

### GAP IN ERI

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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And so it was settled, and Captain Perez harnessed Daniel and went to the station for the trunk.

That evening just before going to bed the captain stood by the door of the sleeping room watching Elsie and the lady from Nantucket as they sat beside John Baxter's bed. Mrs. Snow was knitting and Elsie was reading. Later as Captain Eri peered out of the dining room window to take a final look at the sky in order to get a line on the weather he said slowly:

"Fellers, do you know what I was thinkin' when I see them two women in there with John? I was thinkin' that it must be a mighty pleasant thing to know that if you're sick somebody like that'll take care of you."

Perez nodded. "I think so, too," he said.

But if this was meant to influence the betrothed one it didn't succeed, apparently, for all Captain Jerry said was:

"Humph! 'Twould take more than that to make me hanker after a stroke of palsy."

And with the coming of Elsie Preston and Mrs. Snow into the little house by the shore took on a decided change. The Nantucket lady, having satisfied herself that John Baxter's illness was likely to be a long one, wrote several letters to persons in her native town, which letters, although she did not say so, were supposed by the captains to deal with the care of her property while she was away. Having apparently relieved her mind by this method and evidently considering the marriage question postponed for the present, she settled down to nurse the sick man and to keep house as in her opinion a house should be kept. The captains knew nothing of her past history beyond what they had gathered from stray bits of her conversation. She evidently did not consider it necessary to tell anything further, and, on the other hand, asked no questions.

In her care of Baxter she was more like a sister than a hired nurse. No wife could have been more tender in her ministrations or more devotedly anxious for the patient's welfare.

In her care of the house she was neatness itself. She scoured and swept and washed until the rooms were literally spotless. Order was heaven's first law, in her opinion, and she expected every one else to keep up to the standard. Captain Perez and Captain Eri soon got used to the change and gloried in it, but to Captain Jerry it was not altogether welcome.

"Oh, cat's foot!" he exclaimed one day after hunting everywhere for his sunday tie and at length finding it in his bureau drawer. "I can't get used to this everlasting spruced up business. Way it used to be, this necktie was likely to be most anywhere round, and if I looked out in the kitchen or under the sofa I was just as likely to find it. But now everything's got a place and is in it."

"Well, that's the way it ought to be, ain't it?" said Eri. "Then all you've got to do is look in the place."

"Yes, and that's just it. I'm always forgettin' the place. My shoes is such a place, my handkerchiefs is such a place, my pipe is such a place, my backer is another place. When I want my pipe I go and look where my shoes is, and when I want my shoes I go and look where I found my pipe. How a fellow's got to keep run of 'em is what I can't see."

"You was the one that did most of the growlin' when things was the old way."

"Yes, but jest 'cause a man don't want to live in a pigpen it ain't no sign he wants to be put under a glass case."

Elsie's influence upon the house and its inmates had become almost as

dent his nervousness soon wore off. But it came back again when Captain Eri said:

"Oh, I say, Mr. Hazeltine, I forgot to ask you did 'Gusty come yesterday'?"

Ralph answered rather hurriedly that he did not. He endeavored to change the subject, but the captain wouldn't let him.

"Well, there," he exclaimed amazedly, "if 'Gusty ain't broke her record! Just time since Perez was took with the 'Naval Commander' disease that she ain't been on hand when the month was up to get her \$2. Got so we sort of reckoned by her like an alarm clock. Kind of thought she was sure, like death and taxes. And now she has gone back on us. Blessed if I ain't disappinted in 'Gusty'."

"Who is she?" inquired Mrs. Snow. "One of those book agent critics?"

"Well, if you called her that to her face I expect there'd be squalls, but I caltate she couldn't prove a libel in court."

"Now, it may have been Mr. Hazeltine's fancy, but he could have sworn that there was just the suspicion of a twinkle in Miss Preston's eye as she asked innocently enough:

"Is she a young lady, Captain Eri?"

"Well, she hopes she is," was the deliberate answer. "Why?"

"Does she look like me?"

"Like you? Oh, my soul and body! Wait till you see her. What made you ask that?"

"Oh, nothing. I was a little curious, that's all. Have you seen her, Mr. Hazeltine?"

Ralph stammered somewhat confusedly that he hadn't had the pleasure. The captain glanced from the electrician to Miss Preston and back again. Then he suddenly realized the situation.

"Ho, ho!" he roared, slapping his knee and rocking back and forth in his chair. "Don't for the land's sake tell you that. Elsie here, for 'Gusty Black! Don't now! Don't!"

