

Two Points Of View

By GRANT OWEN

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He was big, broad shouldered and good to look upon. His clothes were clean and his shoes were always immaculately correct. He seemed broad, genial, prosperous, and content. The smile on his large, rather homely features was particularly winning. He was always smiling. He smiled now as he walked before the girl, even though he was vaguely aware of some impending calamity.

"How could you?" Miss Train was saying in injured protest. "Oh, how could you?"

"How could I what, Amy?" Jarvis asked.

"How could you sleep as you did last evening when I was trembling—trembling under the spell of that voice?"

"Did I?" he said doubtfully. "Oh, come now, Amy, that was impossible." "Nevertheless you did," she answered. "It was sacrilege."

"Look here," he said, "I'm sure you must be mistaken. I'll admit I might have been attracted by the 'Aida' or 'Tannhauser' or 'Faust,' but at 'Tannhauser' never. I'm wide awake when Wagner is on the boards."

She glanced up hopefully. Had he really some canon of art, after all? There was undoubtedly sincerity in his tones. Perhaps this harsh judgment of him which she was aware had been formulated itself in her mind the past year was unjust to him. Perhaps, hidden behind that noncommittal smile, was a reverence for things artistic which his outward appearance successfully masked. But these thoughts were rudely quashed by his next remark.

"Sleep during 'Tannhauser'?" he laughed. "Absurd, Amy! Who on earth could sleep in such a tin shop racket as that?"

The girl winced. "Arthur!" she said in shocked remonstrance. "He moved in his chair uneasily."

"There I go again!" he said. "Forgive me. Really, I didn't mean to shock you, but I'm so brutally practical, you know."

"That's just it," said the girl, "so brutally practical. I wanted to see you



"YOU DIDN'T YOU SAIL TODAY?" "This afternoon to talk about that very thing. I—I don't know just how to make you understand it, but I'm afraid we won't be at all happy together. We're so very different—so very far apart."

The smile left his face momentarily. "You don't mean?" he began.

"Yes," she said very low. "I don't think we are suited to each other, Arthur."

It took him some time to grasp the full import of her words. Then the smile came back, but it was a very artificial smile.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, with a business in his big voice. "Perhaps you wouldn't be happy with a commonplace sort of chap like me. And your happiness, Amy, is the first and only thing that is worthy of my thoughts. You might see how a month without me might work anyway. And if it isn't all you expect, why, call me back, dear. I shall always be ready to come."

She watched him down the street until he turned a corner. But before that corner was reached she had already felt a queer tightening at her throat, and the houses across the street were blurred to her vision.

Three weeks passed, and she looked at the matter much more calmly. It was best thus. She had been quite right in her judgment, she decided. Then came the disturbing note from him:

My Dear Amy—I have decided to take a little run abroad. Any communication addressed care of the Colonial Club, London, will reach me. I sail Thursday morning at 10. As ever, yours,

ARTHUR H. JARVIS.

She was angry with herself for feeling disturbed at the contents of the note. She tried to believe a tear that glistened on the paper did not alter her attitude toward Jarvis, but she was distinctly dismal all the afternoon.

That evening she went to the opera with young Carlton Morley, who appreciated things artistic and was an enthusiast in Wagnerian scores. Morley was particularly brilliant that evening, but Amy Train, beside him, was thinking how insignificant and conceited he was. She was unutterably bored by his witty criticism of the box holders, and his enthusiasm over the tenor's work seemed almost effeminate in its effusion.

On the way home in the carriage Morley talked incessantly of orchestration and harmony, but his monologue fell on unheeding ears. Amy was looking pensively through the carriage window.

She was thinking that Jarvis sailed tomorrow at 10 and that even if she called him it would be over a week after his receipt of it before she would see him. She devoutly wished Morley at the ends of the earth. She wanted to put her head down on the cushion and cry.

Thursday afternoon at 3 she sat in the library vainly trying to interest herself in the pages of a current magazine. The doorbell rang, and she heard a well known step across the hall. She sprang up as Jarvis entered.

With an effort she refrained from rushing to him. She leaned against a chair and said weakly:

"You? Didn't you sail today?" "Of all the idiots," he announced, "I'm chief and foremost. Just before we sailed I realized it all—that instead of relieving my loneliness those 3,000 miles of sea would intensify it. I fled down the gangplank like a man possessed just as they were hauling it up. I simply had to see you again."

"I've been horribly lonely," she confessed, "but I didn't realize it all until last night. I went to the opera, and I wanted you with me even there."

He smiled happily.

"It wasn't the same without you," she said.

He had taken her in his arms. Now he was looking down at her and laughing softly.

"Perhaps you missed my accompanying snore," he chuckled.

"I did—oh, I did," she said, pressing one of his big hands to her hot cheek.

The Sign of the Patch.

