

## Farm Lands

—AND—

## Building Lots

FOR SALE  
On Easy Terms

MONEY TO LOAN  
INSURANCE

Red River Loan and Land Co.

LTD.

ELM CREEK, MAN.

Winnipeg Office 293 Market Street

## FORMALIN

### METHOD OF USING

Use one pound of formalin to every forty gallons of water. Wet the seed thoroughly with the solution, pile, and cover with canvas or sacking. Leave the grain in the pile for at least two hours.

We guarantee our Formalin to be a forty per cent. solution of formaldehyde

## The Drug Store

ELM CREEK

## We can Repair your Watch

Many people have trouble in getting their watches to run and keep good time. Our twenty years experience has given us a practical and scientific knowledge of all watch wrongs. We guarantee satisfaction.

Accurate Timekeeping. Special Attention to Mail Orders.

A. DAYKIN

Roller and Optician CARMAN

### C.P.R. TIME TABLE

No. 12, for the East, leaves at 10.00  
No. 11, for the West, leaves at 12.44

### CARMAN BRANCH

No. 122 arrives 9.55  
No. 121 departs 10.10  
No. 124 arrives 12.35  
No. 123 departs 12.50

### Local and General

Spring, gentle spring.

The Starkey House, Carman.

J. D. Proctor is on the sick list.

Horsemen, get your route cards at The Mail office.

Rev. A. E. Cook spent a couple of days in Carman last week.

W. Reid has built a stable on his property.

Mr. and Mrs. Guppy were in Winnipeg on Tuesday.

The Ontario Legislature was prorogued on Saturday.

Mrs. Chard visited Winnipeg on Tuesday.

The cutter has been relegated to oblivion.

Rev. A. E. Cook was a passenger to Winnipeg on Tuesday.

John Matheson is building a house for Mark Sexsmith.

Winnipeg's assessment for 1907 is \$95,000,000.

Sow no wild oats or other noxious weeds.

Rev. Father Joubert conducted service here on Saturday morning.

W. C. Soole was in Carman on Tuesday night.

Seeding has commenced on the Portage Plains.

Street cars are now running in Winnipeg till 2 a.m.

J. J. Holliday went to the city yesterday.

The Provincial Government has fixed Arbor Day for Friday, May 10th.

Carl Anderson was in the city for a couple of days last week, engaging help for the season.

J. Hurst, of Letellier, has been appointed agent at the Midland station at Carman.

Fred Phillips, formerly of The Mail staff, and now of Dominion City, was in town on Friday night.

It is hoped that a settlement of the western mining troubles will be reached this week.

Rev. Mr. Swastenham, St. John's College, Winnipeg, conducted service in the English Church on Sunday last.

Mrs. Ritter, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Etta Simpson, returns to her home at Miami to-day.

Mrs. Milner spent a few days with her mother, Mrs. Cameron, and returned to Winnipeg on Thursday last.

Rev. Father Joubert will hold Roman Catholic services in Elm Creek on Sunday next. Mass at 10 a.m.; evening prayer, etc., at 7.30 p.m.

The sleighing season—an exceptionally long one—has lasted just about six months, and it is hardly possible that any seeding will be done this month.

Rev. F. Brasier, who on two occasions recently conducted service in the English Church here, has been appointed to the charge of All Saints Church, Morris.

Several of our residents visited Carman on Saturday, among them being Alan Miller, Miss Miller, Miss Maggie Rinn and Miss Maggie Kennedy.

Premier Roblin returned from the south on Thursday last, where he had been on account of throat trouble. He derived great benefit from his trip.

The Canadian Consolidated Flour Mills, Ltd., is the name of a milling company just formed in Winnipeg. The capital is one million dollars.

Rev. Father Maur passed through on Tuesday, en route for Edmonton, he having been appointed to a charge in that city. He is succeeded at St. Claude by Rev. Father Joseph, formerly of St. Daniel's.

A meeting for the purpose of re-organising the baseball club will be held in the office formerly occupied by the Red River Co., to-morrow (Friday) at 7.30 p.m. All interested are requested to attend.

FOR SALE.—A quantity of new furniture, including iron bedstead, wool mattress, spring, pair feather pillows, washstand, dressing table, toilet set, rocker, kitchen table, and six kitchen chairs. To be sold at a sacrifice. Enquire at this office.

The average housewife will soon begin to make life a burden to the other inmates of the household. She will tie a rug round her head, and wade into the dirt in a way that will make your head swim. She will tear up the carpets, empty the cupboards, look sour when you show up for dinner, and bang things around like a demented. Spring is no longer a time when house cleaning time comes.

### Sunday School Concert

The entertainment by the members and friends of the Presbyterian Church Sunday School, for which preparations had been in progress for some weeks, duly came off on Friday evening, and was attended with a good measure of success.

The programme was as follows: Pianoforte duet, Misses Elva Stevens and Myrtle Johnston; recitation, "Mr. Shot and Mr. Knot," Willie Sluman; recitation, "Esie's Soliloquy," Irene Dean; cornet and pianoforte duet, "Nazareth," Mr. R. McKee and Mrs. Dewitt; song, "Daddy," Miss Eva Hollingsworth; recitation, "The Squirrel's Lesson," Jennie Dean; recitation, "The Puppy Dog's Afternoon Tea," Nellie Milne; children's drill; recitation, "The Poorhouse Man," Miss Alda Johnston; dialogue, "The Bull Puppy and the Baby," Miss Huggins, Mrs. Mose, Mr. Jas. Rinn, and Mr. W. Mose; cornet solo, "The Lost Chord," Mr. R. McKee; recitation, "A Smack in School," Allie Wilson; military drill; recitation, "The Best Beauty," Martha Storey; dialogue, "The Cobbler and His Wife," Messrs. Jas. Rinn and W. Mose; tableau, "Woman's Rights."

Refreshments were served both before and after the concert, and the singing of the National Anthem brought a pleasant evening to a close.

### Terrible Distress in Russia

There are 20,000,000 people in the south-eastern provinces of Russia who cannot live to see another harvest without aid. In Samara thousands are dying, and 750,000 are starving. Of the latter less than one half are receiving relief and then they only get one meal in twenty-four hours. As a meal is only two pounds of bread and a bowl of water, it means dying by degrees. There are only sufficient funds on hand to last till May 1st, whereas money is needed for the summer till the harvest brings relief.

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

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

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED  
COMMERCIAL AND FARMERS' PAPER DISCOUNTED


### SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

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

Carman Branch:

Mr. D. McLENNAN, Manager

## AMHERST MAKE



Solid Working Boot  
Made Extra Choice Durable Leather

PRICE 2.75

None Genuine unless Amherst  
Home made  
Stamped on the Sole  
Sole or

### NOTE OUR PRICES!

Men's Velour Calf Blucher  
Bal., Goodyear Welt, Oak  
Sole.....\$4.00

Men's Dongola Bal., Mat.  
Faced, M.S.F.S.....\$3.00

Women's Dongola Blucher  
Bal., Goodyear Welt \$3.00

HOLLIDAY & SIMPSON  
ELM CREEK, MAN.

## JUST OUT!

(Gold-Copper Pay Big Dividends all over British Columbia)

### BRITISH COLUMBIA, ILLUSTRATED

Containing over 100 Views in everything. Post paid, 25c. stamps.  
Richest Province in the British Empire

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

### SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT

The Richest Men in the World are investing in B.C. Copper-Gold and Silver Mines. WHY CAN'T YOU BEGIN NOW?

The Greatest Gold-Copper Discovery of the Age is in B.C.

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

Every Dollar Subscribed Used in Development of Mines.

### Special One Week Offer, 20c. per Share

Mines directly west of the Le Roi, whose shares are now about \$11. Le Roi No. 2 shares are about \$15, and went up to \$100. Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Canada, Ltd. shares \$125 each. The largest gold-copper mines in B.C. paid large dividends. Assays from \$5 to \$800 in gold, copper, silver, with 32 per cent. in Treasury.

Rossland Mines received Highest Awards for richest gold-copper ore sent to St. Louis Exposition. BIG FOUR HAD BEST DISPLAY at Dominion Fair, New Westminster B.C.

No less than 100 shares sold. Shares can be had on instalment plan, or yearly contract. 15 per cent. cash, balance monthly.

Company has no debts or liabilities. Send for illustrated Prospectus.

### BIG FOUR MINES, LTD.

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



## STOMACH INDIGESTION

Persons Suffering at the Head of the Table.



MR. S. J. MASSEY.

Mr. S. J. Massey, formerly a resident of Toronto, and a well known business man, writes from 247, Guy Street, Montreal, Quebec:

"I wish to testify to the good results I have derived from the use of *Peruna*.

"Having been troubled for several years with catarrh of the head, I decided to give *Peruna* a fair trial, and I can truly say I have received great benefit from its use.

"I have also found *Peruna* a very valuable remedy for stomach trouble and indigestion.

"There are several kinds of indigestion.

"The trouble may be due to sluggishness of the liver, derangements of the bowels, enlargement of the pancreas, or it may be due to the stomach itself.

