

PEOPLES' PAPER

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 2, 1913. DOMINION DAY

That yesterday was Dominion holiday to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of Confederation... The city authorities evidently read the papers. The pile of broken milk bottles on Fourteenth street has disappeared.

Capitol to present the merits of cause that interest them unselfishly. To the charge that there is pressure upon the members by the professional promoters of legislation there comes the rejoinder that men in high official position and private citizens are equally active in the personal appeal. If there is a possibility that the public fails to realize that the approach to the lawmaker is in the one case to secure his aid for a special interest and in the other an effort to enlist him on the grounds of duty, then there is need of the distinction being made as clear as it is actual.

An extreme ideal would throw around the legislature the protection that surrounds courts and juries. It would limit the information and the counsel that comes to them to the channels of public hearing and the reports of committees. It would even shelter them from the newspaper discussion of pending matters. The extreme need no more to be stated that it is seen to be impracticable and undesirable. Legislation is not, as is the case in a court, a matter between the state and the individual citizen, but a matter of public benefit.

NOTES BY THE WAY

It was not only the street cars that were full last night. One had to go out of Brandon yesterday to realize that it was Dominion Day. The city authorities evidently read the papers. The pile of broken milk bottles on Fourteenth street has disappeared.

"THIS DATE IN HISTORY"

- July 2
1775—Washington arrived at Cambridge to take command of the continental army.
1778—Seventh Continental Congress met in Philadelphia.
1800—British parliament passed the act for the union of Great Britain and Ireland.
1850—Sir Robert Peel, British statesman, died. Born February 5, 1788.
1863—Second day of the battle of Gettysburg, resulting in a partial victory for the Federals under General Meade.
1870—Illinois adopted a new constitution.
1878—Daniel Sturgeon, U.S. senator from Pennsylvania, 1839-51, died in Uniontown, Pa. Born October 27, 1789.
1881—President Garfield fatally shot by Charles Guiteau.
1893—Dedication of the New York State Monument at Gettysburg.

"THIS IS MY 10TH BIRTHDAY"

Crown Prince of Norway
Crown Prince Olav, heir apparent to the Norwegian throne, was born July 2, 1903. Though he will some day be king of Norway, the little prince is a Norwegian by adoption only. Nor are either of his parents of Norwegian birth, for his father, King Haakon VII., was a Danish Prince, while his mother, Queen Maud, is an English Princess. In 1905, it will be remembered, Norway declared its independence of Sweden and elected Prince Charles of Denmark king. Upon ascending the throne he took the name of Haakon VII. He is the second son of the late King Frederick of Denmark, was born in 1872, and in 1896 married Princess Maud, daughter of King Edward of England. Prince Olav is the only child of the royal couple.

Congratulations to: Sir Charles Tupper, former premier of Canada, 92 years old today. William Le Queux, noted English novelist, 49 years old today. Col. Charles Chaille-Long, soldier, diplomat and explorer, 71 years old today. Charles G. Edwards, representative in Congress of the First district of Georgia, 35 years old today. Hubert D. Stephens, representative in Congress of the Second district of Mississippi, 38 years old today.

MAN AND THE CASSOCK
An Enthralling Romance
By Mrs. DAVID G. RITCHIE
(CHAPTER XVII.—Cont.)

Marion was not present. The Bible and box were now unapeakingly precious to her and had no rival in her affections at any moment, for it is so much more easy to be in perfect harmony with the dead than with the living. It was not her fault that the Bible and box would gradually move towards the center of the drawer, and get tangled with hair-ribbons, handkerchiefs, untempered gloves, broken knives and pencils, pieces of slate, and dead flowers. Agnes had vague suspicions, that she never told to anybody (except as a secret to two schoolfellows), that Marion's mother and her own mother had died prematurely because they had had to mend their own clothes. Agnes had irrevocably made up her mind not to marry a clergyman unless he had come to private means.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Agnes was never allowed to go to Priory except by special invitation. She could not 'run in' and see what Sir Theodore was doing, and advise him (delicately) to do something else. So having nothing to do between tea and evening she put her hat on, and walked down the road to New House. How provoking! Her uncle was out, with Mrs. Neufmarche, of course. It was a new idea to her that so old a man could be attracted by anybody or anything. She used to think that people of that age didn't feel much, because their souls had become leathery and shrunken from the air that had once filled them out, gradually oozing away as time went on, and the cases thickening. Once when Marion had told her that 'souls' were not 'things,' she had answered, 'No, I know they aren't, of course, but they are somewhere, because even air, if it isn't somewhere, can't be anywhere,' and Marion very unkindly burst out laughing. After this Agnes had dropped the idea that there was a case or a bag to hold the air that the soul was made of, and she pictured the soul as a rounded piece of air without any walls, that at death left the body and went up somewhere and waited till the body was raised and ready to receive it again. What was Agnes to do? Everybody was at the Priory. She had seen the Tophams' carriage and the Parachutes walking to the Priory just before Marion called her in to tea. She went home and lingered in the little drive by the gate, hoping to

sense to walk to church with Mrs. Neufmarche. Perhaps he wasn't coming at all. He wasn't churchy—that was the only thing wrong with him. Agnes' faith was of the type that is better left undisturbed by the Higher Criticism. If she had been told that the apostles hadn't really worn halos, she would have considered herself justified in calling them 'rotters.' If the Bible were not miraculously inspired Agnes would have considered the whole book a 'fake.'

