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## Two Noted Fur Traders

Two fur traders are very often conlused. They are Jasper Hawes, after whom Jasper Park, Alberta, is named, and Joseph Howse, whom Howse Pass, in the Rocky Mountain com-memorates. The similarity of names has caused such confusion that some writers speak of them as the same individual, whom, as likely as not, they call Joseph Hawes or Jasper Not much is known of either in-

dividual. Jasper Hawes was a ser-vant of the Northwest Company. When we hear of him he was in charge of a post on the west side of Brule Lake, Jasper Park, situated "in the middle of a wood and almost everywhere surrounded by steep rocks." Ross Cox, who crossed the mountains from the Pacific side in 1817, describes the building as a miserable concern of rough logs with only three apartments, but scrupu-lously clean inside. "An old clerk," he says, "Jasper Hawes was in charge and had under his command two Canadians, two Iroquois and three hunters." Franchere, who had passed the same way three years pre-viously, had found another man in charge, the famous and fair-haired Francois Decoigne, from whom, and not from Jasper Hawes, the Yellow-head Pass is named. The list of servants of the Northwest Company in the year 1804 includes the entry— "Jasper Haws, clerk, Department of "Jasper Haws, clerk, Department of Athabaska River." No more is known of this old man, who has given his name to a great Canadian public park.

Joseph Howse was an employe of the Hudson Bay Company. Howse Pass is so designated on David Thompson's map drawn in 1813 or 1814. Howse was not the first white 1814. Howse was not the first white person to cross the Rocky Mountains by the pass, to which the route is up the North Saskatchewan river. Dun-can McGillivray, of the Northwest Company, had discovered it in 1800, and David Thompson, of the same company, had travelled across it in 1807, two years before Howse first visited it from Edmonton, and in the circumstances, it is very curious that

visited if from Edmonton, and in the circumstances, it is very curious that a Northwest Company's map should name this feature after a member of the rival organization, the Hudson Bay Company. Howse is also known as the author of "A Grammar of the Cree Language," of which two editions were published.

An Englishman by birth, he seems to have entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company about 1800, but the writer has not found any reference to him till 1809, when the powers that be in Hudson Bay sent him west to see what his rival, David Thompson, was doing in the mountains. He returned with a report as the result of which he again went west the following year with trading goods; ascended the North Saskatchewan river, crossed the Howse Pass, ascended the Columbia river to its source, and continued south to Flathead river north of Flathead lake, where he spent he winter of 1810-11, not far from the present town of Kalispell, in Montage.

of the Piegans and Flatheads was enough, and Howse and the Hudson Bay Company's employes abandoned the Columbia Valley to their rivals. In the years that followed, Howse was sent to attempt the formation of settlements beyond the Rockies, but apparently with little or no success. winter at Ile-a-la-Crosse in Sas-atcewan in 1814-15 was a failure. A most serious quarrel took place between his men and those of the Northwest Company, in which James Johnston, a Hudson Bay Company's servant, lost his life, as did one of the Northwest Company's men.

Joseph Howse was born at Cirenester, Gloucester, England, and died there on September 4, 1852, in the 80th year of his age. The Wilts and Gloucester Standard of September, 1852, published the following sketch of his career, which is reproduced here as being the only reference in print to the career of this Canadian explorer and trader:

"Our obituary this week records the death, at a very advanced age, of a gentleman who, we humbly conceive, has done the 'State some service,' by a successful attempt to reduce into a system, and to develop the structure of the language of the North American Indians. To separate into distinct words the ever varying and unbroken articulation of an known tongue, to arrange these in conformity with the genius of the language, to analyze and reduce them to their proper elements, is, it must

be admitted, a most difficult, but, at the same time, a necessary task.

"Mr. Howse, to whom allusion is thus made, was a native of, and orig-latily apprenticed to a bookseller and stationer in this town, but at an early period of life accepted a situation in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, in Prince Rupert's Land. continued in the employ of the company for twenty years, and was during that period engaged in an almost uninterrupted intercourse with the natives; as long as it was requisite he had the assistance of an inter-preter, but the absolute necessity of understanding and being understood by those among whom he was to live, made him delight in learning their language, and some knowledge of Latin, French and Italian, acquired before he left England, enabled him to reduce to a grammatical form what could only be learned orally and by

routine.
"On his return to England, he employed his mind and talents for many years in the preparation of his fav-brite work, and in 1834 the first sheet of the 'Gramma of the Cree and Chippeway Language' was sent to press; he devoted the whole of his lime to the task, and ten years had elapsed ere in 1844 it was finally completed."

Presents. She could keep her secret no

longer.