"He asked me if I had taken many orders," remarked the young lady demurely.

When the general hilarity had abated a little Ralph patiently explained that the captain had mistaken Elsie for Miss Black, who was young and that she carried a bag.

"So I did, so I did," chuckled the captain. "I s'pose 'twas nat'ral enough, but, oh, dear, it's awful funny. Now, I don't want you to get it flattered. Wait till you see 'Gusty's hat, the one she got up to Boston."

"Am I forgiven, Miss Preston?" asked Hazeltine as he said good night.

"Well, I don't know." "I think I shall have to wait until I see 'Gusty'."

But Mr. Hazeltine apparently took his forgiveness for granted, for his calls became more and more frequent, until his dropping in after supper seemed to be a regular occurrence. Young people of the better class are scarce in Orhan during the fall and winter months, and Ralph found few congenial companions. He liked the captain and Mrs. Snow, and Elsie, but society was a relief after a day with the operators at the station. Mr. Langley was entirely absorbed in his business and spent his evenings in his room reading and smoking.

So September and October passed, and in November the winter opened in October, and the captains had another boarder, for Captain Bartlett, against his wishes, gave up his position as stage driver and was sent to school again. As the boy was no longer employed at the livery stable, Captain Perez felt the necessity of having him under his eye, and so Josiah lived at the house by the shore, a cot being set up in the parlor for his use. His coming made more work for Mrs. Snow, but that energetic lady did not seem to mind and even succeeded in getting the youngster to do a few chores about the place, an achievement that won the everlasting admiration of Captain Perez, who had no governing power whatever over the boy and condoned the most of his faults or scolded him feebly for the others.

John Baxter continued to waver between this world and the next. He had intervals of consciousness, in which he recognized the captains and Elsie, but these moments were few and far between, although he talked a little, he never mentioned recent events nor alluded to the fire.

The fire itself became an old story, and gossip took over other subjects. The "Gusty" question held a jobbers' corner because of the destruction of the saloon, but, as Web soon began to rebuild and repair, their jollification was short lived. As for Mr. Saunders, he was the same unctuous, smiling personage that he had formerly been. It was a curious fact and one that Captain Eri noted that he never ceased to inquire after John Baxter's health and seemed honestly glad to hear of the old man's improvement. He asked a good many questions about Elsie, too, but she meted out little satisfaction from the captain on this subject.

#### CHAPTER X.

CAPTAIN JERRY sat behind the woodshed in the sunshine, smoking and thinking. He had done a good deal of the first ever since he was sixteen years old. The second was in a measure a more recent acquirement. The captain had things on his mind. Then came Captain Eri, also smoking.

"Hello," said Captain Jerry. "How is it you ain't off fishin' a morning like this?"

"Somethin' else on the docket," was the answer. "How's matchmakin' these days?"

Now, this question touched vitally the subject of Captain Jerry's thoughts. From a placid, easy going retired married man recent events had transformed the captain into a plotter, a man with a "deep laid scheme," as the gentlemen of cigarette smoking villain of the melodrama used to love to call it. To tell the truth, petticoat government was wearing on him. The marriage agreement, to which his partners considered him bound, and which he saw no way to evade, hung over him always, but he had put this threat of the future from his mind so far as possible. He had not found orderly housekeeping the joy that he once thought it would be, but even while he could bear, Elsie Preston was the drop too much.

He liked Mrs. Snow, except in a marrying sense. He liked Elsie better than any young lady he had ever seen. The trouble was that between the two he

#### GREAT MEN WHO HAVE PROVED ZAM-BUK.

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Men and women great in point of knowledge, position and experience, say that Zam-Buk stands unrivaled as all other healing substances. Read the opinions of the following eminent men:

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Mr. Frank Scudamore, the famous war correspondent, who has gone through twenty-nine battles, and who spent a week in the trenches, looked so scrubby by contrast that out of mere self respect he had to follow suit. Obviously two females in the house were one too many. Something had to be done.

Ralph Hazeltine's frequent calls gave him the inspiration he was looking for. This was to bring about a marriage between Ralph and Miss Preston. After deliberation he decided that if this could be done the pair would live somewhere else, and that the doctor was still too ill to be moved. Elsie could come in every day, but she would be too busy with her own establishment to bother with the "improvement" of theirs. It wasn't a very bright plan and had some objectionable features, but Captain Jerry considered it a wonder.

He broached it to his partners, keeping his real object strictly in the background and enlarging upon his great regard for Ralph and Elsie and their obvious happiness for each other. Captain Perez liked the scheme well enough, provided it could be carried out. Captain Eri seemed to think it better to let events take their own course. However, they both agreed to lend the chance offered.

