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 Carter's Teething Powders are always reliable in all disorders of the stomach and bowels, flatulency, wind, colic and griping, in fevers, fits, and inflammation of the gums, they cool and soothe, cause natural sleep, give strength and vigor to the most delicate children, are a preventive and a cure of convulsion; check vomiting, drowsiness and diarrhoea, are free from all dangerous drugs, and can be administered to the most delicate babies with perfect safety.  
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 Cures all headaches—will cure your CARVER'S HEADACHE POWDERS  
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**SIGNS**  
 OF EVERY DESCRIPTION  
 See that you get the Union Label on your Signs and Banners  
 46 Adelaide Street East

**ON THE BITTER CREEK RUN**

By W. BERT FOSTER  
 Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.

"Besides," observed Lester, rolling himself a cigarette with an air of finality, "you will get your hands and face all smut, and—think of your clothes, Evie!"  
 But Evilyn was not to be dissuaded. "Write me the order, Lester," she commanded. "What is the good of being the daughter of a man who owns a railroad and the sister of a boy who thinks he owns the Bitter Creek division if I can't ride in the cab?"  
 "But Jim LeStrange!"  
 "Mr. LeStrange is nothing whatever to me. Merely because we used to know him when we were children makes no difference. He is only the engineer."

"Humph! Member when he and you tried to 'chuck' together in the first wagon and with a pound of crackers and some cheese that mother had sent you to the store for, Evie? Le—see you were about five then, weren't you?"  
 Evilyn's glance would have withered anybody but an older brother. She marched away with the order addressed to the engineer of the western spur, her hand in the air and a deepened color in her cheeks.  
 The fact that Jim LeStrange had been a playmate of her extreme youth did not freeze Miss Evilyn Grantham. She remembered that her mother had soundly spanked her for the escapade Lester had mentioned, and with the smart of that chastisement her interest in Jim had expired.

In fact, soon after that fateful day the Granthams had gone east. Only during visits to the town of her birth did Evilyn hear of Jim. The Granthams went up the social and financial scale by leaps and bounds. Jim LeStrange, with a pair of strong hands and some brains, had to Evilyn's mind, scarcely rise at all.  
 Certainly the sooty faced fellow in a greasy cap and overalls who took her pass when she reached the platform beside which Ninety-nine and its long train of vestibule cars stood would have made a strange figure in the parlors of her eastern friends. And to her mind his "good morning, Miss Evie," was offensively familiar. She stepped aboard the panting locomotive without answering and heartily wishing she had not come.

But what an adventure to tell the girls of when she went back! The crack of the Bitter Creek division was becoming popular. Some of her friends had been through the canyon and seen its marvels from the windows of a parlor car, but no girl in her set had dared ride from Logger to McMa-hon Station, the towns guarding the entrance and exit of the canyon, in the cab of big Ninety-nine.  
 "You better sit over on this side, miss," the fireman said respectfully, motioning to his own side of the cab. But Miss Evilyn thought him officious and crept in behind the lever and squeezed into the engineer's seat. She did not know much about the huge machine on which she was to ride and considered it a personal affront when Jim LeStrange swung himself aboard and stepped up in front of her, obstructing her view of the landscape from the front window of the cab.  
 Under his tight fitting jersey she saw the muscles of his shoulders and arms slip back and forth—the contracting of the tiger's tendons under his tawny hide—when he stretched his left hand back to seize the lever. He waited, glancing ahead, for the conductor's signal. There was something fascinating in his tense though easy pose. The compressed air signal "spit" overhead. Instantly the hand on the lever tightened. There was scarcely a jar as Ninety-nine, taking deep breaths, pulled out of the Logger station.  
 There is little in the Bitter Creek canyon to please the eye of tourists, but it certainly awes them. Sheer walls rise so high that only for an hour at midday is the bottom of the gorge flooded with sunlight. Through this single track of the division weaves its way, crossing and recrossing the whitened torrent upon trestle-work. Around these piles the water roars when at its full, seeking to tear down the obstructions man has placed in its path.  
 "You should have chosen a pleasant day for your ride, Miss Evie," Jim said casually. "It's been raining this morning and the creek will be high. And I shouldn't be surprised if we got more of it before long. The canyon will be dark."  
 She sat stiffly upright in her corner of the narrow seat and made no reply. But the rain came ere the western special plunged into the gloom of the gorge. Jim reached behind her and shut the sliding pane to shield her from any chance gust. In doing so the sleeve of his jersey touched her shoulder and she shrank aside, but he seemed utterly unconscious.

