

# The Iron-Worker's Daughter

BY HOWARD FORRESTER.

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Meantime Mayberry was appreciative less something had befallen Irene's father. For various reasons, he hoped the officers of justice had not been in advance of Dunn. If they had half the evidence Dunn had to go on they would have arrested both the man suspected. Mayberry was on his way to the office of his lawyer friend Nickerson, when he encountered his fellow-workman, Parker.

"That you, Mayberry? Which way?"  
"To call on a friend—Nickerson."  
They had turned a corner, when a young man ran against them in his haste.

"Mayberry!"  
"Nickerson! Just the man I want to see!"

"That's," said Parker, moving on.  
"Don't go, Ralph," said Mayberry.  
"They've arrested Atherton," said Nickerson, in a low tone.

"Arrested him?" Mayberry answered. Then he called Ralph Parker back.  
"Here, Ralph, I need you. No secrets from Parker, Mr. Nickerson. We are old friends. When did they arrest him?"

"Half an hour ago, I saw the officers with him, looked in the central office, and found the truth from a friend of Atherton's."

"You hear?" said Mayberry to Parker. "Atherton's arrested for murder."  
"Pooh!" said Parker. "If there's anybody going to bring that affair up, I'll tell just how it all happened."

"His companions looked at Parker in undisguised surprise.  
"I saw all that happened. I was looking out of the window just over their heads; heard the first word Atherton said and the last; and he is as innocent of murder as any of us here."

"What in the world are you talking of?" said Mayberry.  
"Of this silly, this ridiculous arrest of Atherton's for killing Bob Peters. I tell you I was looking at them, heard and saw all; but Mr. Mesker, when I told him about it, preferred to let things take their course. Gripp knows it just as well as I do."

"What does your friend refer to?" asked Nickerson.  
Mayberry related the circumstances attending Peters' sudden death.

Nickerson looked meaningly at Mayberry when he concluded the story, coughed, and said:  
"This may explain some things."

"It accounts for many things I could not understand," said Mayberry, positively. He thought he began to see the connection between Mr. Gripp and Dan Atherton. "But what is to be done? We must get Atherton out."

"That is not so easily managed," said Nickerson. "In all probability he may have to remain in a cell over night."  
"It is not to be thought of," said Arthur Mayberry, quickly, as he pictured the distress of his daughter.

"We will see what is to be done," said Nickerson. "Suppose I volunteer my services."  
So the three young men hurried to the police station. On their way they discussed the various phases of the question presented. Mayberry, whose intimate relations with Parker may be surmised, spoke freely before his friend.

"Parker, I owe you one. You throw daylight upon a lot of things that were in the dark."  
"How—in what way?" Parker inquired.

"Why, to begin with, Atherton and I were dealing together; we were going to push his patent process, when all at once Gripp, who stole Atherton's idea, seemed to take my place. Now I see why Atherton did it. This affair of Peters has been at the bottom of the whole business."

"Not much doubt of it," said Nickerson. "It's evident Gripp has exerted extraordinary influence over Atherton within the past week. We will say that Gripp, to begin with, looks out for number one. He sees the beginning of a quarrel. We will say that Gripp thought he was the sole witness. When the coroner's jury failed to bring out the truth, Gripp presumed upon Atherton's silence and threatened him."

"If he did he would get a blow," said Parker. "Atherton's the last man in the world to put up with a thing of that kind."  
"We will say Atherton did not like to have the thing talked over, that he is a thoughtful man, and, when the story was not brought out in the first place, had a dread of the doubts that might be excited. When a day or two elapsed it was too late to have the matter righted. Gripp, we will say, browbeat and bullied him. Atherton was afraid on account of his daughter, and so yielded to Gripp, rebelling all the time, and yet all the time keeping his secret. I've known some very good and courageous men to yield under circumstances less disagreeable than Mr. Parker here points out."