So when Mr. Hazeltine called to spend the evening Captain Jerry would rise from his chair and, with an elaborate cough and several supercilious winks to his messmates, would announce and be guessed at would "take a little walk" or "go out to the barn" or something similar. Captain Perez would more than likely go also. As for Captain Eri, he usually "called" he would stop upstairs and see how John was getting along.

But in spite of this loyal support the results obtained from Captain Jerry's wonderful plan had not been so startlingly successful as to warrant his feeling much elated. Ralph and Elsie's good friends seemed to enjoy each other's society, but that was all that might be truthfully said so far.

Captain Jerry, therefore, was a little discouraged as he sat in the sunshines and smoked and pondered. He hid his disconcerting, however, and in response to Captain Eri's question concerning the progress of the matchmaking said cheerfully:

"Oh, it's comin' along, comin' along. Kind of slow, of course, but you can't expect nothin' different. I s'pose you'd be here were four times last week."

"Why, no," said Captain Eri. "I don't know 's I did."

"Well, he was, and week afore that 'twas only three. So that's a gain, ain't it?"

"Sartin'."

"I didn't count the time he stopped after a drink of water neither. That wasn't a real call, but—"

"Oh, it ought to count for somethin'. Call it a half a time. That would make four times and a half 'e were here."

Captain Jerry looked suspiciously at his friend's faces, but his sobriety was irrefragable, so he said:

"Well, it's kind of slow work; but, as I said afore, it's comin' along, and I have the satisfaction of knowin' it's all for their good."

"Yes, like the fellow that ate all the apple dumplings so 's his children wouldn't have the stomach ache. But, say, Jerry, I come out to ask if you'd mind bel'n housekeeper today. Luther Davis has been after me since I don't know when to come down from the station and stay dinner. His sister Patsy, the old maid one, is down there, and it's such a fine day I thought I'd take Perez and Elsie and Mrs. Snow and maybe Hazeltine along. Somebody's got to stay with John today, and I s'pose you'd do it. I'll pay you, and you'll stand up against the wall while I throw knives round him, can't I?"

#### TRICK SHOOTING.

The Way Some of the Stage Feats Are Accomplished.

When a champion rifle shot fires blindfolded at a wedding ring or a penny held between his wife's thumb and finger or seated back to her, or shoots by a mirror, or an apple upon his head or on a fork held in her teeth, the danger of using a bullet is obvious. None, of course. The apple is carefully prepared, having been cut into pieces and stuck together with an adhesive substance, and a thread with a knot at the end, pulled through it from the "wings," so that it flies to bits when the gun is fired, is "how it is done."

Generally the more dangerous a feat appears the more carefully it is guarded against. In the "William Tell" act the thread is often tied to the assistant's foot. When, again, the ash is shot off a cigar which the assistant is smoking, a piece of hollow passage in the cigar, thus thrusting off the ash at the moment of firing.

A favorite but simple trick is the shooting from some distance at an orange held in a lady's hand. Great applause is invariably forthcoming when the bullet drops out of her cutting open the fruit. It is inserted by hand earlier in the evening.

Another popular trick is that of snuffing out lighted candles. Half a dozen are placed in a row, and each candle with a pair of bellows.

In most instances where a ball or other object has to be broken on a living person's head blank cartridge is used instead of the real one produced by other means. A special wig with a spring concealed in it worked by a wire under the clothes is generally used for this purpose, the spring being simultaneously with the firing of the rifle. As the ball is of extremely thin glass, a mere touch suffices to shatter it.

In these exhibitions some of the rifle "experts" invite gentlemen from the audience to testify that the weapon is indeed loaded. The cartridges, also usually adds about one-fifth to the value of the food used. For twenty-three years prize-winning farmers, stock, pig and poultry breeders all over Canada, have in our Herbageum Booklet reported that Herbageum when regularly fed, which it pays to do, is the best and cheapest tonic and blood purifier on sale. That it excels for fitting up horses for spring work, ensuring firm flesh, strong muscles and energized nerves, and for growing and fattening animals, for more and better milk from cows and for filling the egg basket. It relieves heaves, strengthens weak legs in cows, stunted, scurvy and leg-gedged pigs, and resists hog cholera. It cleans out swollen legs, scratches, mange, itch, scab and other wool parasites; also worms, bots, lice and ticks, all of which live on the impurities that cause indigestion in hide-bound horses, colts, cows and calves. Fed in their food for turkey and other chicks as soon as hatched, strengthens and ensures their lives. All the result of Herbageum vitalized blood.

