

Provincial Library
Winnipeg

ELM CREEK MAIL

VOL. 3

ELM CREEK, MANITOBA, AUGUST 22, 1907

NO. 34

BANK OF HAMILTON

SAVINGS ACCOUNTS INVITED

INTEREST PAID QUARTERLY

Elm Creek Branch:
W. C. SOOLE - Agent

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

ESTABLISHED 1867

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

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

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

BANKING BY MAIL

Business may be transacted by mail with any branch of the Bank. Accounts may be opened and deposits made or withdrawn by mail. Every attention is paid to out-of-town accounts.

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	10.40
Arrive Winnipeg	12.30
Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, going West	
Leave Winnipeg	17.08
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-Bourke	

CARMAN BRANCH

Daily	
Leave Carman	9.00
Arrive Elm Creek	9.35
Leave Elm Creek	10.00
Arrive Carman	10.35
Leave Carman	10.00
Arrive Elm Creek	10.35
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. Jos. Rinn left last week on a trip to Strassburg, Sask.

C. A. Arnett spent a few days in the city this week.

Miss Bessie Matueson left for Brandon on Tuesday.

A. R. Stevens went to the city on Tuesday.

W. Waite was in town on Monday night.

A fur coat, with a man inside it, was seen in town on Monday. Good old summer time!

Mr. and Mrs. R. Campbell and family, of Detroit, are visiting Mrs. J. A. Gordon.

A. McLeod, general travelling agent for the Massey-Harris Co., was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Arnett, of Dauphin, visited C. A. Arnett on Monday.

Mrs. Thos. Duxbury, of Minto, was visiting her son, our worthy doctor, last week.

A. Harley, of Winnipeg, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Buragar from Friday till Monday.

Mrs. W. J. Leach and her son Clifton, of Winnipeg, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Fennell.

Mrs. R. H. Staples and A. Brown were at Treherne last week, judging the ladies' work at the fair.

Miss Mary Johnston, of Culross, after passing examinations here, has gone to Killarney to take up matriculation work.

Mrs. S. P. Graham, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wilson, returned to Winnipeg on Saturday.

Geo. Simpson returned on Monday from an extended trip to Saskatoon, Battleford, Regina, and other western points.

The public school re-opened on Tuesday, with Principal Cornish wielding the rod (or is it a strap?) of authority.

Miss Maggie Kennedy returned on Monday from Pilot Mound, where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Cohoe.

Miss M. Duncan, of the city teaching staff, left for Miami on Monday, after spending some of her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Rinn.

W. C. Soole left yesterday on a two weeks' driving tour through the west. During his absence the bank will be in charge of Mr. H. E. Johnstone, of Winnipeg.

The tax statements for the current year have been printed at this office, and will be mailed to anybody who is suspected of having any surplus cash.

Principal and Mrs. Cornish arrived in town on Friday evening, and have taken up their residence in the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Bates.

W. T. Shipley, formerly principal of Elm Creek public school, passed through on Monday, en route for Cypress River, to enter on his duties as principal of the public school in that town.

Born.—On Wednesday, August 14th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. Burnett, a daughter.

On Thursday, August 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Bell, a son.

On Friday, August 16th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter, a daughter.

Miss Maggie George, formerly of Morden, arrived on Friday, and has succeeded Frank Humphries in the drug store. Miss George is a fully qualified druggist, having graduated with honors. We extend her a cordial welcome to our town.

It is rumored that a new industry is to be started in our town shortly. We hear that a company has been formed for the manufacture of fruit cakes. It is expected that the first carload—and possibly the last—will be shipped to Winnipeg on or about September 10th.

Frank Humphries, for over a year the popular druggist of this town, left on Saturday for his home at Glenboro. During his residence here Mr. Humphries took a keen interest in everything pertaining to the advancement of the town, and his unfailing courtesy gained him many friends who regret his departure.

The Grain Growers' Association of Manitoba and Saskatchewan are trying to arrange an inter-provincial conference to take place in some central town during the coming fall or winter. It is thought that better results can be obtained by the holding of an inter-provincial conference than could be attained by separate conventions having the same object in view.

Gun Club Formed

The latest addition to the societies of Elm Creek is a gun club which is now in course of formation. The first meeting was held on Tuesday evening, when it was decided to go ahead with the project and Mr. J. Proctor and Dr. Kennedy were elected president and secretary-treasurer respectively. Several members were enrolled, and more are expected at the next meeting, which will be held to-morrow (Friday).

How To Make a Curfew

Every family should have a curfew which should positively "ring to-night" and every night if needed. These curfews are inexpensive and can be home-made. Take a piece of siding two feet long and whittle one end down to a handle. Then take the boy who needs the curfew and bend him over a barrel. Now take the piece of siding in the right hand and use it for a clapper. Put it on hot, divide the strokes evenly, and see that none miss. Good for a boy up to the age of eighteen, and applications are warranted to cure the most pronounced case of sheet loading that exists. The music the curfew makes is finer than singing "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

SUNSHINE FURNACE

NO BENDING DOUBLE AND POKING AROUND THE ASH-PIT WITH A SHOVEL TO GET THE ASHES OUT OF THE SUNSHINE.

The Sunshine is furnished with a good, big ash-pan.

All you have to do is to grasp two strong, firmly attached, always-cool, bale handles and the large, roomy ash-pan easily comes out.

A minute or two is all it takes to perform the operation.

All the ashes are in the pan, too.

Because they are guided into it by means of ash-chutes attached immediately below the fire-pot.

Sunshine is the simplest, easiest-managed, cleanest kind of a furnace. You don't have to wear overalls and a smock when attending to the Sunshine.

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, N.B.

Agent:

Chas. C. Clough
ELM CREEK, 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	\$8.00
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, Dinners, 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

An Earnest Trifler.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Copyrighted, 1916, by P. C. Eastment.

"What an age it is since I've seen you!" said Branton Ridgely, turning with enthusiasm to Eleanor Grayson. The pink skirted candles of Mrs. Courtney's dinner table cast a glow across the pale oval of Miss Grayson's face. From under her dark, delicately arched brows her hazel eyes looked out on the world with stary seriousness.

"The last time we met," he went on, "was at the Van Nestor's tennis tournament on the 17th of September."

Miss Grayson laughed.

"What a memory for dates! I suppose you also recall each bit of our conversation?"

"Every word. Do you remember calling me a trifler?"

"Did I? Well, I recollect your telling me that I was an erratic, headstrong young woman. That was two months ago, and I don't think either of us have changed much since."

"I accept the rebuke," said Ridgely meekly.

"Isn't it a pity to waste such good material? Instead of a leader of colloquies you might be a leader of men."

"And isn't it a pity to hide yourself from your friends and stay in that seclusion, folding and slaving?"

"And enjoying it more than anything I've ever done before," supplemented Miss Grayson warmly.

"That's all very well, but how am I ever to catch a glimpse of you? I was just beginning to know you last summer, and now your time is taken up morning, noon and night, and you haven't a moment to give me. And you'll end," he predicted savagely, "by falling in love with one of the workers down there—unless you're already interested in some one else."

"Such frankness merits frankness in return. I am deeply interested in some one. But your first surmise was wrong. The hero in this case is quite unknown. I've never even seen him."

"Never mind," growled Ridgely, "he'll show himself soon enough when he's found you've begun to care."

"Well, then, he'll have to change his present tactics," answered Miss Grayson lightly. "Do you know, it's the most mysterious thing! Each week through the mail I have been receiving an envelope filled with paper money. Inclosed is a printed note which says, 'For the needy,' and it's signed 'E. T.'"

"Strange," murmured Ridgely.

"Yes, and there's more!"

"More?"

"I mean each day there's a bunch of violets, too, and the same initial on the card."

"The deuce!" said Ridgely. "Well, and what then?"

"Then? Oh, there's nothing more. The flowers continue to come, and the money continues to come, and though I have no clue as to who 'E. T.' is, I continue to accept both."

"How do you know he's a man?"

"What woman would be so—so systematic?"

"True. And do you wear the flowers he sends?"

"Sometimes."

"Lucky dog! He's to be envied!"

"That's so like you, Mr. Ridgely, to think of the flowers first and forget all about the money that has made it possible for me to carry out one of my pet schemes. This week Miss Elliston and I have rented and renovated a house—number 12 Pearl street, and we're going to live there and run it to suit ourselves."

"Alone?"

"Why, of course!"

"Well, to say it's madness is inadequate! In that quarter of the city—regular slums! If you had parents!"

"I shouldn't be deluged by it? Probably not. As it is, my friends have expostulated in vain, for I am quite capable of taking care of myself. And I see no reason why I shouldn't make experiments and do as I please. Besides, Miss Elliston and I aren't altogether alone. We have a very competent German servant, Gretchen. And I'm sure the man who sends the money would be delighted to see to what use we've put it. We have only been in the house a week, and have an inmate already—such a piteous case, a little Italian girl whose stepfather, Grinaldo, forced her to work in a cigar factory, though she was so ill, she could scarcely stand. Grinaldo used to beat her. If her earnings didn't please him. If you could have seen her poor, arms—so wasted and pinched black and blue! Of course it was a case for the societies, but I didn't wait for them to interfere. I took her in myself. I wanted to see those olive cheeks of hers grow round and rosy, and those scrawny brown hands—do you know, she looks as if she'd gained pounds already! Her eyes are beginning to lose their haggard look, and she doesn't duck her head as if she expected a blow."

"And her stepfather?"

"Grinaldo? Oh, he's disappeared! We won't have any more trouble with him. I fancy. There! I've bored you with talking about myself, but it's going to end, for I am taking the privilege of excusing myself and leaving early. Mrs. Courtney is a lenient business!"

"You'll let me put you into your car?" said Ridgely.

"I would if I expected to take one, but I'm going back to Pearl street, via the friendly street car. It drops me within three blocks of the door."

"Three blocks! Oh, I say, Miss Grayson, won't you let me—"

"Thank you, no! I shall be perfect by nine. I'll come and see at my own free will for the last week. The

people down there are too busy minding their own affairs to interfere with mine."

A few moments later, swathed in a long dark coat that fitted closely and hid the folds of her dinner gown, Miss Grayson hailed a cross-town car. It was a cloudy evening that threatened rain; and before she reached her destination the storm broke wildly. The great drops falling in gusts against the car windows. The corner at which Miss Grayson alighted was utterly deserted. Pale gleams from half opened janet windows and the dim, murky yellow of the street lamps were reflected in the streaming gutters and the sidewalk's miniature pools. Miss Grayson splashed briskly ahead, looking neither to the right nor to the left, till she neared her own abode and turned her head to glance in the windows. The partition of what had once been a narrow hall had been removed, and the whole was turned into a spacious sitting room. The embers of a half-spent grate fire threw a softened color over books and pictures; and the dark, thin face of little Tessa, who was seated on the hearth rug.

"Well, Tessa," called Miss Grayson, opening the door and pausing a moment to wrest the key from the reluctant lock. "Did you sit up for me? And where's Miss Elliston?"

But Tessa's slow, sweet voice was checked midway in reply, for at a sudden Miss Grayson was thrust violently into the room, and the half-opened door was closed behind her. Against it leaned the threatening figure of Grinaldo, his lips in an ugly line.

"What do you mean by breaking in like this?" demanded Miss Grayson, sternly quiet, though a pulse beat hurriedly in her throat.

Grinaldo fixed his narrow eyes on her. Angry red surged under the brownish pallor of his skin. She had taken his daughter, he said, his daughter who earned for him. Now he had come to fetch Tessa away. She would not be found a second time.

Tessa was staring at a window at the other end of the room as if she did not hear Grinaldo's words, but Miss Grayson's eyes were on the thin, keen knife that flickered in his hand.

"If the lady screams or calls the police, I strike now," said Grinaldo softly, with a threatening gesture.

"Oh, no you don't!" cried Branton Ridgely, crashing in the window with his walking stick and vaulting over the sill with the jump that had won him a medal at college. Beyond were the amberlike lamps of his waiting hansom, the cabman whistling shrilly for the police. Miss Grayson saw as through a maze the things that followed, Ridgely's arm striking out and Grinaldo sprawling. She heard Tessa's cry of relief, the startled voice of Miss Elliston, who, panic stricken, was descending the stairs. Lastly came the police. It was Ridgely who told them the necessary details; it was Ridgely who calmed the excited Miss Elliston and half hysterical Tessa. It was Ridgely who came to Miss Grayson when it was all over with a fervent "Thank heaven, I was in time."

"How did you know?"

"Why, after you were gone I felt a premonition, so I took a cab and followed."

Miss Elliston had discreetly turned her back. Miss Grayson lifted a bunch of violets from a bowl on the table and held them out to him.

"Instead of laurels," she began tremulously.