"It don't seem like Atherton's way of taking care of himself," said Parker.  
"I believe you are right," said Mayberry to the lawyer. "I have a reason. I heard something like a quarrel between Atherton and another. I think now the other person must have been Gripp."

"At all events, the theory is good until I find a better, or until Atherton tells us the truth," said Nickerson. "I will see what he has to say, and if he does not talk freely I will give him my theory, and notice what effect it produces."

"The friends were nearing the police station, when Mayberry observed a man running toward him. The figure was familiar. Mayberry halted a moment.  
"Is that you, Mr. Mayberry?"  
"What is it, Jones?"  
"I must speak—with you—matter of importance."  
"All right. You folks go on; I'll be with you presently."  
Then Mayberry turned to Jones.  
"Now, then, what is it?"

CHAPTER XXIII.  
"It's about Dan Atherton's girl."  
"What? Irene! What has happened?" Mayberry grasped Jack Jones' coat involuntarily.

"I carried her to the saws. She just laughed. It was so ridiculous," she said. And I was bringing her to see him, when all at once she vanished."  
"Do you mean she went crazy?"  
"No, that's what I said. And I was sure to know what to do with her, when I used a woman a little piece off. I

bullied her. She was a Christian and came. You'll have to help me home with her," says she. "How far?" says I. She pointed around the corner, and we managed to carry her there."  
"Is she there now?"  
"Yes. She didn't faint—just gave out, weak like. But she's sprained her ankle."

"A sprain. Oh! Why didn't you say so at first. I will go with you. We must get a physician at once, Jones, if she needs one."  
"I'm glad I met you. I didn't know what to do."

They were walking quickly to the house Irene was carried to. Directly they reached it. The place was mean, shabby beyond expression, but the woman who met them in the doorway inspired confidence. Mayberry and his companion stepped in, and beheld Irene sitting on the solitary wooden chair in the dingy room.

"I am pained to see you here," said Mayberry, going to her side.  
"It is a trifle. I have sprained my ankle. I am so glad I have met you. I want you to go—"

She checked herself, and her lover took up the sentence for her.  
"You want me to see your father? I was on my way to him. There are friends with him now. I have sent a lawyer to him."

"If you will be so kind as to procure a liniment for me and bandages—"  
But her lover had disappeared. He brought back not only the articles requested but a physician, who pronounced the injury slight, applied a lotion that gave immediate relief, and after advising Irene not to use her feet, but to rest as much as possible, retired.

"I must see my father," said Irene to her lover.  
Jack Jones had returned to the police station to inform Atherton that he had notified his friends, and of the accident that detained his daughter. Bobby Walters, who had kept in the background, now came forward, and Irene started on seeing him.

"You are the boy who brought me a note for my father? Mr. Gripp gave it to you?"  
"Yes'm."  
"I knew it," said Irene. "I suspected it."  
"Bobby," said the woman of the house, "what was it?"  
"Why, pahaw! only a note Mr. Gripp told me to give to Atherton's."

"Are you Mr. Atherton's daughter?" The woman of the house looked at her curiously.  
"I am. In great trouble."  
"It will soon be over," said Mayberry, in a reassuring tone.

"May I ask what it is?"  
"I will tell you," said Mayberry, suddenly. "He is arrested for murdering Mrs. Cole."  
"Cole! Why I am Mrs. Cole. There is no other Mrs. Cole."  
"Oh, yes there was, mother," said Bobby. "I took messages to her for Mr. Gripp."

"This is important information," said Mayberry.  
"Don't be alarmed unnecessarily," said Mrs. Cole to Irene. "There is no doubt as to the murderer now in my mind. Your father is as innocent as you—as I am."  
"I know it," said Irene, "but I must see him. I cannot go home until I see him."  
"You shall see him," said Mayberry, and again he disappeared. He was absent only a few minutes; he found a cab, returned quickly, and with Mrs. Cole's aid placed Irene in the carriage and drove rapidly to the police station.

