies own the Empire Elevator at Fort William, and some other nineteen elevator companies and grain buyers have made a "jackpot" and built the Consolidated at Fort William. The C.P.R. elevators are still independent and held by the Company, but as nearly all the dealers in Manitoba grain are interested in private terminals it is natural to suppose that they will send no grain to C.P.R. terminals while there is space in their own, so that the only grain railway companies will get for storage is that shipped direct by the farmers and farmers' elevators, and any farmers' bills of lading the dealers get hold of will be diverted to their own.

Weekly report of visible supply at the lake front of the present year's crop indicates that the diverting of our grain from the railway terminal into those privately owned has reached a stage that needs attention from those most concerned. There is the further danger that if the railway company will not get a fair share of the grain coming forward for storage they will apply the common business rule—"A business that don't pay must be changed"—and lease or otherwise dispose of their elevators. Knowing what is reported as being done at privately owned terminals in other places, grain grower would want that to occur; and the best way to prevent it is to always use the storage facilities offered by the railway companies.

The British America Company sent out last year thousands of blank shipping bills directing shipments to be made to their elevators at Port Arthur, in this way receiving much grain that otherwise would go into the C.P.R. elevators.

In view of the situation as above outlined and the importance of not allowing the C.P.R. elevators at Fort William to get into the control of private concerns, every farmer who ships his own grain should particularly see that his shipping bill should direct his grain to "C.P.R. Elevators" at Fort William.

Last year the C.P.R., at the urgent request of our Executive, granted the Grain Growers' Association the privilege to name any person at a flag station to keep an order book and seal cars after being loaded; only four branches availed themselves of the privilege, and those report the plan to work satisfactorily.

This year both the C.N.R. and C.P.R. give us the privilege, and any branch who will send me the name of a responsible person at a flag station on either one of the railways, will have a car order book and seal sent to that person, so that he can take orders for cars and seal cars of grain when loaded.

On account of the annoyance caused at flag stations by the want of a car order book, every branch having members shipping from such places should avail themselves of the privilege granted us, if a suitable person can be found to undertake the work.

R. McKENZIE,
Secretary, M.G.A.

Severe Storm

Winnipeg was the centre of a fierce atmospheric disturbance Saturday night. Following an excessively hot period covering some twenty-four hours a tropical storm swept over the city at nine o'clock Saturday evening devastating shade trees and gardens and destroying thousands of dollars' worth of glass.

The wind reached a velocity of 48 miles an hour and carried with it a volume of huge hailstones and torrents of water. The hail and wind caused the chief damage though the flooding of many buildings in the down-town section increased the damages substantially.

Apparently the hail was confined to a small area of which Winnipeg is the centre, around St. Boniface. The wind and rain seems to have been very general from Brandon to Fort William east and west and from Dauphin to Emerson north and south.

Although the storm was at its worst in Winnipeg, other towns in the province did not escape the fury of the elements. In Elm Creek the rain poured in torrents for about an hour and was accompanied by a wind of hurricane velocity, but, fortunately, little or no damage was done in this district.

Success in Life

Sir Alfred Jones, who began life as a ship's apprentice, has written a spirited little article in the London Daily Mail on success in life. "I would advise any man who wants to be successful," says Sir Alfred, "to be a teetotaler, an early riser, and to go early to bed. If you want to be successful you must be ahead of your neighbors everywhere, and you can only do this by enthusiasm and activity."

Enthusiasm begets activity, for no one who is keen in his work ever wastes much time. Plenty of self-confidence is another valuable asset, for if people see that a man thoroughly believes in himself they will be much more inclined to believe in him. Another thing of primary importance is that a man should start early. Many men waste years of their lives at expensive schools instead of working at a profession for which they are intended. Indeed I will go as far as to say that after the age of 16 any time spent otherwise than in the work of his profession a man is wasting. All the education necessary to practical affairs of life can be obtained by that time. Such studies as Latin and Greek are of no real use in everyday matters; it would be far better to devote the time instead to French, German and Spanish. A certain amount of outdoor exercise is essential, but the young men of today devote far too much time to football and cricket. They lose sight of the fact that games such as these are only a recreation, a diversion, and not part of the serious business of life. Success was never reached by putting play first and work afterwards. And, after all, the pleasure of work is greater than the pleasure of play.

CHURCHES

PRESBYTERIAN

Preaching every Sabbath, 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.
Sabbath School, 1.45 p.m.
Rev. G. C. GRANT, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

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

METHODIST

Preaching every Sabbath, at 7 p.m.
Sabbath School, 2 p.m.
E. L., Friday, 8 p.m. and choir practice.
McDermitt School, preaching 11 a.m.
Barnesley School, preaching, 3.30 p.m., Sabbath School, 2.30 p.m., alternate Sundays.
Dakota School, preaching, 11 a.m.
Culross School, preaching, 3 p.m.
Sabbath School, 2 p.m., alternate Sundays.

Rev. A. E. COOK, Pastor.

ROMAN CATHOLIC

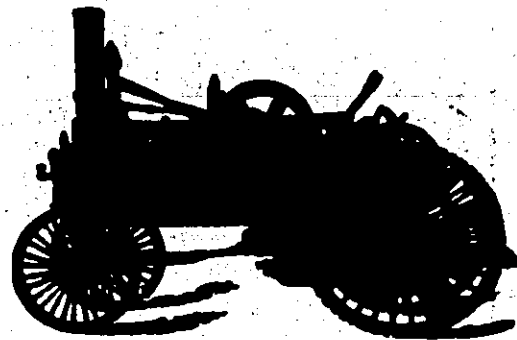
Mass at 10 a.m.
Evening Prayer, etc., at 7.30 p.m., on the last Sunday in each month.

Rev. J. V. JOUBERT, Priest.

FANNYSTELLE METHODIST

Service at Alma every Sunday 11 a.m.
Sunday School at Fannystelle every Sunday at 3 p.m.
Service at Fannystelle at 7 p.m.
Ladies' Aid, Thursday at 2.30.

R. S. LONGLEY, Pastor.



J. MURRAY

Engineer and
Machinist

ELM CREEK - MAN.

Engine, Boiler and Machine Work
of every description.

REPAIRS A SPECIALTY

All Work Guaranteed

EYES

SHOULD BE
EXAMINED
EVERY
TWO YEARS

Examination of the eyes
to a hobby with us.

We examine free and only
make modest charges when
glasses are required.

Sta-Zen mountings help
us to give satisfaction.

J. H. COCHRAN

Jeweller - Carman

Marriage
Licenses
Issued

C. H. LEMMON

The Mail Office

ELM CREEK - MAN.

We do
JOB
PRINTING
The kind that
attracts
attention



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.

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.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent Business transacted by Experts. Preliminary 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.

RURAL MUNICIPALITY OF GREY

REEVE R. H. Staples, Esq., Elm Creek

COUNCILLORS
Ward 1: H. H. Staples, Elm Creek
Ward 2: J. H. Bedford, Elm Creek
Ward 3: J. H. Smith, Elm Creek
Ward 4: E. Antoine, St. Claude

SECRETARY-TREASURER W. C. Soole, Elm Creek

SOLICITOR J. H. Haverson, Carman

ASSESSORS R. J. Wilson, Elm Creek
A. Monney, St. Claude

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

ELM CREEK Butcher Shop

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

Cash paid for fat cattle and hogs
and live poultry.

We also keep Fish and Fowl in
season.

H. Falconer

The International Harvester Co. OF AMERICA

Mot FORMICK AND DEERING BINDERS, MOWERS
AND RAKES

COC KSHUTT, CANTON DIAMOND, JOHN DEERE
AND EMERSON PLOWS

BUGGIES, WAGONS, TWINE, ETC.

INTERNATIONAL GASOLINE ENGINES

J. I. CASE THRESHING OUTFITS

J. SPARLING & CO. - Elm Creek

INSURANCE

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

ICE CREAM

Soda Fountain

RIDGLEY'S REPRISAL.

By Edna Kerr.

Copyrighted, 1917, by M. M. Cunningham.

Herbert Morrow, bent and careworn, passed the parlor door. His daughter Daisy smiled up at him as he glanced at her in passing, but the smile turned into a sigh as the bowed figure vanished.

"Is the run on the bank serious?" asked Degnon. "Your father looks very bad."

"I am afraid that it is serious," she answered. She was engaged to Degnon and trusted his discretion.

"I saw the evening papers," he said, "but I thought that it was just a sensational playing up of an incident. May I go in and see Mr. Morrow?"

"I wish you would," she said. "I seem so helpless. I think he would like to talk it over with a man."

The banker looked up wearily as Degnon entered the library. He liked this clean-cut young chap, who had come to Midvale to take charge of the electric plant. Degnon went directly to the matter at issue.

"I have come to see if I can be of any service," he began. "I have some \$20,000 that I can get hold of by tomorrow."

"Too little, but I thank you, my boy," said the president of the Union bank.

"Is there no way out?" persisted Degnon. "Just how does the matter stand?"

"It is a plot of Ridgley's," began the banker. "It cannot be proven, but he practically owns the Provident Savings bank as well as the First National."

"That is news to me," said Degnon. "And to most others. For some reason Ridgley does not want his connection with the Provident bank known."

Now, just at present there is a heavy demand for money on short time loans. The high rates of interest have led both the Provident and my own bank, the Union, to send all of our surplus to the city banks. Ridgley sees his chance to put me out of business by starting a run. He knows that there is not

enough money in either bank to meet a run, but the First National will help the Provident. I shall have to suspend until I can recall the money on deposit in the city."

"I think I see," mused Degnon. "Both banks need money. The Provident can get it from its sister bank. Your Union will have to admit its inability to pay depositors. They turn shaky about your bank and go to the rival institution."