Mrs. Murray had advertised for a skilled gardener to work by the day in her yard, and somewhat to her embarrassment she was obliged to choose between two applicants who appeared at the same moment. As she stood on her doorstep, questioning first one and then the other, she became aware that her mother-in-law, seated on the porch a short distance from the men and directly behind them, was frantically gesticulating.

The old lady, satisfied at last that she had attracted her daughter-in-law's attention, pointed unmistakably toward the less prepossessing of the two men, and the younger woman, supposing that her relative had some personal knowledge of the applicant, promptly engaged him.

"Has a man ever worked for you, mother?" asked Mrs. Murray when the two women were alone.

"No," replied the old lady. "I never saw or heard of either of 'em undil now."

"Then why in the world did you choose the shorter man?" The other had a much better face."

"Face?" returned the old lady briskly. "When you pick out a man to work in the garden you want to go by his overalls. If they're patched on the knees, you want him. If the patch is on the seat, you don't."—Youth's Companion.

Heard a Great Deal.

He—Well, did you enjoy the evening?

She—Indeed I did. We went to the opera.

He—Of course you enjoyed it?

She—Immensely.

He—What did you hear?

She—What did I hear? Well, what didn't I hear? I heard that Nell Vandervike is engaged to Tom Browning and that Jack Bensonslow and Edith Singleton have quarreled and are not going to be married after all. Then I heard that Mrs. Tenbroek is going to get a divorce from her husband. Mrs. Thorndyke has been sued by her dressmaker. The Livingstons have a baby. Count Cantukout is not a count at all. The Thompson boys—

He—But—

She—Well, don't interrupt me. I thought you wanted to know what I heard?

He—So I did, but—

She—Well, keep still, then. I—

He—What I meant was what opera did you hear?

She—Oh, well, I'm sure I can't remember, but I saw the name on the programme.

What a First Class Fare Means.

There are some people who imagine that wealth entitles them to privileges not accorded to the general public and exempts them from obligations and rules that others are disposed to obey. An incident which occurred on one of our ocean steamers conveys a whole lesson to the purse proud consumers of the rights of the majority. A family of unlimited wealth had secured the best accommodation the steamer afforded.

The gentleman and his wife kept themselves secluded most of the time, but the children were allowed to run wild over the steamer until they became such intolerable nuisances that the captain was spoken to, and he gave the youngsters a severe reprimand. This roused the indignation of the mother, who remarked to the captain that as she paid first class fare she thought she was entitled to first class privileges.

"Madam," said the captain, "first class fare means first class conduct." There was no further protest.—London Tit-Bits.

ONE BOX OF DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED DROPSY.

Dropsy is not a disease in itself, as many people believe, but is an evidence of very severe kidney trouble. Dropsy is caused by watery particles oozing through the walls of the arteries when they are distended by unusual pressure, which can only be caused by obstructions in the kidneys. The symptoms of Dropsy are puffiness under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, urine changing in character and appearance, smothering feeling from exertion or excitement. The only rational method of treating this disease is to reach the kidneys and restore them to a healthy condition.

The most successful remedy for this purpose is Doan's Kidney Pills. Read what Miss Agnes Creelman, Upper Smithville, N.S., says of them:—"I caught a cold, which settled in my kidneys, and turned to dropsy. My face, limbs, and feet became bloated, and if I pressed my finger on them it would make a white impression that would last fully a minute before the flesh regained its natural color. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and found by their use that I was cured in a very short time. I have never had any trouble with it since."

Price 50 cents, per box, or 3 for \$1.25. THE DOAN KIDNEY PILLS CO., TORONTO, ONT.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

How It Was Supposed to Originate and Its Various Names.

Formerly the smokers and the somewhat greater degree of warmth and other characteristics of "Indian summer" were thought to be caused by mountain fires or the burning of fallen leaves. Scientists have now proved, however, that the heat and increased warmth are due to the annual formation of what has been called the "aerial gas stream," and found by their use that I was cured in a very short time. I have never had any trouble with it since."

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THRESHING IN THE WEST

BORN OF THE SOCIAL FEATURES OF THE OPERATION IN ONTARIO.

A Wholly Serious Business—Work Done on a Mammoth Scale—Stacking a Pretty Sight and the Operation Improves the Quality of the Grain as Well—Machine Cuts Its Own Straws and Has An Automatic Bunching Conveying Dial.

J. F. McConnell, writing from Moosomin, N.W.T., on Nov. 1, to The Toronto Star, says: For six weeks the threshing men have been in Manitoba and the Territories, but his reign is on the wane. In another week or ten days the places which knew his noisy rattle and dust will know him no more, till next fall.

Like everything else agricultural, threshing is done on a big scale in the West. The engines are monsters, and the separators are giants compared with those of the writer's Eastern boyhood days, when it was a privilege to be given a rake under the straw carriers where the chaff dropped.