"In nearly all cases of stomach indigestion *Peruna* is the only permanent cure to remove the catarrh.

"*Peruna* has become well known the world over as a remedy in such cases.

## HIS MEMORY RETURNED.

He Wanted a Snow Shovel, as Suggested by the Shopkeeper.

He stopped in front of a hardware store for a moment and looked all around and then carried his hand to his head like a man who had forgotten something. Then he slowly entered the store and looked around and shook his head.

"You want something?" observed the clerk as he came forward.

"I do."

"But for the moment you have forgotten what it is?"

"That's exactly the case. I knew when I left the house, but it has gone from my head now. If you'd offer me a hundred dollars, I couldn't remember what I started after."

"We have lots of such cases, and we solve them in a moment. Here is what you want."

And he passed behind a lot of stores and dragged out a big snow shovel and placed it in the other's hands and said:

"Thirty-five cents, please, and you'll find the material of the best."

"By George! By George!" exclaimed the customer. "But that's exactly what I wanted! What a curious thing memory is. I wanted a snow shovel, and now I'll take it home and put it in the cellar, and if my neighbors don't keep their walks clean I'll complain to the police."—Chicago News.

## Did Not Count.

There is a small boy in Pittsburg who is intensely patriotic and who is, as a rule, a very well informed Sunday school student. Not long ago there were some visitors, and Tommy's teacher, wishing to show off her class to the best advantage, called upon him to answer a series of questions. All went well until the very usual one, "Who was the first man?"

"George Washington—first in war, first in peace," Tommy began enthusiastically, but the teacher hastily interrupted.

"No, no, dear! You mean Adam, don't you?"

"Oh, if you are talking about daogoes, I a'pose he might be," admitted Tommy.—Harper's Weekly.

## Which?

Once upon a time two young women came to a wise theatrical manager and applied for positions as stars.

"It is not our custom to engage stars who have had no dramatic experience," he said. "And neither of you has been on the stage?"

"No, sir," they replied.

"Then what qualifications do you possess?"

"I, sir," said the first young woman, "have ambition and a future."

"I, sir," said the second young woman, "have ambition and a past which would make copy."

And so the manager made out a contract for one of them.—Judge.

## Terrible Revenge.

Mme. Labarue—[saw Mme. Paul having a great altercation with your cook this afternoon.

Mme. Vincent—Yes; I am not altogether surprised. Just fancy, she had the nerve to copy my last new hat!

Mme. Labarue—Well, what did you do?

Mme. Vincent—I gave mine to the cook.—Fele Mele.

## The Joy of It.

Miss Jenks—I don't see why you consider it a pleasure to hear him preach. I understand he always talks about fire and brimstone.

Miss Farrary—Exactly! And it's such a pleasure to think of what's in store for some people, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

## Hitting Home.

Goodley—Oh, come, now! I wouldn't call him a cad.

Boorisch—No? Well, what is your idea of a cad?

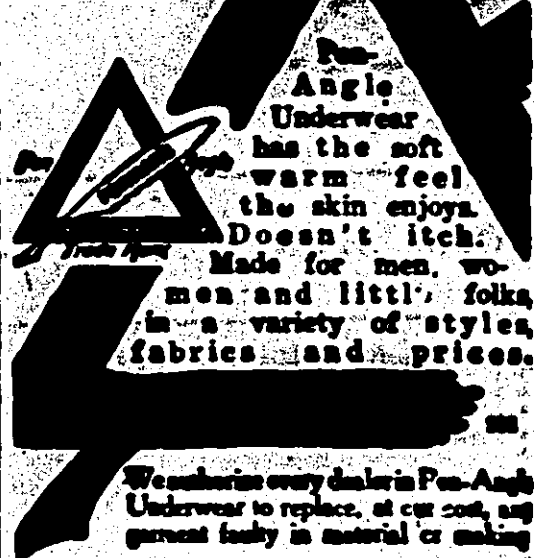
Goodley—Well, usually it is a fellow who is forever calling somebody else one.—Catholic Standard and Times.

## An Insinuation Feared.

Clergyman—Madam, you must be consoled with the thought that your husband is at rest.

Widow—Do you mean that he didn't have any before he died?—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Does It Shrink?



Underwear has the soft warm feel the skin enjoys. Doesn't it? Made for men, women and little folks in a variety of styles, fabrics and prices.

Washable every day in Pot-Ash Underwear to replace, at cut cost, and general laundry in material or making.

## HOW TO SOW FLAX

Flax seed may be sown from the wheat sowing season on until the middle of June. All things considered, May is the best month in which to sow. A well-worked and fine seed bed should be made by using disk and harrow and sometimes roller also. Not making a seed bed is one of the common mistakes of flax growers. The seed is best sown usually with a press drill and to the depth of 1-1/2 to 2-1/2 inches, according to the nature of the soil. About three pecks of seed per acre are enough, a larger quantity being sown on worn land than on land in good condition.

## INDIGESTION CURED

By Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Six Doctors had Failed to be of Benefit

That gnawing pain in the stomach, sometimes shooting up into the chest, often producing a choking sensation in the throat; fierce pains around the heart; a feeling of drowsiness and distaste for food—that is indigestion. Its victims are numbered by the thousands. To them life is a burden. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done more towards relieving this suffering than any other medicine. Often they have cured after all other help had failed. As in the case of Mr. Willis Horman, of St. Catharines, Ont., who says: "I had been afflicted with indigestion and stomach trouble for years. At times a specialist said he was unable to give me any relief. At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in less than a month I felt some relief. I continued their use for a couple of months longer and gained in weight; my appetite improved; the pains left me and I now feel better than I have in any time during the past twenty-five years. I will always gladly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other sufferers believing that they will surely do for others what they have done for me."

When you are afflicted with indigestion and stomach trouble for years, at times a specialist said he was unable to give me any relief. At last I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in less than a month I felt some relief. I continued their use for a couple of months longer and gained in weight; my appetite improved; the pains left me and I now feel better than I have in any time during the past twenty-five years. I will always gladly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other sufferers believing that they will surely do for others what they have done for me."

Turkey has only just now ratified the convention drawn up by the first peace conference at The Hague.

A Medicine Chest in Itself.—Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself, is a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, catarrh, asthma and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

The Russian authorities are arranging for a strict blockade of Finland, now that the season of navigation is approaching, in order to prevent importation of arms by Finnish or Russian revolutionaries.

Itch, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious itch on human or animal cured in 30 minutes by Wolfard's Sanitary Lotion.

"Was your husband lucky during the race meeting last year?" "Yes," answered young Mrs. Torkins. He had tonitis most of the time and couldn't attend."—Washington Star.

## WHAT WOMEN WANT IN MEN

It is so recently that women have been allowed to think, or expected to think, that it is not strange that they have not expressed themselves upon the question of what they want in men. They have been brought up on the philosophy, "Be good and you'll be married," and it has not been a question of what they like in men, but what men like in them that counted or was important.

There are many women, otherwise fairly sensible, who openly say they could not love a man who did not rule them. To say that every man, by virtue of his sex, is meant to be the master of some woman is utter folly. The need for a master is not a question of sex, but a question of the lack of moral or mental stamina in the individual.

What do women want in men? There are women who prefer a man rather than one who has inherited it. Being a good provider will sometimes cover a multitude of petty faults in the eyes of women obliged to account for every penny spent. Nor is generosity with money the only generosity. Women want from men what every normal human being craves—commendation and approval.

Woman, normal and healthy, does not want or need a master. Outside of truthfulness, honor, and courage in her, what she prizes above all things from him are kindness, generosity and sympathy.—Belle Squire in the May Delator.

Do Not Delay.—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime cause of the trouble is the poison out as rapidly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assuage the intruder with. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

One of the army officers stationed at Governor's Island has the English habit of clipping the top off his breakfast egg with a sharp clip of his knife and eating it out of the shell.

The other morning his 6-year-old son thought he would "do as pa does." Unhappily, by his parent's table, he wanted, he picked up an egg and gave it an unpracticed but sturdy little swing in the midriff. Result: One egg-battered youngster; ditto one tablecloth.

"My son!" exclaimed pa, sternly, in what was meant to be a stern voice.

"I couldn't help it, ma," piped the young hopeful. "That cook filled the egg too full."—New York Times.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

"I was very sick with Quinzy and thought I would strangle. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT and it cured me at once."

I am never without it now.

Yours gratefully,

MRS. C. D. PRINCE.

Nauwigewauk, Oct. 21st.

Messrs. Vickers, Sons & Maxim have received an order from the Brazilian government to build a battleship 500 feet long and 82 feet beam. The new vessel will be the largest ship ever built at Barrow.

Signals of Danger.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

Her Husband—If a man steals—no matter what it is—he will live to regret it.

His Wife—During our courtship you used to steal kisses from me.

Her Husband—Well, you heard what I said.—London Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Wintering Dahlia Tubers.