"That's part of the scheme. The rest is this: Next week the interest accrues. If there is a run and the money is withdrawn, this interest is lost to the depositor. The First National will get the use of the money until the scare is over. They announced tonight that their interest would be paid. When the scare is over they will cut off the interest and send the money back to their savings bank, while in the meantime the standing of my bank is lost."

"There is just one thing to be done," said Degnon, producing a blank form. "Put electricity into your bank."

"How will that help?" asked the banker. "It is a sign of enterprise, but I am afraid in a few days I shall have no bank to fight."

Degnon smiled.

"I have an idea," he explained. "I think it is a good one."

With trembling hand Morrow signed the contract, and Degnon rose to go. In the hall he stopped to say good night to Daisy and explain that he had to see some one on business on his way home, before his haste.

The same one was the mayor's secretary, and as a result of the visit a permit was issued the following morning as soon as the office opened to tear up the street for the purpose of installing the light service in the Union bank.

Already a little knot of depositors had gathered in front of the two savings banks when the construction gang put in an appearance. The First National, in which Ridgley was silently interested, occupied a corner building, and the Union, Morrow's bank, adjoined it. Ridgley's savings bank, the Provident, stood diagonally opposite, and it was in front of the Provident that the men began to dig to tap the main feeder.

The men worked steadily as unopposed as the excitement around them. At the Union, Morrow was pay-

ing off slowly to defer the announcement of suspension. In the hope that help might come. At the Provident, on the other hand, an extra force kept the line moving briskly, paying off as rapidly as the money could be counted out.

Clerks were busy bringing up money from the vaults downstairs, and over in the First National other clerks were receiving the money and opening new accounts. Ridgley had devised the scheme as reprisal against Morrow. His son had been Daisy's favored suitor until Degnon had stepped in and cut him out. Ridgley had not forgiven the banker for the fancied slight and, with his usual business instinct, was making his revenge profitable.

It was nearly noon when a clerk dashed out of the Provident and hurried into the First National. In a moment he came out again, accompanied by Ridgley himself. They were making their way to the Provident through the crowd when suddenly Ridgley stopped at the edge of the excavation.

One of the laborers, an Italian, was working with a crowbar at the bottom of the pit, seeking to dislodge the bar from some obstruction it had encountered. Ridgley shouted excitedly to the man, who smiled pleasantly into his face and began to climb out of the pit.

The crowd left the line and crowded around the opening. The Italian was waving his permit, blandly confident of his rights, and in his excitement Ridgley could not make himself understood. At last the Italian seemed to comprehend and, dropping back into the pit, seized a pickaxe and smashed through the obstruction, proudly handing out a bulky cylinder, now gaping wide to show its load of crisp bills.

"No taka da mon," explained the Italian. "Hones' man. Ver' honest man. No taka da mon."

In a flash the crowd understood. The Provident was meeting the run by paying out money sent under the street from the First National. The money was making an endless chain, being paid out over and over again. Half a dozen men in the crowd began to explain how the bank was propping by the evasion of interest, and Ridgley retired hurriedly. With the crowd in its present temper he was not anxious to be within its reach. A little talk would precipitate a riot.

But Degnon had planned skillfully, and his orators talked just enough to check the run on the Union. There were muttered threats, but the drain was stopped, and a back flow of depositors was started toward the Union. Ridgley's reprisal had proved a boomerang.

That evening Degnon explained to Daisy and her father his inspiration. "I was looking over the installation in the First National," he told them, "and I saw that there was a pipe of the pneumatic system that led out of the building."

"I thought it odd at the time, and when you spoke of the relations between the two banks I realized the game. They could shift the money back and forth as it was needed, and no one was the wiser. I got a permit to open the street and drove a crowbar through the pipe. That was all."

"I should like to give something to that Italian foreman," said Daisy. "You might give him a kiss," suggested Degnon. "At college I was one of the stars of the dramatic club."

"You were the foreman?" cried Daisy. "You shall have a dozen kisses." And she made no protest at Degnon's prompt collection.

The Round Robin.

The "round robin" had its origin several centuries ago in France.

It was used there by officers of the army as a method of expressing their dissatisfaction with the course of the king or his ministers. By signing in a circular form the leaders of the movement could not be ascertained and singled out for punishment.

The first instance on record of the use of this form of protest in the navy occurred in 1625. At the instigation of the Duke of Buckingham, the king's favorite, an English fleet, under Admiral Benington, was dispatched to Rochelle to assist in the coronation of the Protestant subjects of Louis XIII. of France. But the English tars, in common with their fellow countrymen, looked with favor upon the resistance of their coreligionists against the proselyting zeal of the French king, and they signed a "round robin" expressing their determination not to fire a shot against them, and without waiting for a reply they weighed anchor and brought their ships back to England.

The admiral, however, received a peremptory order to return to Dieppe, whereupon the whole of the crews quitted the ships without further parley.—London Standard.

Effect of Imagination.

When Sir Joseph Payner was with his ship in the Bahamas he landed on an island, left the boat on shore and went inland exploring. Presently, to his dismay, he saw the boat drifting out to sea. He rushed down to the water's edge, dived himself of all but some cotton underclothing and plunged in. As he swam something appeared to seize his leg, and he remembered in an instant that the sea was swarmed with sharks. He nearly sank with horror, fully persuaded that his leg was gone. But, mastering his fear, he swam up to the boat. Then he found that his alarm had been caused by a rope with which his underclothing was tied below the knee. It had come unfastened, and the supposed shark bite was only a wet tape winding and unwinding about his leg.

His Punishment.

Small Peter—Did your mother punish you for going in swimming yesterday, as she threatened to? Small Timothy—You bet she did. She made me take a bath.—Chicago News.

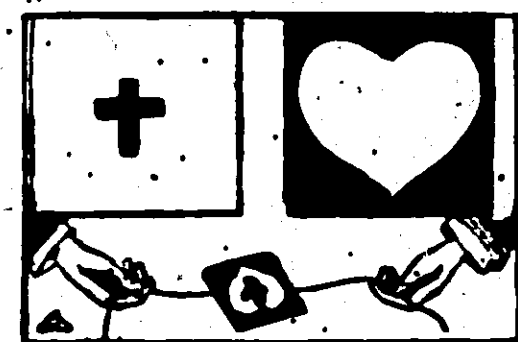


OPTICAL ILLUSION.

An Amusing Experiment With Cards, heard and strings.

Cut a piece of cardboard to exactly the size of one of the two squares shown in the accompanying illustration.

Paste upon one side the square showing the heart, leaving the heart on the outside, of course. Upon the



other side of the cardboard paste the square containing the cross, having the cross face outward.

Now attach a string to the two opposite sides of the cardboard.

Fasten the two free ends of the string to your thumbs. Then twist the piece of cardboard around and around until the string is wound tightly. Upon releasing the cardboard it will spin around rapidly until the string is unwound. While turning you will be surprised to see, instead of a heart and a cross, one figure—that of a cross inside of a heart, such as the picture shows you.—Philadelphia North American.

A LITTLE DEAD BIRD.

How the Boy Felt Who Shot and Laid Low a Golden Pheasant.

The celebrated Russian novelist, Turgeniev, tells a touching incident from his own life, which awakened in him sentiments that have colored all his writings.

When he was a boy of ten his father took him one day bird shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet, and with the joy of the sportsman he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement when the creature fell fluttering at his side. Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a flutter of her wings the mother bird reached the nest, where her young brood was huddled, unconscious of danger, says a writer in Our Dumb Animals. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him at that moment), the little brown head tottered over, and only the dead body of the mother, shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father," he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father. But not to his father's eye had this tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son. That was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father. Never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life I will not take it."

Symbolic Precious Stones.

The list of precious stones belonging to the different months and the sentiment of each are as follows: January, garnet, constancy; February, amethyst, sincerity; March, bloodstone, courage; April, diamond, innocence; May, emerald, success in love; June, agate, health and long life; July, carnelian, content; August, sardonyx, married happiness; September, chrysolite, antidote to madness; October, opal, hope; November, topaz, fidelity; December, turquoise, prosperity.

Prod-uce, Prog-ress, Proc-ess.

The editor wishes to caution the boys and girls against falling into the common error of mispronouncing these three words prod-uce, prog-ress and proc-ess. The o is short in each of them, and the syllables are divided as in the heading of this paragraph.—Chicago News.

A Bad Twist.

There was a boy in school who was chewing gum and had his feet out in the aisle. His teacher said, "Johnny, take the gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

The Daisy.

"I am only a poor little daisy," it said, "Not tall like the lily, nor like the rose red; Mid the flowers of the wealthy I never am seen; I have only to blossom each day on the green."

"The violet has fragrance, the rose and the pink; The primrose is sweet by the river's green brink; The gold of the cowslip is bright on the lea— All these have a sweetness not granted to me."

But into the meadows a child strayed one day. She passed by the lily and rose on the way. Nor gathered the primrose, the violet blue. But went to the field where the small daisy grew.

And all through the hours of that bright sunny day. Where the sweet daisy blossomed she lingered to play. And the daisy was glad when, at even's soft fall, She said that its blossom was sweetest of all.

FOR GOOD CREAM.

Cleanliness in the Dairy and Stables the First Requisite.

Cleanliness is the first requisite in good cream. To have clean cream your cows' surroundings must be clean, so keep your cow barns and sheds free from odors. It is perhaps asking too much of the average dairyman to say "curry your cows," though currying pays. But just before milking each cow rub her sides, stomach and udder with a damp cloth. Milk with clean hands and never wet the teats with milk. Don't smoke while milking. Any strong odor-taints milk, especially when it is warm.

Your stables must be clean, your separator and separator house must be doubly so. Never store anything in the separator house that will taint the milk and cream. Have the house insect proof and create a draft through it. Separate your milk immediately after milking and keep it warm until separated.

Never keep milk over from one milking to another, as it has to be cooled and then warmed again before separating, and this deteriorates the quality of the cream. Never mix the hot cream with the cold. Do not mix until both are of the same temperature. Cool your cream after separating to at least 60 degrees. In cool weather, of course, this is easy.