Mayberry was anxious to see Atherton and to rejoin his friends. He thanked the fortune that threw him, as it were, beside Irene again.  
"I do not know what I would do without your aid," she said.  
"You would manage some other way," he said, gallantly.  
"But not so well. You are sure they will release him soon?"  
"I do not see how they can hold him."  
He had ventured to take her hand; she did not withdraw it, but let it lie in his. She did not speak again; she seemed to be content to be silent while he read in her face the happiness and content that comes of true love.

Braver faith than these two had in each other could not be found; and yet their love seemed so sudden, of such swift growth. The love that grows at first sight is sometimes—often—deep-rooted, lasting.

CHAPTER XXIV.  
There was something in Mrs. Cole's manner that impressed Mr. Gripp strongly.  
"What is she up to now?" he asked himself when he recalled her parting words.

Gripp was, up to this time, as unconcerned as any man apparently. He went his rounds, met all his appointments, was as methodical, as dry, as correct in his language and deportment as any man who contemplated and carried out a great crime successfully. It is your half-way scoundrels who exhibit timidity, and leave traces everywhere to the hand of the authorities.

"There was a menacing in her words. Does she suspect anything?"  
Then Mr. Gripp reassured himself. Pooh! Why, the blundering detectives had not even struck the first blow.

There was Atherton's patent. There was a million—aye—millions in it. Gripp, who was of a mathematical turn, immediately went off into a series of calculations. The result was pleasing. Yes, there were millions—if the process was handled by a man who understood the iron trade. And who knew it better than Gripp?

He would begin by freezing Atherton out of the business. Atherton was intractable, pig-headed. Had ridiculous notions about workmen, labor of all kinds, capital of all kinds. An impracticable, blundering ass! Like all inventors and discoverers, only in the way.

He would build up a fine foundation with Mr. Mead for a corner stone. Mr. Mead's reputation would suffice for any enterprise. It would not do to offend Mr. Mead. Now to convince him out. Mr. Mead was essential to the growth, the perfection, the development of Gripp's master plan.

Mr. Gripp was looking over his cash book. It made a good showing. He had done very well in the five years he had been dealing with the principal manufacturers of Pittsburgh.

Suddenly a face looked in at his window. Certainly it was a face—or was it only fancy? Mr. Gripp moved quietly to his door, opened it quickly, and looked out. There was nobody near. Mr. Gripp experienced a strange sensation. Then he smiled to himself, and his mind reverted to Atherton's process.

"A big thing—a very big thing," Gripp said to himself repeatedly. But what was that? A sound, certainly, as of feet near his door.

Gripp opened the door, looked out quickly, and was chagrined—his hearing must be defective. There was a sound, he could be sworn.

Mr. Gripp resorted to a ruse. He affected to be bending over his book; in reality he was looking curiously out into the open space near his office at the pile of brick near at hand; at the pile of scrap-iron and pig metal.

Suddenly Gripp started. There was somebody near. A man's head slowly rose above the scrap pile. The head turned deliberately, and a face looked straight at Gripp's office. Then the head suddenly sank again.

Then a boy's head popped up above a pig-metal pile, and was as suddenly withdrawn. The head belonged to Bobby Walters. The head that rose above the scrap heap was familiar to Mr. Gripp.

"Where have I seen that face?" Gripp asked himself, as he bent over his book. All his calculations, based on the patent process for making iron, were knocked out of Gripp's head.

"Where have I met that man?"  
A strange tremor came over Gripp. He looked at his trembling hands and smiled. Smiled scornfully.

"Pooh! It is a coincidence."  
But he forgot Atherton's invention. It was as though it had never entered his mind.

Gripp's thoughts reverted to an evening when he met a pale, cold-looking woman on Federal street in Allegheny. He recalled her appealing look. He recalled the words he uttered as he strode past her. He recalled the deliberate manner in which he went around a block, returned to — street, entered number — quickly, and hastened up the stairs.