As soon as the tops are killed by the frost they should be cut off to within six inches of the ground. The tubers may then be dug and inverted in the ground, to permit the sap remaining in the plant to settle without dripping among the tubers, as it is believed the sap is an injury to the roots. After the plants become dry they may be placed in a cellar in boxes or baskets and kept dry, but not permitted to shrivel. Any condition suitable for good care of potatoes is favorable for wintering dahlia tubers. The tubers are very susceptible to injury from freezing.—Country Gentleman.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Robert Lee Bettner, the Riverside polo player, was swapping yarns with Walter Scott Hobart, the Burlington player.

"Ever hear about the fellow that drove a horse cart? Had a baby. Didn't know what to name it."

"Boy or girl?" asked the minister.

"Boy."

"Call it Oscar," he did.

"Met preacher again a year later."

"Mother baby at our house. Suggest another name."

"Boy or girl?"

"Girl."

"Call her Carline," he did.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## COUGH SO BAD ALMOST STRANGLED

Cold on Chest Would Yield to no Treatment Until We Used

## Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine

"I could not have believed that any medicine could do me so much good."

Writes this lady, whose cold was so bad her friends feared for her life.

Mrs. S. M. Moore, Shortreed, B.C., writes: "I wish to state my gratitude for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which cured me of a cold which a friend said would soon put me in my grave. I had not slept for three nights and would cough until I almost strangled to death. The very first night it eased the cough, and instead of coughing and irritating my throat and lungs I had a good night's rest. If I had not had the experience myself I could not have believed that any medicine could do so much good as this has done me."

Parents who make a practice of keeping Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house have at hand the most certain means of curing coughs, colds, croup, and bronchitis.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is 25 cents a bottle, all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The signature and name of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

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## TRAIN NUMBERS.

How They are Used, and How They Grow So Large.

Travelers and commuters have often to consider the trains as numbered in what appears to them inexplicable ways. For example, a request at the information bureau of the Grand Central station will elicit the reply that train No. 470 will not stop at Peekskill or on the New Haven line that train No. 570 will stop on Saturdays at Coscob, but not on other days; that on the Pennsylvania train No. 634 will stop at Metuchen, but not at Rahway; that on the Delaware and Lackawanna train No. 410 is an Easton express, and that train No. 300 is the millionaire's special to Bernardsville and will stop only at Newark. The traveler knows, of course, that there are not so many trains and only identifies them by the hour of departure and arrival, so this information is usually vague enough as given by numbers to him, although relevant enough to railroad men, for it tells of the history of the trains.

When the railroads were new they put on a passenger train numbered 1 and 2 and a freight train numbered 3 and 4, and they increased this service according to the demands of traffic, raising the numbers consecutively, the even numbered trains running one way, the odd numbered trains the other. As the exacting demands of new business developed trains were increased, and some of the old ones were dropped, but their numbers, which still lived in the minds of the operatives, could not readily be duplicated, and they named them with still higher numbers until their numerical titles have lost relation to their source except in the minds of employees. But as the railroads extended themselves and a generation of employees passed they returned to the primal numbers for their important trains, so that trains 1 and 2, 3 and 4, 5 and 6, etc., are on nearly all railways the through expresses. But the original trains, by shifting of time or other causes, run under titles of 400, 500 or some number that means nothing to the traveler, but to the railroad man reveals its history from origin to date.—New York Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Wintering Dahlia Tubers.

As soon as the tops are killed by the frost they should be cut off to within six inches of the ground. The tubers may then be dug and inverted in the ground, to permit the sap remaining in the plant to settle without dripping among the tubers, as it is believed the sap is an injury to the roots. After the plants become dry they may be placed in a cellar in boxes or baskets and kept dry, but not permitted to shrivel. Any condition suitable for good care of potatoes is favorable for wintering dahlia tubers. The tubers are very susceptible to injury from freezing.—Country Gentleman.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Robert Lee Bettner, the Riverside polo player, was swapping yarns with Walter Scott Hobart, the Burlington player.

"Ever hear about the fellow that drove a horse cart? Had a baby. Didn't know what to name it."

"Boy or girl?" asked the minister.

"Boy."

"Call it Oscar," he did.

"Met preacher again a year later."

"Mother baby at our house. Suggest another name."

"Boy or girl?"

"Girl."

"Call her Carline," he did.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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## Of the Twentieth Century.

By Otto R. Seng.

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As Dr. Blyth stood in the hall a young girl stepped from an adjoining room, inquiring anxiously, "How do you find my father, Dr. Blyth?"

"His condition is serious," he admitted, "but with good care."

"She cut short the conventional platitudes."

"When will he be able to go out again?"

"Not for weeks," emphatically.

Her look of anxiety deepened.

"What is your father's business, Miss Hall?"

"He is manager of the local telephone system and attends personally to repairing and keeping up the line."

"That means a great deal of hard work?" sympathetically.

"Yes, particularly in the winter. The circuit comprises nearly 300 phones, and the line extends out into the country in all directions."

"Discontinue it in the winter," unthinkingly.

"The subscribers need it more then," gravely. "Nearly all of them are farmers and depend upon their telephones for communication with the village and with each other."

"If possible, keep from your father all anxiety concerning the business. I fear nervous prostration in his case."

During his round of calls Dr. Blyth thought often of the beautiful girl with the sweet, grave voice. He was a stranger in Lindsey and was taking up his uncle's practice.

"Fred Hall sick? That's too bad!" was his uncle's comment. "But they'll manage all right," with a country doctor's knowledge of his patient's affairs. "Mrs. Hall is strong and a good nurse. Fidella understands the business thoroughly. Too bad she isn't a boy. It will take about all the manager's salary to hire a man to come here from the city to do the outside work."

Dr. Blyth was disappointed when several calls were made upon the sick manager without seeing Fidella. She was constantly in his thoughts, and her lovely face seemed always before his eyes.

By chance his next call was in the evening. Fidella met him in the hall as he was leaving.

"Do you feel encouraged, Dr. Blyth?"

"Yes, kindly, but his nervous condition is serious. Is he worrying about the business?"

"I think not," hopefully. "I told his position as manager, and that encourages him. He has all confidence in my ability."

"You are a brave girl," enthusiastically. "You have some one for the outside work?"

She hesitated, coloring rosy.

"I have the services of a very competent lineman."

"Where is your central?"

"Here," indicating the room adjoining. "I've always been father's hello girl," smiling brightly.

On several succeeding calls the physician saw no one outside the sickroom but Edith Hall, a girl about thirteen, sharp of eye and of tongue, wholly unlike Fidella, he thought.

"I'm hello girl now," she cried importantly. "Fidella's out looking after the line—the linemen."

He recalled his uncle's remarks regarding Fidella's knowledge of the business.

"The brave little girl," he murmured, with a tenderness wholly unaccountable. "She will wish to supervise the linemen's work for awhile. I'd like to be the linemen if it means a daily drive with the little Fidella."

On the following evening he saw Fidella in her office. He reported hopefully of her father and rejoiced in her words of praise for his professional care.

"I've often thought," she observed earnestly, "that I'd like to be a doctor."

Dr. Blyth smiled somewhat satirically.

"You forget, Miss Hall," rather loftily, "your physical inability to cope with the hardships incident to a country doctor's life. He must have any stern or cold. A delicate girl like you couldn't endure it."

A little flickering smile lurked for an instant at the corners of the pretty mouth.

"Don't you approve of women being physicians?"

"Frankly, Miss Hall, I do not."

"Aren't you somewhat old fashioned, doctor, not to say antiquated, in your views?" quizzically.

"Perhaps," stily, "but there are so many occupations for which a woman is wholly fitted that it seems regrettable she should enter upon one entirely unsuited to her."

"And may I ask," demurely, "what are some that you consider suitable for women?"

"Well," hesitatingly, "first, house-keeping. A woman should be—or a wife and—mother, of course."

"These privileges," quietly, "are denied some women. Go on."

"School-teaching," triumphantly, "millinery, dressmaking."

"Not at all up to date," smilingly, "anything else?"

"Well—er," hesitatingly, "I don't recall anything at the moment."

"You wouldn't approve, then, of a woman being a steamboat captain or an engineer or a house painter or a miner?"

"Certainly not. The last two are utterly impossible anyway."

"Oh, I don't know," lightly, "I can

even imagine a woman being a good lineman."

Blyth laughed in open scorn.

"I wouldn't care to see the woman. Wouldn't she be a terror?"

"Why?" sharply.

"Take your own lineman, for example, Miss Hall. Fancy a woman in his place—driving in all weathers about this sparsely settled country, climbing poles, sitting astride crossarms?" He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "That's worse than being a doctor."

Afterward he wondered if she would think he disapproved of what she was doing. He hoped not. He considered it entirely commendable for her to manage this business during her father's illness, and the office, being in her own home, made it seem essentially womanly.

He promised himself that he would see her often. He had never before met a girl who seemed to answer so fully the requirements of his ideal.

But as the days went by his glimpses of Fidella were tantalizingly infrequent. He failed to inquire for her. He fancied there was malignant satisfaction in Edith's brief answer, "Out—with the linemen."

He ventured another evening call, but Fidella was in charge of the switchboard, and opportunity for conversation was limited.

His half-conscious resentment toward the linemen prompted a question as to his competency. "You have to go around with him all the time," he grumbled jealously.

