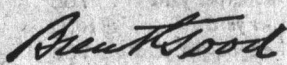


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## WHEN PEGGY TOOK THE KEY

By MARJORIE STEVENS

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Donald Murray was not thinking about the strike.

In fact, it made precious little difference to him at just this moment whether any trains ran on the D. R. and G. tracks at all. His engagement with Miriam Bentley had been suddenly derailed, and that was trouble enough for him. He had appointed himself a wrecking crew of one to act that very night at the church fair and possibly to undo the mischief wrought by too much steam in the form of hasty words. And then had come the orders from headquarters to stand by his instrument until relieved.

Brownville was an unimportant station in the center of a thriving farming section. Its stockyards and grain elevator dwarfed the passenger station, and there wasn't enough business in the whole town to support a night telegraph station. In fact, Donald, with his lusty helper and messenger boy, Andy Johnson, constituted the entire D. R. and G. force.

Young Murray was not afraid of work, and at any other time the order to remain at his post for twenty-four hours would have affected him not at all. But tonight he thought of Wilson, Graham, Donaldson and the rest all clustered about the table where Miriam was selling fudge and other homemade sweetmeats, and his hands were plunged into his pockets, even as his soul was plunged deeper in gloom.

The idea of disobeying orders, however, never entered his head, though he did not fully realize the danger which beset the road. This strike through the great wild west was not the ordinary seething turmoil of sudden dissatisfaction which yields quickly to pacific treatment. It had been a prolonged, quiet struggle between capital and labor, with no apparent gain on either side, but an attempt to install a yard force of "scabs" at Midford Junction had precipitated active demonstrations. Seeds of trouble had been sown with reckless hands in the shops, and yards, where the stolid Swedes, seeing their jobs and comfortable home lives threatened, had set their teeth hard. And when a Swede says nothing, but draws his eyelids down to a narrow slit, railroad authorities know that trouble is brewing in the brain behind that stolid face.

Andy Johnson stuck his head into the door. Murray caught sight of a vivid red necktie and knew what was coming.

"You won't need me, will you? I want to take in the fair again."

Andy's long, lank body, clad in a wonderful store suit of gray, green and brown checks, followed his good natured face. He closed the door, and his voice took on a wheedling tone.

"There's going to be such doin's, honest there is, Mr. Murray! That there dish pond just takes my eye, and you get the funniest things what you ain't expectin' to get. Then there's goin' to be a votin' contest tonight. That silver toilet set cost so much no one won't buy it, so they're goin' to vote it off to the most popular lady present."

Murray's face was suddenly illumined.

"Of course you can go, Andy. There won't be much doing here tonight. Besides, I want you to do some voting for me." He laid a five dollar bill on the table. "Miss Bentley must have that prize."

"Of course she will. Everybody likes Miss Miriam," assented Andy, with eyes fairly devouring the bank note.

"But we want her to be so far ahead of the other girls that they won't be in the running. See? Now, you vote that money slow. Have it changed and vote it a quarter at a time."

Andy nodded and then, filled with importance, turned to go.

"Wait a minute."

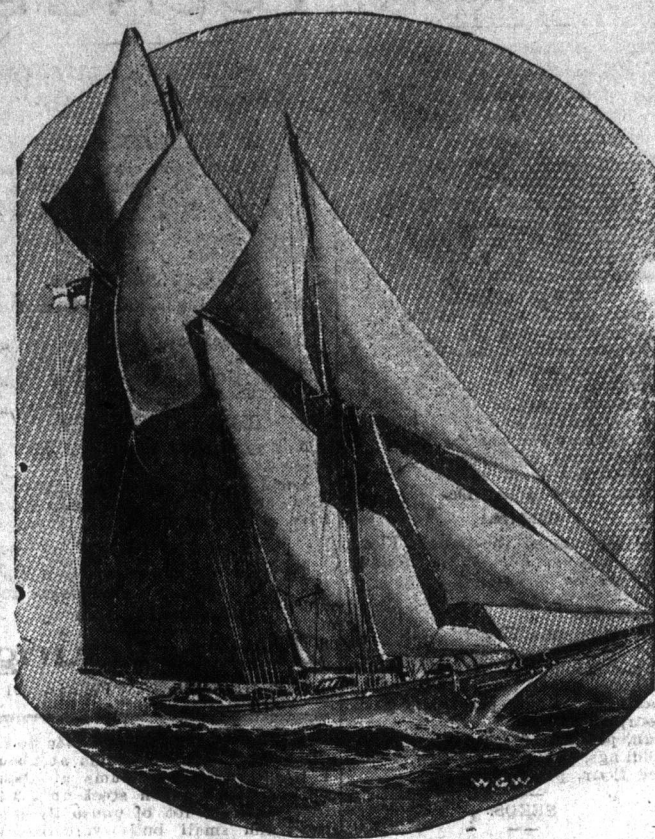
Murray drew a pad toward him and bit his pencil nervously. But at last the note was finished and carried away by the elated Andy. It read:

"My Dear Miriam—I am sorry that I cannot be with you tonight when you win the prize, for of course you will win it. Andy will vote for me, and when it is over won't you send me word how many votes you received? I ask very little, and it is so lonely down here. I must stay because there is trouble of some sort up the line. I know it can't be as bad as the trouble that has been in my heart since we quarreled. Yours, DONALD."