He recalled the white, stained face that turned to him as he entered quickly, closed and bolted the door behind him. He remembered distinctly his greeting, "Now, curse you, I'm here." How she shrank at first, then, rendered desperate by her need, how she met his look boldly, and answered, "It is time, unless you want my blood on your head."

Then they glared at each other. He cursed her for returning to the city. She demanded to know why she had not a right to live, at least. And he said not at his expense.

And all the while a demon whispered him to end it, to throttle her then and there, and done with her forever.

(To be continued.)

High Time for Change.  
A story is told of an old New Hampshire family which may or may not be strictly true, but which passes for truth among the inhabitants of the place where it originated.

A man who had struggled through boyhood under the name of Zephaniah Smith married a young woman whose incautious parents had christened her "Pamela Jane." When their first child, a girl, was born, they announced their intention of giving her a number which she might change for any name she chose when she reached years of discretion.

They were blessed with seven children, and pursued the same course with each child. Numbers two, four, five and seven were boys, and lived on in the town where they were born, never seeing any need to select Christian names to the day of their death.

But when "Three" Smith became engaged to a young man by the name of Hills, she considered it desirable to change her number to "Susan."

Shortly after that "Six" was united to a young Foote, who promptly named her "Lucy."

"One" clung to her name and single blessedness until middle life, when, having retained sufficiently to accept an offer of marriage from Thomas Hogg, she saw the advisability of becoming "Mary" with some haste.

Lightning's Strange Freaks.  
Lightning in the recent thunderstorm that have visited the Raritan valleys in New Jersey has performed several odd stunts.

A bolt struck the residence of I. V. N. Hoagland, near Millstone, melted the metal frame of a number of pictures, hit the piano, where it made more noise than a brass band, and put the instrument out of use, passed out of the room through the wall at the back of the piano, leaving a clear-cut hole three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

Five of a group of thirteen cows that were standing under a big tree on the farm of Welling Crusier, near Harlingen, were killed by a stroke of lightning. The herd was composed of eight Jersey and five Holstein cows. Only the Holsteins, which were dark in color, were struck. The tree under which the cows stood was not injured.

Lightning struck a wire fence on a farm near Bellmead, and after traveling along the fence for several feet it darted off into a group of five calves standing in the corner of a field. All of the calves were killed instantly.

During the same storm five cows on the farm of Edward Durham, a few miles away, says a correspondent of the New York World, were killed by the lightning while they were standing in a stream.

Well Supplied.  
Idia—Yes; ten girls gave him the mites in the last summer.  
May—Then that is five pairs. He certainly will not suffer with cold hands this winter.

Fearful of Consequences.  
Mr. Kallow—Er—beg pardon, Miss Snuppe, but can I smoke?  
Miss Snuppe—I'm sure I don't know, but if you've never tried before please don't begin here.—Philadelphia Press.

# FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

## Art of Managing a Man.

"There are three things," saith an ancient proverb, "which can only be managed by coaxing: A kid glove, a fire, and a man." The woman, married or single, who fights for her right has a hard and bitter struggle, often to fail at last, while she who takes them gracefully, with a smile and a sweet thank you, sir, is allowed to walk off freely, if not invited to come again. Any married woman, gifted with even a small degree of diplomacy, may have her own way quite as much, if not more, than is good for her, if only she be careful always to defer to her nominal lord and master and never to allow any one, himself least of all, to suspect that she has been able to persuade him that her way is his own. The secret of her power lies in a nutshell: It is the power behind the throne which never openly asserts itself.

All decent men are, as a rule, good to their wives, according to their lights; it is the part of a clever wife to keep those lights trimmed and burning. The man who swears at his wife is a bully and a coward, still he exists, and it is something in the way of excuse for him that he is usually husband to some woman who nags. Even he may be best endured by nonresistance, or at least by getting out of his way. The mild power is usually the strongest, and a fortress which resists assault may sometimes be easily carried by insidious approaches.