In the hot months set your cream can in a tub partly full of cold water while separating. After finishing wrap double barley sacks around the can, wet them thoroughly and set in a draft. Pour cold water on the sacks once or twice.

Never cover a cream can with a tight lid. Use a clean damp cloth or fine screen. Don't keep cream too long. Forty-eight hours is long enough.

Separate a high-grade of cream, say 35 to 40 per cent. This keeps better, makes better butter and leaves you more skim milk.

To sum up, says a writer in Kimball's Dairy Farmer, be clean, separate a heavy grade of cream, never mix the warm with the cold, keep your cream cool and well-aired, and your cream-eryman will bless you.

Watering the Dairy Cow.

Something that is often neglected in the dairy stable is regular watering. We water horses three times a day or more, but the cows are watered only once a day, and sometimes a day is skipped. A cow giving any considerable quantity of milk drinks 75 to 125 pounds of water daily. It is impossible for her to take all that at one time, and it is not possible for her to give the maximum amount of milk unless she has that amount of water, as water constitutes 87 per cent of the milk produced.

Butter and Milk.

If a tub or jar of butter is to stand down cellar any length of time without sealing, cover the top with a thick layer of salt to keep out the air.

When to Skim.

As soon as the least degree of acidity can be detected milk should be skimmed, as the cream will all have been precipitated when that stage is reached. Cream requires frequent stirring if even ripening is to be secured. It should be smooth and velvety and pleasantly (not decidedly) acid to the taste and is then ready for the churn. Much of the success of the butter-maker depends on the proper ripening of the cream.

Working the Butter.

The firmness of butter must be taken into account in determining how long to work it. Usually the firmer the butter the more working it will stand.

The Covered Milk Pail.

Milk pails are a source of trouble when not properly treated. There are a great many kinds of pails on the market designed to aid the dairyman in his warfare against germs. One of the most improved pails that are used in sanitary dairies is the covered pail having a layer of absorbent cotton between two layers of fine wire gauze, through which the milk must pass before it enters the pail.

The Flavor of Butter.

As the flavor of butter depends principally upon the proper ripening of the cream and upon the absence of bacteria the washing of butter in a granular condition with pure water is a matter of far reaching importance, for if this is neglected the butter will contain milk sugar and bacteria. Chemical action brought about by the latter will hasten decomposition of the butter.

Undesirable Odors in Milk.

Rotten silage, musty hay and grain, decayed roots as well as obnoxious weeds will impart to milk undesirable odors and flavors. In order to obtain a milk with a sweet, desirable odor and flavor we must keep obnoxious weeds out of the pastures. We must take care of the animal in such a way that her general physical condition is good. We must feed nothing but clean and fresh food and we must give the animals pure water. Polluted and impure water not only affects the quality of the milk, but may also impair the health of the animal.—Professor Hunziker.

Working in the Salt.

A butter-maker gives this method for salting out of the churn: Remove the butter when in the granular state, weigh it and place it upon the worker, spread evenly and salt to suit the taste. Stir the salt evenly over the butter, pass the worker over it, then run the butter and work again or until the salt is thoroughly worked in. It may then be set away for a few hours, after which it should be given a second working.

HIGH QUALITY BUTTER.

Some Hints For the Buttermaker by an Ohio Dairywoman.

One may delay the doing of many things without loss, but to put off churning when the cream is ripe is not in the list, writes an Ohio dairywoman in American Agriculturist. The mistake must not be made of thinking that butter is made by churning. It is being made from the time the milk is drawn until it is churned. No amount of doctoring will cure a poor quality of butter. It is of the utmost importance that the churn be scrupulously clean and sweet smelling before using. In order to have it so it must be washed immediately after using, scalded and set where it will be thoroughly aired and dried. Rinsing in limewater occasionally is of benefit and will remove the musty odors which sometimes linger around churns. The putting of cold water into the churn after cleansing, as practiced by some dairymen, is not to be recommended, as a very unpleasant odor will be developed in a day or two, especially if the weather is warm.

After scalding the churn preparatory to using it must be rinsed in cold water or else a woody smell will be imparted to the cream. All wooden utensils used in dairy work should be washed in tepid water first and afterward scalded, rinsed and dried. The dishcloth must never be used in dairy work. If a cloth is ever necessary it must be for that one use. Woodenware can be cleansed more rapidly, neatly and satisfactorily with the aid of a brush. Either rice straw or a bristle brush should be kept for this purpose alone.

We prefer to salt butter after it is removed from the churn rather than brine salt it. We salt at the rate of one and one-half ounces salt per pound and think it adds to the keeping qualities of the butter better than the ounce to the pound method. Patrons find no fault with our butter so prepared. We work lightly, just enough to incorporate the salt evenly without mashing and smearing it. We press and touch it lightly and daintily, shape it or cut it into any desired form and pack it ready for market. The sooner it is delivered the better.

The delicate aroma which all well made butter has is very evanescent, and when made in rolls or packages exposure to the air soon dissipates this delicate flavor. Cold storage does not help to retain this flavor. Packing in jars so as to exclude the air is the only way to retain it. The market value of butter depends upon its flavor more than any other quality. Appearance should be given due prominence, but flavor is paramount.

Imperfect Milking.

Cows that are imperfectly milked, from whatever cause, either carelessness or imperfect milking from the fault of the milker or from the difficult task by reason of the anatomical construction of the udder, are converted into worthless animals. The milk that remains in the udder from imperfect milking is that which is held by the small pouches or milk vesicles high up in the bag and will form a curd that will excite inflammation and destroy the secreting function of its mucous lining or cause the adhesive and complete closure of the cavity or pouch.—W. R. Gilbert.

Brushing the Dairy Cow.

The brushing of cows is a great benefit to them. However, it is a piece of work that should be done with a slow motion, whatever else is hurried. The cow is a moderate mover in every way. She has always refused to join in the hustle and haste of modern life, and if jostled and hurried it has a bad effect on her milk.

DAIRY NOTES.

Every year the silo increases in favor with the dairyman.

The usual amount of salt for butter is a half ounce to the pound. However, this varies according to the taste of the trade.

A little grain while the cows are on pasture will make the herd profitable.

Never fill the churn much over half full. If the temperature is right, the butter will come quickly.

Teach the boys to be gentle with the cows. Stoning and chasing will not do.

Warm cream should not be mixed with cold cream. Before mixing, cool the new cream to the same temperature of that in the cream jar.

A good cure for "lost cud" is a half pail of bran night and morning and a good pasture all day.

The small yield high fat cows are a drag on dairymen and dairymen.

It is not sufficient that cows have all the grain they can eat. The stomach of every animal needs something bulky upon which to work.

Good judgment, knowledge and skill are all necessary if you would be a successful dairymen. All can be attained.

Before butter is good it must escape the dangers from musty feed, stagnant water, foul odors, bacteria in pans, pails and strainers and overripe cream.

During warm weather one of the greatest difficulties is keeping milk sweet. Nothing should be put in it. Cleanliness and coolness are the two preservatives that should be used—and no other.

Let plenty of sunlight into the barns. Disease germs and harmful bacteria exist in dark places. They truly "love darkness rather than light."

Never use hard soap in washing dairy utensils. Soft soap should be used only when it is impossible to clean the pans and pails without it. Boiling water is much more satisfactory.



THE DAIRYMAN.

Malcolm H. Gardner says of Holstein-Friesians: While in character the Holstein-Friesians are essentially a dairy breed and are so regarded in America, yet as an all round dairy breed the matter of beef and veal must not be lost sight of, and in Holland these are very important points. There few cattle are allowed to pass their seventh year, but before they pass out of their prime they are fattened and sold as beef. Owners and breeders of Holstein-Friesian cattle base their claims for the superiority of this breed over all other dairy breeds mainly on the following points: First, that the Holstein-Friesian is a large, strong, vigorous cow, full of energy and abounding in vitality; second, that her physical organization and digestive capacity are such that she is able to turn to the best advantage the roughage of the farm, converting the same into merchantable products; third, that she yields large quantities of most excellent milk fit for any and all uses and especially well fitted for shipping purposes; fourth, that heredity is so firmly established through her long lineage that she is able to perpetuate herself through the production of strong, healthy calves; and, fifth, that when for any reason her usefulness in the dairy is at an end she fattens readily and makes excellent beef.

The wonderful development of the udder of the Holstein shown in the illustration gives one some idea of the amount of milk these animals are capable of giving. This cow, seven years old, has never been tested since she was four years old, when she made 19 pounds 6 5-10 ounces butter in seven days. She has a capacity now of ninety pounds milk and twenty-seven pounds butter.

Test the Herd.

Every day brings tidings of the destruction of valuable herds of cows because of tuberculosis. Why all this destruction? Simply because the men who owned the cattle did not inform themselves thoroughly concerning the disease. Why should farmers nurse and coddle this disease, keep it and hide it and refuse to know the truth, flinching themselves in a weak way that their "cows are all right"? It is not an expensive matter to test a herd. If the disease is there, shouldn't the farmer know it as soon as possible? If it presents a clean bill of health, shouldn't he be vigilant to keep it so?

It is a simple matter. Start clean, and then keep clean, says Hoard's Dairyman. Test regularly every year. Never take in an animal that has not been tested. Use disinfectants, such as whitewash and carbolic acid, freely. Put the King system of ventilation in the stable. Spend a little money to be safe rather than lose a lot of it in slaughtered cattle. These are all common sense precautions, just plain common sense. Some people ask us if we think the country will ever be cleared of tuberculosis. Probably not. But it is no great thing for any farmer to keep his farm clear of it, and that will save him a good deal and the country, a little.

Raising Holstein Cattle.