"I couldn't—can't—you see—that is—"

stammered Ridgely, coloring to the roots of his hair.

Their eyes met.

"Oh," cried Miss Grayson, with a deep breath, "then it was you who sent them! And the money too?"

"But the initials?" she questioned, perplexedly after a moment's silence.

"Stand for 'Earnest Trifler,'" he said lightly. "I thought I'd like to help, but I'm pretty much of a thick headed blunderbuss and didn't quite know how. You see, a trifler wouldn't stand much of a chance with you, would he, Miss Grayson?"

"An earnest trifler would," she answered, looking down at the violets she still held in her hand.

"Really?" cried Ridgely, with a delight half boyish in its impetuosity.

"Yes, really," said Miss Eleanor Grayson in a tone that made Ridgely's heart skip at three beats.

Why They Cheered.

Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity college, Cambridge, was a great but unpopular man. When he entered the senate house it was the ill mannered practice of the undergraduates to begin a loud and continuous whistle.

"How this originated I do not know," writes Dean Farrar in his book, "Men I Have Known." "There were two legends about it. One was that it originated that the master would have to whistle for a bishopric; the other, equally absurd, was that when some one had asked him how to pronounce his name he had said, 'You must shape your mouth as if you were going to whistle.'"

But under the rough manners of the students there was genuine goodness of heart. Dr. Whewell's wife died. He had been tenderly devoted to her, and when he attended chapel after her death the undergraduates were touched by an old man's anguish and a strong man's tears.

"When next he entered the senate house," writes Dean Farrar, "there was dead silence. For the first time for I know not how many years not a whistle was heard, and then a moment afterward, as by spontaneous impulse the whole crowded mass of undergraduates in the gallery burst into a loud and long continued cheer. It was not astonishing that such a proof of sympathy should move the heart of the great master, or that the tears should run down his cheeks. I do not think that he was ever whistled at again."



One kind of underwear, and only one, fits right. Wear it from the day you buy it. That's a trade secret (as above) is red, and guaranteed to you by a man that sells and the people who make it. Made in many fabrics and styles, at various prices, in long, short, and wide, for women, men and children. Look for the PEN-ANGLE.

Bunny Would Do.

Anthropos of Gounod, a story is told which shows the difference between the French and the English style of regarding things. A music-mad young English lady was introduced to the great musician, and, overwhelmed by the happiness of standing in the presence of the composer of "Faust," she addressed him thus: "Oh, I am lost for words to express my admiration. Inspired musician, genius, mighty master, what shall I call you?"

Gounod here interrupted her by patting her on the head and saying: "and call me your little rabbit."

Weekly Telegraph.

Sure Regulators—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, including a regular flow of the secretions and imparting to the organs complete power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, and serve to render them the agreeable and salutary medicine they are. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

"It's so long since you called upon me," said the fair girl as she came down to the young man in the parlor, "that I was beginning to think you were forgetting me."

"I am for getting you," replied the ardent youth, "and that's why I've called tonight. Can I have you?"

Philadelphia Press.

WISE PARENTS.

Guard Their Children's Health by Giving Them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The health of the growing boy or girl should be carefully guarded. During the growing time there is a danger of the blood becoming poisoned and the health seriously impaired. The blood should be kept pure and the child will grow strong, healthy and active. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal tonic for the young. They never fail to bring color to the pale cheeks and strength to the growing body. To a reporter of L'Avantur du Nord, Mr. Jos. Provost, of St. Canute, Que., tells how these pills saved his daughter Marie from a life of misery. He says: "A year ago my daughter, a girl of thirteen, was very weak. She was so ill that I feared she was going into consumption. Though I tried remedy after remedy she remained in this weak state for several months, and I began to think she would never get better. I read of the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had been in a case of anemia, so got some for her. Soon she began to improve; her appetite returned; she grew strong; color came into her cheeks and today she is as healthy as any young girl could be. I firmly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are equally as successful in bringing those of mature age back to health as they are in building up the young. They make pure, rich blood—that is why they banish anemia, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, heart palpitation, indigestion and the secret ills of girlhood and womanhood. But you must get the genuine, bearing the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. All other so-called Pink Pills are imitations. If your medicine dealer does not keep the genuine pills they will be sent at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

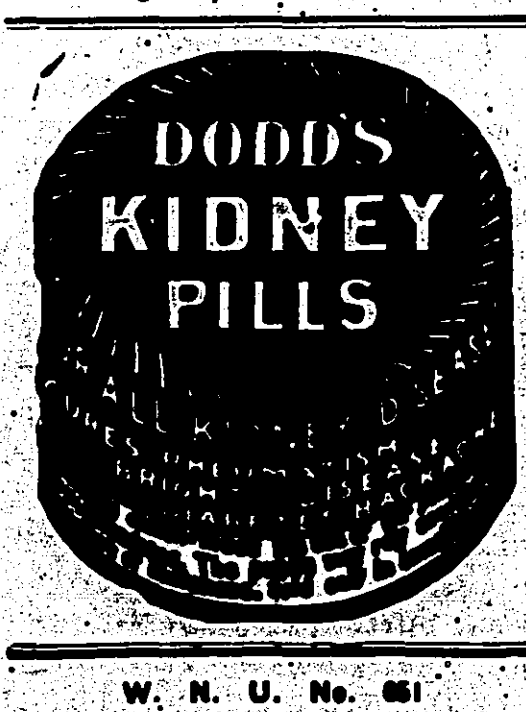
"Do you like fiction?" asked the girl.

"Well," he responded, "that depends. Now, something probable, as the Arabian Nights, for instance, is all right; but I draw the line at a mining prospectus."

"Did you ever sell your vote?" asked the impertinent friend.

"Never," answered Senator Sorghum. "A single vote is of no consequence these days. You've got to contract to deliver them in bunches."

—Washington Star.



DOG-FISH CUTLET.

Said to Be as Good as the Best Lobster Ever Eaten.

Dogfish ought to be good to eat, as it is well known that they feed on soles, plaice and haddock. The naturalist, having from the north Kent marshes with whom I collaborated in various books, said that in his boyhood they were much used by the fishing folk and that they were excellent eating, a middle cutlet being considered by many to be as good as the best lobster ever eaten. As a boy he never tired of hearing the fishermen's words about how the great "savage creatures" snapped and fought when they were captured. Lying in the bottom of the boats, they lashed about and bit at the men and at each other. The larger ones would fix on the men's sea boots as they moved about or hang on to their oil-skin fishing coats like bulldogs. A bite from one was no joke.

Dogfish abounded at certain seasons in some parts of the fishing grounds—other parts they avoided. Sometimes the men would go out only to catch dogfish just to reduce their numbers a little. They caught great numbers of them and sold them somewhere farther down the coast, keeping back just a few for themselves and their neighbors. You could get a monster for a couple of shillings.

Couch, the naturalist, says he has known 20,000 of the picked dogfish to be taken at one cast of the seine. Robert Chalmers, quoted as follows from the "Journal" of Shalding, the town clerk of Aberdeen: "1642. From the beginning of this year up to June there was a scarcity of whitefish along the east coast to the hurt and hunger of the poor and beggary of the fishermen. It was reported that when the fishers had laid their lines and taken fishes abundantly there came one bent called the seadog to the lines and ate and destroyed the ball bodies and left nothing on the lines but the heads. The like scarcity of fishes to continue so long has scarcely been seen in Scotland, while all other meats were also very dear."

Pall Mall Gazette.

A FAMOUS DUELIST.

This French Fighter Was Gallant as Well as Courageous.

The Marquis de l'Angle-Begumanoir was in his younger days famous as a duelist. One evening, meeting his cousin, the Marquis du Hallays, in the foyer of the Opera, he walked up to him and in the course of conversation remarked:

"Isn't it odd, my dear fellow, that quarrelsomeness as you and I are, we should never have fought with one another?"

"That's true," replied Du Hallays, "but that can always be remedied."

And on the strength of that the two cousins met in mortal combat on the following morning, the encounter resulting in the Marquis de l'Angle-Begumanoir having his right hand pierced by his adversary's rapier, which, while it rendered a continuance of the fight impossible, left the other hand free to grasp that of his cousin in undiminished friendship a moment afterward.

On another occasion when he was about to fight a duel in which he was entirely in the right and his adversary in the wrong he suddenly discovered that his opponent was a perfect novice in swordsmanship and that he would therefore have him completely at his mercy. So he strode up to him and in the presence of twenty or thirty persons presented the most courteous and full apology. Almost dumfounded, the latter inquired "why the marquis assumed such an extraordinary course."

"Because," he returned, "it would really be too unfortunate if I were to fight with a mazzette (greenhorn). And with that he made a low bow and then turned his back upon him."

Rainbows That Can Change Sex.

In many parts of the world it is the general belief that the rainbow has the power to change sex. This queer belief obtains in such widely separated districts as South Africa and Norway and China and Australia. The Zulus have a long folk tale story of the young man who was changed into a wrinkled old woman by touching the many hued arch. The Scandinavian peasants have a similar story, and in Greece they say that anybody who runs against the end of the rainbow will have his or her sex instantly changed. In France and India to pass under the rainbow has a similar effect.

Castles in the Air.

Dr. John Wilkins wrote a work in the reign of Charles II. to show the possibility of making a voyage to the moon. The Duchess of Newcastle, who was likewise notorious for her vagrant speculations, said to him, "Doctor, where am I to bait at in the upward journey?" "My lady," replied the doctor, "of all the people in the world, I have never expected that question from you, who have built so many castles in the air that you might lie every night at one of your own."

Be Tolerant.

Do not think of knocking out another person's brains because he differs in opinion from you. It would be as rational to knock yourself on the head because you differ from yourself ten years ago.

Told the Truth.

"What did Burroughs say, when you made him that loan?"

"He said he would be under obligations to me for the rest of his life."

"Well, I expect he will."

Not So Wonderful.

"Do you think they'll ever run autos on two wheels?"

"Sure. That's the way Willie Chugger always turns a corner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE DYSPEPTIC

Due to Neglecting to Keep the Liver Right, the Digestion Good, the Bowels Healthy By Using

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

You may shudder to think of yourself as a dyspeptic—as one who, through stomach troubles, has come to look on the dark side of things, and to be ill-tempered and grouchy—but if you neglect treatment your repeated attacks of indigestion will most assuredly become a chronic dyspeptic.

The great mistake is to put the blame on the stomach, and strive in vain for lasting benefit from tablets and so-called digestives. The real cause of trouble in nine cases out of ten is with the liver.

Thousands of persons are being cured of complicated cases of indigestion by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because of their direct action on the liver, thus ensuring a good flow of bile—good digestion and healthful action of the bowels.

Mr. C. D. Bennett, Maple Grove, Manitoba, Co., Que., writes: "I had dyspepsia very bad. The food would sour, my stomach would swell up, I suffered a great deal and could not sleep. As the result of using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I am now

entirely cured, and can eat any kind of food without feeling any bad effects. They have made a new and a younger man of me, and I cannot say too much in their praise."

Dr. Chase's Ointment cured a friend of mine of piles when he was so bad he could not work or even stand up.

Mr. Wm. G. Purdy, Bridgetown, N. S., writes: "When I wrote to you for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I was a sufferer from kidney disease, stomach troubles, and liver and bowel disorders. By using one pill at bedtime every night my health has gradually improved until I can say that I am in better health than I have been for twenty years. All other medicines failed, but Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have cured me."

This treatment is thorough, far-reaching and of lasting benefit, and cures the most severe cases of chronic and intestinal indigestion, as well as biliousness, and constipation. 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Marriages in Panama

A daughter of Justin Collins, of the supreme court of the Canal Zone, was married in May by a Protestant clergyman, but there was some doubt as to the legality of the ceremony, because under the old conditions only marriages celebrated by Catholic priests were valid. To reassure the young couple the president issued an order on the subject, which was reported to permit "ministers of Protestant denominations to celebrate marriages." Since then the question has been asked, "May a rabbi also act as celebrant at a marriage ceremony?" In reply to the query Richard Reid Rogers, consul-general of the Isthmian Canal commission, says that, according to the executive order, "all ministers of any religious society or denomination, without limitation," may officiate.

ENGLISH SPRAIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blisters, from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbones, swellings, stiffness, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful British Cure ever known.

"We all know," said the speaker, as he warmed to his subject, "we all know that it is better to use a homely illustration—to push a lawn mower than to pull it."

"We all know it is better to do neither," came a chilling voice from the rear of the hall. And the point was lost.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

A woman on the train entering Grand Rapids asked the conductor how long the cars stopped at Union station.

He replied: "Madam, we stop just four minutes, from two to two to two."

The woman turned to her companion and said: "I wonder if he thinks he's the whistle on the engine."—Outdoor Life.

