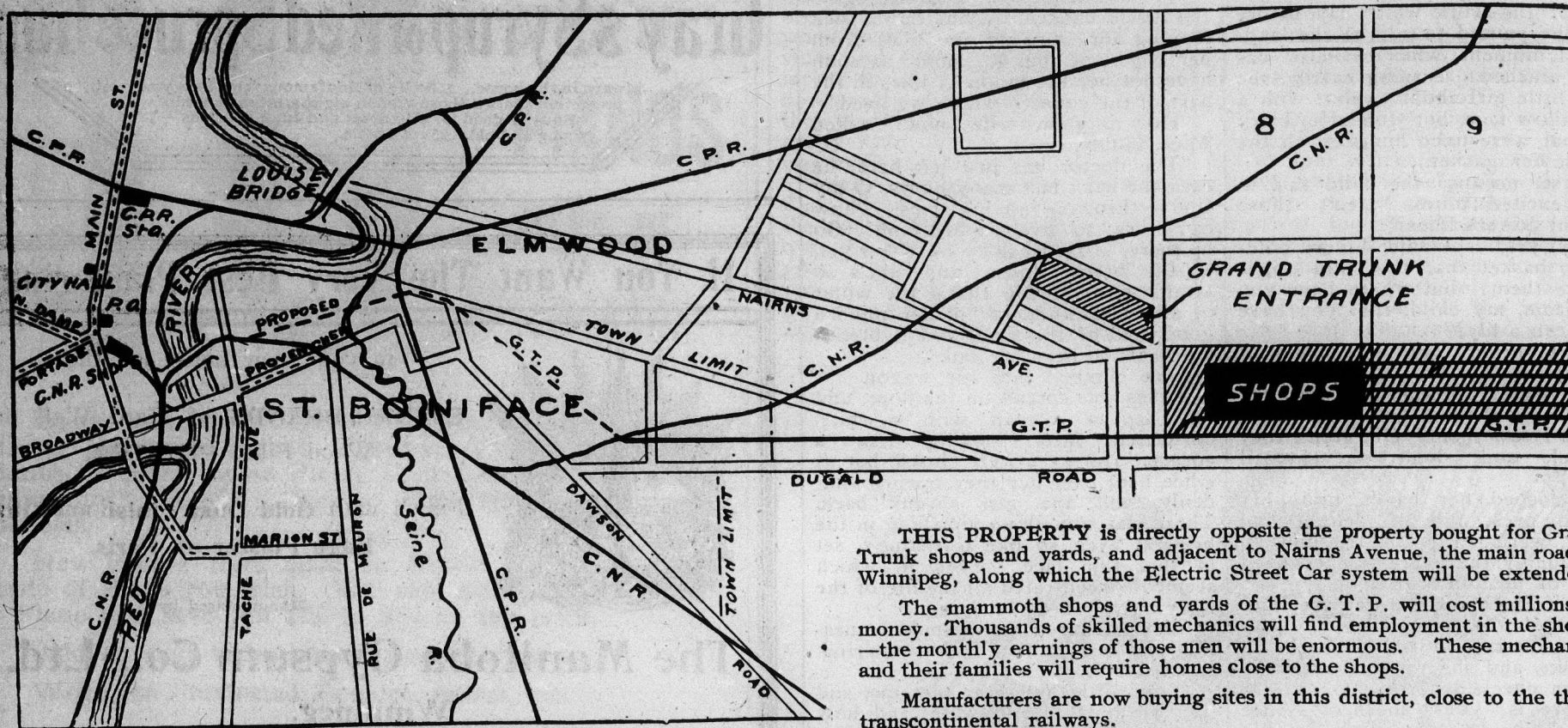


The Key to the Situation in Grand Trunk Pacific Town.

GRAND TRUNK ENTRANCE

LOTS \$125 EACH
EASY TERMS



Real Estate is active in this locality—NOW IS YOUR TIME TO BUY. Three years ago we offered and sold a block of property close to the new C. P. R. shops—this property has quadrupled in value since then. G. T. Entrance is better property.

