

## From the Far West

An Especially Interesting Letter From F. W. Tobey, Formerly of The Maple City—Fred. Relates Some Pleasing Experiences.

Battlefield, Sask., N. W. T.,  
The Planet,  
Chatham, Ont.:

Dear Planet.—When I left off in my last letter I was at Bitcolang, where the lumber was. How I wish Bitcolang were right here and then I could write the Sago epitaph and build a frame shack.

The C. P. R. colonist train plodded along and the drowsy engine puffed as though it were not quite awake, although it was nearly nine. The porter fearing he would beat the train, slowly made up those berths so very slowly that many had to have an invalid's breakfast. Miss V. and I enjoyed a tete-a-tete over the cold ham, cookies, etc., while Mr. B. dined with Mr. Moore and son. Outside the sun shone on the frost tipped hill and dale and the whole district for miles around seemed like a vast field of sparkling gems. Inside all was jollity and mirth, except for one sad, anxious face that seemed almost in an agony of fear lest the train be "too late, too late." And good cause had she for being anxious, for many miles ahead at a small town in Manitoba lay the pale, cooling body of her beloved husband. She knew not whether she would see the shrouded form of her loved one or be somewhat encouraged by knowing that there was still life and thus hope. I knew something sad was haunting her thoughts and I attempted as best I could to divert her mind to other channels. I succeeded for a time and then induced her to come over and meet Miss V. where she found diversion for the remainder of the journey.

At 9:25 the train stopped at Ramsay to get water. The large water tank was one mass of ice from top to bottom. Near the station was a hill and lake which caught my eye. The train was booked to stop here five minutes, but after twenty-five minutes had passed I concluded they had not got enough steam shoveled on and so like the smart little boy at school I ran over and had a slide on the lake. No apparent move on the train, so up the hill I scrambled. Higher and higher I went until at last I reached the summit. I took a squint at the surrounding country and started down while the train started up. Now it would have been all right if the train was starting up hill but horror of horrors it was slowly sailing away. Its tardiness saved my life. I caught the last coach by the coupling pin and we doubled up right there without the aid of a minister.

I now had an opportunity of passing through the real colonist cars and I did not take advantage of any more opportunities until the two graces persuaded me to pilot them through the dangling feet above and the discarded crusts, salmon tins, and crackers below. The air was heavy with a noxious vapor and I managed to push my way through it. The foreigners (Galicians) were heavy with filth, although some were clean and tidy. Their pockets were bulging out with bread and every and anon their hands would seize on a fist full and they would eat. I do not know whether W. S. R. made that bread or not but am quite confident that the buyers got full weight for this reason. A crumb fell on my foot and bruised my toe. They all acted as though they had not a care in

the world. Their faces beamed with smiles, their voices rang with laughter and song, and at one end of the car a bow kept the strings of a fiddle vibrating rapidly. A ragged valise, a few coarse blankets or shawls, some old clothes and a lunch basket here and there was their supply. Their berth a rag bag, the floor a waste paper basket or swill barrel, and still they found pleasure reveling in their own filth. But, like all of us, they hoped for better days in that paradise for the emigrant, the great bountiful west.

The train was now staggering through a belt of spruce and pine forests and the country on all sides was more level than usual. So very slowly did that train move that actually got off one platform, took a slide, and got on the second one farther down. The next time I did that the train stopped still and it did so suddenly that it upset me completely. As I came back I recalled to mind a little piece I persuaded a small boy to recite at one of my concerts—

As they skated they looked at the stars;  
There were a million or more;  
Their feet flew up and they observed  
A few they hadn't seen before.

All of the stars I saw was after the concussion.

Soon the train pulled into a place called Woman's River. Cruel, wasn't it, to give it such a name? Situated in a pretty valley, where hills rose on every side it was—like woman—fair to look upon. Some capped with snow and others with miniature forests of pine and spruce they united together to enhance the beauty of the simple little river. Here amid the feminine attractions of that female station I met my fate. Passing through the next car ahead I beheld before me two visions of loveliness. I stopped short and seeing I was not observed I feasted my eyes on this real picture of scholastic loveliness, for they were teachers, strange to say. "He either fears his fate," etc. I repeated to myself and then came near to them. I couldn't stay away! There was a magnetic influence that drew me there and prompted me to speak as follows to a car mate or fellow passenger. "It is strange, considering the name of this place, that it is so quiet here." I did not look, but by that strange transmission of thought I knew it had hit the mark. I then went through the car and as I passed their berth Miss Ruby A., the older of the two, spoke as follows, "Have you solved that riddle yet?" "No," I answered, "but I suppose one so gifted as you are can and will solve it for me." Well, I do not know, but I think it was because there were no men there. Of course that broke the ice and I fell in. We soon found we were sisters and brothers in misery; the difference was, their miseries were but to begin in Percy, Assa, and Lacombe, Alta., while mine had ended at Louisville, Ont. A short chat and soon I was gone, but not forever.