THE RECORD ADMIRAL FURNACE



Is fitted with the improved Record Triangular Grate—the most perfect furnace grate on the market. Of the four triangular grate bars, each bar is operated by the use of a handle applied to either of the two centre bars. To remove this handle after shaking is impossible until the grate bar has been returned to its original position, flat and in place, without any of the cogs sticking up. The result is that the bars are always flat under the fire and that it is impossible for lumps of coal to drop through and be wasted. The Record Triangular Grate can be entirely removed from without without lying on stomach or bothering with a light.

Write for Catalogue.

THE RECORD FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.
Foundries at MONCTON, N.B. & MONTREAL, P.Q.

Sales Branches at MONCTON, N.B.; MONTREAL, P.Q.; TORONTO, ONT.; WINNIPEG, MAN.; CALGARY, ALTA. and VANCOUVER, B.C.

DON'T EXPERIMENT--STICK TO

SHREDDED WHEAT

A natural food, clean, pure, wholesome, nutritious. Made under public inspection. The whole wheat and nothing but the wheat. Nature's best gift to man.

Health and strength in every Shred

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AUSTRALIA DOES NOT FAVOR SCHEME

Would Be Expensive—Have Nothing to Gain by Proposed Project

London—A Melbourne correspondent to the Guardian fears a long time must elapse before the Commonwealth parliament is induced to look with favor upon an "all-red" mail service by a Canadian route. Comparing the new Suez contract now about to be made by the Commonwealth with the proposed "all-red" service, the correspondent says the "all-red" scheme is hopelessly expensive.

Australians have had many years' experience of a Sydney-Vancouver mail service. However profitable it may have been to Canada, that service has from the very beginning been a dead loss to the Commonwealth postoffice. Australia's share of the Vancouver subsidy is about £26,610 a year. She collects in postage annually less than £4,000. The fact is, Australia and Canada are competitors in one another's markets, and cannot have close commercial ties. The hope of Australian people is for themselves to make every pound's worth of machinery that Canada dumps on her shores, and Canada has little need of anything that Australia can send. The correspondent concludes the letter by saying that the Australians have instinctively a love of artificially created industries, but this "all-red" mail scheme is too strong for the palate of even an Australian.

Men Are Grabbed Up Coming West

Kenora—There appears to be great scarcity of labor here, and large works are suffering in consequence. The transcontinental railway agents have every train that comes in, trying to secure those seeking employment. So much work is needed to be done on the new construction which requires rushing before the fall, that contractors are doubly anxious to secure any man, and as much as \$150 per day is paid to good laborers here. The C.P.R. has quite a small army double-tracking, and still the cry is for more men. The new mill which will shortly open has issued posters for laborers, and all this indicates the prosperous state of the town.

Western Rates Must Come Down

Ottawa—An order has been made by the railway commissioners requiring the Alberta Irrigation Coal company to reduce their passenger rates from five cents a mile to four cents. In addition the company has consented to a reduction of their through rates on goods passing over their lines. The change will operate greatly for the benefit of the people in the northern part of the province. The board is taking steps which will bring about a reduction to a maximum of three cents a mile in the passenger rates of the New York Central, the Michigan Central and all other lines running through Ontario.

Extensions in British Columbia

Vancouver—Executive Assistant Marpole of the C.P.R. has announced that the company would immediately commence the construction of the right of way of the line from Nanaimo to Alberni, crossing Vancouver Island. The line will also be immediately laid out from Comox to Campbell River, and other big extensions of the C.P.R. system on the island are planned. The Red Cliff Lumber company, of Duluth, has completed the purchase of 30,000 acres of timber lands on the west coast, and will erect a large sawmill at Alberni, to be ready by fall to be erected by the Everett people.

Distributed Wealth Before Death

Toronto—The government will get \$24,000 succession duties from the estate of the late John Walde, lumber king. The government is disappointed, as the value of the estate was put in at about \$457,000, whereas it was pretty well known that Walde was easily in the millionaire class. But he skillfully evaded heavy succession duties by making distribution of a large part of his estate to his family before death. This was done more than twelve months ago. If it had been done later the government could recover, but twelve months having elapsed it is legal.

McGuigan Taking a Rest

Montreal—F. H. McGuigan, former vice-president of the Great Northern railway, whose sudden exit from that office caused a great deal of talk, arrived here from St. Paul on his way to Portland for the future. After he has had a vacation he will think about that. He denies that he has any personal encounter with Hill, but beyond that he has nothing to say about his resignation.

Cutting in Southern Alberta

Calgary—The C.P.R. crop report shows that barley and wheat are being cut in the eastern and southern portions of the province. From all parts come satisfactory reports regarding the crop outlook. No damage is reported from any cause. With a week's fine weather harvesting will be well under way.

Alberta Secures Trophy

Vancouver—C. P. Hill, manager of the Hillcrest coal mines of Alberta, has been awarded the highest test certificate for the Alberta coal by the U.S. navy board at Bremerton, Washington state.

To Settle Belfast Troubles

London—The board of trade is taking steps to secure arbitration in the Belfast labor disputes. The Irish trade unionists have given notification of their willingness to arbitrate the difficulties.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Lesson VIII.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 23, 1907.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Num. x, 11-13, 29-36—Memory Verses, 25, 36—Golden Text, Ex. xiii, 21—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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While Exodus is the redemption book and Leviticus the book of worship, Numbers is the book of journeyings. It also tells of the numbering of the people at Sinai in the beginning of the second year after leaving Egypt and of their numbering a second time, thirty-eight years later, in the plains of Moab, by Jordan, near Jericho (chapters i and xxv), and this significant statement concerning the second numbering. Among these there was not a man of them whom Moses and Aaron, the priest, numbered when they numbered the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sinai. . . . save Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua, the son of Nun (xxv, 64, 65). These numberings did not include the tribe of Levi (i, 47, 49). The book of Numbers illustrates the life of the believer in the wilderness of this world, and the wilderness suggests the rest into which we should enter after we are redeemed, and we know that but few of the redeemed seem to enter into rest (Heb. iii, 15, to iv, 10). In the first month of the second year they kept the Passover at the appointed season (ix, 1-5), for we must never forget that we are redeemed by the blood of the Lamb and separated from the world unto God to be His own possession.

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Views of American Immigration Agent

Washington—Notwithstanding that the United States officials are keeping up a brave front so far as the immigration of Chinese, Japanese and Hindoos into Canada goes, they are at heart seriously disturbed over telegrams from Revelstoke and other British Columbia towns noting the arrival of the yellow and brown men in that section of the Canadian northwest.

"We are not worrying over the troubles of our neighbors," said Commissioner-General of Immigration Sargeant, "as to whether Japanese, Chinese or Hindoo labor is being imported into the Canadian northwest. We have about 1,000 miles of border territory to protect against the entrance of any alien in violation of our immigration laws, and this bureau is safeguarding American interests to the best of its ability. Canadian and Grand Trunk officials with whom I talked during my last visit to Montreal in October said they were at their wits' end to secure labor to construct the various extensions contemplated by them. There is a scarcity of suitable labor all over the Canadian northwest available for railroad construction. They have turned to Orientals to obtain the necessary labor."

Alarms Many Railway Employees

Toronto—"I shall say to my men that I will not stand for the introduction of yellow labor against white labor, and regardless of contracts now in existence, if the Jap is introduced I will call a meeting of the boards on every railway system and act immediately."

This was the message left by Grand Master Hannahan of the International Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at the close of the Hamilton convention.

The brotherhood in the States is up in arms against yellow labor, and a secret meeting is being held at Cambridge Springs, Pa. Canadian firemen, especially from the west, are largely represented. Local railway men say Canadian firemen will join hands with the men across the line to keep the Japanese out.

Conquest of Morocco Not Aim

Paris—M. Pichon, minister of foreign affairs, has given an interview to the Matin in which he says: "The government will send no more troops into Morocco. On no account do we intend to embark upon a work of conquest." The Matin publishes a dispatch from its correspondent at Casablanca saying the fighting between the natives and men of Gen. Drud lasted all day Saturday, but quieted down on Saturday night and Sunday morning. A renewal of the attack, however, is feared, as another said, with numerous reinforcements, has arrived. The warship continued to shell Arab positions.

Saskatchewan Will Need 8,000 Men

Regina—The department of agriculture estimates that between 7,500 and 8,000 imported laborers will be needed to do the harvest work in this province. This number is not much in excess of last year's requirements, and the reason that with the increased acreage of 15 per cent, there is so little call for more outside help, seems to be the great influx of homesteaders of the poorer class, who are willing to eke out a first year's income by assisting their richer neighbors to gather the harvest.

New Bacteriologist

Edmonton—Dr. D. G. Revell, B.A., has arrived from Chicago to take up the duties of the position of provincial bacteriologist in the department of agriculture. Dr. Revell has been connected with the university of Chicago for the past six years, first as a fellow and later on the staff as assistant to Professor Lewis, the distinguished Canadian who recently went to Baltimore. Dr. Revell is a native of Elgin county, Ontario, and a graduate in arts and medicine of Toronto university.

Wireless in September

London—Marconi announces the establishment, in September, of wireless service between Canada and Great Britain. The terminal points will be Clifton, Ireland, and the Marconi station in Cape Breton. The ordinary rate is to be 5d a word and the press rate 3d, in addition to the land charges. It is expected that the facilities offered will attract a large volume of business.

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Remains a Mystery

London—The mystery of the death of R. de B. Gibbins awaits a satisfactory explanation, especially in view of the fact that the doors of the train where he supposedly traveled were securely fastened on arrival at the station after passing through the tunnel.

Engineers' Trouble Settled

Ottawa—Professor Short of Queens university reports to the department of labor that the differences between the Grand Trunk Railway company and its engineers have been settled by the board of conciliation, of which he was chairman.

C.P.R. Using Electricity

Victoria—It is reported that a sale of the short line of the Victoria and Sidney railway to the C.P.R. is likely. The proposal is to turn over the property to the railway to operate by electricity.

Colonial Secretaryship

London—The government will make a statement before prorogation regarding steps already taken to establish permanent secretary at the colonial office, recommended by the imperial conference.

Rival to All-Red Route

Ottawa—According to advices received at the department of trade and commerce from Alexander Maclean, Canadian trade agent in Japan, a group of London financiers is planning to develop a new trade route from London to Australia via Vladivostok, Siberia, utilizing the trans-Siberian railway. The scheme would embrace a fast steamship service from Vladivostok to the Island continent, and a trans-Australian railway.

Such a trade route, would prove a serious rival to the all-red line, as it would be shorter. Mr. Maclean comments on the fact that the trans-Siberian route is fast becoming a serious rival of both the C.P.R. and the Suez canal routes for people desiring to do business with Great Britain.

The Far Eastern press has recently been giving prominence to the case of a gentleman who left Kobe and traveled via the trans-Siberian railway to Glasgow, remained a week in Scotland and arrived back in Kobe in forty-seven days. Including three days more lost through missing a train, the trip to Glasgow was made in eighteen and a half days. It is claimed that with a first-class railway service throughout, eighteen and a half days from Kobe to Glasgow may be cut down to twelve and a half.

The Japanese government is so impressed with the Siberian route that negotiations have been inaugurated for the establishment of a mail service over it to England. An agreement with Russia is now under consideration, arrangements having been completed with all the European countries affected.

Will Inspect Mines

Edmonton—A. P. Low, deputy minister of mines, has arrived in the city from the east. While here he will visit the coal mines in the district and will then go south to Calgary, where he will look into the gas and oil-bearing operations being carried on in the southern part of the province. Mr. Low's trip is in connection with the duties of his office and may be regarded as a general survey of the work going on in western Canada. From Calgary he will go to Vancouver, where he intends to meet Messrs. Baneroff and Graham, who are examining the iron and copper propositions north of that city around Howe Sound. Later he will cross to Victoria and meet Hon. William Templeman.

The deputy minister will on his return journey visit Hedley, and go across the country to Grand Forks, subsequently traveling northeast to Lardo mountains, where Professor R. Brock is making a geological survey. Mr. Low proposes to come back over the Crow's Nest Pass line, stopping at Fernie on the way.

Japs Take Up Land

Edmonton—The latest arrivals to take up homesteads in Alberta, and the first of the race to take up land in this province, if not in the entire west, are two Japanese, who have just come to the city. They stated that for some time they, with others of their kind, have contemplated coming to Alberta in order that they might take up land and make money. "In Japan," said Mr. Wada, "one may work for many years and not acquire as much wealth as one of your citizens in as many months. We have come to realize that our country is being too thickly populated and we must emigrate if we wish to rise in the world."

Campaign Spells Panic

Cleveland, O.—John D. Rockefeller has answered President Roosevelt's anti-trust litigation campaign. He declares that the policy being pursued by the president spells panic. He says it is destroying the confidence of the trading people, which is the foundation of all commercial interests. This will lead to a lack of faith and the destruction of business. Speaking of the gigantic fine imposed on the Standard Oil company, Rockefeller says that he sees indications of financial despair and collapse.