The Dutch system of feeding and rearing Holstein-Friesian cattle is simply itself. The calves are given whole milk until about five weeks old; when the ration is gradually changed to skim milk and grain. The grain is cooked or steamed and fed with the milk at first and later is fed dry immediately before the milk is given. When grass is available it forms the entire ration for heifers, and during winter the rations are only sufficient to keep them growing. Bulls are fed in the same manner until they are a year old, after which they are closely confined, but regular exercise is given daily. Bulls used for breeding are kept in stables or paddocks and are well fed, but not allowed to become fat. Bulls in winter and green forage in summer are largely used.—Professor W. A. Kennedy, Iowa Agricultural College.

Selecting the Sire.

In selecting the sire the record of his mother, his sire's mother and of all his near ancestry should be looked into, and unless all these have been large producers and of the desirable dairy type we cannot expect their offspring to produce individuals that will be economical producers. It is much safer to select an old sire that has been tried and produced offspring that are known to be large producers than to select a young sire whose ability to transmit characteristics is unknown.

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THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. HENAN.

Author of "Under the Stars"

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(Continued)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THAT elusive, nocturnal company, "The Mistic Krews of Coma," had appeared—"Coma," deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries—and the dwellers in Phantasmagoria were joyfully awoken. More plentiful than at a modern spectacular performance revealed gods, demons and fairies, while the children resembled a flight of masquerading butterflies. The ball at the theatre, the Roman Vigil, succeeded elaborate tableaux, the "Tartarus" of the ancients and "Paradise Lost" of Milton, in which the "Krews" impersonated Pluto and Proserpine, the fates, harpies and other characters of the representation. In gallery, dress circle and parquette the theatre was crowded, the spectacle, one of dazzling toleto, many of them from the ateliers of the Parisian modistes, a wonderful evolution of Proserpine's toga and the mortal robes of the immortal Fates. Picture followed picture—the expulsion from paradise, the conference of the Gorgons and the court of pseudo-monium, where gluttony, drunkenness, avarice and vanity were skillfully set forth in uncompromising colors.

Availing themselves of the open house of the unknown "Krews," a composite host that vanished on the stroke of 12, many of Old Rough and Ready's retinue mingled with the gathering, their uniforms, well worn, even shabby, unlike the spick and span regiments from the costumer. With bronzed faces and the indubitable air of campaigners endured they were the objects of lively interest to the fair makers, nor were themselves indifferent to the complaisance of their entertainers. Hands, burned by the sun, looked blacker than night against the white gloves of waiters they clasped; bearded faces more grim visaged in contrast with delicate complexions; embroidery and brocade whirled around with faded uniforms, and dancing at grotesque waved above frayed epaulettes and shoulder straps.

"Look at 'im!" murmured a file in a cassette, regarding one of these officers who, however, held aloof from the festivities; a well built young man, but thin and worn, as though he, like his uniform, had seen service. "If he would only carry my trunk!" she laughed, relapsing into French and alluding to the small chest she bore under her arm.

"Or my little white lamb!" gayly added her companion, a shepherdess.

And they tripped by with sideling looks and obvious challenge which the quarry of these sprightly huntresses of men either chose to disregard or was unconscious of, as he deliberately surveyed his surroundings with more curiosity than pleasure and absently listened to a mountebank from "The Belle's Stratagem."

"Who'll buy my nostrums?" cried the buffoon.

"What are they?" asked Folly, catering near on a hobbyhorse.

"Different kinds for different people. Here's a powder for ladies—to dispel the rage for intrigue. Here's a pill for politicians—to settle bad consciences. Here's an eye water for jealous husbands; it thickens the visual membrane. Here's something for the clergy; it eliminates windy discourses. Here's an infusion for creditors; it creates resignation and teaches patience."

"And what have you for lovers?"

"Nothing," answered the clown. "Love, like fever and ague, must run its course. Nostrums! Who'll buy my nostrums?"

"Oh, I'm so glad I came!" enthusiastically exclaimed a tall, supple girl, laden with a mass of flowers.

"Isn't it too bad, though, you can't go with some of the military gentlemen?" returned her companion, who wore a toga and carried a lantern. "Mile Castiglione wouldn't let you come until I promised not to allow you out of my sight."

"It was lovely of you to take me," she said, "and I don't mind about the military gentlemen."

"My dear, if all women were like you poor civilians would not be relegated to the background! I wish, though, I had worn some other costume. This—abom. dress—has a tendency to get between my legs and disconcert my philosophical dignity. I can understand why Diogenes didn't care about walking abroad. My only wonder is that everybody didn't stay in his tub in those days. Don't talk to me about the 'mole Roman'! Why, he was stupid!"

"And Mr. Lammie lectured to us for an hour today about the wonderful drapery of the ancients!" laughed the girl. "The poetry of dress, he called it."

"Then I prefer prose. Hello!"—pausing and raising his lantern as they drew near the officer who had fallen under the observation of the file—a la cassette. "Colonel Saint-Prosper, or set me down for an ass—or Plato, which is the same thing."

"Straws!" said the soldier, as the bard frankly lifted his mask and tilted it back over his forehead.

"Glad to see you!" continued the poet, extending his hand. "I haven't

run across you before since the night of the banquet; the debut of Barnes company, you remember? You must have left town shortly afterward. Returned this morning, of course! By the way, there's one of your old friends here tonight."

Saint-Prosper felt the color mount to his face, and even Straws noted the change. "Who is that?" asked the soldier awkwardly.

"Mrs. Service—Miss Duran that was—now one of our most dashing. I should say charitable, ladies. Plenty of men at Service's church now. She's dressed in Whittow fashion tonight, so if you see any one skipping around, looking as though she had just stepped from the Embarkation For the Island of Venus, set her down for the minister's pretty wife."

"And the minister?" asked Saint-Prosper mechanically.

"He brought her. He compromised on a Roundhead costume himself. But we must be off. Au revoir. Don't be backward. The ladies are all military mad. It may be a field of arms"—casting his glance over the assemblage of fashionably dressed ladies with a quizzical smile—"but not hostile arms. Come, Celestina—Nydia, I mean!"

And Straws' arm stole about the waist of his companion as Saint-Prosper watched them disappearing in the throng of dancers. It was Celestina's first ball, and after her long training at the Castiglione Institute she danced divinely. Something like a pang shot through the soldier's breast as he followed the pair with his gaze. He seemed looking backward into a world of youth and pleasure, passed beyond recall.

"It is useless to deny it! I knew you when I first saw you!" exclaimed a familiar voice near by, and, turning around sharply, the officer observed approaching a masked lady, graceful of figure and lacking nothing in the numerical strength of her escort. It was to her that these words were addressed by an agile man of medium stature who had apparently penetrated her disguise. The lady, who would have attracted attention anywhere by her bearing, wore a pardoise of white gauze, sitting close and bordered with a silver band, the sleeves short, the skirt of white gauze and very ample, as the fashion of the day required; the feet shod in small white silk bottines, the hair in bands, ornamented with wild poppies. Altogether this costume was described by Phasma as "ravishing, the gown adorning the lady and the lady the gown, her graces set forth against the sheen of voluminous satin folds, like those of some portrait by Sir Joshua or Gainsborough."

"How could you expect any one not to know you?" continued the speaker as this little coterie drew near, their masks a pretext for mystery. "You may impersonate, but you cannot deceive."

"That is a poor compliment, since you take me for an actress," laughed the lady. A bilious outburst from



She looked with blanched face toward the spot.

an ill assorted cluster of maskers behind them drowned his reply, and the lady and her attendants passed on.

Saint-Prosper drew his breath sharply. "She is here, after all," he said to himself.

"A nostrum for fluted bosoms" called out a mountebank, seeing him standing there preoccupied, alone, at the same time tendering a pill as large as a plum. A punchline jarred against him with "Pardonnez moi, pardier!" On the perfume air the music swelled rapturously. A waltz, warm with the national life of Vienna—the waltz song of Lanner! Softly, sweetly breathed "Die Schenkbrunnen," faster whirled the moving forms. Eyes flashed more brightly, little feet seemed born for dancing; cheeks, pale at midday, were flushed with excitement. Why doesn't he dance? wondered the lady with the white lamb. Carnival comes but once a year—a mad, merry time, when gaiety should sweep all cares out of decay!

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"That Chino to Europe. For a time I'll return to the glory of your back. Sold Straws to 'Chino.' What else? With it I'll buy Phyllis a new frock."

she concluded, throwing a glance over her shoulder.

A sudden distaste for the festal ferment, the laughter and merriment, a desire to escape from the very brilliancy of high spirits and cheer led the soldier to make his way slowly from the ballroom to the balcony, where, although not removed from the sphere of liveliness within, he looked out upon the quietude of the night. Overhead stretched the sky, a measureless ocean, with here and there a silvery star like the light on a distant ship; an unfathomable sea of ether that beat down upon him. Radiant and serene in the boundless calm of the heavens the splendid lanterns seemed suspended on stationary craft peacefully rocked at anchor. Longings, suppressed through months of absence, once more found full sway. Straws' words were recalled by the presence of the count.

Suddenly the song of "Die Schenkbrunnen" ceased within, and as its pulsations became hushed many of the dancers, an elite, buoyant throng, sought the balcony. Standing in the shadow near the entrance, aroused from a train of reflections by this abrupt exodus, the soldier saw among the other merry-makers Constance and the count, who passed through the door, so near he could almost have touched her.

"Here she is," said the count as they approached an elderly lady seated near the edge of the balcony. "Ah, madam," he continued to the latter. "If you would only see your good offices in my behalf! Miss Carew is cruelly ill."

"Why, what has she done?" asked the good gentleman.

"Insisted upon deserting the ballroom."

"In my day," said the elderly ally of the nobleman, "you could not drag the young ladies from cotillon or minuet, and the men would stay till the dawn at least."

"And I've no doubt, madam, your name was often on their lips," returned the count gallantly, who evidently believed in the Spanish proverb:

Woe the duenna, not the maid; Then in love the game's well played.