The hills, plains, poplars, creeks, lakes and rapids came in regular order. The sun shone and the clouds faded peacefully in the blue sky above. They crossed the wake of the sun's rich golden rays and were tinted by it. The fleecy clouds became translucent and all was a radiant picture, but everywhere I looked I saw, or seemed to see, the images of those graces intertinate yet there.

Beneath a wealth of golden hair, surrounded by facial perfections beyond my power of description, nestled two big dutiful blue eyes which expressed all she said and far more. Cheeks like Venus, lips that would lift you from this world of care to the blissful realms of silent ecstasy, teeth so highly polished that they glistened, chin the product of an artist's dream, not real neck "to which the swan is tawnyer than its cygnat," arms, fingers and body whose very motions was music to the soul, and dimples—dimples! I am speechless here. I heaved a sigh of I know not what and vainly tried to recall some words to express what I saw on Miss Florence R.'s cheeks.

Miss Ruby A. was somewhat older, a little taller, four shades darker, two degrees more talkative and pleasing, and her face bubbled with mirth, jollity and wit. Miss A. was the life of the party and had not she been there I am afraid there would have been silence. I was almost speechless from rapture at the soft being beside me, and Miss Florence R.—I don't know what ailed her, but at times her mind seemed fixed on—well, I guess on her mother. She did not speak often, but when she did so the earth moved not lest she keep any from hearing her angelic utterances.

I see only scattered entries regarding the passing country. Inessfail, a forest of straight bare trees, numerous lakes of every size and shape, but all indefinite except regarding our little socials. Invited to tea, I was able to learn more of her intrinsic worth, for she could cook. Yes, as sure as I write, she had me sample some of the dough kneaded with her own dainty fingerlets. They looked tempting, but when I took a bite a

## SATCHEL OF THE SATELLITE

Continued from Page Nine.

"Lipton will have to drink his tea out of a saucer now," remarked Con. E. Shea this morning.

"How is that?" queried the Satellite.

"He is unable to lift the cup," replied Con. E., and the Satellite departed feeling like—well, you know; you've been there.

The following are extracts from a recent write-up in the Hamilton Spectator of a society wedding in that village:—

"This afternoon at 3.30, at the home of Mrs. William Carey, 27 Herkimer street, there was an exceptionally charming home wedding, when Mrs. Carey's youngest daughter, Miss Margaret Roper Alene Carey, was married to Ossip L. Linde, of Chicago, by Rev. Canon Wade.

The young bride looked lovely in a gown that was a dream, white crepe chiffon, over silk, trimmed with rose point lace, veil and orange blossoms, and carried a travelling bouquet of white roses.

Mrs. Carey wore a stylish gown of black lace, over white silk, with trimmings and berthe of Venetian lace. I always knew country papers used to be in the habit of writing up weddings in this style, but I thought they had quit. Pardon us for being

## A WANNAMAKER PICTURE HAT



Of grey rice straw with tulle silk dyed to match this hat, will prove becoming to almost any wearer. The crown is large and flat, the dyed lace drapes the brim, and the long gray plume, starting from a Rosette of the straw towards the front, falls almost on the neck at the back.

pained expression came over my face, but happily the train stopped and they saw not. However, I was obliged to express my opinion of those buns, so I candidly said, "Well, Miss R. I saw the Galicians' bread but didn't taste it. I have seen your buns and have tasted them. That will suffice, will it not?" I then had the pleasure of seeing Miss R. in a light, that of an offended queen. However, as the poet says—"Oh blessings on that falling out, That all the more endears, etc."

I made amends and all was contentment again.

That social function was but one of many. Five o'clock teas, card parties, cottage prayer meetings—Rev. Mr. Ranton, the evangelist, had joined the trinity and we now had a quartet—theological discussions, etc., all helped to make the time pleasantly pleasant. Miss R. feigned ignorance of the games, but we succeeded in inducing her to play when Mr. Ranton was not there. Miss Ruby A. in her clever way, insisted that I play with Miss Florence R., and I did not object as you would know. She really did not know much about euchre, but as they vulgarly say, "a fool for luck," we won every game. As they have taken my table to paint and it is time to leave for the ferry, I will have to close with best wishes to all my eastern friends and enemies. Hope to write another continuing, for next week's paper.

Respectfully yours, with thanks,  
F. W. TOBEY.

## PRINCIPLE AND INTEREST.

Rossland Miner.  
Canada's parliament is almost exclusively made up of gentlemen who would sooner ride free than pay two cents a mile on the railways.