No Upheaval Here

London—The British Empire Trust company, which, it is stated, mainly comprises Canadian undertakings, and of which Mr. Horneoppe is a director, has issued a postal card alleging that a socialist wave threatens vested interests in Great Britain and advising investments in well established, prosperous enterprises in countries like Canada, where the intelligence and prosperity of the people guarantee freedom from socialist upheaval.

Sends Ultimatum

London—A dispatch to the Daily Mail from Tangier says that Raisuli, for the first time, has sent a direct communication to the British legation. It is an ultimatum addressed to the British minister, Gerard Lowther, declaring that unless his terms are instantly accepted he will remove Kaid MacLean to where all the armies of Europe could not possibly follow.

Tea Testing Station

Ottawa—The customs port of Winnipeg has been created a tea testing station. This means that western importers of tea costing 25 cents per pound and under, can have samples of their importations tested at Winnipeg and thus have the benefit of saving in time effected as compared with the present practice of having all such samples tested at the customs department in Ottawa.

Canada Has the Goods

Vancouver—An Ottawa dispatch recently said that the Dominion government would not be able to operate a mint on account of the absence of an electrolytic refinery in Canada. As a matter of fact, such a plant has been in operation for four years at Trail.

Immigrants' Healthy

Ottawa—Dr. Bryce, chief medical inspector of the immigration department, states that the physical condition of the immigrants now arriving in Canada is far better than ever before. This is due to the rigid immigration act passed a few years ago, and to the thorough manner in which it is being enforced. The steamship companies, knowing that they will have to bear the cost of deporting, or of treating diseased immigrants, are exercising the greatest care at British and continental ports, and are refusing to carry any person likely to be rejected on arrival in Canada. While the Quebec quarantine hospital a few years ago had several hundred immigrants under treatment, at present, with a very much larger volume of immigration, there are only sixty persons in the hospital. Dr. Bryce says that the majority of cases detained for treatment or deportation come from the continent. The principal cause for refusal of English immigrants is insanity, or some form of mental trouble. He attributes this to the fact that a considerable portion of the English immigrants come from the cities where there is likely to be poor nutrition and imperfect development among the poorer classes. The best average physical types coming to Canada are the Galicians. Out of 201 persons deported last year 169 were of English origin. Out of 1,600 Italians only one was sent back as physically or mentally unfit.

Repeat the Scott Act

Halifax—The electors of Cape Breton county have decided to repeal the Scott act, and by a substantial majority, with six remote districts yet to hear from. The majority is 745, and with the returns all in it is thought this will be increased to at least 850. Every ward in Sydney piled up a vote in favor of the repeal, the total majority being 295. The towns of Glace Bay, Sydney Mines and Dominion supported the repeal, while North Sydney and Louisbourg decided in favor of its retention.

The campaign has been a long and strenuous one. The Protestant societies opposed any change, while those of their sister organizations of Catholic and Anglican churches, professing themselves dissatisfied with the results so far obtained, were just as vigorous in advocating the repeal of the much maligned legislation. The Nova Scotia License act will come into effect simultaneously with the official declaration of the returns.

Yawning Crater 300 Feet Deep

Grand Forks, B.C.—There is a yawning crater fully 150 to 300 feet in area, and many feet deep, where a few days ago the bunkers and trackage of the Brooklyn mine at Phoenix camp stood.

On Saturday night the cave-in came, but was fortunately preceded by enough movement in the ground to warn the miners in time to enable them to get out of the way. The entire camp was thrown into a state of great excitement, as it was thought that some of the men must have perished in such an extensive disaster. One man did, indeed, have a very close call for his life, but escaped with a few bad bruises, and the remainder managed to make their way to the surface.

May Have Some Famine Prices Now

Dawson—The Yukon river is now the lowest in the history of the country for this time of year. Freight receipts are very low, and it is feared the camp will be short of many staples this winter. Merchants say they cannot get orders filled outside. Most of them are far behind in receipts as compared with last year. If there is not a favorable state of water for four or six weeks, it is predicted that Dawson will have 1899 prices. Fairbanks has deferred many orders because of the labor strike until late in the fall, hoping to get them by way of Dawson. It now appears to be impossible to make Fairbanks' shipment of any size by this route this season.

Adopted by Chinaman

Pottsville, Pa.—Through a document filed in the office of the recorder of deeds of Schuylkill county here, Charlie Sing, a Chinese laundryman, becomes the foster father of Charles Hunt, a white boy of Philadelphia parentage. The boy's mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, all of Philadelphia, are parties to the agreement. They agree that the boy's name shall be Roy Soo Sing, that Charlie Sing shall be his father and, in return, the boy become the legal heir of the laundryman.

Earned Its Immunity

Chicago—Judge Landis has postponed until Sept. 3 the grand jury investigation of the charges of rebating against the Chicago & Alton railroad, growing out of the conviction of the Standard Oil company of Indiana.

It was the original intention to begin the investigation Aug. 27, but Judge Landis said he had received notification from Attorney-General Bonaparte that the Chicago & Alton had been promised immunity, and the judge ordered the adjournment in order that the records of the case might be looked into.

May Introduce Probation System

Ottawa—Frank Kerr, charity officer and license inspector for the city of Winnipeg, has been here for a few days. He has been studying the methods of treating immigrants in Montreal and Ottawa, and has taken much interest in the probation system which may be introduced into Winnipeg.

GIANT BATTLESHIP FOR BRITISH NAVY

United States Naval Circles Startled by the Boldness of British Admiralty's Latest Plans

Washington—Naval circles are agitated over the report that the British admiralty is about to lay down the keel for a giant battleship of 30,000 tons; to be armed with eighteen 12-inch guns.

It is understood that the new ship will not only be of no less than 30,000 tons displacement against the 26,000 tons of the Dreadnought, but aside from the mere matter of superior size, the design is believed to include many novelties, some based on the experience of the Dreadnought.

Such a one, for instance, is understood to be the contemplated assembling of three guns in each turret, so that, if the new ship has six turrets, it will carry no less than eighteen guns in its main battery. The calibre of the guns, however, will, it is believed, remain at 12 inches, the present standard.

The report of the British plan has caused some of the bolder spirits among the American ship designers to proceed to greater length and to propose the laying down of a battleship of 40,000 tons, placing the American navy clearly in the lead. Naval designers are believed to be willing to undertake the construction of such a ship. It would cost no less than \$20,000,000, but in view of the predominance it would give to the United States as a naval power, it is argued by the advocates of the proposition that such a ship would be an economical investment by tending to ensure peace.

Cotton Operators Have Quit Work

Montreal—Some 2,500 operators at the Montreal Cotton company's mills at Valleyfield are on strike demanding an increase of ten per cent in wages. The trouble started some months ago with the demand of a few spinners for an increase. They could not get what they wanted, and after fruitless negotiations the spinners decided to quit. Most of the 2,500 operators are members of the Federation of Textile Workers, and at a meeting of that body it was decided to demand an increase of ten per cent all round and not to return to work until they got it. So far there has been no disorder. The men will draw strike pay from the union while they are idle.

The officials of the company state that they have already given an increase of fifteen per cent to the men, and that sooner than grant the latest demand they will close down the mill.

Barrington's Sentence Commuted

Jefferson City—Governor Folk has commuted to life imprisonment the death sentence of "Lord" Frederick Seymour Barrington, who was convicted of the murder of James McCann, the well known horseman, who had befriended him.

When Barrington, who is in jail in Clayton, was notified of the commutation of his sentence he received the news in sullen silence. He was sentenced to be executed at Clayton on August 26. Governor Folk spent two days reviewing the case and acted on the recommendation of Pardon Attorneys Mosby and Afies. Petitions had been signed by hundreds of people.

S. A. Immigration

London—John Manson, the Salvation army critic, refers to the statement that General Booth intends to settle Canada with men without means. Mr. Manson states that for some years an immense business has been done under the darkest English scheme in emigrating the modest capitalist anxious to benefit himself. As for benefiting the destitute or needy, had General Booth stated that he intended to elevate the destitute by clearing out of the country tens of thousands of the pick of the population, it is unlikely that he would have succeeded in drawing the requisite £100,000 from the pockets of the British public.

Troops Fire on Assembled Crowd

Belfast—Three men were killed and 100 wounded by his majesty's troops. While the troops were marching through the city a mob gathered and followed them. The mob became so large and pressed so closely about the troops that the captain ordered the men to fire six volleys. They were fired into the crowd. The programme of attack was varied by bayonet charges. After firing it was found that three had been killed and 100 wounded. Several of the latter will probably die. The troops were called on account of strike troubles in this city, which has been under martial law for nearly two weeks.

Earned Its Immunity

Chicago—Judge Landis has postponed until Sept. 3 the grand jury investigation of the charges of rebating against the Chicago & Alton railroad, growing out of the conviction of the Standard Oil company of Indiana.

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LEMMON, Editor.

ELM CREEK, AUGUST 22, 1907.

Making War on Catalogue Houses

War has been declared on the great catalogue houses of Chicago by the 500,000 retail merchants of the western states. The struggle between these two great interests has been in progress for many years. The advance made by the catalogue houses has been such as to threaten the very existence of thousands of smaller traders throughout the west and they are now fighting, as they say, for their lives. In the struggle, jobbers and manufacturers are involved with the retail merchants.

The retail merchants are being guided at the present juncture in the struggle by an organization known as the Home Trade League of America, which has existed for several months as a publicity bureau, with headquarters in the Monadnock building in the city of Chicago, but which is shortly to incorporate and institute a more systematic and aggressive campaign against the catalogue houses, through a board of twenty-one managers, with a vice-president and a committee of ten members in each state. This Chicago league has, as its support, commercial associations in the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Michigan and Kansas. The connection between these scattered associations and the Home Trade League of Chicago is very close, the officers of the associations being in constant correspondence with the league, the new officers of which will be chosen from the body of active business men in all the leading towns and cities of the entire west.

The steps which are being taken by the Home Trade League to aid the retail merchant in the competition with the catalogue houses is indicated by the press of Chicago as follows:

First—Bringing pressure on manufacturers, jobbers and wholesalers generally to give to local merchants the same rates as are granted to mail order companies. Under present conditions, retail merchants are, it is claimed, compelled to sell certain lines of goods at higher prices than are charged by the catalogue houses owing to the fact that the wholesalers grant a lower price to the catalogue house than will be granted to the small retailer.

Second—Pressure is brought to bear on the consumer in all possible ways to persuade him to give the local merchant a chance to figure on the order which is to be sent to the catalogue house, before it is sent, in order that the retail merchant may have the opportunity to show the consumer that he can compete with the catalogue house.

Third—Merchants are pledging themselves to buy no goods from any wholesaler who sells any goods of any kind to any catalogue house. The results of the operation of this method of warfare are already apparent in Chicago, where a number of the large wholesale mercantile institutions are said no longer to sell to catalogue houses. Among these are Carson, Pirie, Scott and Co.; Hibbard, Bartlett and Co.; the John V. Farrell Co.; the Diston Saw Works; and others. The league is using all means to enlarge the number of merchants who refuse to buy from concerns which sell

to catalogue houses.

Fourth—Appeals are made to local pride and the loyalty of every community to support its local institutions.

Fifth—Local merchants in many of the larger towns and cities have organized excursions to their towns for the purpose of persuading buyers that they can compete with the large catalogue houses of Chicago and elsewhere.

Sixth—Farmers who deal with catalogue houses are refused all accommodation at the retail stores of the country towns and cities.

In the existing struggle injury has been done to the large catalogue houses owing to the fact that their competitors have organized a system through the operation of which the catalogue houses have received thousands of bogus letters requesting that catalogues be furnished them. Catalogues cost about one dollar each, together with the cost of mailing. Cases are now pending in the courts of the United States, in which catalogue houses are taking action against those who have occasioned them losses in this way. This is true, however, apparently not of the houses dealing in all classes of goods, but of the houses which have been selling lumber by mail order. This method of competition does not meet with the approval of the Chicago league. The business done by mail order houses in the western states is now said to amount to hundreds of millions of dollars annually, and if it should continue to increase in the future as it has in the past, it is feared that hundreds of villages of the country will actually disappear, since the entire reason for existence is to furnish the needed supplies to the farmers of the vicinity. Those which do not disappear will steadily decrease in size and importance. The jobbers and wholesalers are interested, since their fortunes have been created through the business done by them with the small retail dealers of the country. It is claimed that the jobbers of the western states lost approximately, sixty million dollars in 1905, owing to the great advance made in the business of the mail order houses. As much business was done from Chicago, through the mail order houses in that year, as all the jobbers of the city combined. Not many years ago all of this business was done by the jobbers. That is to say, the jobbers and the country merchants have already lost one-half of the total trade of the country.