#### WHAT IS HERBAGEUM.

Herbageum (Registered) is a vitalizing vegetable tonic and blood purifier free from all drugs. The secret of its power, superiority, and cheapness over all Cattle or Stock Foods and Condition Powders, is that it aids digestion and assimilation of food, and contains all the essential vitamins, also usually adds about one-fifth to the value of the food used. For twenty-three years prize-winning farmers, stock, pig and poultry breeders all over Canada, have in our Herbageum Booklet reported that Herbageum when regularly fed, which it pays to do, is the best and cheapest tonic and blood purifier on sale. That it excels for fitting up horses for spring work, ensuring firm flesh, strong muscles and energized nerves, and for growing and fattening animals, for more and better milk from cows and for filling the egg basket. It relieves heaves, strengthens weak legs in cows, stunted, scurvy and leg-gedged pigs, and resists hog cholera. It cleans out swollen legs, scratches, mange, itch, scab and other wool parasites; also worms, bots, lice and ticks, all of which live on the impurities that cause indigestion in hide-bound horses, colts, cows and calves. Fed in their food for turkey and other chicks as soon as hatched, strengthens and ensures their lives. All the result of Herbageum vitalized blood.

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#### MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

It is estimated that there are always 4,000,000 people at sea.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

"I enjoy a quiet smoke," said a man to a fellow-passenger on a steamer. "Well," said the stranger, moving across the deck, "you will never be troubled with cough while you smoke cigars of that brand."

#### DIECH I CHEVI, EICH MAWRHJRI.

If you want to know what it means, ask about it. Diech I Chevi, M.P., of someone who can sing a Welsh song as well as the worthy member for Glamorgan. For "Mabon," as he is affectionately called by his countrymen, possesses a splendid tenor voice, and earned great renown locally as a vocalist before he entered Parliament. Diech I Chevi is especially particularly grateful to Mr. Abraham, and called him by his bardic name. It is an pleasure to see you, Mabon, said the editor of the "Diech I Chevi Mawrhjrdi," replied Mr. Abraham, and when Her Majesty had recovered, "Mabon" explained that it meant "Thanks to you, your Majesty."

#### FROM RAIN TO

The Days of Ranching Are No More.

Country Is Now a Cereal Raising Land.

Conditions on the great ranch in Texas are reported the transformation that in the "panhandle" of the cattle barons are being taken to the background by makes his home on only a few acres. For the greatest cattle range the "panhandle" is now almost equally prominent annuals.

Fifteen hundred miles were needed when the country was first inclosed, and was increased to 2,000 cross fences were set up. The ranch contained 3,000 narrow irregular strips, the boundary of Mexico, mentions of the fenced north and south.

Those who are familiar with the law will recall that the United States had never been any government that state. In 1879, the were set aside by act, the purpose of building a capitol at Austin. The were instructed to set up but agricultural or grazing. The corner stone of it was laid in 1885 and which has no superior in the except the national capitol, was turned over to monwealth three years ago, size it is the seventh largest world, being 566 feet high.

As for work on the grassed the three million gradually deduced to that had put up the cost of \$3,250,000. It was made up of Chicago head were former St. Farwell and his brother. An English company, and \$5,000,000 was bo bodly issue. This issue entirely been paid off.

This tract of 5,000 was used as a ranch for 200 miles long and through its outlet to the south. The southern part, which was the best, was early days of it to be a place from which dum returned. It was sane and was described were all living things.

#### TRY THIS FOR YOUR COUGH.

Mix two ounces of Glycerine with a half ounce of Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure and a half pint of straight Whisky. Shake well, and take in doses of a teaspoonful every four hours. This mixture possesses the healing, healthful properties of the Pines, and will break a cold in twenty-four hours and cure any cough that is curable. In having this formula put up, be sure that your Druggist uses the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared and guaranteed only by the Leach Chemical Co., Windsor, Ont.

#### Portland's Cigar Sandwiches.

In Portland they have actually invented the cigar sandwich. A man who wants to buy a perfect one on Sunday just walks into a cigar store and orders a perfect sandwich. He gets two thick slices of bread with his favorite between them. Then he magnanimously gives back the bread.

—New York Tribune.

#### Repeat It:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

"First Girl—I don't believe in early marriages. I don't intend to be married until I am over thirty."

"Second Girl—And I don't intend to be over thirty until I am married."

#### THE WEST, REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN

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