All men hate to be ruled; indeed, no man will be if he knows it. The henpecked husband of the humorist is almost nonexistent. The woman who is truly mistress of her household never fails to set her husband upon a pedestal and to insist that all the household shall honor him as lord and master thereof.

A woman's privileges are in most cases by far more valuable than her rights; the best way in which to increase those privileges is to take them with great show of gratitude to the man who confers them. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," and no man ever lived who was not accessible to flattery in some form or other. To conquer, a woman must sometimes stoop, the more gracefully and readily she does so the better for her purpose. Gentle persuasion goes a mile often where aggressiveness cannot stir a foot. There are not many things in the world outside of matters of conscience, pure and simple, which are worth contention upon a woman's part, against the man whom she loves and who loves her; and for these few things the reward, gained through martyrdom, comes usually in the hereafter. Standing up for one's rights against one's husband is wearisome work; it is more comfortable to relinquish them; still they may be had, except in rare instances, by asking for them as a favor to be granted for love's sake. Moreover, the submissive wife may easily escape responsibility which she does not care to assume by pleading her duty to her husband. "Jack likes this," or "Jack objects to that," are reasons the validity of which no one can question.

However perfect a bit of mechanism may be, its bearings must be kept well oiled or there will be friction; what the oil can be to the mechanical engineer is tact to the wise wife. Deference to her husband is the drop of oil which keeps the wheels of the domestic machine running smoothly; if she is clever enough to turn those wheels in the way in which she would have them go, while to all intents and purposes she is acting under his direction, so much the better, perhaps, for all concerned. There is much in mental suggestion. Take it for granted that a man will do a certain thing nine times out of ten he does it. The tactful person drops suggestions and leaves them to take root and bear fruit, just as the husbandman sows his seed upon fertile ground.

Pictures in the Home.  
While out calling the other afternoon a small boy answered the ring of the bell, and at the same time volunteered the information that "mamma was dressing and the girl was out." I said that I should wait for mother and childlike, he proceeded to entertain me. He began by showing me the pictures on the wall—all of which had been selected with care. Before a fine autotype of a familiar Corot he had a story to tell of Orpheus and his lute. A small print of Canterbury Cathedral brought out the tale of Thomas a Becket first riding on his white mule with jingling chains and gorgeous raiment, then lying senseless at the foot of the altar. There was a portrait of Beethoven, an Aurora a Sistine Madonna, a Greuze "Broken Pitcher," and of these and more this boy of 8 had stories to tell.

He was not an extraordinary child in any sense of the word—nothing but the ordinary fun-loving, marble-playing boy—but he had been let into the secret of enjoyment in pictures. Before a colored print of a landscape by Diaz, which was pinned to the door frame and had probably come with the Sunday paper, his imagination found a way into the depth of the woods, he admired the coloring and peopled the forest with robbers and creatures of fancy. Some clever person had given him the magic key to a world of enjoyment beyond the sidewalks and car tracks. Wherever he might travel in after years he would never be alone.

## Hints on Furnishing.

There are a few general points in the furnishing of a boy's room that may be well to bear in mind, says the Washington Times. On the floor should be a good ingrain carpet of a cheerful tone—almost every boy likes red. The furniture need not be expensive, but it must be strong. The sofa may be an old one, but should be covered with some durable material of small pattern that will not get the wear and tear. Cushions? Of course! What boy was there who ever owned a sofa and didn't clamor for cushions? Have them of gay colors, but see that they blend with the rest of the room. It is a mistaken idea to imagine that these little things will not be noticed by the boy and tell on his taste in the long run. We are all affected, perhaps unconsciously, by our environments, and just because it happens to be "only the boy's room," there is no earthly reason why it should not be made as attractive and comfortable as possible.