The train swept into the canyon and sped over the glistening rails like a fiery-eyed serpent. It was dark and the girl shivered. Suppose the angry creek should wrench free some portion of the trestlework? She only breathed with confidence when the train was upon the solid ledges of rock, which had been carried out of the cliffs by the water ages before.  
 Suddenly the shore fell from the driver's side, flinging again upon the iron running board. He reached over and shook Jim LeStrange by the arm.  
 Evilyn turned also, for the man's face was white under the grime of the coal dust. He pointed behind them, where the daylight was fast fading at

the entrance of the canyon. But she saw what had startled the fireman.  
 A wall of white water curled above the tracks. It swept the canyon from wall to wall, bearing down upon the rear of the long train so swiftly that it seemed as though the cars must be almost instantly swallowed by the flood.  
 "A cloudburst!" she heard Jim exclaim, and then, before the words had more than passed his lips, the train leaped ahead. Twenty miles an hour through the canyon was considered a safe speed; the western special darted away at a pace double that, for the chance of wreck on a curve ahead was less to be feared than the certain death that followed behind!  
 Involuntarily Evilyn clutched at the arm of the engineer. "Will it catch up? Can't you go faster?" she gasped.  
 He turned his face around to her slowly. When she could see it he was actually smiling. "We'll make a record for the Bitter Creek run this day."  
 Exasperated, she looked angrily at him. "What will catch us—it will!" she cried. "Can't you cut off the train? Couldn't we get away if the cars didn't hold us back?"  
 He turned a quizzical glance upon her. "Cut off the cars?" he asked. "There are hundreds of people back there. There are only three of us here. Would it pay to sacrifice the others?"  
 She was silenced and abashed, but she did not know that the thought had shot through his own mind first of all. One smashing blow of the sledge on the coupling and the locomotive and tender would be free of the heavy train of coaches, and that white wall of water was coming faster and faster. Evilyn could not keep her own eyes from it. She leaped down from the seat, with a shriek.  
 Instantly the long arm of the driver reached around the lever. He caught her and lifted her bodily back upon the seat. "Stay where you are!" he commanded hoarsely, and she, forgetting the tidal wave behind, started straight ahead, her lips a firm line of white, too angry for speech. Nobody in all her life had ever touched or spoken to her so.  
 She saw the fireman again lean over the lever and shout in LeStrange's ear. "The basin!" Jim nodded.  
 Suddenly the walls of the canyon spread apart. The train was flying so swiftly that it seemed the cliffs were moving instead of themselves. The train ran out upon a long trestle, for in this wider part of the gorge, known as "the basin," there were rock shelves on either side. The creek bed was wide, and the water roared among the debris fallen from the heights above.  
 Jim reversed the engine, and to Evilyn's despair the train slowed down. But she was too angry to speak. And scarcely had the train stopped when the tidal wave broke about them.  
 When it reached the locomotive the water had spread over so great an area that the only damage it did was to rise into the standing room of the cab and put out the fire under Ninety-nine's boiler. Then it roared on down the canyon, and unless it carried away some portion of the iron trestlework ahead the danger was over.  
 Jim, without a glance at her, leaped down to examine his engine. When he was satisfied that the machine was all right he came back. The fireman had cleaned out the fire box and was pitching in dry wood. Jim stood so that she was sheltered from the gaze of the stoker.  
 "Well, are you sorry I didn't cut off the train, Miss Evie?" he asked.  
 "I hate you!" she declared, looking determinedly away from him.  
 "Why, I'm real sorry for that. But, you know, I had the company's property to look out for—as well as the president's daughter." He was actually smiling.  
 "I hate you!" she declared again.  
 "That's pretty tough," he observed again. "And it's been so long since we've seen each other too! Do you know, I couldn't bring myself to the point of hating you. Fact is, I feel exactly the opposite and always have since we played at sweethearts. Do you remember, Evie?"  
 She turned upon him then, but the fire died out of her eyes. She remembered how he had looked when he sat her down again in that corner with a command.  
 Her hands went suddenly up to cover her face. "It's too bad," said Jim. "But the coal dust will settle on the woodwork. I'm afraid you're getting your face all smut from those gloves."  
 And he pulled the hands away and held both in one of his.  
 "The fire's going again, Mr. Le-Strange," said the stoker.  
 Official Book Burnings.  
 The last authorized book burning in Great Britain was in 1770, when "The Commercial Restraint of Ireland Considered," by the Hon. Hely Hutchinson, was given to the flames.  
 The war against books began under Henry VIII, when books were burned by both religious parties. All copies of Tyndale's Bible that could be bought up were publicly burned at St. Paul's on Shrove Tuesday, 1527, and a general destruction by fire of unlicensed books was ordered three years later by the king. In 1685 the star chamber claimed the power of licensing and selling books, and its scrutiny was as rigorous as that of the Inquisition.  
 In 1807 Dr. Coywell's "Law Dictionary" was burned by order of the house of commons for its assertion of divine right in favor of James I. and "The King's Book of Sports" met with a similar fate at the hands of the Puritans in 1694.  
 About a century later Dr. Fox's "Shortest Way With the Dissenters" was burned by parliament, and in 1763 Wilkie's "North Briton" was subject to the same wanton intolerance, which in some cases defeated its own object.