This parliament sympathizes so deeply with the poor, down-trodden railway that it will not legislate in favor of a two-cent a mile rate for the people.

The Dominion parliament, out of its sympathy for the suffering railway, should send back its pass, pay its fare, and the corporations which did not have to carry the politicians for nothing might be able to carry the people for two cents a mile.

Athletic exercises should not be taken when the body is exhausted by business toil.

mistaken, "Spec," please. I would like to know, however, if the Spec. has got that word "charming" copyrighted yet.

## TRITE EPIGRAMS.

Twice we see paradise. In youth we name it Life; in age, Youth.

Let him who would wish to duplicate his very experience prate of the value of life.

The game of discontent has its rules and he who disregards them cheats. It is not permitted to you to wish to add another's advantages or possessions to your own; you are permitted only to wish to be another.

The creator and arbiter of beauty is the heart; to the male rattlesnake the female rattlesnake is the loveliest thing in nature.

Thought and emotion dwell apart. When the heart goes into the head there is no dissension; only an eviction.

If you want to read a perfect book there is only one way—write it.

A chain is only as strong as its weakest link, but a multitude can be as wise as its wisest member. It has only to obey him.

When a certain sovereign wanted war he threw out a diplomatic intimation; when ready, a diplomat.

Three liars, two cowards and a thief are three.

We can know evil only by study of good. A cynic who should "see nothing but badness" would not know it to be bad.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Eve was the originator of the peck-a-boob garment.

Love is blind to the best interests of the gas companies.

Rumor has caused many a good name to stick in the mud.

Many of the good deeds men forget to do appear on tombstones.

It's as hard for some to suspect evil as it is for others to suspect good.

Nothing squeezes the water out of a man's possessions like a visit from the assessor.

The pessimist who expects the worst to happen is sometimes disagreeably disappointed.

Many a girl has lived to regret the day she married a man just to keep some other girl from getting him.—Chicago News.

## Let Us Have A Race

A Contest With Real Boats, Not Toys, Is What the People Want—Make Races Serviceable to Mankind.

From the Baltimore Sun.

The toyish character of the Shamrock and Reliance was discussed in Friday's Sun, and it was suggested that a race with real boats, capable of some practical service, would be a refreshing change. For years, under the rules of the New York Yacht Club, the boats employed in races have been mere racing machines, not comfortable and safe vessels. Nothing is to be gained from the model of the victor, since she has been built to race in, not to live in. The America, which in the year 1851 won, near the Isle of Wight, the cup that Sir Thomas Lipton has so often tried in vain to capture, was a schooner of 170 tons, and a serviceable vessel, not a single-sticker fitted only for a drifting match in the protected waters of Sandy Hook. It is a matter of legitimate criticism if the conditions under which the cup was won have since been changed by the winners in such a way that the model of competing yachts must be of a type useless for any purpose other than racing, and that, too, in a restricted area, where no fair test of seamanship and seamanship can be made.

American sailors in New York bay have an advantage over competitors less familiar with those waters. Such advantage is not wholly legitimate. The true spirit of sportsmen should tempt yachtsmen to race on the high seas—between New York and Norfolk, for instance—where each side will have an equal show, and where the petty gain of getting across the line for a thirty mile run would be of no importance. It is to be feared that the rules of the New York Yacht Club are conceived in a too narrow spirit, with a view of keeping the cup at all hazards and without regard for the liberal conditions under

which it was won.

What Sir Thomas Lipton should do, The Sun suggests, is to challenge the New York Club to a race on the other side under conditions that will be so undeniably fair that the New Yorkers cannot refuse to compete. The prize of victory need not be the America's cup, but a cup provided by the club or clubs abroad of which Sir Thomas is a member. He has repeatedly competed under the conditions prescribed by the New Yorkers—in a restricted area subject to calms, at an unfavorable time of the year, on a ridiculously short course, and with sailors especially familiar with local weather. He may now fairly ask them to conform to his conditions, especially if he prescribes fair conditions that will tend to improve the practical serviceableness of yachts for the purposes for which individual owners use yachts. For years and years the races near New York have been drifting matches. There has seldom been a spanking breeze, yet wind enough can be had on the open sea.

Races would be more interesting, as well as more profitable to ship designers, if yacht club rules conformed more nearly to natural conditions. Sir Thomas some time ago announced that if he won the America's cup he would require the New Yorkers to come over to regain it with "an honest boat, a healthy boat, a real boat." He would put an end to the era of toy yachts, built for racing and nothing else. This is a liberal and sportsmanlike aspiration. It looks to improvement in naval architecture—the only national object that yacht racing can have. Americans will always like to see their own boat win, but if Sir Thomas' success is the only condition on which racing sport can be made really serviceable to mankind, the New York Yacht Club will not always continue to be the best wishes of the impartial public.

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