"Dearest," she exclaimed to her husband, "I can't wait until your birthday to tell you what I've bought you for a present. I've got you a new rug to put in front of my dressing table, and a bronze statuette for the drawing-room mantelpiece!" And then she added: "Now, what are you toing to get me?"

"Well," he replied contemplatively, "I think I shall get you a new ranor and some ties." longer.

## A Hard Bargain

By GENEVIEVE ULMAR

It was strange, it was almost startling, the expression that crossed the face of Ethel Drury as she left the of-fice of Gideon Lasker, hwyer. There was something so intense in the deep scorn, contempt, almost hatred that flashed forth, that she seemed transformed from a fair, gent'e spirited girl into a creature of malice and vengeance. Then she banished evil thought from her mind with a powerful ef-

"I must not be wicked," she whis-pered to herself. "I should be thank-ful, content, when at last I have this." And she pressed close to her side the little handbag she carried.

For that ordinary-looking object contained a prize, a treasure for which Ethel had toiled, and endured, and striven for two long years, bound to a pervitude that had well-nigh crushed her. It was a note, old, yellowed, tattered-a forged note.

It was a reminder of a moment of temptation when her brother, driven to the wall, had affixed the signature of his employer to the document which later found its way into the hands of Gideon Lasker, pettifogger, money shark and schemer. He had pur-sued and threatened Ethel's brother Ronald until the latter had fled the city to hide himself in an obscure country village, disheartened and ambitionless, as an underpaid general store clerk. Ethel had just finished a course in a telegraphy school and had prospects of an immediate post-But she had visited the cormorant lawyer in behalf of her brother, and he, plausible, specious, menacing, exacting, had said to her:

"Miss Drury, I have learned the hiding place of your brother, and can se his arrest at a moment's notice You wish to save him? Very well: I need a discreet, well-trained helper and stenographer. I will employ you at fifteen dollars a week for two years. I will retain half of that salary and give up the note when the period has

There was no other way out of the dilemma, and Ethel accepted the arduous contract.

Many a time Ethel had been compelled to leave the wretched money grabber. It was not the work; it was the discovery of the heartless business in which the vampire engaged that made Ethel sick at heart. She saw him grind the poor, delude and rob unsuspecting clients. More than once the daring thought arose to go to the police and disclose some of his nefarlus transactions, but she knew the wily schemer would hasten to retaliate upon her brother.

And now the two years had ended, the note was paid in full, within the hand-bag reposed the only evidence that could ever trouble her rescued brother. Ethel had kept up telegraphic practice at home. She would leave Lasker's employ the following Saturday and seek work in a field more congenial and lucrative.

She reached the street and, nearing the post office, paused to take some money from her purse to secure a postal order to send to her brother. passerby pressed close to her side, reached out suddenly, wrested the hand-bag from her clasp and darted away. A well-appearing young man realized the situation and sprang at the thief. The latter knocked him aside and escaped, but the other had managed to recover the hand-bag. He delivered it to Ethel, seemed embarressed at her fervent expression of gratitude, lifted his hat and went his

It was the following afternoon, and Ethel had just returned from lunch when she chanced to glance into the private office of her employer. Opposite to him, by some strange coinci dence, sat the young man who had baf-

fied the thief the day previous.

"Yes, Mr. Upton," the specious attorney was saying, "we have adjusted your legacy from your uncle in Scotland. We find it amounts net to four thousand two hundred dollars and twenty cents. We are exact in our business sir."

"That's a lot of money for a poor telegrapher, isn't it?" spoke the young

"That your line?"

man.

"It is; but I'm going to invest my egacy in land and try farming for a "Very good, very good, indeed," ap-plauded Lasker. "Now, sir, if you will

call about two o'clock, I will have all the papers ready for you to sign."

Ethel was aware of the fact that Lasker had manipulated the case so as to delude the client with false returns. She recalled that he was a telegrapher. Click! click! click! The young man paused half way out of the room. He started as he recognized ber. was about to speak, when Ethel

telegraphed in machine cheks: "Go to the next floor and wait for me." Wonderingly, the young man obeyed. "You helped me greatly vesterday," said Ethel, when she joined him. "Let me assist you in turn," and she told him of the plot of Lasker to cheat him out of two-thirds of his legacy.

So grateful was Gerald Upton that

after Ethel had left the employ of Lasker and he had obtained the full mount of his legacy, he asked her to share it with him—as his wife. Master and mistress of broad, beautiful scres in the golden West, they invited Ronald Drury to forget his early error amid new scenes of labor.

Don'ts for Da .... men. Don't forget to wash the separa-

tor after each separation.

Don't separate the milk without ret straining it.

Don't fail to operate the separator coording to directions.