The ally in his cause made some laughing response which the soldier did not hear. Himself unseen, Saint-Prosper bent his eyes upon the figure of the young girl, shadowy but obvious in the reflected light of the bright constellations. Even as he gazed her hand removed the mask, revealing the face he knew so well. In the silence below the fountain tinkled ever so loudly as she stood, half turned toward the garden, a slight head covering around her shoulders, the head outlined without adornment save the poppies in her hair.

Her presence recalled scenes of other days—the drive from the race when her eyes had beamed so softly beneath the starry luster. Did she remember? He dared not hope so; he did not. To him it brought also harsher memories, yet his mind was filled most with her beauty, which appeared to glow over all else and hold him, a not impassive spectator, to the place where she was standing. She seemed again Juliet, the Juliet of Inns and schoolhouse stages, the Juliet he had known before she had come to New Orleans, whose genius had transformed the barren stage into a garden of her own creation.

And yet something made her different. An indefinable new quality appeared to rest upon her. He felt his heart beating faster. He was glad he had come. For the moment he forgot his jealousy in watching her, as with new wealth of perfume the languid breeze stirred the tresses above her pallid, immovable features. But the expression of confidence with which the count was regarding her, although ostensibly devoted himself to her companion, renewed his inquietude.

Had she allowed herself to be drawn into a promised alliance with that titled roue? Involuntarily the soldier's face grew hard and stern. The count's tactics were so apparent—flattering attention to the elderly gentleman and a devoted but reserved bearing toward the young girl in which he would rely upon patience and perseverance for the consummation of his wishes. But certainly Constance did not exhibit marked preference for his society. On the contrary, she had hardly spoken to him since they had left the ballroom. Now, clamping the iron railing of the balcony, she leaned farther out. The flowers of the vine clambering up one of the supports swayed gently around her, and she started at the moist caress on her bare arm.

"It is cold here," she said, drawing back.

"Allow me—your wrap?" exclaimed the count, springing to her side with great solicitude.

But she adjusted the garment without his assistance.

"You must be careful of your health for the sake of your friends," accompanied the words with a significant glance.

"The count is right," interposed the elderly gentleman, "as he usually is," she added, laughing.

"Oh, madam," he said, bowing, "Miss Carew does not agree with you, I am sure," turning to the girl.

"I haven't given the matter any thought," she replied coldly. She shivered slightly, nervously, and looked around.

At that moment the lights were turned on in the garden—another surprise arranged by the Mistic Krews—illuminating trees and shrubbery and casting a sudden glare upon the balcony.

"Bravo!" said the count. "It's like a fine champagne! And hear the mandoline! Tra-la-la-la! Why, what is it?"

She had given a sudden cry and stood staring toward the right at the back of the balcony. Within, she

once more began to play, and, as the strains of music were wafted to them, a host of masqueraders started toward the ballroom. When the inflow of merry-makers had ceased, bewildered, trembling, she looked with blanched face toward the spot where the soldier had been standing, but he was gone.

At that moment the cathedral clock began to strike—twelve times it sounded, and at the last stroke the Mistic Krews, one by one, began to disappear, vanishing as mysteriously as they had come. Pluto, Proserpine, the fates, fairies and harpies; Satan, Beelzebub, the dwellers in pandemonium, the aids to appetite, all took their quick departure, leaving the musicians and the guests of the evening, including the visiting military, to their own pleasures and devices. The first carnival had come to a close.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"ARE you the clerk?" A well modulated voice, a silvery crown of hair leaning over the counter of the St. Charles, blue eyes, lighted with unobtrusive inquiry.

The small, quiet looking man addressed glanced up. "No," he said. "I am the proprietor. This"—waving his hand to a resplendent appearing person—"is the clerk."

Whereupon the bediamonded individual indicated (about whom an entire chapter has been written by an observing English traveler) came forward leisurely. A Brummel in attire, an Aristarchus for taste! Since his period—or reign—there have been many imitators, but he was the first—indeed, created the office, and is deserving of a permanent place in American annals. "His formality just bordered on stiffness," wrote the interested Briton, as though he were studying some new example of the human species: "his conversation was elegant, but pointed, as he was gifted with a cultured economy of language. He accomplished by inspection what many people can only attain through volubility."

"Yes?" he interrogatively remarked, gazing down at the caller in the present instance.

"Is Colonel Saint-Prosper stopping here?"

"Send this card to his room."

"Yes?" doubtfully.

"Is there any reason why you should not?"

"There was a military banquet last night," interposed the quiet, little man. "Patriotism bubbled over until morning."

"Ah, yes," commented Culver, for it was he. "Fought their battles over again. Some of them in the hospital today. Well, wait, they suffered in a glorious cause, toasting the president and the army and the flag and the girls they left behind them. I read the account of it in the papers this morning. Grand speech of the bishop: glorious response of Old Rough and Ready. You are right to protect sleeping heroes, but I'm afraid I must run the guard, as my business is urgent."

A few moments later the lawyer, breathing heavily, followed a colored laid down a crimson carpeted corridor, pausing before a door upon which his guide knocked vigorously and then vanished.

"Colonel Saint-Prosper?" said the lawyer, as he obeyed the voice within and entered the room, where a tall young man in civilian attire was engaged in packing a small trunk. "One moment, pray—let me catch my breath. That had accomplished the ascent two steps at a time, and I fear, the spectacle stimulated me to unusual expedition. We're apt to forget we are old and can't keep up with boys and monkeys!"

During this somewhat playful introduction the attorney was studying the occupant of the room with keen, bright gaze—a glance which, without being offensive, was sufficiently penetrating and comprehensive to convey a definite impression of the other's face and figure. The soldier returned the look of his visitor deliberately, but with no surprise.

"Won't you sit down?" he said.

Culver availed himself of the invitation. "I am not disturbing you? I have long known of you, although this is our first meeting."

"You have then the advantage of me," returned Saint-Prosper, "for I—"

"You never heard of me?" laughed the lawyer. "Exactly! We attorneys are always getting our fingers in every one's affairs. I am acquainted with you, as it were, from the cradle to the present!"

"I am unexpectedly honored!" remarked the listener satirically.

"First, I knew you through the Marquis de Ligne."

Saint-Prosper started and regarded his visitor more closely.

"I was the humble instrument of making a fortune for you."

My lot to draw up the papers depicting you of the same! Culver laughed amiably. "Oft expectation falls where most it premises." Parole my levity. There were two wills, the first in your favor, the last in his daughter's. I presume—with a sudden sharp look—"you have no intention of contesting the final disposition? The paternity of the child is established beyond doubt."

Artful Culver was not by any means so sure in his own mind that if the other were disposed to make trouble the legal proofs of Constance's identity would be so easily forthcoming. Barnes was dead; her mother had passed away many years before; the child had been born in London—where?—the marquise, rationally just before his demise was a debatable question. In fact, since he had learned Saint-Prosper was in the city the attorney's mind had been working among a cloud of vague possibilities, and now, regarding his companion with a most kindly, ingratiating smile, he added:

"Besides, when the marquise took you

as a child into his household there were, I understood, no legal papers drawn."

"I don't see what your visit portends," said Saint-Prosper, "unless there is some other matter."

"Just so," returned Culver, his doubts vanishing. "There was a small matter—a slight commission. Miss Carew requested me to hand you this message."

The visitor now detected a marked change in the soldier's imperious bearing as the latter took the envelope which the attorney offered him. "The young lady saw you at the Mistic Krews ball last night and, recognizing an old friend—with a slight accent—'blessed me into her service. And now, having completed my errand, I will wish you good morning.' And the lawyer briskly departed."

The young man's hand trembled as he tore open the envelope, but he sur-



"I wronged you!" she cried. "I wronged you!"

veyed the contents of the brief message with tolerable firmness:

Colonel Saint-Prosper—Will you kindly call this morning to see me.

CONSTANCE CAREW.

That was all; nothing more save the address and the date. How long he remained staring at it with mingled feelings he never knew, but finally with a start he looked at his watch, thoughtfully regarded the half filled trunk, donned his coat and left the room. Several fellow officers, the first of the sluggish to appear, spoke to him as he crossed the hall below, but what they said or what he replied he could not afterward remember. Some one detained him at the steps, a gentleman with a longing for juleps, but finally he

found himself in a carriage, driving somewhere, presumably to the address given in the letter. How long the drive seemed! And yet when the carriage finally stopped and he had paid his fare he mentally determined it had been too short. The driver gazed in surprise after the gentleman who did not wait for his change, but, forbearing injudicious comment, gathered up the reins and drove to the nearest cafe.

From the carriage the house was some distance, and yet it appeared very near the gate to the soldier, who dimly realized he was passing through a garden where were many flowering plants and where the air was unusually heavy with perfume. Many other details—the construction of the house, the size of the verandas—passed without attracting his notice. Soon, however, he was seated in a great room, an apartment of old fashioned height and breadth. He felt his heart beating fast. How long did he sit there? No inconsiderable period surely. He examined everything carefully without carrying a definite impression of anything to his mind. The large carved mirror, the quaint decoration of walls and frieze, the soft colors of the rug that covered the floor, the hundred and one odd little things in the cabinet near the chair where he was seated, trifles in ivory, old silver and china; the pictures, a Vanduyke, Claude and a few modern masters. After this interminable but confused scrutiny of inanimate things his heart beat faster still as a tall figure robed in white entered the room.

He rose. They regarded each other with mutual constraint. Her face had a bit of color, like the tinge of a rose leaf. Her eyes seemed agitated beneath the sweeping lashes, a sentiment in all accord with the stateliness of her presence. She gave him her hand. He held it he knew not how long, probably for the conventional moment. They found themselves, each in a chair, at ease, yet not at ease, he studying her face furtively, yet eagerly, she turning in her fancy the first strong impression of how gaunt and haggard were his features, bearing the traces of recent illness.