**ON THE WAY TO AYLWIN**

By M. MACLEAN HELLIWELL  
 Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.

The train stopped with a jolt, and the passengers thronged out, filling the station with bustle and confusion.  
 Chatterton, who was on his way to Halifax, was looking idly out of the smoker window, when suddenly there passed across his range of vision a certain well cut profile which he knew could belong to only one woman in the world. Without an instant's hesitation he picked up his hat and left the car, clearing the steps just as the train started heavily forward.  
 The small station was crowded with people, and Chatterton looked some time for the lady of the profile before he espied her sitting quietly in one corner of the dining carriage.  
 She had thrown open her coat and was leaning back against the wall with closed eyes, evidently prepared to wait some time. Chatterton seated himself in the opposite corner of the room and, drawing out a paper, pretended to read the while he watched her furtively.  
 People passed and repassed between them. The noise and confusion died and dawned as train after train came in and departed.  
 Then all at once a full came. Silence reigned on the platform, and Chatterton suddenly realized that he and the lady were alone in the waiting room. He rose and went out abruptly, and as he passed through the door he stopped for a moment before a time table and hung beside it, one name having caught his eye.  
 "Aylwin," he muttered. "Of course going home for the dear old people's anniversary dinner. How could I have forgotten it? I don't believe she ever traveled alone before, and it's a whole hour to wait in this hole-in-the-wall of the long, interminable train. Don't know the minutes, don't know what, but it did not seem long last year when we waited here together!"

He passed out on to the deserted platform and, lighting a cigar, smoked furiously while he paced up and down, revolving many things in his mind.  
 He turned back his head with a sudden resolution, he tossed aside his cigar and re-entered the waiting room.  
 As the door closed behind him the girl in the corner opened her eyes, and a sudden wave of color touched her cheeks. Her cool, gray eyes regarded his steadily for a moment, then she turned her face slowly from him. But the man, lifting his hat, advanced quickly.  
 "Margaret," he cried as he stood before her, "I want to talk to you." Her baffling gray eyes met his with no trace of embarrassment.  
 "I know of nothing you can have to say to me. You were very explicit. Nothing of importance was omitted, but if something else has occurred to you you have my lawyer's address and can communicate with him."  
 He made no answer for a moment, then he said abruptly:  
 "You are going home for the anniversary dinner tomorrow. I can just see the table blazing with lights and flowers, the dear old pater beaming with pride and the little mother all soft smiles and tender hangings. Tomorrow will be the first time there has ever been an empty place at the anniversary dinner. I am afraid the little mother will not like that. She has always had perfect faith in her sons-in-law."

"It is easy to deceive old people," she interrupted. "I'm a thoroughly such dear, guileless, trustful old soul, but you will kindly leave me? Under existing circumstances no gentleman should have to be reminded that he has renounced his right to inflict his company upon his—the woman!"  
 "His wife," he finished gently. "Why hesitate? Is the word so hateful to you? A separation is not a divorce, you know. I don't want to force myself upon you, Margaret. But I cannot get the little mother out of my mind. Do they know at home of our trouble?"  
 The girl was silent for a moment, then she faced him suddenly, her eyes blazing.  
 "No," she cried. "They don't. You are not the only one who loves them! You have been the cause of my doing much that I regret, and now you are making me do the one thing I have always loathed with all my soul. You have forced me to lie to them for the first time in my life! I have told them nothing of the truth. In my letters I have always said you used to send such messages as you used to send. They expect you tonight. I shall tell them that just as we were starting an urgent telegram came from the Halifax branch demanding your immediate presence. Oh, I shall get through! I have had my schooling." The last words were rather faint, but she threw back her head and added almost fiercely, "And it will not be acting to show them how happy I am!"  
 He did not tell her that her face, her voice, her very attitude, belied her words, for something was teaching him wisdom. Instead he answered gently: "It will be impossible to deceive the little mother. When those soft blue eyes look into yours and her clear blue eyes, why, Madda, where's our Teddy? All lies will shiver up and die. You will have to tell her everything, and that will mean that all joy will go not only out of the anniversary dinner, but out of her life. You know how she regards such things. Margaret, don't you think that for her sake and the pater's I had better go down with you just for the dinner? I can make my excuses and leave on the midnight train tomorrow. I shall not trouble