MAIL THIS TO-DAY

Mail me maps, folders and full information of your G. T. Entrance.

NAME

P. O. ADDRESS..... PROVINCE.....

Standbrige McKim & Company
433 Main Street, Winnipeg.

WRITE TO-DAY

font, brown, bare and undecorated, a mar to the bright adornments around, and glancing at Clara's face, she saw such indignant surprise that she almost quailed before the impending storm.

"I must say your conduct is disgraceful, unpardonable!" Clara cried, when church was over. "Just look at that," pointing to the font, with tears of vexation in her eyes. "All our pains and work yesterday thrown away, and people laughing at us. Where have you been, what were you doing, and where are the lilies your mother said you started from home with?"

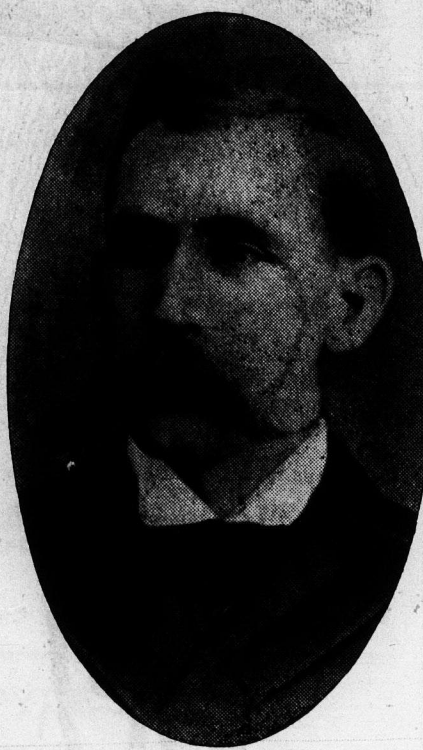
"Come with me, Clara," Alice said, "and you will see." As they walked towards the emigrant's wagon she told her friend the outlines of the sad tale.

She was touched to the heart, and the sight of the emaciated body, laid out decently, and covered with lilies from head to foot, almost overcame her.

"I put them all about her," the man said to Alice. "She was the best woman in the world, and pious, too. But she was awfully afraid to die, and no one dared tell her how near the end was. Somehow, those flowers seemed to bring her a message from the other world. I don't understand it, Miss, and I suppose you don't; but when you brought those flowers, you did the kindest act one human being could do to another. God forever bless you. You came like the Easter angel we read about to me and mine."

"It was better than decorating the font," Clara said, as the two girls returned from the funeral that evening. "Ah me! and I was so furious with you for neglecting what I thought your duty, and I have learned a lesson."

Moistened soap, rubbed over the edges of obstinate bureau drawers, will work wonders.



HON. J. H. HOWDEN,
The New Minister.

James H. Howden, M.P.P. for Beautiful Plains, Manitoba, was sworn in as Minister of Railways, Telephones and Telegraphs in the Roblin Government. The Hon. R. P. Roblin resigned the Portfolio as Minister of Railways so as to allow Mr. Howden to be sworn in.

The nomination in Beautiful Plains as the result of J. H. Howden entering the Roblin Cabinet, will occur March 26th. The election, if any, will take place later.

The Unconscious Humor of Newspapers.

By W. S. HAMILTON.

Newspaper reporters have frequently a very ambiguous way of expressing themselves, and, as a result, their statements provide very humorous reading.

A few days prior to the decease of the late Duke of Cambridge, a leading London paper stated: "Yesterday the Duke held a shooting party, all his retainers shot but owing to a slight indisposition the Duke was unable to shoot himself." The writer of another paragraph was certainly lacking in gallantry, no matter how clever he may have been from a journalistic point of view. The item ran as follows: "Yesterday the new battleship 'Terrible' was christened by the Countess of ——. Her dimensions were 720 feet long and 350 feet broad." Surely an exaggeration!