Manager Clark, of the Chicago league, stated in conversation with reference to the work of the institution that all that the retail merchants of the country wanted was a square deal. If they could get the same terms from the jobbers and wholesalers that are granted to the catalogue houses, they would be satisfied to take their chances with consumers. They were in direct contact and touch with them and with the same advantages could more than hold their own. He added that the majority of the jobbers and wholesale dealers of Chicago had taken but little interest in the work of the league, owing to the fact that Chicago was the home of the great mail order houses, whose accounts had been of great value to these wholesalers and jobbers. There were, however, notable exceptions, certain houses giving up accounts, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars per year, rather than run the risk of the entire destruction of the business of the country merchants, whose continued existence was of so great importance to the houses referred to.

To mark its twenty-fifth anniversary, the Commercial issued a special number last week. The front page of the cover has a splendid illustration in colors. The old trail in a new country. The inside pages contain a mass of interesting reading matter, in addition to a host of ads.

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Preaching every Sabbath, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
Sabbath School, 1.15 p.m.
Rev. G. C. GRANT, Pastor.

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Services every Sunday at 7 p.m.
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Choir practice, Wednesday at 8 p.m.

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

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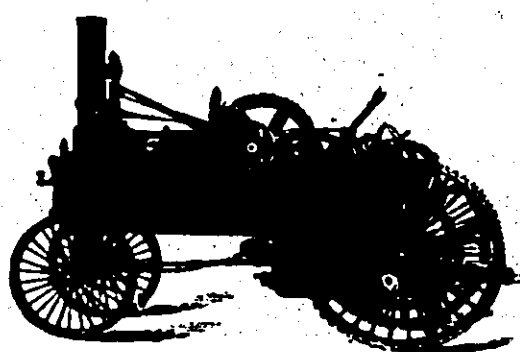
Mass at 10 a.m.
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ICE CREAM

QUEEN OF QUAGMOND.

By Egan W. Sargent.

Far out on the west exposure of water two black specks turned smaller and smaller in the distance. Now and then the early morning sun caught the broad blades of the oars with a glint like the flash of a diamond, but presently the boats rounded the point of Indian Island, and Nan turned to her aunt.

"Well," she announced briskly, "we are all alone for the day. Just think of that, auntie. We can imagine that we are original settlers and alone in the trackless waste."

Mrs. Edmond shivered at the suggestion.

"Don't, child," she cried. "Is it not enough that we should be left alone?"

"It's the most delicious thing that has happened this summer," declared Nan. "Just think of having the whole of this beautiful lake all to ourselves! I'm queen of Quagmond lake, and you are the dowager queen, I guess. Let's clear away the remains of our royal banquet."

Building the action to the word, Nan briskly attacked the breakfast things, washing them in the tiny brook that went slugging over the pebbles to the waters of the lake. It did not take long to dispose of the soiled things, and presently the girl turned to her aunt, her nut brown face glowing from the exercise.

"What do you want to do, dear?" she demanded.

"Whatever you wish," Mrs. Edmond smiled into the radiant face softly framed in the masses of soft hair. "I suppose that we had better wait until Mr. Leland comes over."

"Wint Leland is not coming over," said Nan, decidedly. "I want to go somewhere now. Let's take a lunch



"I'M HEAVING COALS OF FIRE ON YOUR HEAD, NAN."

and climb the mountain. It's such a tiny mountain it won't tire you. We can stop every little while. I hate to have to climb and climb and climb the way Wint Leland wants to."

"We will do it your way," said Mrs. Edmond gently. "Shall we start at once?"

"You're the dearest auntie that ever was," declared Nan as she planted an enthusiastic kiss upon the lady's withered cheek and danced off to prepare the lunch. Mrs. Edmond noticed that the girl kept scanning the lake and guessed the cause. Nan was afraid that in spite of the prohibition Wint Leland might come paddling around the corner, as he had done every morning since the Franklin camp had been opened.

The rest of the party would never have gone across the lake had they not supposed that Leland would be there to doquire duty. It was so like Nan not to let them know. There must have been a quarrel last night. She let her troubled glance wander out along the shore, but there was no sign of the canoe, and presently they tied the tent flaps and plunged into the soft green of the woods.

But even Squaw hill was something of a climb for Mrs. Edmond, and as steps were frequent, it was well past noon when they at last halted for lunch, establishing themselves upon a grassy plateau divided by a tiny stream that later cut past the camp.

Both were hungry, and the sandwiches quickly vanished, but neither made a move to go. Below, the lake glittered like a sheet of burnished silver in the glare of the sun, a gleam silver framed in the changing green of the tree clad banks. Mrs. Edmond leaned back against the huge rock and sighed contentedly. Nan dropped down beside her and rested her head against her aunt's knee.

"It's lovely up here," she said softly. "I wish that we didn't have to go back."

"You would tire of it," said the older woman, with a smile. "You are too young and too active to turn rustic. Nan! Besides," with an allusion to the girl's speech that morning, "the queen should not seclude herself from her subjects."

"Not even when the subjects are unruly?" Nan asked, with a sigh.

"Then, none of us," answered Mrs. Edmond. "She should reserve herself to her subjects and show herself truly a ruler. What was the last night?"

The girl started and colored on the

threshold of the question. She had not meant such a direct application of her remark.

"What was her name last night?" she said slowly, her glance directed toward the tiny Indian island out in the lake. "He was so certain that we could not do without him that I told him not to come."

"And then?" A soft hand fell lovingly upon the girl's soft hair.

"And then he said he would come anyway, because he knew I never could run the camp alone, and I told him I was perfectly able to run the camp and care for you and that I didn't care if I never saw him again, and he said I probably never should, and then he went away and never even said good night."

"Did you expect him to come after your rudeness?" Mrs. Edmond's voice gave no hint of the smile that was playing about her lips and in the corner of her eyes. Nan, looking straight out across the lake, did not see.

"He might have been polite," she said aggrievedly.

"After you had been so discourteous?"

"Well," she persisted, "he's so important. Just as though I could not build a fire or cook bacon and things."

"It was very good of him to want to help. I think you should apologize to him," she counseled softly.

"I won't," said Nan mutinously.

"Maybe," relenting a little, "I shall speak to him again, if he's very nice and humble, but I shan't apologize."

"Then let us hope that he will not expect it," suggested Mrs. Edmond. "Shall we go on?" And they resumed their climb.

Nan was glad enough to rest before they reached the summit. "It's different," she explained as she threw herself on the soft moss, "when there is some one to help you up the rocks."

"Even men have their uses," laughed Mrs. Edmond. "What a beautiful view we have from here!"

"When you look out," said Nan grimly, "when you look down and realize how far we have to go, I'm afraid it will be too much for you, auntie."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Edmond bravely, but she shuddered as she glanced at the trees far below them. "It will be going down hill, you know."

"I'm always making trouble for people," cried Nan penitently.

"It's a peculiarity of queens," reminded Mrs. Edmond, "but it will be easy going down, dear."

It was not an easy matter, however, for presently the sun sank below the line of hills, and the trail through the woods was dark and lonesome. Nan had insisted that Mrs. Edmond take her arm where the trail made it possible, and though the elder woman tried not to lean heavily upon the girl, Nan's shoulders ached.

Suddenly Nan stopped and clapped her hands.

"They're back!" she cried. "I'm so glad. I never could have cooked supper. I've been so worried about it—and so hungry!"

She pointed ahead. Through the trees the firelight glinted upon the white walls of the tents, and already the grateful odor of coffee filled their nostrils.

The thought gave them fresh strength, and they pushed ahead to the clearing, and Nan stopped short as Wint Leland sprang up from the shadows.

"Piggy," he called cheerfully, "not to let me in on the trip. I'm heaping coals of fire on your head, Nan. The coffee and biscuits are ready, and some of the finest trout you ever saw are waiting to be broiled. Supper will be ready by the time you've changed to nightgowns and washed up."

"Wint," said Nan fervently, "you are an angel, and I'm sorry I was cross last night."

Mrs. Edmond slipped into the tent. The queen of Quagmond was about to abdicate in favor of a king, and she did not want to be present at the ceremony.

The Roman Candle Maker.

"The most solitary person in the world during working hours," says Rene Bache in the Technical World Magazine, "is the maker of roman candles. He occupies an isolated cell somewhat like that of an old time hermit, save that its precincts are more contracted, and nobody comes near him while he is engaged in his patient toil. The wages he gets are high, but not by reason of the loneliness to which he is condemned. He is paid for the risks he is obliged to take. The quarters occupied by this eremitic artisan are a tiny house, which might almost be called a hut, with a floor space not more than six square feet. Standing by itself, at least sixty yards from any other structure, the little building is of wood, of the simplest imaginable architecture. If it were to be blown up, the financial loss would be almost nil, a point of some importance, inasmuch as its durnal tenant is obliged to use considerable quantities of explosives in the business which engages his attention, for a roman candle is a sort of magazine or repeating gun, with a paper tube for a barrel and tails of fire for projectiles."

She Knew Him.

Mrs. K. had engaged a robust, middle-aged colored woman to do some housecleaning. During the progress of the work Mrs. K. said:

"A colored man came along here one day last week and wanted work, and I let him wash some windows, but he did not do the work at all well."

"What do you look like?" he asked the helper.

"Well, he was a big, strong fellow, and he had but one eye. He said that his name was White. He did very poor work."

"I spec he did, lady. He's do wim no 'count in de town."

"Oh, then you know him?"

"Know 'im? Why, lady, I's mabbed to 'im"—Exchange.

PACKING VEGETABLES.

Some Kind of Truck Shipped in the Barrel Basket.

Cucumbers are shipped in the one-third barrel veneer baskets. The cut shows a basket ready for loading up. The cucumbers, as will be seen, are not placed in the basket indiscriminately, but are arranged by hand so as to fit closely and to leave a flat surface on top for the placing of the cover.

Of course here, as elsewhere, grading is necessary, and the more uniform the package the better the sale. The one-third barrel veneer basket is



BASKET OF CUCUMBERS.

also used for peas and lima beans. As this sort of truck loses moisture rapidly in shipping, the basket should be well-packed and filled before the covers are placed on. There is always more or less shrinkage, and if a basket is not full on being opened it does not find ready sale. Truck of this kind should be placed on sale as soon as possible after leaving the field.

The fruit of the eggplant is a fine vegetable that is rapidly becoming more appreciated and better known on our markets. The fruits, though large, are rather tender and should be carefully handled to preserve their smooth shining surface and deep purple color. They are best handled in the one-third barrel veneer basket, the same size used for cucumbers and early potatoes. Cauliflower can be packed and handled in the same size basket as the eggplant.

Sheep Quarantine.

A press-despatch that appeared recently in a number of daily newspapers referring to a change in the period of quarantine for imported sheep, gives an erroneous impression in regard to the alteration recently made by the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. Under the regulations previously in force the quarantine period was of fifteen days duration after the stock had been landed at the station. Under the new regulations the period is changed to thirty days reckoned from the date upon which the vessel carrying the sheep left the British port. The usual time occupied by a freight steamer from port to port is from ten to fourteen days, so that the change does not impose an increased stay of the sheep at the station of more than four or five days at any time. It might be pointed out that the quarantine period of sixty days imposed on imported cattle is reckoned in the same way—from the time the vessel is cleared at the European port.

The change was made, not primarily to affect sheep but to govern the importation of swine, and to avoid confusion the change was applied to sheep and swine alike. Recently the quarantine on swine imposed by the United States Department of Agriculture was increased from fifteen to thirty days. In order to keep pace with the American authorities in this regard the change already described was made by the authorities at Ottawa and since swine plague is not uncommon in Great Britain, the same regulations were made for swine from Europe as from the United States. In the case of American swine the actual period of quarantine is much longer than for animals coming across the Atlantic when the time occupied on the water is included in the thirty day period—Farming World.

Feeding Dairy Cows.

The morning milk of an average lot of cows, even when well fed, may frequently be under the standard in butter fat during the earlier part of the lactation period, and an increased amount of grain causes but little improvement in this respect.

The gain in live weight of cows fed on a heavy grain ration was much greater toward the end of the lactation period. Results, therefore, are in favor of the practice of feeding dairy cows grain rations largely in proportion to the amount of milk produced.

Training the Heifer.

The proper training of a heifer should begin in its earliest calfood, and, while youngsters are often very provoking in their stubborn way of refusing milk in a pail and the like, it always pays to be gentle with them, and it is this lack of consideration that has filled our western land with so many broncho cows.—Farm and Ranch.

The Men in Summer.