"I am glad you came," she began, their eyes meeting once more.

He bowed. "Mr. Culver brought me your message."

"I heard that you—it was reported you were dead."

"I was wounded; that was all, and soon took to the field again."

The suspense that fell between them was oppressive.

"You should have let your friends know," she said at length.

He looked at her curiously, vivid

memories of their last interview recurring to him. Indecisively she interlarded her fingers, and he, watching them, wondered why she had sent for him. Suddenly she rose, walked to the window and stood, looking out. He, sitting in the dim light, in a mass of uncertainty, was vaguely conscious of her figure outlined against the brightness without, of the waving, yellow flowers of the vines shading the broad veranda.

"It is long since we have met," he said awkwardly.

She did not answer. Had she heard?

She did not answer. Had she heard?

She did not answer. Had she heard?

She did not answer. Had she heard?

She did not answer. Had she heard?

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She did not answer. Had she heard?

Yet he did not resent her silence. He had ever felt anger for her if he had ever vanished now. He was only conscious of regarding her more attentively, as she still remained, gazing out into the small garden.

"Much has happened since I saw you," he continued.

She turned, her eyes were moist; her hand trembled a little against her dress, but she held her head proudly, as she had always done, and it was the aspect of this weakness set against strength that appealed swiftly to him, softening his heart so that he longed to spring to her side.

"Yes, much," she replied.

Was her voice tremulous, or was it but the thrill of his own heart which made it so?

"You have been here long?" she asked, still holding back what was on her mind or blindly endeavoring to approach the subject.

"Only since yesterday."

"And you remain some time?"

"I am leaving today—for France."

At that a touch of color left her face, or was it that a darkening shadow fell upon the house and garden, momentarily chastening the outlook?

"For France?" she repeated.

Her lips quivered. Something seemed to still the beating of his heart.

"Constance—what is it?" he half whispered.

She stepped forward suddenly, her hands outstretched.

"I wronged you!" she cried. "I wronged you! I thought the disgrace was yours! Oh, do not speak!" she added passionately. "I have suffered for it—and now, would you mind—please—leaving me?"

"You thought the disgrace was mine?" he repeated slowly. "Not my— He broke off abruptly. "And you suffered for it?" he said wonderingly. "Then you—"

He arose quickly and approached her, a new expression transfiguring his bronzed and worn young face.

Swiftly he sought her glance. Her eyes gave irrefutable answer. Unmistakably she abandoned herself to his arms, and he felt her bosom rise and fall with conflicting emotions. Closely, he held her in the surprise and surpassing pleasure of the moment; then, bending, he kissed her lips. A wave of color flooded her face, though her eyes still sought his. But even as he regarded her the clear, open look gradually changed, replaced by one of half perplexity, half reproach.

"That night you went away—why did you not defend yourself?" she asked finally.

"I never imagined any mistake. Besides, what had I to offer? Your future was bright, your name on every one's lips."

"Did you think you were responsible for your brother's sin?"

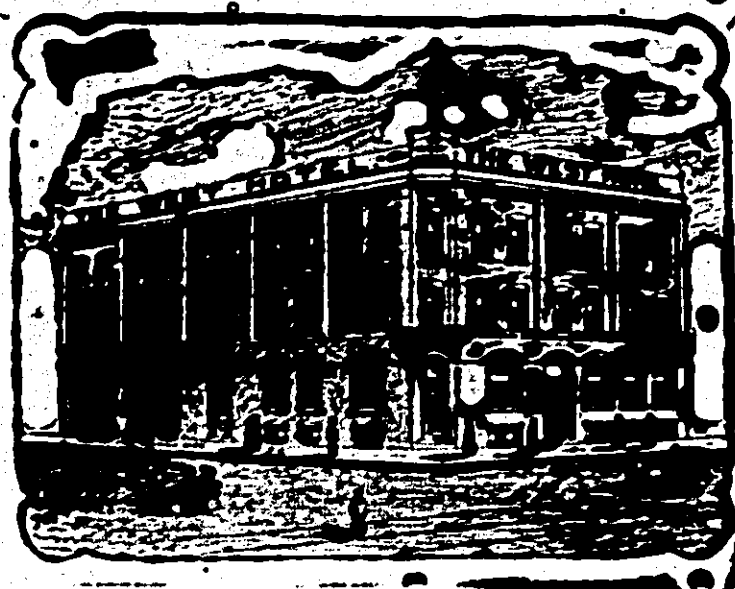
His dark features clouded.

"I suppose I had become accustomed to cold looks; in Africa, by some of my comrades who had an inkling of the story! No matter what I did, I was his brother, and the bitterest part was that I loved him, loved him from my boyhood. He was the handsomest, most joyous fellow. Even when he died in my arms in Mexico my heart could not absolutely turn from him."

She opened her lips as if to speak, but the shadow on his face kept her silent.

"I was weak enough

The WEST HOTEL



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One block north of C.P.R.

MODERN
ELEGANT
UP-TO-DATE

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

Proprietors

Council Meeting

The Council of the Municipality of Grey met on Tuesday, Aug. 6th, in the Council Chamber. Present: Mr. R. H. Staples (reeve), and Councillors Bedford, Smith, Hamel, and Antoine.

The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

A statement of receipts and expenditures of the Municipality of Grey was read by the Sec. Treas.

Communication regarding road between Sec. 1-10-5 W. and 36-9-5 W. was read.

Re commutation for road between Sec. 1-10-5 and 36-9-5.

Antoine-Hamel: That F. H. Bedford be appointed to meet Councillor D. Thompson, of Portage la Prairie Municipality, to have the road built and to meet him on Tuesday, Aug. 13th, 1907.

Communication was read regarding St. Claude Cemetery.

Communication re Grain Conference was read.

Smith-Bedford: That whereas the success of the farmers and through them the success of all others engaged in business of any kind throughout this municipality and province depends to a great extent on proper and efficient storage and transportation facilities for grain, be it resolved that this council strongly commend and endorse the resolutions passed by the Grain Conference at its recent meeting in respect to ownership and operation of initial and terminal elevators and with respect to reciprocal demurrage, and join in requesting that effect be given to such resolutions at an early date, and further that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Hon. R. P. Roblin, Mr. W. D. Staples, M.P., and to the Elm Creek and Carman newspapers.

Bedford-Hamel: That a by-law be drawn up to borrow the sum of \$10,000 from the Bank of Hamilton and read a first time.

Smith-Bedford that by-law No. 39 be read a second and third time,

signed by the Reeve and Clerk finally passed.

Smith-Antoine: That by-law No. 40 being a by-law for the levying of the rates for the year 1907 be introduced and read a first time.

Smith-Bedford: That by-law No. 40 be read a second and third time, signed by the Reeve and Clerk and finally passed.

Bedford-Hamel: That by-law No. 41 for levying special school tax for year 1907 be introduced and read a first time.

Smith-Bedford: That by-law No. 41 be read a second and third time, signed by Reeve and Clerk and finally passed.

Councillor Bedford gave notice that at next meeting of council a by-law will be introduced amending by-law No. 4 by adding a clause thereto, restricting the power of any road commissioner in making contracts on the Municipality to the amount unexpended of the sum appropriated to his ward in any year, after deducting from such appropriation the amount of all contracts then entered into.

A number of accounts, amounting to \$4,717.71, were read and ordered to be paid.

There being no further business, the Council adjourned till Tuesday, September 10th, at 10 a.m.

The Forth Bridge, over the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh, has two cantilever spans each 1,710 feet in length, the longest in the world. The total length of this structure is one and four-sevenths miles, and there were 51,000 tons of steel used in its construction.

While engaged in shunting, on Tuesday, the engine and tender of the Carman express parted company. The tender left the track, but the damage did not amount to much.

BUGGY FOR SALE

Secondhand Buggy for sale, in first-class condition, newly painted.—Apply to J. Murray, Elm Creek. 6-6

J. Duxbury, 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. Alward's residence, next to the chopping mill.

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

DENTISTRY

DR. A. L. McLAUGHLIN,
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.

J. A. STOREY

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

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)

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FOR

THE MAIL

R. H. STAPLES

Clothing

I have just received a full range of

Men's Suits from \$8.00 to 20.00

Boys' " " 4.50 " 8.00

Youths' " " 3.75 " 5.00

Children's " " 3.00 " 5.00

Men's and Boys' Sweaters,
Black, Navy, and Red, all
prices.

We are now giving TEN PER
CENT. off Ladies' Wrappers,
House Dresses and Shirtwaists.
Also a nice line of Misses' Skirts

R. H. STAPLES

Elm Creek - - Man.

Special Offer

The Mail

50c.

From now till
December 31st, 1907

New Scale Williams PIANOS

Are Winning Fame and Distinction

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

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

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

Doherty Organs. Mason & Hamlin Organs.

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

C. H. LEMMON
Sole Agent, Elm Creek



Good News

For the man or boy who wants to see where he can make his expenses to visit the great western fairs. We will put on sale the entire stock of Clothing for Men and Boys at prices that will permit you to get an outfit at a price that will surprise the most careful buyer.

Go Through the World
Well Dressed. : : :

At our prices—they are the lowest for good goods.

Everything at cost—no reserve. Winnipeg is without opposition where price and quality are considered in this Great Clothing Sale.

HART & CO.

CARMAN'S GOOD DRESSERS' STORE
OPPOSITE VICTORIA HOTEL

Celluloid Starch

Just send us your name and address on a post-card and we'll mail you a Painting Book for the little folks and a quarter-pound package of Celluloid Starch. That means fun for the children and satisfactory starching for you. Celluloid Starch requires no boiling, gives a perfect finish to the clothes and never makes the iron stick. Write to-day for this free book and sample.