Occasionally it is the printer's devil who is the cause of the mischief by inadvertently substituting one letter for another. A couple of good instances of this are shown in the report of a charity entertainment, which appeared recently in a local paper. It appears that a lady gymnast had been engaged to perform on the trapeze, and referring to that the report said, "owing to Miss Jones great feet, the performance was held in the larger Hall," while towards the end of the report it stated that "Mrs. Robinson was unavoidably prevented from being present owing to a bad child."

Even an editor is not infallible, and surely he could have expressed himself a little better in the following instance: "In our issue of yesterday," he explained, "we erroneously stated Mr. Brown to be dead. We much regret that this statement is untrue."

But perhaps the most ambiguous items in newspapers come from the

pens of advertisers. Who has not seen in big type such ads. as

BLACK'S MUSTARD.
NONE LIKE IT.

or again:—

BLOBB'S FIRST BLEND WHISKY
NO MUSTY FLAVOR
AS SUPPLIED TO HIS MAJESTY
THE KING.

Yet if we ponder over such as these, we cannot help wondering whether the words are to be taken literally. Even funnier still are the wording of the "want" column. "Two sisters want washing" is a very favorite type of advertisement, and the writer remembers having seen in a weekly not long ago "Piano required by a clergyman with carved legs." In the bargain column we find "DOG for sale, very affectionate, will eat anything, especially fond of children"; and in the "female help" we read "Nurse wanted for baby not under 35 years of age." It was probably an animal trainer who inserted "Wanted, a gent's or lady's free-wheel bicycle for a pure bred collie"; but the acme of candor was achieved by the tailor who advertised:—

TRY OUR SPECIAL TWEEDS
NOW SELLING
AT 25c. A YARD.
WILL ONLY LAST A WEEK.

In conclusion we would like to know whether the journalist who recently penned the following passage in a prominent periodical, was a staunch teetotaler. He remarks: "The trees are now coming forth in their spring foliage and some beautiful tints of green may be observed walking up the avenue."

Brad

I.
There was vituperation deep on Turkey Creek, of the ranch, himself brought low by a refractor was expecting a visitor East—his niece—and Brad had been told off to act if not philosopher and

Brad was the steadiest ranch. This fact was employer. He was also woman-hater. This fact much for Brad.

"Why couldn't it hev Collar Joe?" he demanded and fiercely of the loitered outside the "He'd hev been like a with a new harness on. talk soft to a woman t liveliest steer that e But me! I won't hev with her. I'll take my mornin'. I'll light ou I'll burn down the who

"Now, Brad," wh Mason, affection ly k Soft Soap, by reason making proclivities— jest stop an' think. Y nice little place up on where ye kin look after all plans made fer the s would ye do with the season of ye take yer ti place is rented, it's to taken on anywhere else, lope around an' spend y tenderfoot gal 'll only weeks, an' it'll be a re "Rest!" bellowed E

It'll wreck every nerve She'll be one of two either squeal every tim lizard, an' be afraid shadow, or she'll carry box fer bugs an' things gush around about me turesque, or she'll be s language an' my pipe reform me. Rest! A a man rest only wh buried an' has a gran over her!"

Old Soft Soap prev in the end. Next started for the railroa begins its journey to yet with a most un- and accountment for and dirk, his leathern rakish sombrero, proc "bad man," indeed. The Overland Limi and the engine seeme whistle its disgust at at the little station th above the surrounding With much complainin it halted for a momen rattling links climbed rise

Brad looked for a lows and a Saratoga platform was vacant ample female, stand bulging carpet-bag, a and bundles, and a cage.

"She ain't come," his skies brightening.

The ample figure b him like a ship unde surmounted by a pl florid complexion, be hat and a veil of gra

"Can you tell me i Ranch is anywhere n asked.

"Yes, ma'am," a awkwardly pulling at "it's only about tw over east. Was ye there?"

"That's what I car plied promptly.

Gordon, an' I've co uncle, John Taylor."

"Ye're Orph—Miss claimed Brad. "W

"— he checked hin

"Yes, I s'pose you a young girl," she

harm done. I was ain't so good-looking I know a heap mo