Your up-to-date thrasher, of course, uses nothing but traction engines, and the celebrity with which one will make a wagon load of straw bring the price of a big separator, over a prairie field, is a marvel to gaze upon.

Technically, threshing is divided into two classes, "stock" and "stack." In the "stock" the grain is hauled from the "stacks" or "shocks" as we call them in the bright East, direct to the machine. This sort of threshing is in vogue mostly at the beginning of the season, especially if the weather be fine. If the machine cannot be obtained till later in the season, the grain is stacked. Stacking has a decidedly beneficial effect upon wheat, as it improves the color, and is also a first-rate precaution against damage by post-cutting rains and snows.

A Pretty Sight.

It is a pretty sight to drive over the prairie after an active stacking campaign has been in progress. For miles as far as the eye can see will be pairs of round, conical stacks, hundreds of them. Stacked in this manner the grain will improve till snow flies. The difference between the cost of stock and stack threshing, added to the improvement in the grain effected by stacking, is more than sufficient to pay for the cost of stacking.

It is the machine the farmer gets definite and absolute knowledge of his yield. An hour's run will demonstrate the yield per acre. And that reminds me that later estimates now place the yield of Manitoba and the Territories at 65,000,000 bushels, instead of that figure for Manitoba alone. Making allowance for the inevitable exaggeration, this will bring the Manitoba yield close to the figure of 35,000,000 bushels, viz.: 35,000,000 bushels.

Cuts Its Own Straws.

A threshing scene is intensely interesting. For stack threshing the machine is placed between the two stacks. Two men on each stack do the feeding, one to fork and the other to push. Feeding these huge machines differs widely from that in vogue in most Ontario barns. The feeder is supplied with a carrier, upon which the sheaves are forked from the stacks and then conveyed to the cylinder. A dividing board runs down the centre, so that feeding is done from both sides simultaneously, without tangling the grain. In the old days a man stood before the cylinder and cut the sheaves by hand the sheaves thrown down upon the table by the forkers. The modern machine cuts its own straws.

Midway of the separator is a pipe contrivance, up which the grain is conveyed to a hopper. Every twelve seconds the hopper automatically dumps half a bushel of grain, which falls into a small box, and the pipe into the waiting wagon box, which carries about 100 bushels. Usually the grain is hauled direct to the elevator, but if the distance be great it may be deposited in the granary on the farm.

How different from the old method of carrying away by main strength the bushel boxes of grain slowly filled by the separators of the old days. It is used to a man to do that alone. And, you old-time threshers, do you remember the old tally board, with the holes and wooden pegs? These modern machines have no metering dial for counting the bushels.

A Mean Job Avoided.

But the meanest, dirtiest job of the whole dusty business of threshing in the old days was the chaff carriers. How many square yards of "black-strap" was consumed in those times in a vain effort to moisten the mouth and throat. Then there were, and are yet, the forkers at the straw carriers and the stackers. Many a brave effort was put into the building of the straw stacks back in the late seventies and early eighties, when as a lad I tried to play the man in the busy, dusty, roaring business of "thrashing."

There are no stackers or forkers at the straw carriers in these modern Western days. These mogul machines do their own stacking. Out of an iron throat is vomited the straw and chaff, driven by huge air fans, resounding at the rate of 1,700 revolutions a minute from the iron straws, each of the roaring, clattering monster. At the mouth of the iron pipe is a hood which is cunningly regulated to send the straw in a horizontal line twenty thirty feet ahead, and in a circling radius to each side. Over and under the engine tender backs under the "wind stacker," and its iron hood will be bent down to throw an avalanche of straw into the big square rack.

Straw the Fuel.

The engines are all fed with straw, the driver using an iron-handled fork which he wields incessantly. The roar of the furnace as it gobbles up

the forkfuls of straw is a sound to remember.

As I stood and watched a threshing outfit on a recent evening my memory wandered back to the "thrashing" of my native country. Under the orchard trees, in the golden August sunlight, I saw the flash of white aprons, and the busy coming and going of the women loading the tables with every known rustic indigestible. And I heard the rough jokes of the neighbor lads, grinning with dust and sweat. Then down the orchard path came a couple of lock-arm, giggling girls, and the understanding supper signal was passed, followed immediately by a shout from husky lumps that brings sweating horses on the old horsepower to a stand. Then a rush for the pump, and another to the tables. More jokes, more sly pinches, winks, and broad allusions to Jim's preference for Jinney, or Mary Ann's extra spoonful of sugar in Tom's tea. After a meal such as only a thrasher knows how to put away, more "thrilling" talk. After that, the neighbor boys shyly see their "girls" home.

No Social Features Now.