Fidella blushed.

"The linemen are fully competent, but I like to go. I am very fond of—"

An imperative call for "central" interrupted, and the sentence was not completed.

Blyth remembered it uneasily. Was it the linemen, or had she meant to say that she liked driving in the glorious autumn weather?

He grew despondent as the weeks went by, and no matter how cold or stormy the day, Edith gave the same irritating answer, "Out with the linemen."

Then he resolved to settle the affair. He loved the girl. He was sure of himself now. He would boldly make the opportunity to tell her so. She should choose between him and the—his adjectives would not have been uttered in Fidella's presence—linemen!

The thought of her was uppermost in his mind as he drove toward home on a cold, windy day in early spring. "Oh, if only I!" He checked the half-uttered words, smiling tenderly as he dreamed a young man's beautiful day dreams of love and life.

Ahead of him in the lonely country road he saw a horse and buggy standing by a telephone pole. Instinctively he looked up.

"The linemen!" he exclaimed interestedly. "I'm thankful Fidella isn't with him this miserable day!"

The man climbed from the crossarm and came down the pole with the swift ease acquired by constant practice.

"He's a little chap," thought the doctor. "Perhaps that's why Fidella watches him so closely."

The linemen sprang into the buggy, with his coil of wire and bag of tools, driving rapidly away.

"I'll overtake him and speak with him. I—I ought to be halfway decent to a little chap like that."

But the linemen's slim, boyish figure, erect in the lighter vehicle, held the lines over an animal that sped along as if aware of his pursuit.

Blyth caught a glimpse of a rounded red cheek under the linemen's close cap. A wild thought, a glimmering of the truth, sent the blood to his own cheeks, and he urged his horse on.

He reached the driveway at Hall's in time to see the slim figure leap from the buggy and dash into the house.

The doctor followed hurriedly.

"Go tell your sister that I must see her at once!" His imperative command startled Edith into instant obedience.

When Fidella entered the room, with cheeks that rivalled the crimson of the soft robe she wore, Blyth sprang toward her.

She motioned him back with a repelling hand even while her eyes gave him the assurance he sought.

"You know you don't approve—you said—"

"I don't care what I said! I was wrong, Fidella. I approve of anything that you do and of everything that you are, Fidella, my little linemen!"

Ungallant Cromwell.

We have heard a great deal lately of the chivalrous consideration shown by men and women in the good old times, but the casual remarks of various writers of those days tend to dispel the illusion, says the London Chronicle. John Aubrey, for instance, writing about 1678, tells us that "King James I's court was so far from being civil to women that the ladies—nay, the queen herself—could hardly pass by the king's apartment without receiving some affront." And in one of Richard Symon's pocketbooks there is the following account of Oliver Cromwell's behavior at his daughter's wedding in 1657: "The lord protector threw about sack posset among the ladies to soyle their rich cloaths, which they took as a favour, and also wet sweetmeats, and daubed all the stools where they were to sit with wet sweetmeats."

Bells and Money.

A thousand men can go to work at 7 o'clock in the morning without the ringing of a bell, and why is it that 300 people cannot assemble in a church without a previous ding-donging lasting half an hour?—Detroit Free Press.

Why, man, it's because they go out at 7 o'clock to get money. Put a twenty dollar gold piece in each paw every Sunday and you may sell your bell for old metal.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## MODISTIC MATTERS.

Shirt Waist Shoulders Broad—Useful Spring Frocks.

Broad shoulders characterize the first of the spring shirt waists. The smartest design for a linen shirt waist is made with three deep plaits on each shoulder back and front. At the back the plaits taper toward the waist. The regular shirt waist sleeve is used, finished with a straight cuff. The stitched



SEPARATE YOKER WAIST—5570.

plaits and broad shoulder line give this shirt waist an air of newness. The neck is finished with a band, and an embroidered linen collar of the stiff kind is worn.

The lingerie waist will be much in vogue; still there will be a great demand for tailor made linen waists.

A practical and pretty dress for spring is of smoke gray voile trimmed with the same shade of taffeta intricately embroidered with soutache. With the blouse and skirt goes a short jacket of taffeta almost entirely covered with braiding and so cut that the sleeves and body appear to be in one, and the sloping shoulder line is unbroken. The collar and chemise of this frock are of embroidered batiste of a cream tint trimmed in real valenciennes, a narrow central plait being bordered on each side by fine lace edged platings of batiste.

Stiff linen collars are embroidered with a tiny flower in black and other shades besides the omnipresent Scotch plaid.

The waist that can be worn over a separate yoke is one of the latest developments of fashion. The model illustrated is well adapted for washable materials, wool and silk. The cuffs are adjustable, so that the sleeves can be long or short at will.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

## MILLINERY FORECASTS.

Hat Shapes Still Prevail in Headgear. Narrow Braids.

The newest veil is circular in form and made of brussels net with a border of chantilly lace or of ribbon trimmed platings.

Among the spring shapes in straw, flat, narrow braids are more in evidence than the fancy silk straws that have reigned for several seasons.

Hats with wide brims that taper to nothing in front and widen out in some



KIMONO DRESSING SACK—5588.

cases to extravagant widths in the back are shown in models of both straw and straw and malines. Bell shaped crowns and brims that roll up high at the left side and are very narrow elsewhere make chic little hats, especially where their severity of outline is softened by ostrich plumes, which, by the way, show no signs of abdicating their place as the most popular hat trimming.

Small and easily molded shapes of leghorn and panama straws will be extensively worn this spring. These hats are bent without rule or reason into becoming lines. No shapes are, however, worse traps for the unwary than these same simple ones of the small type, for unless their lines are exactly right the individual who wears them is apt to look as grotesque and ridiculous as in the small shepherdess shapes or the betanese polo caps that prevailed for a short time some seasons ago.

Black and white effects are favorites in the outing class of chapeaux.

The negligee illustrated is not a specialty new effect, but one whose comfort has been well tried. It is made of flowered challis with bands of silk, and when worn over a smart lingerie petticoat is very fetching.

JUDIC CHOLLET.



## MRS. EMMA A. SUMMERS.

The California "Oil Queen" and Her Business Ability.

One of the most interesting personalities in California is Mrs. Emma A. Summers of Los Angeles, the "Oil Queen." This name has been bestowed upon her primarily because of her vast operations in one of the greatest mineral resources in the state, but it most aptly describes one who by virtue of most superior mental powers rules. There is no brute force in her sway, but nevertheless it has been most effective, and, could the story be told, this modest, refined and truly feminine woman has gained victories over combinations of masculine training and abilities that have been backed by capital and influence so powerful that strong captains of industry have gone down under the impact.

But the story of today is success. It has come through purpose and genius. Inheriting from her father, a banker, a farseeing intelligence in financial matters, but reared in a southern home, where all the womanly qualities were accentuated, she is a rare combination of the artist and the business person—one seldom seen, but when found always at the heights of attainment. It was with money earned at



MRS. EMMA A. SUMMERS.

music teaching that she made her first investments in lands and oil wells. In the former, depending upon her own judgment, she has had wonderful success, and she owns lands and houses in various sections of Los Angeles, buying and selling for herself.

But it is in her oil operations Mrs. Summers has attracted the widest attention. When oil was first discovered in the vicinity of her California street home she secured a location for her first well. This was most profitable, and she kept adding to her collection of wells until she had a large number. From the very first she has been thoroughly businesslike in all her dealings and soon commanded the respect of all with whom she was associated. It has not been plain sailing. She has taken her hard knocks without whimpering, however, and has asked no favors in her business because of the fact that she is a woman. Possessed of an undaunted spirit, every backward step has meant an effort that has lifted her still further in her business career.

Among oil men she is known as a "good fellow," and there isn't one of them better in touch with crude oil conditions and the market than she.

In personal life Mrs. Summers is a charming woman, full of spirit and delicate intuition. She is intensely interested in Los Angeles and feels herself a part of its innermost workings. Its development is the spirit that animates her. Simple and unaffected in her home life, she is one to comfort and command.—Los Angeles Times.

## Sink Knowledge.

Several times a year the average housewife finds herself confronted with a stopped up sink. Amateur efforts at opening the drainpipes are unavailing. Trained skill must be called in, and commotion and plumber's bills follow.

This is one of the many instances where an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. There are kitchens to which the plumber's visit is almost as rare as a blue moon, and with a fairly modern system of drainage and a little care their number might easily increase and multiply.

Sink stoppage is usually caused by grease, sometimes by coffee grounds and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred by carelessness. See that your plates are scraped free from grease and scraps before they go into the dish pan. Insist that coffee grounds shall find their way into the garbage can rather than the sink. Keep a small, stiff scrubbing brush and an iron sink scraper with a rubber edge near at hand and enforce their use after each dishwashing time.

If these few simple rules are obeyed, if none of the greasy water in which vegetables have been cooked, gravies or other greasy liquids are poured into the sink—and it is not the place for them—if the pipes are scalded daily with clean water and plenty of common washing soda, you run very little risk of stoppage.