Murray went out into the passenger room and stared up the street where the lights from the town hall shone gayly. Then, with a sigh, he returned to his little office, locked the door and threw himself on the carpet covered sofa for a nap. He was roused by a sharp call at his keyboard.

"Trouble brewing along the line," sang the little ticker. "At Reeves, with a gang of Swedes, has slipped out of town. Keep sharp lookout for No. 3." No. 3 was the D. R. and G.'s crack train. It carried the mail and the bulk of the cross continent passengers.

Murray was wide awake now. He went the rounds of his little station, making sure that all was secure. Then he examined his revolver and laid it within easy reach on the table and sat staring at the instrument while he reviewed the dangerous points between Brownville and the stations east and west. There was the cut seventeen miles east. It had once been a favorite spot with train robbers, but little harm could come there from a derailment. The one dangerous spot was the Jamison arroyo, below the town by three miles at least. If No. 3 was



Emperor William will sail a new yacht in American waters the coming spring. It is called the Meteor, will be handled by an all-German crew, and will sail in a trans-Atlantic race in June.

stalled there and the fast freight happened to whirl after it round the curve, as it usually did now that the time card was demoralized by weak service, there might—

Murray closed a nervous hand over his revolver. Nothing must happen. He sat thus with straining ears for half an hour. To him it seemed as if hours had passed when suddenly he heard a faint tap at the outside door. Very cautiously and with revolver in hand he stepped to the door and asked in a firm, clear voice, "Who's there?"

"It's me—Miriam."

Almost dropping his revolver, Murray threw open the door and drew the girl inside.

"Miriam!" he gasped and led her into his little den.

"Yes," she replied, with the calmness of the feminine mind which can ignore past grievances when it chooses to rise above them. "I wanted to thank you for helping me to win that lovely prize, and I—well—I didn't think Andy—could thank you quite as well as I could."

It was full ten minutes before Donald Murray came back to earth and the realization that No. 3 was four minutes overdue. Just as he reached his hand toward the instrument to communicate with the junction the door of the outside room creaked, and a bulky form, followed by another and another, pressed into the waiting room and jerked down the small gate leading into the agent's room. Murray did not wait for a second glance at the intruders. One hand stretched toward the receiver, the other toward the revolver.

"No messages goes out of this office tonight, young fellow."

For answer Murray's finger sent the first word over the wire. With an oath the leader sprang forward, and something cracked with a sickening sound in Murray's right arm. He turned white, and the left hand loosened its grip on the revolver. A bulky shot forth, but a small, white one closed over the weapon first. Miriam stood beside Murray, the revolver leveled at the group of men.

"Send it, Donald. I'll shoot the first man that moves!"

Her voice trembled, but not with fear. Murray felt his brain reeling.

"I don't know what happened," he murmured thickly.

The men were edging away.

"Tell him," cried Miriam. "What have you done to that trait?"

Down at the junction they caught the words and wondered why Murray had such a jerky, uncertain touch.

"No. 3 derailed Jamison arroyo. Hold No. 9 and send help."

## WHAT HAPPENS AFTER FIVE HOURS.

Dr. Bonchard, the eminent French physician, has furnished facts which show that if food is retained in the stomach more than five hours it becomes fermentative and putrefactive, not digestive, and that this is the starting-point of disease.



Eating too much starchy foods

This food mass becomes putrid. Generates gas. The stomach dilates. There is a feeling of lump-weight, burning or belching. Blood, fibre, tissue, and cells begin to absorb poison from the stomach and alimentary canal instead of nutrient, and right here is the producing cause of Constipation, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Uterine and Ovarian troubles, Rheumatism, Gout, Nervous and Mental Distress, Bronchitis, Heart Affection, Pulmonary Consumption, Jaundice, Liver and Skin Diseases.

Inability of the stomach to properly handle food is mainly caused by overeating, drinking too much liquid, gases generated from slow digestion, preventing the mixing of food with gastric juices, and improperly preparing it for use in the body. Dr. J. S. Leonard worked for years in perfecting Anti-Pill, so that it would guarantee regular stomach action, and its astonishing cures are proof of its mission being fulfilled; of its being the greatest System Treatment in the world. 50 cents of druggists or mailed to any address by WILSON-FYLL CO., Niagara Falls, Ont. Sample free.