Summer is the time when the farm poultry makes up for lost time. Fresh eggs are in demand, too—in fact, they always are. Market often. It pays. Feed milk to the laying hens. It contains just the ingredients for producing eggs. Biddy likes it, too, so give her plenty of it if you wish eggs.—Western Life.

Cheap Farm Paint.

A good paint for dairy work can be made from skimmed milk and Portland cement with some mineral coloring. Pair into one gallon of milk about three pounds of cement and add sufficient coloring matter to impart a good color. It is necessary to stir this mixture very frequently, as the cement will sink to the bottom.

ART IN SPUN SUGAR.

Baskets Made For Serving Candy and Less More Elaborate Than Ever.

Spun candy has never been spun into such beautiful baskets for ice cream or candies as this season. The candy spinner has reduced his art to perfection. For a number of years spun candy baskets have been a popular method of serving ices or candies at luncheons and dinners. But this year a greater daring in novelty of design and beauty of workmanship has glorified the spun candy basket into a positive work of art. All baskets are adorned with flowers.

"My customers stop to look at them as they would at beautiful real flowers," says a baker who goes in for confectionery.

Candy spinning is hand work. One feels this in looking at the baskets, for they have none of the stereotyped look of work done otherwise. Even baskets made to be alike have little differences. High luster and exquisite coloring are characteristics of the baskets. None of the coloring used dulls the luster. The coloring follows close to nature. The great La France roses which are done so remarkably well this year would not suffer by comparison with the real thing held next to them. The same is true of the purple orchids, which have caught the real orchid shades almost to perfection.

One basket to be used as a general serving dish is a great white garden hat trimmed with a big white plume, clusters of purple orchids and bows and strings of ribbon, every bit of it candy. The curled brim of the hat makes the basket sides. When used, a bed of spun candy is laid in the hat as foundation for individual ices.

Another hat basket follows the same model, but pink roses take the place of the orchids, and the ribbon is pink instead of lavender.

On small individual baskets to be set at each place at the table the floral decoration is usually in a small flower like the violet, rosebud, lily of the valley or orange blossom, but often it is one big single orchid or rose.

Some of the daintiest of small baskets are made of one single large flower, without any basket foundation, the cup of the flower holding the ice or candies. Others are little bonnets of the 1830 period.

FRUIT PUDDING.

Desserts That Are Wholesome and Good For the Children.

Children do not like to be served with a dessert prescribed as "good for them." Nevertheless at this season of the year fruit puddings in various guises should be served to young people. Here is a good recipe for prune pudding: Split square sponge cakes (if they are a bit stale it will not matter) and hollow out like little buns. Fill the cavity with stewed prunes from which the pits have been removed and the pulp whipped lightly with cream. Heap each filled cake with a meringue made from whites of egg and pulverized sugar. Color these golden brown by holding a red-hot coal shovel over them or placing them under the broiler lights of a gas stove. Serve very cold.

Orange jelly is another good dessert. Dissolve a tablespoonful of gelatin in a little hot milk. Grate the rind of an orange. Take two good sized lumps of block sugar and rub them briskly over the rind of an orange until yellowed and flavored. Put these lumps of sugar into a bowl and pour over them the juice of two oranges which has been strained. Add a tablespoonful of granulated sugar and the yolk of one egg. Beat thoroughly and strain this mixture into the dissolved gelatin. Fold lightly into half a tencup of whipped cream and pour into individual molds. Serve in paper cups or on paper doilies with a maraschino of crystallized cherry on the top of each mold.

KITCHEN KINKS.

Add salt to cereals just before cooking begins.

Throw salt on fat that has caught fire and is blazing up.

Cereals are richer if a little milk is added to the water in which they are cooked.

To keep lemons fresh put them in an uncovered jar of cold water and change the water every few days.

Melted butter will not make good cake. If the butter is too hard to cream, bring it into the warm kitchen beforehand.

Cook cereals in a double boiler or else stir them constantly to keep them from sticking. Soaking the cereals overnight in the water in which it is to be cooked is a great advantage. It saves time in the morning and makes the food delicious.

For Hubby's Birthday.

Give your husband and some of his near friends a libemian supper on his birthday. Decorate your dining room with old plates, pewter, dagnons and steins. If you can secure tiny stiff trees, use these for a hedge across the windows and alternating with candles across the mantel, or plants of any sort will do. Have a bare top to your table and a mass of scarlet flowers or a bowl of red and yellow fruit in the center. For a before supper entertainment have caricatures and cartoons hung about the walls. Find a variety of toasts with which to decorate name cards made from rough brown paper, or you can secure name cards with English scenes on them or picture postals.

For supper serve rye bread, cheese and ham sandwiches, sliced raw oysters, potato salad, pickles, coffee, celery and cheese. You need plan no further entertainment for the men. They will enjoy drinks around the table.

DOMESTIC PROBLEMS.

Domestic Unpleasantness Causes Friction Between Husband and Wife.

If the precise duties of servants were more clearly understood and more closely adhered to there would be less in "the servant question," I fancy. A woman, who has been hired to do one kind of work does not care to do other branches unless one is sometimes willing to "fill in" for a very short time. She should not be expected to do this, however, or be considered offensive if she refuses politely.

To expect a cook to answer the front door is unreasonable. She is not dressed for it, and the work is wholly without her province. Neither should she help with the dining room work by giving the maid assistance. If the two servants are good friends and the cook does something for the maid for that reason, it is a matter distinctly between the two, and the mistress should pay no attention to it unless the cook is neglecting her own work.

The latter's duties consist not only of cooking, but keeping her part of the house clean. Kitchen, pantries and refrigerator are entirely in her hands, and she is at fault if they are not in proper condition. She also answers the basement bell. The maid should never be required to do this. Whether or not the cook or maid prepares the salads depends somewhat upon previous agreements. An experienced waitress is supposed to know how and to do them, but in this country these dishes are more frequently looked after by the cook.

If ever there was a "general servant" she is that one commonly called "second girl." The amount of different work that is expected of her is appalling, and it is only a wonder that she ever gets through. She lays the tables, serves meals, washes dishes, does chamber work, cleans the house, keeps the silver in order and is even expected to help with the washing and ironing. Added to this it is not unusual for a mistress to ask the maid to go out to do errands. If the latter refuses she is called "impertinent."

A woman who does such a variety of work has come rather near to solving the problem of perpetual motion. She flies from one duty to the other, and if she is capable and gets her work out of the way quickly she is frequently given something more to do. This is one of the most thoughtless and inconsiderate things done by housekeepers. The maid was hired to do a certain amount of work. If she times it so that she just gets through, nothing more is expected, and she gives satisfaction. If, on the other hand, she is a good worker and finishes before the limit of time, she is almost always given one thing more. This is wrong, for the woman has planned and honestly worked to have a little time to herself, and her successful management and own rights should be respected. A servant is human, and she wants an occasional hour to herself. This is not to say, of course, that she should be allowed to be slovenly with the routine work.

ENEMIES OF ROSES.

How to Prevent Green Flies and Slugs From Doing Havoc.

When the green fly is abundant on rosebushes, it is because you have not considered the ways of the ant and been wise to the fact that the green fly is the ant's cow. It carries the flies to feed on the tender shoots of the rose and goes there to milk them. Use whale oil soap and tobacco water for the green fly.

When the green slug crawls beneath the leaves and quickly skeletonizes them, the only way to prepare some hellebore. Allow two tablespoonfuls to a bucket of boiling water. Cool this and use with a whisk broom. Flirt it well up under the leaves so as to reach the slugs. A cheap whisk broom answers as well as an expensive syringe.

Mrs. Cornelius Van Brunt of New York is the recognized expert in photographing and coloring of rose slides. She does wonders with the camera, presenting the very texture of the living rose, so that one looks at her work as at the flowers themselves. To those who have not tried it coloring a good slide might seem easy. Dozens are ruined for one that is a success.

The rose belongs almost everywhere but in Australia and South America. No native roses have been found there, but those carried there will thrive. From India to Mexico is the rose belt, between the nineteenth and seventeenth parallels of latitude.

TOILET NOTES.

A good cooling powder for perspiring feet is composed of four parts talcum powder and one part boracic acid thoroughly mixed.

A simple remedy for freckles and tan—ten grains of borax, two ounces of lime water and two ounces of oil of sweet almonds.

A few drops of any good toilet water in the last rinsing water gives a faint suggestion of perfume to the hair that is very refreshing.

Outrinal in the bath water will impart a velvety softness to the skin. To avoid stopping the waste pipe tie the outrinal in a good sized cheesecloth bag.

Twenty-four hours before shampooing saturate the scalp with warm olive oil. Careful grooming every night with a brush will encourage the hair to be good.

Afternoon Tea Cakes.

Cream together two tablespoonfuls each of butter and sugar, add two beaten eggs, a gill of milk and enough prepared flour to make a good cake batter. Bake in muffin tins, split as soon as done, better, put the two sides of each cake together again, pile on a hot dish and serve.

FASHION JOTTINGS.

Pique Revived as a Fresh Fabric Mustard Straw Hat.

Pique is again a smart summer fabric for tailored gowns. A particularly good model has a box plaited skirt and a box plaited blouse cut low in the back and sleeveless. This waist is worn with a lingerie blouse.

Side by side with burnt straw effects, which are so popular this season, one sees a hat or two in actual mustard colored straw. It is not a pretty color, for the sickish, greenish tinge is most unattractive; but on the



A COOKING APRON—5631.

other hand, one cannot deny that the mustard hat is extremely chic when trimmed with a big bow of black glace ribbon. A very dark brown trimming might be ventured upon, but black is the safest.

Persian belts to match the beaded pockets are among the most beautiful novelties designed to be worn with dressy frocks. These belts also reflect the porcelain effects of the immense hatpins. One is allowed the widest latitude in the width of the girdle, very narrow as well as very wide effects being worn. The first essential is that it must fit the figure perfectly, and then fancy can run all kinds of riot in the matter of materials and decorations.

The newest monogram for stationery is an inch and a half long, but very narrow. It is often stamped in three colors, of which green, gold and a rose color make a pretty combination.

Here are a really fascinating little apron and cap that can be slipped on over the frock when my little lady descends to the kitchen to make her favorite cake or confection. In the illustration they are made of white butcher's linen, but plain and checked ginghams are both good materials to use.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

SARTORIAL NEWS.

Tourist Neck Ruching—Lingerie Waist In Attractive Materials.

One of the most convenient things for the woman who travels extensively is the tourist neck ruching. It is white, crisp muslin ruching, which comes with or without a lace edging. It is done up in boxes containing six yards, which makes eighteen fresh ruchings, averaging about a cent apiece. These ruch-



FOR THE SEA BATH—5679.

ings are particularly useful for the traveler who does not stop long enough at any one place to have collars and turnovers laundered.

Lingerie waists in unusually attractive styles are made of dotted swiss, crossbarred dimity and batiste. The collars and cuffs are trimmed with val lace. Elaborate waists are trimmed with val or cluny lace and insertion and hand embroidery.

Little loose Eton jackets in black peau de sole are seen a good deal and are simply trimmed with black braid, the sleeves full and three-quarter length. They are not elaborate.

The new tulie bows are the fluffiest, daintiest things imaginable. They are white at the center, but shade into a dark blue, brown, red or green at the edges. All white ones are nice for evening wear.

The Panama hat has taken a new lease of life since it has been converted into a picture affair.

Here is a bathing suit for the young girl to use at her morning dip. It is made of dark blue mohair, with trimmings of dotted pique of the natural color, dotted with blue.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

The Marathon Mystery

A Story of Manhattan

By BURTON E. STEVENSON
Author of "The Holliday Case"

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CHAPTER I.

A SUDDEN gust of wind wrenched the door from Godfrey's grasp and slammed it, with a bang that echoed through the building.

"Anything doing?" he asked as he flapped the rain from his coat.

Simmonds, the grizzled veteran of the central office, now temporarily in charge of the devious business of the "Tenderloin," shook his head despondently.

"Not a thing. Only," he added, his eyes gleaming suddenly with appreciation, "you were right about that Delanne abduction case. It was all a faked-up story on the mother's part. She confessed this evening."

"I thought she would if you kept at her," said Godfrey, sitting down with a quick nod of satisfaction. "She hasn't nerve enough to carry through a thing like that; she's too pink and white. How does it happen you're alone?"

"Johnson's gone down to Philadelphia to bring back Riggs, the forger. Fleming's got the grip. Bad night."

There was a certain similarity in the faces of the two men, especially in the expression of the eyes and mouth. Age, however, had given to Simmonds features a trace of stolidity which was wanting in those of his companion. He had been connected with the central office for many years, was dean of the force, in fact, and though he had developed no special genius in his dealings with crime, he possessed a matter of fact industry and personal courage which had frequently achieved success. In the end his chief had come to trust him greatly, probably because the brilliant theorists of the force made so many unfortunate mistakes.