A plumber once said to me: "If women would use more soda in their sink pipes, there would be less work for us. Some of them use lye, which cuts the grease, but ruins the pipes. Soda is far better."

Study Department and Delfy Old Ago. Now, department is all a matter of education and habit. In the bringing

up of some girls it is utterly neglected. They are never taught to hold themselves properly, and as they get older they deteriorate in this particular to a dreadful degree. Some women at thirty are look fifty and more simply from the ungainliness of their deportment and the way in which they have allowed their figures to, as it were, run to seed.

They have neglected to throw back their shoulders so as to preserve the flatness of their backs; they have neglected the selection of a suitable make of corset; they have neglected the exercise which would make them agile and keep them supple. The consequence is that they grow stiff of limb, heavy of movement and unwieldy of figure long before they ought.

In some cases, of course, advice is superfluous and perhaps impertinent. We have all a right to do what we like with our own, and if we prefer to look old before our time there is no law to hinder us from doing so.

Those, however, who think otherwise and who consider it worth while to make the best of themselves as long as they can should remember that in this particular the figure is as important as the face, and that if we wish to keep looking young we must of all things not neglect to attend to our deportment.—St. Louis Republic.

## In the Bathroom.

The one thing to be avoided is a clutter of small things—too many bottles and boxes on the shelves and tables, a number of rumpled towels and, above all, a rack of clothes hung up to dry. The nickel plate should be kept shining with constant polishing and the white porcelain, tiles and enamel immaculate. The nickel quickly collects the green oxide, and the white enamel takes on a peculiar yellow stain if neglected. Any one who has attempted to correct the results of this neglect in either case has found her task a difficult one and if the neglect has continued too long almost an impossible one. With daily care, soap and water, combined with vigorous scrubbing and rubbing, are quite sufficient. A gritty soap should not be used on either the nickel or the enamel.—Harper's Bazar.

## Spots on Tablecloths.

The best way to remove any sort of a spot from a tablecloth is to place a bowl under the spot and draw the cloth over it so there is a little dip in the center. Then pour boiling hot water over it, and it will be found when the spot is dry that the stain has entirely disappeared. This is an excellent way to remove a spot after the table is all set, for by pushing a plate underneath the stain can be removed without difficulty with the boiling water, and by pressing and smoothing it afterward with a dry napkin there will be no trace of it by the time the luncheon or dinner is ready.

## Hiding the Radiator.

An unsightly steam radiator has been thoroughly eliminated and disguised by putting an ordinary shelf on iron braces about a foot above it and hanging a curtain in front. The top of the shelf is covered with denim or burlap, and curtains are tacked at each end that hang straight to the floor. The curtain across the front is hung from a slender brass rod and may be pulled to one side when more heat is needed. The shelf extends some distance beyond the ends of the heater and is used for books and pretty bits of china.

## Mending Mackintoshes.

An excellent mending cement for mackintoshes is made by dissolving some shreds of pure India rubber in benzine, which will form a stiff paste. Spread the injured part of the mackintosh on something flat, apply a little of the paste to the part to be mended and leave until the cement is hardened. This may also be very satisfactorily employed in mending rubber gloves.

## Oiling Floors.

When oiling floors, use a woolen cloth rather than a brush. If the oil is thoroughly rubbed in with the cloth, the result will be much more satisfactory than when put on with a brush. The same is true in staining floors, and in this case the stain should be rubbed into the wood with one cloth and then rubbed off with another.

## Rusty Old Oak.

Old oak that has been neglected should be washed in warm beer; then, when dry, wash it again all over with a soft brush with the following mixture: One quart of beer, in which has been boiled a piece of beeswax the size of a walnut, and a tablespoonful of sugar. Leave this to dry, then polish with a soft cloth.

## Trays in Drawers.

If one finds herself confronted with deep drawers in which many things must be kept smooth, inserting trays as in a trunk is a good idea. If tape hangers are sewed at either end, the tray is easily removed when wishing to get at things beneath.

It is a good plan to tack a piece of white oilcloth on the wall back of the kitchen tables, as otherwise it will soon become discolored and greasy, a result that is almost unavoidable.

When linoleum begins to show wear, paint the surface with a good quality floor varnish and allow it a longer time to dry than would be necessary for wooden boards.

Hand massage is very helpful in distributing superfluous flesh over the chest and neck. No other treatment can accomplish this.

An undershirt that is outgrown can be lengthened by a yoke at the top or a ruffle at the bottom.

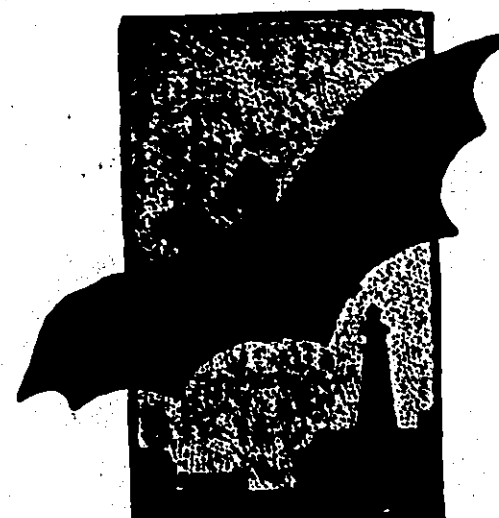


## FLITTERMICE.

The Peculiar Habits of These Quaint Animals.

Children, do you know that the little flittermice, and bats are one and the same? Well, they are, and for four or five months each year during the cold weather they hide away in caves, dark crevices of rocks or deep, snug, hollow places inside trees, and there in their winter quarters they hang, head downward, to the walls, sleeping as the great bears sleep through the winter time.

But when the first warm weather comes, when the sun sends its good cheer even into the caves, crevices and hollows of trees, then Mr. and Mrs.



ON THE WING.

Flittermice and all the little flittermices awake. "It's time to be getting up," says Mr. Flittermice, stretching himself. "The warm weather is here again."

And Mrs. Flittermice calls to her babies, for she is a thoughtful mother, to "come, get on my back and let us be out of here." And how you would laugh could you see those little baby bats, catch their sharp, strong little claws into Mamma Bat's furry coat, where they hang on for dear life, as she opens her wings and flies away. And once out under the cover of night their eyes become very bright, for, like the owl, they see only through the dark.

They are very hungry, and it takes a great many gnats and mosquitoes to furnish a meal.

But who would not be hungry after several months of fasting, pray? I'm sure we would, wouldn't we?—Washington Post.

## A BOXING KITTEN.

Its Funny "Fistic" Antics Made a Big Dog "Laugh."

The proprietor of a small store in New York owns a black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches, like a bear or a kangaroo, and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist. The Telegram tells how the kitten conquered a big dog.

A gentleman took into the store an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good natured and intelligent. The tiny kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs and put its "fists" in an attitude of defiance.

The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish the giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while mouth and eyes beamed with merriment.

## The Earth's Interior.

It has been found by subterranean boring that the temperature increases about one degree for every fifty-five feet. Water would boil therefore at a depth of less than two miles, and at a depth of thirty miles all known substances would melt. The scientists believe that the interior of the earth is a molten mass. The volcanic discharge of lava, which is nothing but melted earthy matter, goes to confirm this belief, as do also the hot springs that are found in different parts of the world. It has been proposed to make use of the hot water that lies in beds underground by sinking shafts to reach them. Many things even more wonderful than this have been done, and therefore the suggestion does not seem unreasonable.—Chicago News.

## Conundrums.

When is a schoolmaster like a man with one eye? When he has a vacancy for a pupil.

Why is a dog's tail like the heart of a tree? Because it is farthest from the bark.

## What Tommy Dropped.

"Oh, dear me, isn't dinner served? I think you're awful slow!" And Tommy fumed and fretted till his father said: "Oh, boy! Go pick up what you dropped, my son. Before you came inside."

And Tommy quickly ran to look. But not a thing he spied.

"That's strange," quoth father, "for I saw two boys with faces bright. Who talked together at the gate in manner most polite. I heard a voice speak pleasantly. Till on the porch it stopped. And so I thought your manners, Tom. Outside the door you'd dropped!"

—Pauline Frances Camp in Little Folks.



# THE STROLLERS

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM.

Author of "The Old Man"

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(Continued From Last Week.)

Sitting moodily in the corner with legs crossed and hat upon his knee, was a young man whose careless glance wandered from time to time from his chair to the passing figures. As the marquis slowly bobbed along, with an effort to appear alert, the young man arose quickly and came forward with a conventional smile, intercepting the old nobleman near the door.

"My dear M. le Marquis," he exclaimed enthusiastically, "it is with pleasure I see you recovered from your recent indisposition."

"Recovered!" almost shrieked the marquis. "I'm far from recovered. I'm worse than ever. I detest congratulations, monsieur! It's what a lying world always does when you are on the verge of dissolution."

"You are as discerning as ever," murmured the land baron, for it was Edward Mauville.

"I'm not fit to be around. I only came out"—with a sardonic chuckle—"because the doctors said it would be fatal."

"Surely you do not desire?"

"To show them they are impostors?"

"Yes."