Don't expect the cream can to reach destination unless plainly ad-

Any cow suspected of being in bad health should be isolated, and her milk should not be saved.

#### FORETOLD BY DREAMS.

Visions of the Night Which Have Had Tragic Real-Life Endings.

On a November night a few years ago Mr. James Sapienza, a prosperous builder of Irvington, New Jersey, went to bed as-usual.

went to bed as usual.

In the night he had a very bad dream. He imagined that a "Black Hand" assassin was entering his room, dagger in hand, intent on mur-It should be mentioned that Sapienza had already received letters from this secret society, demanding money under threats of death.

Recovering from the nightmare paralysis of horror, Sapienza seized his revolver, which he kept by his bedside, and fired at the intruder. There was a dreadful scream, and, awake in a moment, the unfortunate man realized that he had shot and killed his wife.

Such cases are rare, yet not com-pletely unknown. In March, 1908, a clerk named Hollis, who lived in Washington, was guilty of a similar unconscious crime. Hollis had been a sleep-walker from childhood, and kept a revolver in his bedroom. Very early in the morning, his wife

got up to attend to her youngest child, who had wakened and was cry-As she returned into the room. Hollis at up suddenly and fired. Mrs. Hollis' mother, who slept in a room across the landing, heard the shot and came running out. She was just in time to catch her daughter in her arms. "Hugh shot me," whispered the poor woman, and died.

Hollis, after firing the shot, drop-

ped back upon his pillow, and it took some minutes to rouse him. When he found what he had done, he became nearly frantic with remorse, and endeavored to shoot himself.

One morning in the spring of 1913, Don't Stay Dizzy, Bilious, Headachy,

named Fred Thrustle found her son hanging from a leather strap attached to the head of his bed. He was quite

Young Thrustle was on the best of terms with his family and friends; he had no troubles, there was absolutely no reason either in his surroundings or his nature for him to have laid violent hands on himself. More than that, his mother, going in to his room an hour or so earlier, had seen him peacefully asleep.

Now, Thrustle had been a sleep-walker since childhood, and after a long investigation by the coroner, and much medical evidence, it be fairly certain that the young fellow had hanged himself in his sleep—in all probability, as the result of a

Here is another case of the sort luckily with a less tragic ending.
A Leeds girl named Nellie Robinson, aged fourteen, was taken to a cinema theatre, where she was greatly ex-cited by the adventures of a girl spy

who escaped through a high window. She went home and to bed. Early in the morning her mother was roused by a sound of moaning outside the house. She got up, looked out of her window, and saw a little white bundle lying on the ground below. It was Nellie in an exhausted state, with her thigh broken and one wrist dis-

Nellie herself says she knows nothing of what happened until she found herself lying on the ground in ter-rible pain. But there seems little doubt that, in a dream, she was re-enacting the part of the girl spy, and, opening her window, fell out into the

Here is a story of a boy who had a thrilling adventure in his sleep. Jack Steele, of Rodham, Kent, Eng., was travelling to New York in the big White Star liner Oceanic.

At 9.30 on a Sunday night, Dr. Reilly, one of the ship's surgeons, heard screams, and discovered Steele clinging to the outside of a porthole of his cabin.

"I'm going! Help! I'm going!" he was shrieking.

A quartermaster made a running A quartermaster made a running bowline, skilfully swung it under the boy's feet and round his body, and so drew him up. Jack had been given to sleep-walking, and here again it was a dream that he climbed out of his cabin and so nearly lost cessful Dollar Day Sales last Friday his life.

# FOR JOY OF **GOOD HEALTH**

Manitoba Woman Thanks Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Crandall, Manitoba.—"When I was a young girl at home and working I had terrible pains, almost more than I could bear, and I was not regular. These troubles kept me so tired all the time that I had no strength and no ambition to join in with my friends and have a good time. I was just tired and miserable always and life just seemed as if it wasn't worth living. I saw so much in the papers about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and then I had a friend who had taken it and told me about it, so I got some. Every month after taking it I got stronger and I soon did not suffer every month. It stopped the pains and helped me other ways. Then when my babies were coming I was tired and worn out the first three months and ached badly. I took the Vegetable Compound right along and must say it made a new woman of me and able to do my work, and it helped me through confinement. You see I am a farmer's wife with a big house to look after, and three babies now. I have told ever so many women about your medicine. Just last week I got a letter from my old chum in the East. Her baby was born fifteen days before mine and she told me she was not feeling very well, her back aches so much, and that she is going to take the same medicine I took. You can use my letter and I hope some one will be helped by it."—Mrs. Jos. H. Kidd. All and the same medicine of took.

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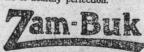
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