"Thrashing" at home was a social event. Threshing out here to-day is a serious business. There is much of it to do. It must be done quickly, because late September and October weather is uncertain. The thrasher boys are paid mercenaries at two dollars a day or more, and found. They sleep in a car that travels with the machine. Sometimes they have their own cook and eat at the machine. There is no romance, no orchard-set tables, no sparkling or skylarking about Western thrashing. It's a case of no many bushels per day. It's hard labor, and no shenanigan while you work.

And, while I ruminated and compared the sun's level setting rays lit up the busy, dusty scene in as rich a color scheme as ever artist could desire. The engine belched tiny shooting sparks through smoke tinged by the red brown rays of the setting sun.

As I left the scene, I turned and saw the huge machine, the engine, the rapidly moving figures of men, the diminishing stacks, and horses silhouetted in solid purple, moving in a red purple haze, and I wondered if any of those Eastern boys cared or sighed for the thrashing bees back on the old Ontario farms.

LEGAL MARRIAGE TANGLE.

Trouble in Quebec Province Over Licenses Issued in Ontario.

The necessity for an Imperial marriage law has been illustrated by a case brought to the attention of the Ontario Provincial Secretary's Department the other day.

A young couple procured a marriage license in Ontario. This gave them authority to contract the union to which they agreed. It also authorized any properly constituted Dominion person to celebrate it. Then they went to Montreal and had a clergyman there tie the knot.

It became necessary in a business matter to send a certificate of the marriage to England, and an attempt was made to procure the document from the Province of Quebec authorities. Those officials flatly refused to recognize the ceremony at all, declined to register it, and disputed the possibility of a marriage having occurred on the sacred soil of Lower Canada under an Ontario warrant.

The young couple heard the fact with consternation, and having stood agast, and been torn by conflicting emotions, got busy in an effort to have the ceremony put on a sound basis. They don't know whether they are married or not. They can't prove they are married. It is against common-sense and absurd to say they are not. But the province where they were married refuses to recognize the act, and the province where they were not married has no jurisdiction, and if they go to another province and get married again, they fear being arrested for bigamy or abduction or ultra vires, or sub rosa, or some other awful crime.

The only advice the Ontario officials could give them was to consult a Quebec lawyer; the remedy of a hair of the dog that bit them. Meanwhile Imperial federation seems to be not sufficiently far advanced to federate the sons and daughters of the Empire into holy matrimony. It is thought that a great many more couples may be in a similar predicament. A new issue of licenses, which are in the hands of the Government printers, have been stopped, pending some unravelment of the problem.

Distinguished Visitor.

A distinguished medical man and soldier in the person of Sir Felix Semon, London, England, Physician Extraordinary to His Majesty King Edward since 1901, was a guest in Toronto the other day. Later he left for Guelph with his son, Mr. Yerson Semon, who will enter the Ontario Agricultural College, there to pursue the regular course. Sir Felix is a specialist in diseases of the throat, having studied at Berlin, Vienna, Paris and London. He is now a professor to the National Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis, London. He is a native of Danzig, Prussia, was a volunteer in the 2nd Uhlan, Prussian Guards, during the Franco-Prussian war, and was present at the battles of Amiens, Bapaume and St. Quentin, and at the sieges of Metz and Paris. He was awarded the Franco-Prussian war medal, and is a Knight of the Prussian Red Eagle, third-class.

Thought They Were Samples.

He was a typical backwoods farmer. I first visited to a city restaurant, however, had taken away none of the appetite he had at home, where everything was placed in large dishes, which the farmer cleaned up in turn. Setting back in his chair, he hailed the passing waiter.

"Hey, there, young man! your samples are all right. Bring on the rest of the stuff,"—Judge.

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Dr. S. GOLDBERG.

The possessor of 14 Diplomas and certificates from the various colleges and state boards of medicine and surgery, which should be sufficient guarantee as to your advantage to get my opinion of your case free of charge.

I Have 14 Diplomas and certificates from the various colleges and state boards of medicine and surgery, which should be sufficient guarantee as to your advantage to get my opinion of your case free of charge.

My acceptance of a case for treatment is on the basis of a cure, because I never accept incurable cases. I am satisfied to receive the money for the value I have given the patient, but I expect to prove my worth and show positive results before I ask for the fee. So, should I fail to cure the case, the patient loses nothing, while when I cure him I have given what is worth much more than money—I have given him his health again. I am the very first specialist in the United States who has had sufficient confidence in his ability to say to the afflicted:

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If you are in or near the city you should apply for treatment in person, but if you live too far away, write me a full and unreserved history of your case. You will receive careful, conscientious and painstaking attention as if you were in person. I am in different parts of Canada and Mexico, as well as all over the United States, in the most perfect and successful system ever devised. All physicians coming to me for consultation over obstinate cases which they are occasionally called upon to treat will receive the usual courtesy of the profession and charges prepaid.

Medicines for Canadian patients shipped from Windsor, Ont., all duty and transportation charges prepaid.

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