"And does New Orleans continue to please you?" asked the other, with some of that pride, southerners entertained in those days for their queen city.

"How does the exile like the forced land of his adoption?" returned the nobleman irritably. "My king is in exile. Why should I not be also? Should I stay there, herd with the cattle, call every shipjack 'citizen' and every clod 'brother,' treat every scrub as though she were a duchess?"

"There is, indeed, a regrettable tendency to delirium among the nobles," assented the patron soothingly.

"Why, your 'citizen' regards it as a concession to notice a man of condition," said the marquis violently. "When my king was driven away by the rabble the ocean was not too broad to separate me from a swinish civilization. I will never go back. I will live there no more!"

"That is good news for us," returned the land baron.

"Your politeness almost reconciles me to staying," said the old man more affably. "But I am on my way to the club. What do you say to a rubber?"

The patron assented.

## CHAPTER XVII.

TO the scattering of the antienters by the rescue party that memorable night at the manor the land baron undoubtedly owed his safety. Beyond reach of personal violence in a neighboring town, without his own domains, from which he was practically exiled, he had sought redress in the courts, only to find his hands tied, with no convincing clew to the perpetrators of these outrages. On the patron lay the burden of proof, and he found it more difficult than he had anticipated to establish satisfactorily any kind of a case, for all his blocked his progress at every turn.

At war with his neighbors and with little taste for the monotony of a northern winter he bethought him of his native city, determined to leave the locality and at a distance wait for the turmoil to subside. His brief dream of the rehabilitation of the commonwealth brought only memories stirring him to restlessness. He made inquiries about the strollers, but to no purpose. The theatrical band had come and gone like gypsies.

Saying nothing to any one except Scroggs, to whom he entrusted a load of litigation, he at length quietly departed in the regular stage until he reached a point where two strap rails proclaimed the new method of conveyance. Wedged in the small compartment of a little car directly behind a smoking monster, with an enormous chimney, fed with cordwood, he was borne over the land, and another puffing marvel of different construction carried him over the water. Reaching the Crescent City some time before the strollers, his progress expedited by a locomotive that ran full twenty miles an hour, the land baron found among the latest floating population, comprised of all sorts and conditions, the Marquis de Ligne. The blood of the patrons flowed sluggishly through the land baron's veins, but his French extraction danced in every fiber of his being. After learning the more important and not altogether discreditable circumstances about the land baron's adventures—for if every gentleman were whipped for godlessness how many strided backs would there be—the marquis, who declined intimacy with Tom, Dick and Harry and his honest betters, bakers and candlestick makers of forefathers, permitted an acquaintance that accorded with his views governing social intercourse.

"This is a genuine pleasure, M. le Marquis," observed the land baron suavely when the two found themselves seated in a card room with brandy and soda before them. "To meet a nobleman of the old school is indeed welcome in these days when New Orleans harbors the refugees of the world, for, strive as we will, outsiders are creeping in and corrupting our best circles."

Mauville something about "bour-

geois-epicure" the nobleman partook of the liquid consolation before him, which seemed to brighten his spirits.

"If my doctor could see me now! Dots! Quacks!"

"It's a good joke on them," said Mauville ironically.

"Isn't it? They forbid me touching stimulants. Said they would be fatal! Impostors! Frauds! They haven't killed me yet!"

"I have been north to look after certain properties left me by a distant relative, peace to his ashes!" observed Mauville.

"My dear sir, I congratulate you!" exclaimed the nobleman enthusiastically.

"Thanks! But I came near joining the ranks of the well born angels. But for an accident I should now be a cherub of quality."

"And how, monsieur, did you escape such a felicitous fate?"

The land baron's face clouded. "Through a stranger, a Frenchman, a silent, taciturn fellow, more or less an adventurer, I take it. He called himself Saint-Prosper."

"Saint-Prosper?"

The marquis gazed at Mauville with amazement and incredulity. "This Saint-Prosper you met was a soldier—Ernest Saint-Prosper?"

"Yes, he was a soldier. Served in Africa, I believe. You knew him?"

"Knew him! He was my ward, the rascal!" cried the other violently. "He was, but now—ingrate!—traitor!—better if he were dead!"

"You speak bitterly, M. le Marquis," said the patron curiously.

"Bitterly! After his conduct he is no longer anything to me! He is dead to me—dead!"

"How did he deviate from the line of duty?" asked Mauville, with increasing interest and an eagerness his light manner did not disguise. "A sin of omission or commission?"

"Oh? What?" murmured the old nobleman, staring at his questioner. "On a sudden becoming taciturn. A family affair," he added finally, with dignity. "Not worth repeating! But what was he doing there?"

"He had joined a strolling band of players," said the other, concealing his disappointment as best he might at his companion's evasive reply.

"A Saint-Prosper, become an actor!" shouted the marquis, his anger again breaking forth. "Has he not already dragged an honored name in the dust? A stroller! A player!" The marquis fairly gasped at the enormity of the offense. For a moment he was speechless and then asked feebly, "What caused him to take such a humiliating step?"

"He is playing the hero of a romance," said the land baron moodily. "I confess he has excellent taste, though. The figure of a Juno, eyes like stars on an August night, features proud as Diana, the voice of a siren—in a word, picture to yourself your fairest conquest, M. le Marquis, and you will have a worthy counterpart of this rose of the wilderness."

"My fairest conquest!" piped the listener. With lackluster eyes he remained motionless, like a traveler in the desert who gazes upon a mirage. "You have described her well. The features of Diana! It was at a revival of Vanbrugh's 'Relapse' I first met her, dressed after the fashion of the Countess of Ossory. Who would not worship before the figure of Lely?"

He half closed his eyes, as though gazing in fancy upon the glossy draperies and rosy flesh of those voluptuous court beauties.

"The wooing, begun in the wings, ended in an ivy covered villa, a retired nook, solitary walks by day, nightingales and moonshine by night. It was a pleasing romance while it lasted, but joy palls on one. Nature abhors sameness. The heart is like Mother Earth—ever varying. I wearied of this self of paradise and left her!"

"A mere incident in an eventful life," said his companion thoughtfully.

"Yes, only an incident," repeated the marquis. "Only an incident. I had almost forgotten it, but your conversation about players and your description of the actress brought it to mind. It had quite passed away. It had quite passed away. But the cards, M. Mauville, the cards!"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

FOR several days after rehearsals were over the strollers were free to amuse themselves as they pleased. Their engagement at the theater did not begin for about a week, and meanwhile they managed to combine recreation with labor in nearly equal proportions. Assiduously they devoted themselves to a round of drives and rambles through pastures and woodland to Carrollton; along the shell road to Lake Pontchartrain; to Biloxi, the first settlement of the French, and to the battle grounds once known as the plains of Chalmette, where volunteer soldiers were now encamped awaiting orders to go to the front in the Mexican campaign. For those who craved greater excitement the three race courses—the Louisiana, the Metairie and the Carrollton—offered stimulating diversion.

Within sight of the Metairie were the old dwelling grounds, under the

oaks, where, it is related, on one Sunday in 1892 two duels occurred; where the contestants frequently fought on horseback with sabers, and where the cowards, says a chronicler, became so accustomed to seeing blood spattered in this manner that they paid little attention to these meetings, pursuing their own humble duties indifferent to the follies of fashionable society. The fencing schools flourished. What memories cluster around that odd, strange master of the blade, Spedelia, a melancholy enigma of a man, whose art embodied much of the finest shading and phrasing peculiar to himself, from whom even many of Bonaparte's discarded veterans were not above acquiring new technique and temperament!

Shortly after the players' arrival began the celebrated Leduc matches, attracting noted men and women from all over the south. The hotels were crowded, the lodging houses filled, while many of the large homes hospitably opened their doors to visiting friends. The afternoon found the city almost deserted. The bartenders contentedly smoked in solitude, the legion of waiters in the hotels and resorts became reduced to a thinly scattered array, while even the street vendors had "folded their tents" and silently stole to the races. On one such memorable occasion most of the members of the Barnes company repaired to the Metairie.

Below the grand stand, brilliant with color, strutted the dandies attending to their bets; above, they played a winning or losing game with the fair sex. Intrigue and loyemaking were the order of the hour, and these daughters of the south beguiled time—and mortals—in a heyday of pleasure. In that mixed gathering buried cotton planters from the country rubbed elbows with aristocratic creoles, whose attire was distinguishable by enormous ruffles and light boots of cloth. The professional follower of these events, the importunate tout, also mingled with the crowd, plainly in evidence by the pronounced character of his dress, the size of his diamond studs or cravat pin and the massive dimensions of his finger rings. No paltry, scrubby track caddy was this resplendent gentleman, but a picturesque rogue, with impudence as pronounced as his jewels.