Godfrey was a brilliant theorist and something more. He was not so patient as Simmonds, but then he was much younger. He had more imagination, and perhaps his greatest weakness was that he preferred picturesque solutions to commonplace ones. During his three years' connection with the force he had won four or five notable victories, so notable, indeed, that they attracted the attention of the Record management. The end of it was that Godfrey resigned his badge and entered the Record office as criminal expert, climbing gradually to the position of star reporter. Since then the Record had not waited on the police; indeed, it had been rather the other way around. It was with Simmonds that Godfrey had long since concluded an alliance, offensive and defensive. The one supplemented the other—the eagle gave eyes to the mole; the mole gave the eagle the power of working patiently in the dark. Simmonds kept Godfrey in touch with police affairs; Godfrey enabled Simmonds to make a startling arrest now and then. Godfrey got the story. Simmonds got the glory, and both were satisfied. It may be added that without in the least suspecting it the mole was considerably under the influence of the eagle. Brains naturally lead industry. Besides, the blind must have guidance.

They listened until the gust of wind died away down the street, then Godfrey arose and began to button up his coat.

"Nevertheless," he said, "I've got to be moving on. I can't stay loafing here. I wouldn't have stopped at all but for the chance of seeing you."

"Oh, don't go," protested Simmonds. "I was mighty glad to see you come in. I was feeling a little lonesome. Wait till this squall's over anyway and have a smoke."

Godfrey took the proffered cigar and relapsed into his chair.

"I'm only human," he said as he struck a match, "and besides there's a fascination about you, Simmonds. There's always a chance of getting a good story out of you. You know more about the criminal history of New York than any other man living. I think. Hello, what's this?"

The door flew back with a crash, and a man rushed in—a heavy set man with red cheeks—who stopped, gasping, clutching at his throat.

Godfrey had a flask to his lips in an instant.

"Come, brace up!" he commanded sternly, slapping the stranger on the back. "Take a swallow of this. That's it."

"It seems to me I know him," remarked Simmonds, looking at the flushed countenance with contemplative eye.

"Of course you do," gasped the stranger. "I'm Higgins—the Marathon." And he jerked his head toward the door.

"Oh, yes," said Simmonds. "You're the janitor of the Marathon apartment house; just across the street."

"Well, what's happened at the Marathon?" demanded Godfrey. "Out with it!"

"It's murder," cried Higgins hoarsely. "I saw him—layin' on his back." He stopped and covered his eyes with his hands. Simmonds had quietly opened a drawer and slipped a revolver into his pocket. Then he took down the revolver from his desk.

"That you, sergeant?" he called.

"This is Simmonds. Send three men over to the Marathon right away."

He put the revolver with a jerk

Godfrey twisted the janitor sharply around in the direction of the door.

"Go ahead," he commanded, and pushed rather than led him out into the storm.

They made a dash for it through the rain, which was still pouring in torrents. Halfway across the street they descried a cab standing at the farther curb and veered to the right to avoid it.

"Here we are," said Higgins, running up a short flight of steps into a lighted vestibule. "It's in room fourteen—second floor."

They sprang up the stairs without thinking of the elevator—one flight, two. Higgins began to choke again. A single door stood open, throwing a broad glare of light across the hallway.

"It's there," said Higgins, and stopped to gasp for breath.

The others ran on. For an instant they stood upon the threshold gazing into the room at a huddled form on the floor, with a red stain growing and growing upon its breast—at a woman staring white faced from the farther corner—a woman, tall, with black hair and black eyes.

Then Godfrey stepped toward her with a quick exclamation of surprise. Incredibly, horror.

"Why, it's Miss Croydon!" he said.

CHAPTER II.

SIMMONDS had dropped on one knee beside the body. He was up again in an instant.

"No need for an ambulance," he said tersely. "He's dead."

The words seemed to rouse the girl from the ecstasy of horror which possessed her, and she buried her face in her hands, shuddering convulsively. Godfrey caught her as she swayed forward and led her gently to a chair. "Perhaps you don't remember me, Miss Croydon," he said. "Godfrey's my name. It was only the other night at Mrs. Delroy's I met you. It was Jack Drysdale who introduced me. You know I'm an old friend of his."

"Yes," she murmured indistinctly, "I remember quite."

An exclamation from Simmonds interrupted her. He had picked up a small pearl-handled revolver from the floor in the room.

"Is this yours, miss?" he asked.

She nodded faintly. He snapped it open and looked at the chambers. One had been discharged. He sniffed at the barrel, then held it out to Godfrey. The odor of burned gunpowder was plainly discernible.

Godfrey's face hardened as he turned to the janitor, who had regained his breath and stood staring on the threshold.

"My friend," he said, "shut the door."

He stopped as he heard the tramp of heavy feet approaching along the corridor.

"Wait," said Simmonds. "There come my men. I'll be back in a minute."

Godfrey nodded curtly and waited until Simmonds closed the door after him.

"Now, Miss Croydon," he said, "tell me quickly how it happened. I can't help you unless I know the whole story, and I want to help you."

"There isn't much to tell," she began, striving to speak steadily. "I



"Now, Miss Croydon, tell me quickly how it happened."

"She stopped her voice dying away, unable to go on."

"With this man?" asked Godfrey, who he?

"I don't know. And she cast a hurried glance at the huddled form. 'I never saw him before.'"

"Then it wasn't he you came here to meet?"

"No—that is—it may have been—"

And again she stopped.

"Miss Croydon," said Godfrey, "you're quite frank with me, and I feel you are going to stand in need of help. Will you tell this man?"

"No," she cried. "Oh, no!"

"Then who did?"

There was no answer, only a dry, convulsive sobbing.

As Godfrey paused to look at her the door opened and Simmonds came in. He closed it and snapped the lock.

"There's a policeman outside and one at each landing," he announced. "We'll look things over here and then search the building. First, let's look at the body."

It was lying partly on its back, partly on the right side, with both legs doubled under it. The face was a bearded one, rough, coarse and a little bloated; not a prepossessing face under any circumstances, and actually repulsive now with its gaping mouth and widely staring eyes. It was tanned and seamed by exposure to wind and rain and there was a deep scar across the left temple.

"Between fifty and sixty years of age," remarked Godfrey. "Puff! Smell the whiskey."

Then, looking into the staring eyes, he uttered a sudden exclamation. "See there, Simmonds, how the right pupil's dilated. Do you know what that means?"

Simmonds shook his head.

"No, I can't say I do."

"It means," said Godfrey, "that somebody hit this fellow a hard blow on the left side of the head and produced a hemorrhage of the brain."

They stripped back the shirt from the breast. A little blood was still welling from a wound just over the heart.

"That's what did the business," observed Simmonds, "and at close range too. See there," and he pointed to the red marks about the wound. "He wasn't shot from the corner, that's sure. Let's see what he's got in his pockets."

The examination was soon made. There were only a pipe, a knife, a package of cheap tobacco, a handful of loose coins and an old pocketbook containing a little roll of newspaper clippings and a receipt for a month's rent for suit fourteen made out to "J. Thompson."

"Thompson," repeated Simmonds, "and a lot of clippings. Can you read French, Godfrey?"

"A little," answered Godfrey modestly. "Let me see."

He took the clippings and looked at the first one. "Suresnes, Sept. 16, 1891," he read haltingly. "I have to report an event the most interesting which has just happened here, and which proves again the futility of vows the most rigorous to quiet the ardent desires of the human heart or to change the 'me'."

"Oh, well," interrupted Simmonds, "we can't waste time reading any more of that rot; it sounds like a French novel. The coroner can wrestle with it, if he thinks it's worth while."

He replaced the clippings in the purse, which he slipped back into the pocket from which he had taken it.

"Now," he added, rising to his feet, "we'd better get the girl's story."

"Miss Croydon," he began abruptly, though perhaps in a gentler voice than he would have used toward the average suspect, "were you in the room when this man was killed?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know him?"

"Only slightly," she answered coolly, disregarding Godfrey's stare of amazement. "His name, I think, was Thompson."

"You had an engagement with him here?"

"Yes, sir; on a private matter which cannot concern the police."

Simmonds passed this over for the moment.

"Will you kindly tell us just what happened?" he asked.

"I drove here in a cab," she said, speaking rapidly, "which I told to wait for me. In the vestibule I met the janitor and asked to be conducted to suit fourteen. He brought me up here where Mr. Thompson was waiting. I entered and closed the door. We were talking together when the door of the inner room opened and a man came out. Before I realized what he was doing he had raised a bar of iron he held in his hand and struck Mr. Thompson upon the head. Then, standing over him, he drew a revolver and fired one shot at him. I had shrunk away into the corner, but thinking him a madman, believing my own life in danger, I drew my pocket pistol and fired at him. Without even glancing at me he opened the outer door and disappeared. The janitor rushed in a moment later."

(To Be Continued)

Ramsey and Radium.

When Sir William Ramsay began his investigation into the properties of radium his letter box was filled almost to bursting point with warnings from spiritualists assuring him that the newly discovered metal is an active agent of the supernatural. "I have radium absolutely alone," they implored him. "It is too potent a force of nature for you to tamper with."

Sunday School Papers.

Sunday school periodicals circulated during the past year total more than 250,000,000 copies.

First Caricature.

Probably the first caricature in manuscript is to be found in the Egyptian papyrus in the British museum, where the lion and unicorn are represented playing a game of draughts.

The River Lena.

The Lena is the straightest of all the great rivers. For 500 miles it runs in almost a direct line to the sea.

PLUNGERS AND BOOKIES.

Previous Few of Either Survive Many Financial Dales.

In the last twenty years there has been only one man who is known to have been successful at beating the race track game to a conspicuous degree, says the Broadway Magazine.

That was George E. Smith, better known as Pittsburgh Phil.

He was a genius, and geniuses are rare.

He paid for his success with his life. He got so that he was a monomaniac. He thought, talked and had interest only in racing. The passion consumed him.

Nearly all the men who were prominent as big bettors on the turf have fallen by the wayside. Michael F. Dwyer, whose wagers were colossal, went broke, suffered complete physical collapse and was a wreck for the last few years of his life.

Riley Grannan, whose pyrotechnic rise made him a national figure, has been lucky enough of recent years to get occasional employment as a bookmaker's clerk. Joe Yenger, who thought nothing of betting \$5,000 to a race, lasted one season.

Of the crop of plungers that followed this quartet not one is known to be ahead of the game. Davy Johnson, who was the biggest bettor last year, has gone broke more times than it is pleasant to recall, and he finished the season with very little money despite the fact that in Roseben he has had one of the most remarkable horses the world has ever seen.

The better thinks the bookmaker has the best end of it. He has, yet comparatively few of the bookmakers weather the financial storms incident to the game.

Of 100 who weighed in at the beginning of last season less than fifteen were doing business at the end of the racing year. One of the most experienced bookmakers in America, Eddie Burke, lost six bank rolls in one season. The bank roll, in the parlance of the ring, is the capital stock of the bookmaker.

The public hears much of the winnings made by the bookmakers, but the losses are announced rarely. One of the things the public does not appreciate is that many of the bookmakers are only managers or partners in the books they make. Wall street men, saloon keepers, business men and politicians frequently subscribe to the bank roll of bookmakers, and occasionally a woman is the backer of a bookmaker.

The better also thinks that the horse owner has superior opportunities for beating the racing game. This time he is wrong. Few horse owners get rich. Most of them die poor.

There are few owners who have so good judgment in regard to the horses under their charge as have the really observant men who make a business of betting. If anything, the opinion of the dispassionate handicapper or student of form is more desirable. The majority of horse owners get financial indigestion from betting on their own horses.

The Great Assuan Dam.

Sir William Garston has recommended that the great dam at Assuan, Egypt, be raised nearly twenty-three feet, which would more than double the present water supply. The dam now supplies about a quarter of the water which eventually will be needed in Egypt. With the proposed enlargement about 950,000 acres of land would be brought under cultivation. The change would cost about \$7,500,000. Since the establishment of the Assuan reservoir the sale value of lands already provided with perennial irrigation has increased by about \$122,500,000, and this figure, when canals now under construction are completed, will be increased to approximately \$140,000,000. In addition to this the cotton crop, which last year amounted to \$140,000,000, has been assured.

His Good Fortune Fatal.

It is possible to live long in melancholy and to die swiftly from joy. So it has proved with a Paris carpenter named Fermet. He had worked for years in a chronic state of melancholy, aggravated by want of money, and all the circumstances seemed to point to a long continuance of this condition of things when suddenly and quite outside the poor fellow's expectations there came to him the news that he was the possessor by bequest of \$10,000. Fermet almost went frantic with delight. His nerves stood the recurrence of thrills all day, but in the evening he got among the Long-champs cafes and was relating his luck for about the twentieth time when he fell dead.—London Globe.