you, believe me. They must not be allowed to suspect anything, but when we are alone we shall be as strangers. I shall not even talk to you if you do not wish it. There is plenty of time for you to decide. I am asking nothing for myself—I know that that is fruitless—but I am pleading for the little mother and the pater."  
 He turned as he finished speaking and left her alone.  
 It seemed scarcely five minutes before she heard his voice again. "The Aylwin-train is coming," he said. "Shall I get a ticket?"  
 "Yes," she answered simply.  
 The cars were crowded, but he found a seat, and putting her in it with the old air of proprietorship that had always been so sweet to her, he seated himself beside her in silence.  
 The train rattled on, and as they sat so near together, yet so very far apart, the thoughts of each turned to the last time they had traveled that road together, on their first visit home after their honeymoon.  
 How happy they had been then! How happy they might have been now if only that little rift within the lute—  
 Through the mind of each the same questions rang—had there been just a little forbearance, a little sacrifice of pride at the beginning—  
 Chatterton looked down at the slight figure beside him. They would not be able to deceive the little mother after all. Happy? With the old sparkle all gone from her eyes—and those pathetic little lines about her mouth! And he had sworn to love her, to cherish her and protect her through good and ill till death should part them. Instinctively his hand closed over hers as it lay listlessly on the seat beside him.  
 At the touch of his fingers she turned, and something shone in her eyes as she drew closer to him.  
 "Dear," she said softly, "I'm so lonely, so tired and so sorry. Will you—"  
 His firm clasp of the hand tightened as the conductor threw open the door and shouted, "Aylwin next station!"  
 "Hush," he whispered. "It was all my fault, little girl. I have been a brute, but all the rest of my life I shall make atonement, for we'll start it over again, and we won't have to act a lie to the little mother, will we, Madda?"  
 And, though she answered nothing in words, each understood and was happy.

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 Furs, too, and quality, style and value are points in which we take a first place. This week you'll secure the first pick of a very special line of Sable and Mink Scarfs and Muffs. First choice is worth dollars to you, if you believe us.

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**JOHN A. MOFFITT, President, Orange, N.J.**  
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**PUBLIC LIGHTING IN DETROIT.**  
 Detroit's public lighting plant has now lighted the city eight years. The first year the cost was less than the lowest price ever secured from a private company or ever offered by a private company.  
 The lowest contract price was \$123.87. The lowest contract price offered was \$102.20 per 2,000 candle-power are light per year, on a ten years' contract.  
 The cost from the public plant the first year was \$100.50. It has steadily declined since to \$63.82 last year, adding depreciation, lost taxes and interest on the investment to each cost.  
 The city will have gained in ten years' operation more than the entire value of the plant (at least \$800,000) as a clear profit, over what its lights would have cost on the lowest ten years' bid from a private company.  
 Under the ten-year contract the cost to the city would have been \$2,414,785.14, while from the city plant the total outlay for plant and corporation, adding lost taxes, will not exceed \$2,350,000.  
 The benefits are not alone to the taxpayer for the Public Light Commissioners give the union scale of wages and run on the eight-hour day. Also, once a year every employe of the commission gets a ten days' vacation at full pay.  
 When the Government and its organs of the press were so favorably impressed with the stability of and great good the Clergue enterprises would do, why should it not buy in the property and return the valuable franchises it gave together with the improvements thereon? It was either grievously mistaken in its declared estimate of the concern or else it could not make such a profitable investment.  
 Have you ever remarked how comfortable a skeleton appears during a heated spell?

**THE TOILER**

**ON THE WAY TO AYLWIN**

They must not be allowed to suspect anything, but when we are alone we shall be as strangers. I shall not even talk to you if you do not wish it. There is plenty of time for you to decide. I am asking nothing for myself—I know that that is fruitless—but I am pleading for the little mother and the pater."  
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 Under the ten-year contract the cost to the city would have been \$2,414,785.14, while from the city plant the total outlay for plant and corporation, adding lost taxes, will not exceed \$2,350,000.  
 The benefits are not alone to the taxpayer for the Public Light Commissioners give the union scale of wages and run on the eight-hour day. Also, once a year every employe of the commission gets a ten days' vacation at full pay.  
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