Surrounded by a bevy of admirers, Susan, sprightly and sparkling, was an example of that "frillery one of her sex is made up with a pasticcio of gauzes, pins and ribbons that go to compound that multifarious thing, a well dressed woman." Ever ready with a quick retort, she bestowed her favors generously, to the evident discomfiture of a young officer in her retinue whom she had met several days before and who ever since had coveted a full harvest of smiles, liking not a little the first sample he had gathered. However, it was not Susan's way to intrust herself fully to any one. It was all very interesting to play one against another, to intercept angry gleams, to hold in check clashing suitors—this was exciting and diverting—but she exercised care not to transgress those bounds where she ceased to be mistress of the situation. Perhaps her limits in coquetry were further set than most women would have ventured to place them, but without this temerity and daring the pastime would have lost its charm for her. She might play with edged tools, but she also knew how to use them.

Near her was seated Kate, indolent as of yore, now watching her sister with an indulgent, enigmatic expression, anon permitting a scornful glance to stray toward Adonia, who, for his part, had eyes only for his companion, a distinct change from country boldness, tavern demure and dainty wench with their rough hands and rosy cheeks. This lady's hands were like milk, her cheeks ivory, and Adonia, in bestowing his attentions upon her, had a twofold purpose—to return tit for tat for Kate's daunting ways and to gratify his own ever feeble fancy.

(To Be Continued.)

## Return of Romance.

The motor car, says Edith Wharton, has restored the romance of traveling. We should say yes. What can be more romantic than to see an undersized man in great goggles and a leather coat whose hands have never been soiled by anything but perfumed ink slowly pushing a touring car through the sand to the nearest repair shop while the golden glow of the glorious sunset is tingling the treetops, bringing out their gorgeous autumn tints in a picture that no artist could reproduce, while a sweet 200 pound lady sits complacently in the car and wonders if the neighboring farmhouse would produce an evening meal of chicken and pumpkin pie in exchange for coin of the realm!

Or, if that isn't romantic enough to suit the most exacting, we might turn to the picture of a pair of legs waving in the air while the owner was down under the machine busy regretting that he had not learned to swear in youth. Oh, there is plenty of romance if one just goes about it right.

## Reason Enough.

"I did not know that you were so fond of athletics. Why did you join that club?"

"Oh, its uniform is immensely becoming to me."

## Survivor Test.

"Do you think that fellow is an Englishman?"

"I know he is."

"Did he drop a hint?"

"No, an H."

## Need Postponing.

We would be happier if we Some magic could apply And have our January thaw In June or in July.

## COOKING MEAT.

The Proper Methods of Roasting, Basting and Boiling.

If housewives understood more fully the processes of broiling, roasting and boiling, there would be less complaint of tough, tasteless meat. The principles underlying all three methods are identical. The difference lies in the medium employed. In all the object to be attained is to first quickly sear the exterior of the meat, thus coagulating the surface albumen and effectually sealing the juices. The cooking then proceeds more slowly to a finish, the time required basting, as a matter of course, upon the size of the cut.

In broiling and in roasting, which are in reality the same, the name depending upon the nature of the piece of meat, this hardening of the exterior is accomplished by exposing the meat to the direct action of the heat, which must be intense enough to sear the surface at once. When it is not, the juices seep out, leaving the meat tasteless and sacrificing its nutritive qualities.

In boiling meat surface coagulation is attained by immersing the meat in boiling water and keeping up the temperature for a minute. One of the preliminary rules of boiling, one which should be indelibly impressed upon every cook, is that water cannot be heated to the proper temperature for boiling (212 degrees) in an open vessel nor in one with an indifferently fitting cover. Another point equal in importance to the first is that when water begins to boil a quicker fire than is absolutely necessary to keep it boiling results merely in wasting the water in the form of steam and so hardening the exterior of the meat as to prevent the heat penetrating to the interior.—Housekeeper.

## A HIGH WINDOW.

Artistic and Practical Method of Treating It.

Where there is a high window in a room it generally presents a difficult problem in decoration. There are



TREATMENT FOR HIGH WINDOW.

many ways of meeting the condition, of course, and the illustration presented herewith shows one way that is particularly effective and artistic. A woman whose recessed casement window was too high for an ordinary window seat had the carpenter build two steps and put the seat on top with the above satisfactory result.

## Encourage His Hobbies.

Women would find men much easier tethered to their own firesides if they would encourage their husbands in some peculiar hobby, and forgive the little extra trouble the brushing up afterward gives them. The encouraging of a hobby certainly implies self sacrifice on the part of the wife, but, if she is wise, she will give her "man" a corner of the home as his own den, where he can bestow his properties, make as much litter as he chooses and work out his leisure in the pursuit of his harmless hobby.

Perhaps it may take him many hours to turn a soap box into a corner cupboard, but do not laugh at the work of art when it is finished. Praise it rather. It is better for a man to do such things in his odd hours than attend a horse race, bet, drink and lose his situation. His example, too, will lessen the labor in the training of your family, for his eye will be on the young people, and they will in "helping father" learn to find home the most blessed spot on earth.

## Fitting Waist Linings.

When fitting the waist lining pin the front edges together to form a seam toward the outside, being careful to have them even at the top. A seam of three-eighths of an inch is allowed at each side of the front, and only this much should be taken up in pinning. A certain indication that too much alteration has been made or that it has been made on the wrong seam, is when the grain of the lining material pulls out of shape. The pattern is planned to have the grain of the goods run in the lines that will best fit in to the figure. For this reason every section is marked with a line of small perforations, and in cutting the lining these perforations must follow a lengthwise thread of the material.

## Small Turnips.

Turnips that are too small to pare and slice economically before cooking may be utilized by boiling whole in their jackets. When done, the skins can be rubbed off with the hand the same as beets. By this method the economical housewife is able to use turnips that otherwise would go to the hog, and, according to the experience of many who have tried this way, the small turnips are sweeter and have a better flavor when so treated than the larger ones cooked in the usual way.

## A USEFUL DEVICE.

A Place For the Duster When It Is Not in Commission.

Where to put the duster when the dusting is finished has always been a mystery. If put in the closet it is hard to find again; if left about the room it is unsightly. The Japanese have called on their dolls to help them out of this difficulty, as you may see in the illustration. Follow these directions, and you will transform this everyday necessity into an ornament. The objectionable duster will then look well anywhere.

Take a Japanese doll. You will find a piece of wood extending from the top of the head to the neck. Remove this. Carefully take off the hair and the circular piece of pasteboard to which it is attached and keep them for future use. Under this disk there is a soft spot just the size of the hole required, which must be cut out.

The next step is to make a ruffle for the neck. Get some pretty material, stiff enough to stand out nicely. You will require for a head two inches and a half in diameter a piece one yard long and four inches wide. Trim one edge in a tasteful way. Satin ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide looks well. The other edge of this strip is gathered to fit the doll's neck. Now



WORK FOR THE HANDY GIRL.

comes arranging its hair. To do this take one-half of the circular piece you have cut from the head with hair attached and fasten it with glue on the forehead so that it will serve for a bang. The holder is now complete.

A feather duster to go with this holder can be bought for a few pennies or is made by lapping the ends of two or three feathers one and one-half inches from the end of a twelve inch stick. Wind a string around these to hold them while placing other feathers just a little lower; wind the string around these securely and repeat this process until you have used about forty small rooster feathers. Over all this wind tightly a piece of thin wire. If you wish to ornament the stick, cover the wire with bright colored ribbon or leather. A bamboo stick is preferable, but if any other is used it can be improved by gilding. Now pass the duster through the doll's head, and the whole may be hung up by a loop attached to the back of the ruffle, or, which is a prettier way, may be placed in a vase.

## A New Hairbrush.

A novelty in the vanity line is an electrical hairbrush, which differs from the ordinary electrical hairbrush attached by cords to a battery in that it has a small storage battery attached to the back of the brush, doing away with the wires and separate battery, and thus requiring but one hand to manipulate it. The battery is detachable and may be used for massage movements for rheumatism, neuralgia and the other ills which electricity is believed by some to allay. It also has a sponge attachment for concentrating the current on any part of the body. The storage battery is in a small nickel tube, easily handled, and has to be recharged every three months. It comes in a leather box with its hairbrush and sponge attachments and suggests a nice gift for the woman who likes to experiment with all the new aids to perpetual youth and beauty.

## For the Wee Girl.

For the small maid who has outgrown those snug fitting little bonnets which framed the piquant little face so charmingly until the age of four or thereabouts and who is as yet too small and bashful to wear those broad brimmed, ribbon trimmed hats which her older sister adopts there are the most fascinating poke shaped hats. These, like the model illustrated, are in their original broad shaped shape of soft pliable felt bent into poke shape and trimmed simply with ribbons or flowers. White is the favorite color.



though some delicate pinks and blues are seen. This model is a soft white, long haired felt, wired and faced on the underbrim with shirred chignon. The brim is then bent into shape and the crown and upper brim trimmed with loops and rosettes of white satin ribbon and a bunch of tiny pink velvet roses. A wreath of these same roses encircles the very shallow bandana in the front of the poke, and ear protectors in the form of rosettes of the satin ribbon finish with long streamer ends, which the coquettish and warm under the small chin.

## FOR THE YOUNG WIFE.

A Few Questions That She Should Seriously Consider.

Have I ever heard the German saying, "Man is what he eats," and laid it to heart with regard to my husband's meals?