## A FAMOUS HOAX.

The Trick Theodore Hook Played on a Woman is Disclosed

Theodore Hook, the wit par excellence of the early nineteenth century, is a name that still brings a kind of genial glow to the mind as at the remembrance of good and happy days. We suspect, however, that very few people to-day could give a definite account of why Theodore Hook was and what he did. An article in The Cornhill by Viscount St. Cyres sets the wit and his circle pretty clearly before the mind. This famous hoax, for example, played off on Mrs. Tottenham, an old lady of Berners street, who had offended him, may be new to many readers and is at least worth repeating: "I'll make that old woman the talk of London," he said, and accordingly wrote to every sort and kind of person—it is said 4,000 in all—asking them to call at her house in Berners street on a certain day. "The first thing witnessed," says a newspaper of the time, "was six stout men bearing an organ, surrounded by wine porters, barbers with wigs, mantua-makers with band-boxes, opticians with the various instruments of their trade. Wagons laden with coal from the Paddington wharfs, upholsterers' goods in cart loads, pianofortes, linens and jewelry of every description filled the street. Besides these, a coffin was brought to the house, made by order, agreeable to letter, five feet six by sixteen inches. There were accoucheurs, tooth drawers, miniature painters and servants of every description waiting places. Certain revelations to be made respecting a complicated system of fraud pursued at the Bank of England brought the governor of that establishment, The Lord Mayor and his chaplain were allured by an invitation to receive the death-bed confession of a peculating common council man, while the Duke of Gloucester started off with Colonel Dalton to receive a communication from a dying woman, formerly a confidential attendant on His Royal Highness' mother. His were the royal liveries conspicuous on the occasion.

There must certainly have been a great deal in those days, though the old lady of Berners street may not have enjoyed the joke as much as did Theodore Hook and the actor Lintot, who rented a chamber opposite the fated house and looked down on the wilderness of wagons and carriers that filled the ways for blocks around.

Sir Leslie Stephen on Books. "I do not fancy myself to be a good judge of the public taste. I have never clearly discovered what it is that attracts the average reader. Many popular authors would suffer considerably, and at least one obscure writer would gain, if everybody took my view of their merits. I believe not the less in the Nov. popul. Books succeed, I hold, because they ought to succeed. A critic has no business to assume that taste is bad because he does not share it. His business is to accept the fact and try to discover the qualities to which it is due. Sometimes, of course, an ephemeral success may be won by rubbish; the proacher may please his audience, as Charles II. shrewdly observed, because his nonsense suits their nonsense; but it is idle to condemn lasting popularity. It is too late to set down Shakespeare as simply barbarous; though I admit that it is tempting to try to clear away some of the stupens dots rubbish-heaps of eulogy which accumulate over the great men when admiration has become obligatory on pain of literary renunciation."

Sir Leslie Stephen, in National Review.

Old Facts About Quebec.

Mr. H. G. Plimmer quotes the remarkable case of the town of Luckay, a place with 5,000 inhabitants, 3,000 being housed in the central part, or town proper, and 1,000 in each of the two suburbs which flank it east and west. From 1876 to 1898 the deaths from cancer numbered one out of 25.30 for the entire town, one out of nine for the eastern suburb, and in the western suburb there was not a single case. The houses were similar in size and arrangements. The soil of the main town and eastern suburb was moist and lay low. That of the western suburb was, on the contrary, sandy, dry and elevated. There was a large ditch which encircled the central town and the eastern suburb, not touching the western suburb, and the cancer followed closely the course of this ditch. The cases in the main town occurred chiefly in those houses whose gardens bordered on the ditch, and in the eastern suburb all the gardens were watered from the ditch. There were 127 houses in this quarter, and fifty-six of these were cancer houses, forty-three with one case each, ten with two cases, two with three cases and one with four cases. The ditch contained stagnant water, with which the people watered and washed their vegetables, many of which were eaten raw.—London News.

Who Was Nero.

In the days when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was a leading figure in Victorian politics there sat in the Melbourne Parliament a wealthy but not well informed butcher. The Chief Secretary of the day was deprecating the attitude of the leader of the Opposition, whose conduct was, he declared, worse than Nero's.

"Who was Nero?" interjected the knight of the cleaver, with equal scorn and sincerity.

"Who was Nero?" replied the delighted Chief Secretary. "The horrible gentleman ought to know. Nero was a celebrated Roman butcher."

Dislike for Fish.

The peasants and the poor of Germany in general express a great dislike of fish. This is due to the fact that fresh fish is so expensive that only the well-to-do can afford to buy it.



Our homes are clean and bright  
Our clothes are sweet and white  
For our mothers use Sunlight Soap.

Because Sunlight Soap is a pure soap it is the only soap you should use for washing children's clothing. It makes the garments white, sweet and clean, because it is a pure soap that makes a clean foamy lather—no grease in it. The Soap that will wash without your help, if you carefully follow directions on package.

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Chatham, Ontario.

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CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

INCORPORATED A. D. 1881.

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S. F. GARDNER, Manager.

Chatham, November 30, 1903.

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A large assortment of Shaving Mugs Brushes and straps.

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