The Brantford Starch Works, Limited
Brantford, Ontario

Old Glory Shamed

At the battle of Bladensburg the American troops were defeated by the British, under the command of an Irish officer named Ross. In recognition of his services in winning this victory, his sovereign granted him the title of Ross of Bladensburg, and to his crest was added an American flag, reversed, with the shaft broken. The title is hereditary. In this generation the possessor is a colonel of the Irish Fusiliers, who won some fame in the Boer war. And this Ross of Bladensburg uses as his crest today the stars and stripes turned upside down, and with the shaft broken in two.

Beware of Ointments for Ointment that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is too great to be avoided. You can possibly derive from them. Halls' Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Halls' Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials for Halls' Catarrh Cure. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Halls' Family Pills for constipation.

While playing cards at an inn a man lost all his money, besides his watch and his overcoat. He therefore got up and went away, but returned in a few minutes. "Gentlemen," he said, "it has just begun to rain. What will you give me for my umbrella and rubbers?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

A Cure for Rheumatism—The intrusion of uric acid into the blood vessels is a fruitful cause of rheumatic pains. This irregularity is owing to a deranged and unhealthy condition of the liver. Anyone subject to this painful affection will find a remedy in Parnelee's Vegetable Pills. Their action upon the kidneys is pronounced and most beneficial, and by restoring healthy action they correct impurities in the blood.

"Oh, madam," said the French maid, "Fidp weel not eat ze bon-bons." "The bear, intelligent little doggie!" exclaimed Mrs. Rich. "There must be something wrong with those bon-bons, Cloe. Give them to the children."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

He (on their wedding trip in the motor)—Darling, we must settle down now. We must kiss each other only once every three miles. She—Well, you must let me drive, then; you go so slowly.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

"He occasionally says things that are wonderfully apropos," said one statesman. "Yes," answered the other; "he's like our parrot at home. It doesn't know much, but what it does know it keeps repeating until some circumstance arises that makes the remark seem marvelously apt."—*Washington Star.*

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

The coach in which the Lord Mayor of London rides on state occasions has been in use since 1757.

Returns of the railway clearing house show that 1,000 parcels a day are lost on the railways of the United Kingdom.

Does Not Color Hair

Ayer's Hair Vigor, as now made from our new improved formula, does not stain or color the hair even to the slightest degree. Gray hair, white hair, blonde hair is not made a shade darker. But it certainly does stop falling hair. No question about that.

Ayer's

Indeed, we believe it will stop every case of falling hair unless there is some very unusual complication, something greatly affecting the general health. Then you should consult your physician. Also ask him about the new Ayer's Hair Vigor.

CAPTAIN AS DIVER.

Shark Over-hiss Risky Piece of Work.

A sea captain's ingenuity and pluck are the subject of a capital story which comes from Hartlepool. Captain Ivor, of the hero of the adventure, which occurred when the *Florida* was on a voyage from Norway to the Cape. Heavy weather was encountered in the Bay of Biscay, and the water commenced to make its way into the vessel at the bows. Despite the fact that the pumps were kept going by means of the windmill on deck when possible, and at other times by hand—the water rose steadily in the hold, and eventually the *Florida*, which was by this time in the South Atlantic, was in a well-nigh waterlogged condition. The captain then decided upon heroic measures. It was impossible to stop the leak from the inside, so he determined to try and stop it from the outside. For this purpose a diving suit of some form was necessary, and out of a piece of sail cloth, Captain Ivor fashioned a huge bag, sixteen feet long and two feet in diameter, fixing metal rings at intervals inside in order to keep it in shape. At a suitable height he put in a small window, scraping the back off a cheap mirror for the purpose. Armholes and sleeves were fitted, and the whole apparatus so rigged up that the bag could be lowered into the water to the requisite depth to enable a person inside it to examine the hull of the vessel under water. Captain Ivor himself descended in this novel diving suit, and discovered, after considerable difficulty, two places where the water was entering.

With the aid of rags, rope, etc., he caulked the apertures, the dangers of the task being increased by the fact that, whilst the leakages were some four feet below the actual water line of the vessel, their depth momentarily increased to eight feet or so as the ship dipped to the long Atlantic roll. The pitching of the vessel, too, caused Captain Ivor to be continually thrown with more or less force against the hull, and indeed the friction gradually wore a hole in the canvas at the foot of the bag. Through this the water entered the bag and immersed Captain Ivor to the chin before he could call out to his men to haul him up. Another unpleasant interruption was caused by a shark. All the morning before Captain Ivor commenced operations a large shark had been swimming around the vessel. The crew had fished for him with meat, etc., but without success, but at length the monster, rising to grab at so insignificant an article as an empty match box that had been thrown overboard by Captain Ivor, had a shot at him with a revolver. The shark was just below the water when the bullet hit him, and evidently not much damage was done. Still, he swam away, and was not seen again until Captain Ivor was below in his extemporized diving suit. The crew at once warned the captain of the shark's approach, but the captain decided to go on with his work. The shark came up, and Captain Ivor, keeping close to the side of the vessel, saw him come round the bows. The pilot fish that accompanied him inspected the canvas bag, but the shark passed, apparently unheeding, some four or five feet off Captain Ivor's head. At first somewhat afraid the shark might attack his hands, and had his knife ready to defend himself if necessary. The leakages being repaired, the *Florida*, continued her voyage to Cape Town, which she reached in safety, and, as a recognition of his daring and ingenuity, Captain Ivor was the recipient of several handsome presents.

IN SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Children in England Had Beer For Breakfast.

Sixteenth-century children in England ate very different food from that consumed by modern American youngsters. The following dietary is taken from the Northumberland Household Book showing the nursery breakfasts at the beginning of the sixteenth century: "This is the Order of Breakfasts for the Nurcy for my Lady Margaret and Maister Ingeram Percy every day in the week in Lent: Item, a Manchot (small loaf of white bread), a Quarte of Bere, a Dysch of Butter, a Pece of Salfische, a Dysch of Sproitts in iij White Herring, Breakfasts of Flesch dayly thowowe the Yere: Item, a Manchot, a Quarte of Bere and iij Mutton Bonys boiled. On Fyeshedays throw-owte the Yere: Item, a Manchot, a Quarte Bere, a Dysch of Butter, a pece of Salfische or a Dysche of Butter'd Eggs." Milk seems to have been an unknown beverage, but the beer of those days was very different from the modern article, and much more harmless.

Quaint London Charities.

Distributions were made recently in connection with three strange charities operating in the parish of Holborn. One was the Isaac Duckett bequest, founded in 1620, to be applied in equal shares for the benefit of poor maid-servants who had served one master or mistress for seven consecutive years. Of late this period has been reduced to five years. Of 57 applicants 31 were longed to receive each \$20. The longest period of service bestowed was 31-2 years. The other two charities—Lady Hatton's and Mrs. Palmer's—both related to aged widows of over 60 years of age who had resided in the parish for ten years and never received poor relief. Under the former request about 23 widows received money, while Mrs. Palmer's benevolence was responsive for 24 old ladies receiving \$25—the first half-yearly instalment of their \$50 pension.

Old Curiosity Shop.

The Old Curiosity Shop in Portsmouth street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, in which tourists have spent thousands and thousands of pounds, is soon to be demolished. Countless persons have accepted this shop as the "Old Curiosity Shop" of Charles Dickens, but it has never been established that the great novelist had it in mind when he wrote his story.

Lord Mayor Was a Drummer

When the present Lord Mayor of London, Sir William Treloar, president of the London branch of the United Kingdom Commercial Travellers' association, attended the annual dinner of that organization he told a story of his early travelling life.

"Forty years ago," he said, "I called on an upholsterer in Southampton, whose daughter, a very nice looking girl, rang the bell for her father. As soon, however, as she recognized the visitor she gently called up the stairs: 'You need not come down, papa; it's only a commercial.'

"When she returned to the shop, the girl remarked with a pleasant smile: 'I took you for a gentleman. I apologized,' added the story-teller, 'and expressed my regret that my appearance should have deceived her. And so we became excellent friends.'—*Strand.*

Wild Plums

Prunus Americana is the botanical name of the native wild plum of the Northern States, and the many named varieties of this plum now in cultivation have been worked out by selection, cultivation and the breeding of new varieties. The wild plum of Manitoba, though given a different name by botanists, is closely related to prunus Americana, and is no doubt quite as susceptible to improvement. Our hope for the future in growing plums lies in the improvement of our native species, as few of the cultivated plums of other countries are of any value here. With a view to the improvement of our native plum, the Buchanan Nursery Co. of St. Charles, Man., offers a prize of \$5 for the best sample of native wild plums sent them this season. Anyone who wishes to compete for this prize should send about a pint of the fruit to the company, by mail, with their name and address.

Bishop William C. Doane of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Albany, N.Y., follows the English fashion of his church, and signs his name "William of Albany." Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York once said to him: "Doane, I wish you lived in Buffalo instead of Albany." "Why do you wish that?" queried the puzzled William of Albany. "Because," replied the metropolitan, "then we could call you 'Buffalo Bill.'"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Friend—How is your poetic journal getting on? Editor—Not well. At present we have 320 people on the staff and eighty subscribers.—*Pele Mele.*

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal. I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle. CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN, Scher, "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

Elsehen—Mamma, is papa ever brave? Mother—He is always brave, I hope. But what makes you ask? Elsehen—Because I thought if he were he wouldn't let my governess pull his ears so.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

MOTHER'S ANXIETY

The summer months are a time of anxiety for mothers because they are the most dangerous months in the year for babies and young children. Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather, and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally because they keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter. And the Tablets will cure these troubles if they come suddenly. The wise mother should keep these Tablets always at hand and give them occasionally to her children. The Tablets can be given with equal success to the newborn babe or the well-grown child. They always do good—they cannot possibly do harm, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Passenger—Hi, porter! Have you seen anything of my wife and luggage? Porter—I've no doubt I have, sir, but as I don't know them I'm afraid that won't help you much.—*Bon Vivant.*

PEN-ANGLE

What you spend for pens, wear boys most real value in it, comfort, service—only when each pen is made in red, that guarantees you satisfaction or your money back.

