

Two Points Of View

By GRANT OWEN

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He was big, broad shouldered and good to look upon. His clothes were smart and his shoes were always immaculately correct. He seemed broad, genial, prosperous incarnate. The smile on his large, rather homely features was particularly winning. He was always smiling. He smiled now as he stood 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."

"It was a sacrifice," he answered. "I was a sacrifice."

"Look here," he said, "I'm sure you must be mistaken. I'll admit I might have been a little bit of a '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 canons of art, after all? There was no doubt of his sincerity in his words. Perhaps this harsh judgment of him which she was aware had been formulating 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 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 don'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 businesslike 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 E. JARVIS.

She was angry with herself for feeling disturbed at the contents of the note. She tried to believe a tear that flashed on to 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 steadily 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:

"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 set 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 that 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 until 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 eyes. 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 Vandervyke is engaged to Tom Browning and that Jack Rensselaer and Edith Singleton have quarreled and are not going to be married after all. Then I heard that Mrs. Tenbrooke is going to get a divorce from her husband, Mr. Thorndyke has been sued by her dressmaker. The Livingstons have a baby. Count Cantakout 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 wholesome lesson to the purse proud commuters 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 changed 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."

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THE INDIAN SUMMER.

How It Was Supposed to Originate and Its Various Names.

Formerly the smokiness 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 alien leaves. Scientists have now proved, however, that the haze and increased warmth are due to the aerial formation of what has been called the "aerial gulf stream," or "vapor plane." This high current generated in equatorial seas by ascending masses of vapor-charged air flows northward through the upper atmosphere, oversweeps the southern and gulf states and descends toward the earth over Canada and the New England and Canada on its journey toward the Polar circle. In the afternoon and night, when the earth throws off the heat received during the day, especially in the autumn weeks when the temperature is declining and the capacity of the air to receive and hold moisture is on the decrease, the presence of this mantle arrests radiation. Covering the remaining vegetation and harvesting with a shield, it protects the grain ripening period to meet the necessities of the higher latitudes.

It has been shown that the first recorded appearance of this term "Indian summer" was in 1794. It seems to have been well known and recognized at that time. In New England it was supposed that the term came from the province of the Indians during the winter quarters in the haunts of the large game. Here it was the period of migration. The term "Indian summer" has been adopted by English speaking people throughout the world. The season is well defined in England. The old words, as well as the new it is characterized by dry fogs, a glowing sky, absence of heavy rain and mild temperature.

In England its early name was "All Hallow's summer." In Wales and Belgium it is known as "St. Michael's summer." Indian summer is especially noticeable in the far northwest of this continent. In Vancouver and the portions of British America there is a second growth of verdure lasting until after Christmas. From the northern States of the Union it extends north to the Arctic circle.

It is EASIER TO DO IT NOW

Cure Your Indigestion with Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and you will never suffer as Jackson Johnson did.

When you feel that slight discomfort after eating, that gas rising on the stomach or a little pain in the chest, did you ever stop to think that you were in the early stages of indigestion and what the consequences might be if you did not take care of your stomach?

If you didn't just listen for a moment to the story of Jackson Johnson, of Norham, Ont. It may make you think:

"I suffered from Dyspepsia for a long time and spent a large sum with doctors. Finally I was taken with Diarrhoea which became chronic and continued about nine months. I continually grew weaker, till I was confined to my bed."

"Then a person who was using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets persuaded me to try them. I began at once to improve and am now completely cured."

It is easier to cure your indigestion now than if you wait and suffer as Mr. Johnson did. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will do it.

THRESHING IN THE WEST

SHOWN 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 Bands and Has An Automatic Bushel Counting Dial.

J. F. McConnell, writing from Moosomin, N.W.T., on Nov. 1, to The Toronto Star, says: "For six weeks the threshermen have been king 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.

Very up-to-date threshers, of course, use nothing but traction engines, and the celerity with which one will make a wagon load of straw bring the tender, and 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 former the grain is hauled from the field to the separator, where we call them the "beaters." 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 on wheat, as it improves the color, and is also a first-rate precaution against damage by post-cutting rains and snow.

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 the picture of a golden sea, hundreds of them. Stacked in this manner the grain will improve till snow flies. The difference between the cost of stock and stack threshing, instead of the improvement in the grain effected by stacking, is more than sufficient to pay for the cost of stacking.

It is at the machine the farmer gets definite and absolute knowledge of his yield. As he runs 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 of wheat, and the figure for Manitoba alone. Making allowance for the inevitable exaggeration, this will bring the Manitoba yield close to that given in these letters six weeks ago, viz., 35,000,000 bushels.

Runs Its Own Bands.

A threshing scene is intensely interesting. For six weeks the threshing machine is placed between the two stacks. Two men on each stack to the feeding, one to fork and the other to pass. Feeding these huge machines is a difficult job, and the feeders in most Ontario barns, this will bring the Manitoba yield close to that given in these letters six weeks ago, viz., 35,000,000 bushels.

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. Why, it used to take a man to do that alone. And, you old-time threshermen, do you remember the old tally board, with the holes and wooden pegs? These modern machines have self-registering dials 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 forks 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 men in the busy, dusty, roaring business of "thrashing."

There are no stackers or forks 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, revolving at the rate of 1,700 revolutions a minute from the iron stomach 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 or thirty feet ahead in a circling radius to each side. Ever and anon 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 a long-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 "thrashings" 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 joke of the neighbor ladies, grimy with dust and sweat. Then down the orchard path came a couple of lock-ed-arm, giggling girls, and the understanding supper signal was passed, followed immediately by a shout from husky lungs that brings to mind the old horse-power 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 Jiminy, or Mary Ann's extra spoonful of sugar in Tom's tea. After a meal such as only a thresherman knows how to put away, more "thrashing" till dark. After that, the neighbors shy shyly see their "girls" home.

No Social Features Now.

"Thrashing" at home was a social event. Threshing out here today is a serious business. There is much to do, it must be done quickly, because late September and October weather is uncertain. The threshers are paid mercenaries at two dollars a day or more, and found. The sleep in a car that travels with the machine. The neighbors who have their own cook and eat at the machine. There is no romance, no orchard-set tables, no sparking or skylarking about Western threshing. It's a case of so many bushels per acre. It's hard labor, and no shenanigans 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 to purple 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 back or sighted for the threshing bees card 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 aspired. It also authorized them to properly constitute a 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 against, 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 licensees, 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. Person 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 Lifeguards, Prussian Guards, during the Franco-Prussian war, and was present at the battles of Anlens, 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. His first visit 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. Settling 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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