The average boy loves light, and does not care for heavy curtains at his windows. One boy—a cousin of the writer—has fine cheese cloth curtains close to the windows, tied back with a bow at each end. These, of course, only come to the ledge. Within are curtains of turkey red, which hang in straight lines to the floor. They are light and cheerful in tone, and add especially to the beauty of the room.

See that the illuminating qualities are good in the boy's room. Gas fixtures are, as a rule, so placed that they are of little service to the young fellow working at his desk. A student's lamp is excellent; so is a bracket one. The latter may not add especially to the beauty of the room, but is useful, and what is still more to be considered—safe.

These are a few hints in the furnishing of the boy's room—the details will have to be added according to the individual taste of its owner.

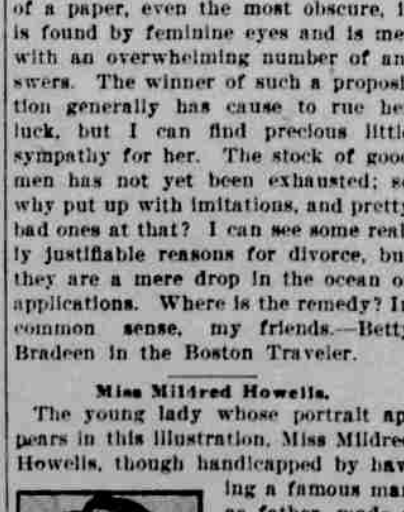
## Women Too Lightly Won.

Sordid and commonplace? Perhaps, to those who know nothing of the miseries of mismatched couples. Home and family require money, and its possession will not prevent a growth of sentiment. Make the body comfortable and the soul will find its peace without much difficulty. Mind you, I am not advocating a marriage for money, but am strongly in favor of something substantial on which to build the new life. And that is not all, for congeniality is absolutely necessary to make the life of two beings, no matter what sex, livable within the narrow confines of a home. There is altogether too much sentimentality in American women. It permits them to overlook the estimable qualities of their own husbands and overestimate those of other men whom they have not tested.

The same charge can be laid up against men, and somebody is to blame for the serious state of affairs. Perhaps women are too lightly won, too eager to accept the first masculine hand extended to them. It is absolutely true that when a man inserts a matrimonial advertisement in any kind of a paper, even the most obscure, it is found by feminine eyes and is met with an overwhelming number of answers. The winner of such a proposition generally has cause to rue her luck, but I can find precious little sympathy for her. The stock of good men has not yet been exhausted; and so why put up with imitations, and pretty bad ones at that? I can see some really justifiable reasons for divorce, but they are a mere drop in the ocean of applications. Where is the remedy? In common sense, my friends.—Betty Bradeen in the Boston Traveler.

## Miss Mildred Howells.

The young lady whose portrait appears in this illustration, Miss Mildred Howells, though handicapped by having a famous man as father, made a name for herself in art while still in her early twenties. She was introduced to the literary world by her father, William Dean Howells, when he put her in a book called "A Little Girl Among the Old Masters," which contained her impressions of Europe's great paintings and specimens of her work. A few months ago her engagement to Professor Fairchild, of the Smithsonian Institution was announced.



Large, flat-shaped straws will be about the smartest of the new hats for girls of all ages, and they are quite simply trimmed with large bows of soft, wide liberty satin ribbons, and look as if they were destined into most becoming shapes by the lavish wealth of spring fashions.

Five-sixths of the cotton used in British mills is American.

## Secure a Free Home in the Fertile Wheat Fields of Western Canada.

To the Editor: The emigration of well-to-do farmers from the United States to the Canadian Northwest has assumed such proportions that organized efforts are now being made by interested persons and corporations to stem the tide. The efforts are being initiated chiefly by railway and real estate interests in the States from which the bulk of the emigration takes place. The movement of population has taken from numerous States thousands of persons whose presence along railways in these States made business for the transportation companies. The movement has also become so widely known that it has prevented the settlement of vacant lands along these lines, parties who might have located there being attracted to the free and more fertile lands of Canada. The result of the movement has been that the railway companies not only see the vacant lands along their lines remain vacant, but they also see hundreds of substantial farmers who have helped provide business for these railways move away and so cease their contributions. The farmers have moved to Canada because they were convinced that it would be to their financial interest to do so. In moving they have been inconsiderate enough to place their own financial interests before those of the financial interests of the railway corporations.