The Nation of Shopkeepers.

Napoleon must have been right after all. We are a nation of shopkeepers. There is nothing in the shop we are not ready to sell at a price. We would not doubt sell the great seal if we could get a good enough offer from Pierpont Morgan. Shakespeare follows first editions of Walton, the portraits of Reynolds, of Romney—these and any other national heirlooms, only given a far enough offer we are happy to part with to any foreign nation that has the taste and money to buy them. We can put them up as coolly as Charles Surface did his forebears.—London Saturday Review.

On the Big Jobs.

In New York city alone the great works of tunnels under city and river, railway terminals and depots, water supply and other similar enterprises now in progress aggregate the enormous sum of \$25,000,000, or more than four Panama canals, says Popular Mechanics, while three of the undertakings amount to \$10,000,000 each.

His Broken Promise.

By COLIN A. COLLINS.

Copyright, 1907, by C. F. Satchell.

"Goin' to th' circus?" Toby glanced longingly at the gaudy bills as he shook his head.

"Ma says I can't even go to the side show," he said.

"Cummum, I'll take you," volunteered Freddy Patrick. "I was goin' to take Nettle Floss, but her aunt from Cannelville's goin' to take her, so I'll take you, Cummum."

The tempter never had assumed such an enticing form before, but Toby held back.

"Tain't that," he explained, unclosing four moist and grimy fingers to show a shining quarter in his hand. "I got the money, but ma cried when I asked could I go."

Freddy regarded him with pity. That a boy should have a quarter and yet not be permitted to go to the circus seemed to sound the depths of human woe, but he could not pause to comfort. Already the shrill scream of the calliope announced the approach of the parade, and he raced down the street.

Eight-year-old Toby kicked his heels disconsolately against the wooden stoop. He fought hard against temptation, but in the end the boy nature asserted itself. He could cut across lots and reach Tompkins' pasture before the parade got back.

Ten minutes later Mrs. Atkins, coming to the door with a huge slice of bread and jam to stay his hunger and make him strong against temptation, saw what had happened and went back into the tiny house to throw herself upon the bed and cry.

But Toby for once had forgotten his mother. He was racing across the back lots to beat the parade to the grounds. He brought up panting just as the band wagon came into sight, and he climbed a fence post to get a full view. The free show that brought the people to the lot held him fascinated and almost tempted him to follow the crowd into the side show tent, but something in his mother's face had

planned Toby. "We live over there on Grove street."

"Over there" was indicated by a semicircular sweep of the arm, and the big man pulled out a watch from the coat he had resumed.

"You want to come with us if your mother will let you?" he asked.

Toby's face fell.

"She won't," he said dolefully. "She hates circuses. She's going to whip me when I get home. She made me promise not to come, not even to look at the parade."

"He's a circus boy, all right, Ted," laughed one of the other men. "She knew that if he hit the tents it would all come back to him, and it has. He worked like a veteran. He'd make a great top mounter."

"He's going to make one," announced Ted. "I'll go in to see his mother. I don't know what grouch she's got against us show folks, but I'll talk her out of it. Come, kid."

He held out a hand to Toby, and together they left the tent. Ted stopped to speak to a man in the dressing tent, and then they struck out across lots for the tiny little home where for the last four years Rena Atkins had fought to support herself and her son by millinery and dressmaking. She was on the steps now peering up and down the street, hoping against hope that Toby would come. But at the sight of the man with him she shrank into the house, though not before the stranger had caught sight of her and had gone bounding forward.

When Toby's shorter legs had compassed the distance he found his mother in the stranger's arms striving to fight him off. Toby valiantly came to the rescue with feet and fists, but the big man seemed scarcely to notice the attack.

"I've found you at last," he was saying. "Why did you run away, dear?"

"You ask me that?" Her voice was quiet now and tense with scorn. "Let me go and I will show you."

His arms dropped to his side, and she slipped across the room to where her pocketbook lay. Silently she offered a slip of paper frayed with handling and yellowed with age.

"You believed this?" asked the man. "You really thought I had eloped with Clara Grey? We left the same night because Griffith was doing us out of our salaries. Her husband, Jim Grey, was playing with Cole's circus, and she joined him. I played a couple of houses for expense money to get back home; with I wrote, but the letter was there at the boarding house when I arrived. They told me you had gone. Griffith put that lying notice in the paper to hide the real reason for our leaving, his own dishonesty."

"And I believed it," she sobbed, "and I've been trying to hide ever since to keep the boy from being like his father."

"It's in the blood," the big man said tenderly. "Why, the kiddie came into the big top and saw us working on the mat, and he went at it like he used to in the old days. I never guessed that he was my child. I only saw what a great top mounter he would make, and I came to see if you would apprentice him to us. I never hoped to find a wife and little son where I was looking for a topper."

"You—you forgive me?" she faltered. "You were just a foolish little child to run away before you found out the truth," he said, with a tender laugh. "It's all the more reason you should have a husband to look after you, and I know that Toby wants a father."

"You bet I do," put in Toby, at last finding something he could understand. "Are you my dad?"

"I am that," said the big man as he hugged Toby to his breast. "And you're a true chip of the old block. Why, kiddie, I taught you those tricks you showed us this afternoon. It all came out when you saw a ring again."

"I'm glad I broke my promise," said Toby complacently, "even if I am whipped for it."

But the whipping was deferred indefinitely.

Witches' Brooms Do Not Injure Trees.

Among the objects which the leafless season of the year makes conspicuous in our woods and hedgerows are certain dark, almost globular agglomerations of small twigs on the boughs of many different kinds of trees which at first sight look like birds' nests. They are what are popularly known as witches' brooms or brooms. They are usually the results of some bygone disturbance in the economy of a shoot producing bud which caused the bud to break up into several instead of continuing its onward growth as a single branch. The irritating influence which produced this result was probably applied at a very early period of the bud formation, while its development was but little advanced. Whether due to insect or fungal irritation, these brooms are not infective to the rest of the tree and do not cause decay or injure the tree in any way beyond uselessly consuming a certain amount of sap. It is possible that some of the best brooms are caused by the attacks of mites which persist in their occupancy and attack the spring buds every succeeding year.—Museum Gazette.

A Bold Rat.

A strange incident occurred at Crediton. While walking along the street a man was alarmed by something springing at him from the roadway. He brushed his hand over his coat, and a large rat fell to the ground. The incident, however, did not end there, for the rat made further attacks on the man, who experienced some difficulty in keeping it off. Several passersby came to his assistance, but it was some time before they were able to kill the rat. So, it was an unusual attack in the open street was doubtless due to the rat having lost its way back to its haunt.—London Standard.

"I've found you at last," he was saying. "Why did you run away, dear?"

"You ask me that?" Her voice was quiet now and tense with scorn. "Let me go and I will show you."

His arms dropped to his side, and she slipped across the room to where her pocketbook lay. Silently she offered a slip of paper frayed with handling and yellowed with age.

"You believed this?" asked the man. "You really thought I had eloped with Clara Grey? We left the same night because Griffith was doing us out of our salaries. Her husband, Jim Grey, was playing with Cole's circus, and she joined him. I played a couple of houses for expense money to get back home; with I wrote, but the letter was there at the boarding house when I arrived. They told me you had gone. Griffith put that lying notice in the paper to hide the real reason for our leaving, his own dishonesty."

"And I believed it," she sobbed, "and I've been trying to hide ever since to keep the boy from being like his father."

"It's in the blood," the big man said tenderly. "Why, the kiddie came into the big top and saw us working on the mat, and he went at it like he used to in the old days. I never guessed that he was my child. I only saw what a great top mounter he would make, and I came to see if you would apprentice him to us. I never hoped to find a wife and little son where I was looking for a topper."

"You—you forgive me?" she faltered. "You were just a foolish little child to run away before you found out the truth," he said, with a tender laugh. "It's all the more reason you should have a husband to look after you, and I know that Toby wants a father."

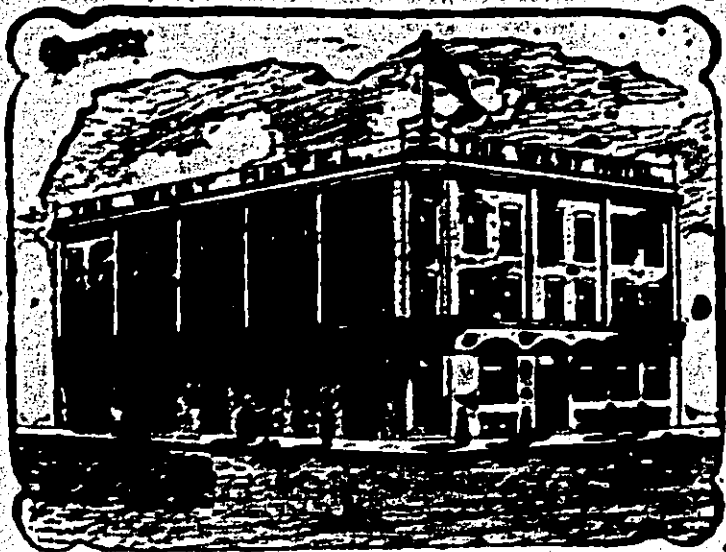
"You bet I do," put in Toby, at last finding something he could understand. "Are you my dad?"

"I am that," said the big man as he hugged Toby to his breast. "And you're a true chip of the old block. Why, kiddie, I taught you those tricks you showed us this afternoon. It all came out when you saw a ring again."

"I'm glad I broke my promise," said Toby complacently, "even if I am whipped for it."

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School Appointments

Mr. C. Cornish, who this week commenced his duties as principal of the public school, has had a brilliant career. Born at Bridgewater, Somerset, England, he received his elementary education at the collegiate school in that town, where he passed numerous public examinations. At the age of sixteen—the earliest age at which candidates are allowed to enter—he matriculated at London University. After completing his education he took up teaching as a profession, and in this he has had a wide experience, including eighteen months at Penzance College, Cornwall; two years at Belper Grammar School, Derbyshire; and for seven years he was senior assistant at Hunley Castle Grammar School, Worcestershire.

Coming to Canada in April last, he immediately resumed his profession, his first appointment being in the business branch of the Winnipeg Collegiate Institute. From there he went to Middlechurch to take charge temporarily of the school in that town, relinquishing that position on receiving his present appointment.

Mr. Cornish has first-class professional standing in Manitoba, and the trustees are to be congratulated on having secured him to take charge of the school.

Miss Lena Patrick, whose home is at Stonewall, is another acquisition to the teaching staff. For the past two years she has been teaching at Waskada, and the success which attended her there will doubtless follow her in her new position.

Automobile Catechism

What is an automobile?

It is an infernal machine used by the classes for dealing death to the masses.

Whence is its name derived?

From auto and mob. Hence, an automobilist ought to be mobbed.

What is the difference between an automobile and a bunch of violets?

The smell.

What is an auto-race?

A race of men who drive automobiles.

What do they look like?

Like a wild man from Borneo disguised as an Eskimo.

What are they called?

Chauffeurs.

Why?

Because they show furs in all sorts of weather or climate.

What is the difference between an automobile and Beau Brummel?

Beau Brummel was a lady-killer, but an automobile will kill anybody.

What follows the automobile?

The autopsy.

"How much do you charge for shaving?"

"That depends entirely on how many times I draw blood. Sticking plaster is now selling at about 30 cents a foot."

MORTGAGE SALE OF VALUABLE FARM PROPERTY

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE of the powers of sale contained in certain mortgages, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by public auction, by John A. Storey, auctioneer, at the Masony-Harris Warehouse, in the town of Elm Creek, in the province of Manitoba, on

SATURDAY, THE 7th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, A.D. 1907

At the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the following property, namely:

The South Half of Section Nineteen (19) and Legal Subdivision Thirteen (13) of Section Eighteen (18), all in Township Eight (8), Range Three (3) West of the Principal Meridian in Manitoba.

The vendors are informed that there is situated on said lands a good farm house and farm stable, and that there are about 200 acres under crop. The property is situated about eight (8) miles from Elm Creek.

TERMS: Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid in cash at the time of sale, and the balance in accordance with conditions to be made known at the time of sale. For further particulars, terms, and conditions of sale, apply to

MESSRS. MULLOCK & LOFTUS
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

DATED at Winnipeg, this 17th day of August, A.D. 1907.

BUGGY FOR SALE

Secondhand Buggy for sale, in first-class condition, newly painted.—Apply to J. Murray, Elm Creek. 6.0

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. Allward's residence, next to the chopping mill.

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

FANNYSTELLE MAN.

DENTISTRY

DR. A. L. McLACHLAN,

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

Office at rear of the Drug Store.

J. H. HAVERSON

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Solicitor for the Bank of Hamilton, and the Rural Municipality 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.

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Auctioneer

ELM CREEK MAN.

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