The organ (bought at a great price and paid for by Moutt) was uttering in a faint undertone, for the clergy and choir were already in their places. Agnes had never known before that Lady Theodora (Sir Theodore, as she supposed she ought to call him in church) had color on his cheeks, or rather on his cheek-bones. He was the celebrant, assisted by Herbert, Agnes liked Herbert. She knew that the village esteemed her father most, because his family had been in the country for generations; she knew that they looked upon Sir Theodore as a very generous and learned man, but he did not belong to 'these parts.' Colebeck being related to New House had his claims upon them, and besides this, he was admired by the village boys. Colebeck went into the Rectory one afternoon a week to look at the Guardian for five minutes, but his own weekly reading (except for devotions) did not rise higher than the Daily Mail, and generally fell below it. He much preferred 'pictures' to letterpress, and he studied all the advertisements. He had no dislike to the drunken man; he willingly sought his company, in order to argue with him; disobedient boys always attracted him. He wrestled with them much in the same way as he had met his opponents in the football field at Oxford, grasping at their sins, wrenching them from them, and hurling them out of reach. He never found these conflicts exhausting to his spirits; even a scolding woman did not ruffle his oily serenity. Unless preaching himself he never listened to a sermon. He was more interested in the objective side of life, and preferred watching with half-closed eyes the behaviour of his choir boys. Nothing ever escaped him. He knew the gossip of the country round in its first budding freshness, and this was a characteristic that recommended him to Agnes.

The service had begun. Agnes could smell the scent of the flowers from the chancel. She felt vaguely conscious of a Unity of Human feeling in the uttered worship in that little church, because there was within her a religious instinct poor enough perhaps, but distinct from all her other instincts. This instinct in the history of races has often worked against the ethical instinct; but however deeply, in the progress of Humanity, it may ally itself with ethical thought and feeling, the religious instinct will scarcely be satisfied with a public lecture as a substitute for public worship. The brilliant sunshine of that August morning fell through the stained windows, streaking the cold chancel pavement deeply with blues and reds. It fell over Moutt's robes as he stood before the altar; his dark, reverent head bowed; his face was the face of a man who already sees beyond the visible; his voice in repeating the prayers failed almost for huskiness. Once he leaned his hands upon the altar as if he were physically exhausted. Only when he came to the supreme act of worship, pronouncing in the name of the Divine Son, that in the poorest fragments of what we call the Material Universe, God is incarnate, only then his voice became a clear, sonorous whisper, penetrating to the very depth of the hushed congregation.

NORWAY TO LIMIT LICENSES

Christiania, Norway, July 2.—The protocol committee of the Storting has recommended the adoption of measures for limiting the general license for selling liquor on steamers.

AMERICAN GIRL WEDS IN BERLIN

Berlin, July 2.—The wedding of Miss Gladys Chandler Baker, of Providence, R.I., and Mr. Felix Friedheim of Berlin, took place here today. The mother of the bride, Mrs. David Sherman Baker, and a number of other relatives were present at the ceremony.

Blinding Headaches From Catarrhal Irritation Now Quickly Cured

The New Inhaler Breathing Treatment Does Away With All This Sort of Thing. "A stuffy cold in the head, or an old-fashioned attack of Catarrh are simply ancient history to me nowadays," writes S. Nathan Smith, from Cornwall, Ont. "I used to have the worst kind of blinding headaches. They were torture to me on damp days when my Catarrh was bad. I would still perhaps be suffering but for the fact that I saw a friend inhaling Catarrhonzone with apparent pleasure, and I got the dollar outfit in the Windsor Hotel Pharmacy in Montreal. I could scarcely believe the way Catarrhonzone cleared out my head. It let me breathe easier than I had breathed for five years. Catarrhonzone has cleared away every vestige of Catarrh from my system. My breath used to be rank—now it is sweet. My digestion was constantly disordered, but since the catarrh is cured I have no stomach trouble. I am perfectly well and Catarrhonzone did it all."

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see some one pass along the road in the course of time. She leaned her elbows on the gate pensively. Her patience was fully rewarded. All kinds of exciting things happened. The Tophams, Mr. and Mrs. Topham and Gwendy, passed and waved their hands, at least Gwendy did, and nodded her head several times significantly; and almost immediately afterward Mrs. Parachute, Lena, and Ursula came by, walking, and stopped for two minutes. Lena and Ursula lingering for a moment behind the others to mention it. Ursula was silent as usual, and what was unusual, she looked depressed. She had come over with her mother, urged by a strange, secret desire to see Dr. Connington. The phlegmatic nature had been stirred by the magnetism of his personality the day before. Dr. Connington had not been at the Priory and Ursula was trailing home again, for once in her life agitated by an emotion—disappointment. No sooner were they out of sight when Dr. Connington made his appearance. The afternoon was full of surprises. "Ello, 'ello, 'ello!" called out Agnes from her gate. Her pleasure was so great that she opened the gate wide enough for her to squeeze through sideways.

"Everybody has passed except you, and now you've passed," said Agnes, staring the gate to, and taking his arm. "Who do you mean by everybody?" he asked, walking up the path with her. "Why, all the animals that have been calling at the Priory," she said. "Oh, there's been a menagerie there, then," said Connington. "Why, haven't you seen them?" asked Agnes in surprise. "No; I've been away all day till now. I had to lunch at Dumburry."

"I saw you weren't in church, but then you never are! Well, Lena says she doesn't care about Mrs. Neufmarche. Mrs. Neufmarche takes no notice of anybody but men, and talked hard all the time to Uncle William and Herbert and Mr. Topham, as if there wasn't anybody else. It's just like our cat?" added Agnes, squeezing his arm. "Our Minnie won't have any female cats in the garden except herself; she won't even let them look over the wall."

(To be Continued)

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