In addition to the railway corporations, real estate dealers are working to stem the flow of emigrants. Of course every emigrant who goes to Canada means the loss of commissions on land deals by real estate dealers. Now a person has but to know what the interests are that are trying to stop the flow to know what motive is influencing their course. The emigration means financial loss to railway corporations and to real estate men. These interests therefore are not directing their opposition efforts out of any love for the departing emigrants or out of any high patriotic motives, either. They are doing so purely from selfish interests. It is a matter of dollars and cents with them. They are so patriotic, they are so consumed by love for their fellow citizens, that they want to prevent these fellow citizens going to Canada and getting free farms of the best wheat land in the world; and instead they want to make them stay on high-priced farms in the United States, where they will continue to pour money into the pockets of these railways and real estate men.

One of the methods employed by these interests to stem the tide is the distribution of matter to newspapers, painting Canada in the darkest colors. These articles emanate chiefly from a bureau in St. Louis. They are sent out at frequent intervals for simultaneous publication. A writer is employed at a high salary to prepare the matter.

Moreover, statements absolutely at variance with the truth have lately been chiefly in what purport to be letters from persons who are alleged to have gone to Canada and become disgusted with it. Only a few of such have been published, and they contain statements that are absurd in their falsity. Whether the parties whose names appear in connection with these letters have ever been to Canada, and if so, their history while there, is to be thoroughly looked into. The discovery of their motive, like the discovery of the motive of the interests who are engineering the opposition, may prove illuminating. In the meantime, however, it may be pointed out that only a few of such letters have appeared, but since 1897 over 87,000 American settlers have gone to the Canadian West. Can any reasonable person suppose for a moment that if Canada was one-quarter as bad as represented in these letters, the 87,000 Americans now there would remain in the country; or, if the Canadian West had not proved the truth of all that was claimed for it, the papers of every State in the American Northwest would not be filled with letters saying so? Imagine 87,000 aggressive Americans deceived and not making short shrift of their deceivers. The fact is, the 87,000 are well satisfied and are encouraging their friends to follow them.

Anyone who sees any of these disparaging letters should remember that it is railway and real estate interests who have from purely selfish reasons organized a campaign to stem the flow to Canada. If Canada were half as bad as represented there would be no need of such an organization. The fact that such exists is of itself a magnificent tribute to Canada. Finally, it should not be forgotten that the letters published are brimful of falsehoods and that 87,000 satisfied Americans in the Canadian West constitute a living proof that such is the case.

The Canadian Government Agent, whose name appears in advertisement elsewhere in this paper, is authorized to give all information as to rates, and available lands in Western Canada.

Speculators love dogs—at least they are fond of good pointers.  
Shirtdraws of hair-line velvet in gun metal coloring, brightened by a dash of some gay tint, are included in the season's productions.

"Beware of saying or doing anything nastily," said the man who gives much advice. "I have no fear on that score!" answered the eminent statesman. "The discipline of my career as a United States senator has removed all danger."—Washington Star.

### WESTERN CANADA

It is attracting more attention than any other district in the world.

"THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD."  
"THE LAND OF SCHEMINE."  
THE NATURAL FEEDING GROUNDS FOR STOCK  
Area under crop in 1908—1,287,850 Acres.  
Yield in 1908—11,628,764 Bushels.

Abundance of Water, Fuel, Fertilizer, Cheap Selling Materials, Good Roads, and a climate giving an average of 160 days of frost-free weather, and 200 days of 60° or more.

For more information, apply to the Canadian Government Agent, or to the Western Canada Land Office, 1110 Broadway, New York City.