Made in many fabrics and styles, in various colors, for writing, drawing, and for use in the home, school, and office. See the PEN-ANGLE in store—it is sure to save you money's worth.

FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.

Scottish Writer Recalls Story of Struggle—Fine War Song.

And this is Bannockburn—How familiar is the name, and what recollections of schooldays it brings to mind. Here is Borestone! Half hidden, it lies under a strong iron grate. As if the stone that held the standard of a king should henceforth shun the vulgar gaze. The Lion rampant flies beside it, and the whole countryside recalls the story of the struggle. In front runs the Bannock Burn, and in the hollow were two marshes; Milton Bog and Halbert Bog, where to-day a rich crop is waving in the breeze. The old man who comes hurrying up the brae remembers when the last bog was drained. In the operation several stakes were turned up, and these appeared to have been used in the pits dug by Bruce before the battle. Pieces of armor, too, have been found from time to time in the field there. The rising ground behind is the Gilles Hill, and yonder lies Coxet Hill, from which Bruce directed the battle. Two upright stones between St. Ninians and Stirling are said to mark the respective positions of Randolph and Clifford during the engagement which took place on the evening before the battle.

Grand and Awful Picture.

But look to the south. The flood-gates of the imagination are opened, and the grand and awful picture appears. On that distant knoll beyond the stream stands the English King. Around him and in front are one hundred thousand armed men, and far beyond stretch many miles of wagons. Around the Bruce are Highlanders and Lowland Scots marshalled to meet a common foe. The pits are dug, the caltrops scattered. King Robert rides out to see that all is ready, and having commanded his soldiers to arm, addresses them in words which have been paraphrased by the Scottish bard in the finest war song ever written. De Bohun has been killed, and Randolph has recovered his lost roe. The Scottish soldiers lie in front, and here upon the field, and daybreak as Edward sees the Abbot of Incheffra—But why repeat the story? Every Scot knows it. The crowd from the Gilles Hill has done its work and there is proud Edward, with five hundred chosen horse, fleeing before sixty mounted Scots.

Tradition of King's Death.

Over there is Ingram's Crook, where the wounded knight, Sir Ingram d'Umfraville, was taken prisoner. He lay in front of the fierce De Bohun was slain. It is not the battle alone that makes the place of historic interest. On the field, and close to the burn, stands King James' Cottage, or Beaton's Mill, where James III. was murdered while fleeing from the battlefield of Sauchieburn. The great age of the house and the thickness of its walls would seem to corroborate the tradition of its connection with the woman at the well, the frightened steed, the bruised rider, the stranger who announced himself a priest and then stabbed the King to death is familiar to every reader of Scottish history.

But our thoughts are on a far-off event when a usurper was humbled. May the breeze that sweeps the field to-day bear with it the spirit of liberty to distant Scots, and wherever oppression's rod is raised may they hear the strains of an ancient battle march, and, hearing it, sing— "We will drain our dearest veins, But they shall be free."

Australia and the Railways.

Western Australia, the latest but not the least progressive of the States of the great island continent, has opened this year's session of its Parliament under favorable auspices. The speech from the throne was generally optimistic in tone, and it was stated that the land and agricultural banks legislation had been very successful, and that land settlement was rapidly increasing. The Government had placed expert advice at the disposal of persons engaged in general and mixed farming and dairying. Gold, copper and tin mining continued to advance, the production to date amounting in value to \$385,000,000, on which nearly \$22,500,000 had been paid.

Australasia is well-known for the thoroughness of its public ownership policy, and Western Australia has evidently found the example of the older states worth following in this regard. In his speech the governor intimated that the Government were engaged in building the proposed agricultural railways. In connection with the extensive mining and pastoral developments in the northwest, the Government had further determined to assist progress by the early construction of a railway in that district, the establishment of freezing works, the provision of water supplies, and by other measures. Power would also be asked to construct other railways, and it was also stated that a new commissioner of railways, having wide experience of railway management, would be appointed at a higher salary. Western Australia is clearly determined to prevent the recurrence of the railway conditions that are causing such endless trouble on this continent. Discriminations, rebates and other incidents of that kind belong to private ownership—public ownership has more to do with fair and just dealing in the interests of the community.—*Toronto World.*

Waterloo Jack Recovers.

Waterloo Jack, the famous collecting dog, who has been an in-patient of the Animals' hospital, Bloomsbury, for two months, left the other day to resume work. His first business was to take an active part in collecting at the "Country Fair" in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League, which opened recently at the Botanic gardens. During his stay at the hospital Jack has been fed on three special diets—first, meat extracts, eggs and milk, and finally, biscuits, sheep's head, gravy, liver, vegetables, and fish. Jack, who has collected nearly £1,000 at Waterloo station, was sent to the hospital for the removal of a tumor on his spine.

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SIZED HIM UP WRONG.

Fistic Encounter Did Not Turn Out as It Was Planned.

"It was this way, you see," said the young man with the black eye and skinned nose and a gap in his mouth where two front teeth used to be. "I was elbowed by a feller on a street car and we had some words. I determined to lick that man or die. I could have hit him with a stone or a club or hired some ruffian to waylay him, but I wanted to polish him off scientifically. I wanted to dally with him—to jab and uppercut him and straight punch until I made a pulp of him."

"And so you took boxing lessons?" was queried.

"That's what I did—twenty-four of them. When I had finished my instructor said that I could knock out any man twice my weight in America. I had kept an eye on the elbow man and when I got good and ready I threw myself in his way. He gave me the elbow again. I called him a ruffian and a coward and invited him to step off the car."

"And the bluffer didn't dare do it, of course?"

"But he did dare. Yes, sir, he got down lively. I squared off at him and let go with my right. It missed. Then I let go with my left. It missed. Then I swung on him. He wasn't there. Then—then—"

"Then you caught him an awful wallop and killed him stone dead?"

"Not quite. Something came booming along and hit me all over the face and I went down and awoke in an ambulance."

"But you had taken twenty-four lessons in boxing."

"I had, but as I afterward found out the other feller had taken forty-eight."—*Chicago News.*

His Large Family.

A Washington scientist was recently much amused by a conversation between two young colored men who were discussing the scientific attainments of a fellow negro.

"There's no use in talking, Jim," said one of the negroes. "That man Morgan is certainly cultivated and educated to the limit. I was at a party the other night and he kept the company entranced for over an hour explaining science to us."

"What did he talk about?" asked the second negro.

"Everything scientific," was the reply, "but principally he told us how we are all descended from Mr. Darwin."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

He Was Satisfied.

A Greenwich man tells of a Connecticut farmer who, after having driven a lot of hogs to Greenwich, sold them for precisely what had been offered him before he left home. "You didn't seem to have made much by bringing your hogs down here," remarked the man who tells the story. "Well, no," replied the agriculturist dejectedly, "I ain't made no money, but then, you know," he added, his face brightening, "I had the company of the hogs on the way down."

Pleasures of Memory.

"I beg your pardon, but have we not met somewhere before?" he asked, approaching the lady as she was making mysterious marks in the sand with her parasol.

She looked at him curiously for a moment and then replied, not without a certain sense of pleasure:

"Of course we have! We were engaged for a week and a half three summers ago."—*Judge.*

For Her Sake.

"So you quit smoking because she asked you to?" said the youth with the clam shell cap.

"Yes," answered the lad with the turned up trousers.

"And then?"

"Then she went walking with a man who smoked a pipe because she said it kept away mosquitoes."—*Washington Star.*

Just That.

Doctor (to patient)—Your heart is rather irregular. Have you anything that is worrying you?

Patient—Oh, not particularly, only that just now when you put your hand in your pocket I thought you were going to give me your bill.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Chance For Inventors.

Suppose that one could find an alloy that would bear the same relation to aluminum that steel does to carbon or bronze to tin, says the Engineer. Record. The result would be a new structural material of immense importance in mechanical work. The builders of high machinery are looking for just this thing.

A Rapid Transit.

"Stranger—Why are you hanging that man to a telegraph pole?"

Citizen—Well, that's the best way to dispatch him.—*Princeton Tiger.*

Bananas

The highest known authority on bananas, the golden treasure of the tropics, is Edward W. Perry. Said he: "Bananas pay their producer nearly three times as much money as potatoes are worth an acre; bring the grower profits which are three times the farm value of the chief food crops of the United States, and have paid gains equal to 5 per cent per annum on \$1,138 an acre for the last twenty-five years. The crop is sold years ahead of production at prices ensuring good profits." Mr. Perry adds: "Bananas are by millions of people eaten green or ripe, raw or cooked; are served in all ways in which apples, grains and potatoes are used, and are palatable, healthful and nutritious in every way in which they are prepared. They make excellent bread, cakes and pies, puddings, confectionery and coffee substitutes; yield brandy, beer, vinegar, sugar, oil and fibres. They are bought as a luxury by millions who may use them as a staple food. Yet they may be grown profitably in a small area only; therefore banana culture affords a perfectly safe and gainful use of time and money."—*New York Press.*

Origin of the Sedan Chair

Perhaps some expert in the Siamese language will tell us what is its word for "sedan chair." When the King of Siam's ministers, protesting against his majesty's favor toward motoring, suggested recently that the royal sedan chair was always at his disposal, it is improbable that they used a word reminiscent of the French word.

For it is from the scene of Napoleon III's collapse that the sedan chair takes its name, and perhaps remote posterity will suppose that it had some connection with that event. But Sedan first produced these conveyances centuries ago, and they were seen in England in 1581. One used by James I at Buckingham provoked great popular outcry against the employment of men as beasts of burden. Sir S. Duncombe is credited with having introduced them to London in 1634.—*London Chronicle.*

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Shirts, resembling those now worn, were in use in 1380.

Barometers were first used by Torricelli in 1670.

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