When I sigh for the freedom from care that I enjoyed in my maiden days, do I also call to mind the ennui and dullness I so often suffered from in those days—ennui of which in my busy married life I have no time even to remember the existence?

Do I recollect that the widening of her social circle is a duty a mother owes to her family? If she neglects this while her children are young they will suffer for it when they grow up, suffer in the loss of the friends they may have had if she had exerted herself to make them.

Do I know that many a man's success in life was largely owing to his wife's capacity, either in the way of making influential friends or making a good appearance on a small income of making by her clever management a dollar go as far as some careless people make five go?—New York American.

## YOUR BEDROOM.

A Rule That Will Help to Keep It Always in Order.

"How do you ever do it, Betty? Your room always looks as if it had just been cleaned and arranged for my arrival, no matter when I come, while as for mine—well, a cyclone would refuse to strike it!"

"Nonsense, Laura! My neatness is nothing compared with Mabel's, for instance. Why, when she wants to remember an engagement in the morning she puts something a trifle out of place the night before."

"Well, it's too much for me. How do you both manage?"

"I'm sure I don't know about her, but if I have any rules at all it is, 'Put everything back as soon as you're through with it.' That is to say, when I go to bed I don't leave my things hanging around to be put away in the morning, but I do it at once. Then, when I'm through writing at my desk, too, I see that everything is in order before I leave it. That's all there is to it—simply the old adage, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.'"

—Philadelphia North American.

## KITCHEN HELPS.

Keep all the kitchen utensils in one place, and a small one at that. It will save time and steps.

Keep the cookbook directly over the cooking table on a slanting shelf, where it will remain open to be easily read and stay clean.

Let the water in which cabbage has been boiled cool before pouring it down the sink. This precaution will avoid an unpleasant odor in the kitchen.

When a pot or teakettle has boiled dry pour boiled water into it, never cold water. There will be little danger of the vessel cracking or the enamel peeling if this is done immediately.

A kettle that is placed directly upon the fire soon becomes coated with soot and lampblack, which are difficult to remove. To prevent this grease the bottom of the outside of the kettle. The black can then be easily rubbed off with a newspaper.

## The Blush.

The blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor dwell, and yet how many people, thoughtlessly perhaps, will tease and torment a bashful and blushing child until the girl is taught to conquer her blushes and chase away the tears hiding a soft heart beneath a brazen face. Goethe, in company with a mother and a daughter, when the latter, being reproved for something, blushed and burst into tears, said:

"How beautiful our reproach has made our daughter. That crimson hue and those silvery tears become her much better than any ornament of gold or pearls; those may be hung on the neck of any woman, but these are never seen disconnected with moral purity."—Rev. Madison C. Peters.

## Discolored Necks.

One of the common physical defects to which women are prone is a discolored neck, due, it may be, to dyes on the clothing or to hair lotions, pomades, etc., which work down from the head. Of course, barring the possibility of sunburn, the skin on the neck should have the same hue as that on the shoulders. It is well, however, before resorting to artificial means, to see what hot water, a coarse wash cloth and plenty of good soap will do in removing the discoloration. If a month of this natural treatment does not bleach the neck anoint it daily with peroxide of hydrogen. In case this irritates the skin a little vaseline or sweet almond oil may be rubbed in after the chemical has dried.

## Baked Beans and Olive Oil.

To bake beans with olive oil is the fashion among those who are vegetarians and those who detest pork. The Housekeeper says: "To some natures pork in any shape is repugnant. For those who do not relish it in baked beans the following way of preparing this popular dish is recommended as being especially delicious: Soak one pint of beans overnight. Parboil next morning, using a little soda. When the skin can be blown off easily, drain and cover with boiling water. Add two tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one-fourth of a cupful of molasses. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and mustard. If liked very sweet, add a half instead of a fourth of a cupful of molasses."







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ELEGANT  
UP-TO-DATEFifty-eight Bedrooms with  
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and Cigars

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## How to Burn Coal Ashes

A remarkable ashes-burning secret discovered by John Ellmore, an Altoona cobbler, which has excited attention almost the world over, is out. Almost every household in Altoona is now converting his ashes into fuel, with great saving in coal bills.

Several well known chemists, immediately it was announced that Ellmore had solved the problem of obtaining heat from ashes, set to work to try and discover the formula. They were successful, and here it is: Moisture with either salt water or salt water in which oxalic acid has been dissolved, a mixture containing one part coal and three parts ashes, and a better fuel than pure coal is obtained. The ashes of anthracite coal burn as readily as do those of bituminous coal. This mixture will, upon being placed upon a burning fire, fuse into a coke-like mass and deposit but little residue. The salt water may be obtained by the dissolution of common salt in water.

The ash-burning compound is now being used in many large industrial and mercantile places and it is claimed for it that it has reduced the fuel item more than half. It has eliminated almost entirely the question of disposing of ashes, which are considerable where great quantities of coal are consumed.

The discovery has resulted in a number of complications, and is retarding the work of paving contractors, who have utilized ashes as a foundation for sidewalks. Heretofore it was possible to secure all the ashes required for this purpose, but now it is impossible to get them.

Ellmore, who discovered the secret, and focussed attention on the possibilities that lay in ashes, claims that his patent will protect his secret. He claims to have received an offer from the British Government if he can demonstrate the practicability of his compound.

While it is everywhere conceded that Ellmore has conferred a great boon upon humanity, it is feared that he will not derive any tangible benefit from his discovery, in view of the fact that hundreds of others have secured the same results, following his lead.

## Rate War Threatened

An immigrant rate war is threatened in Canada and to some extent at least may affect rates in the United States. Acting on the suggestion of the government of British Columbia the Canadian Pacific road took \$12.75 from its rate to points in that territory. The Grand Trunk, which as yet has no outlet through Canada, to the Pacific coast, applied to the Western Passenger Association roads for an arrangement whereby it could meet the cut through Chicago. The western roads have turned a cold shoulder to the proposition, but, as the Grand Trunk has always assisted them in meeting Canadian Pacific rates east-bound, their action seems to place them in the position of ingrates. The Grand Trunk declares if it is not allowed to meet the reduced rates through Chicago it will lose much of the immigrant traffic, as the Allan and Dominion steamship lines will turn over their passengers to the Canadian Pacific.

Nurse, to proud father—He gets on beautiful. He takes after you, he do. He's got your nose exact, and he do take to his bottle too!

## Bathing a Baby

Many fathers stand aloof from the common domestic duties, not because they are so busy or because they are not willing, but because of ignorance.

How many men are there who would not gladly drop their business at any time and stay home and give the baby his bath, if they only knew how!

Yet in reality it is much simpler than it seems. Fill the bath tub full of any good water, first carefully removing all germs. Put your elbow in occasionally to see if it is the right temperature. If ice forms on your elbow you may know it is too cold. If there are blisters then it is too hot. Be moderate in all things.

Take the baby firmly by both feet and shake him loose from his flannel moorings, until you begin to see safety pins ahead. Then remove the safety pins with gas nippers and unroll until the baby looms into sight.

Now having put on your rubber coat, put one hand under the baby's chest and the other on his back and launch him in the still waters. When he has kicked all the water out of the bathtub, renew as before.

Be careful, when you are manipulating the baby, to keep him face down. Otherwise you would not be able to put water anywhere else but in his mouth.

A Michigan preacher tells this story: "I had occasion one time to hold Christmas services in a little town. The choir was composed of two old maids and two old bachelors. When the chorus to the old Christmas hymn was reached the old maids sang alone, 'Unto us a child is born,' and the old bachelors followed up with 'W-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l!—W-o-n-d-e-r-f-u-l!' A wag in the front pew had to snigger. That settled it. The choir quit abruptly and the service came to an end."

A gentleman was engaging a manservant, and telling him what he would have to do.

"You will have to clean the windows, and the knives, and the boots, go messages when required, saw wood, trim the lawn, look after a horse, milk the cow, keep the house supplied with vegetables and do any odd job that is required, and if suitable you will get a dollar a week and board."

"Is there any clay in the garden?" asked the man.

"What makes you ask that?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, I was thinking I could make a few bricks in my spare time."

## HERDING

I will again herd cattle for the season of 1907 at my old herd grounds in S.S. 18.44

GEO. AYMONT

## FARM FOR SALE

Good Farm, 240 acres in 6-8-3, for sale. 150 acres broken, 125 fall plowed. Good house, barn, granaries, well, pond, and recently planted wind break.—Apply to H. Haigh, Elm Creek. 23.34

## OXEN FOR SALE

Two pairs of oxen for sale, four years old, in good condition.—Apply to G. W. Reid, Simons' Farm, eight miles north-west of Elm Creek. 23.34

## HERDING

Send your horses and cattle where they will be well looked after and will get fat. Good pasture, water, and shelter. 141

THOS. SIMONS

## 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. McLAHLAN,  
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.

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Solicitor for the Bank of Hamilton, and the Rural Municipalities of Dufferin and Grey. Agent and Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation.  
Unlimited amount of money for investment. Will be at Elm Creek on Municipal Council days for transaction of general business.

## F. J. BUTCHER

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