

Her Chapter of Proposals

By Hattie Preston Rider

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Miriam came into the library and sat down opposite Graham. There was a pucker of anxiety on her forehead. "Bart," she said, "would you mind being engaged to me?" Graham took his feet off the window sill and sat up. "Engaged!" he repeated dubiously. Miriam nodded. "It's only for a couple of days," she hastened to reassure him. "Mr. Forsythe is coming to propose, and I'm at my wits' end. I haven't a single excuse for refusing him. He's good and wealthy and nice looking. Mother won't hear an objection, even his age. So, you see, the only way is to let him understand ever so delicately that I'm



"I DON'T SEE HOW ANY ONE COULD HAVE HELPED IT EXCEPT MOTHER," not free to listen to him. Nobody will know, for he isn't the sort to repeat confidences."

Graham lay back in his chair and surveyed her coolly.

"If you're not objection to him, why don't you marry him?" he inquired.

"I thought I made it clear that I didn't want to," she explained, with a note of injury in her voice. "I'm sure, if you don't wish to help me out, Bart, you needn't. But we've been such chums I thought you'd as lief as not. I'd do as much for you."

Graham swallowed hard, but she did not notice.

"Why don't you tell him the truth?" he said at last. "He's man enough to stop his attentions if he knows they're unwelcome."

"That's just it," she rejoined hopelessly. "Mother has tacitly given him to understand that I do care for him for all my seeming indifference. In fact, they've done nearly all the courting themselves."

Graham's lips curled. "Well," he said shortly, "I should think you could disabuse him of the idea easily enough."

Miriam's brown eyes widened.

"You must think it is prime fun, Bart. Graham, to boldly tell a good friend right to his face that you don't care for him, especially when he's such a dear old fellow?" she said, with a little quiver in her voice.

Graham stared. What a refreshing phase of womanhood! Then he smiled grimly.

"So, I suppose, it was your idea to let Forsythe down easily by giving him to understand that, although I held your hand, your heart responded to him, eh? You'll pardon me, Miriam, but you remind me forcibly of the Irishman who was too tender hearted to cock his dog's ears at one fell stroke, so he cut them a half inch at a time."

Miriam winced, reddening. The truth sounds so different stripped of picturesque phrases. Graham relit his cigar.

"You want me to go in with you, virtually lying to Forsythe," he went on gravely. "At the risk of appearing ungallant I'm afraid I must decline your flattering offer. I don't know much about such things, but it seems to me if I didn't care to go into partnership with a man I could make him understand my refusal had nothing to do with my personal regard for him. If—if I didn't want to marry you, for instance, Miriam, you wouldn't take it as unfriendliness on my part, would you?"

Her downcast eyes missed the fact that he was watching her narrowly. She got up.

"I don't know if I've the nerve to do it," she said, rather tremulously and letting his question pass unheeded. "You've no idea how hard it is, Bart. I've always liked him, if not in that other way, so very much till—"

She hesitated and looked at him appealingly, but there was no sign of relenting in his averted face. She sighed softly. A moment later she heard the swish of her light skirt along the hall. He laid down his cigar.

"In one respect," he growled, "women are like Providence—their ways are past finding out!"

He did not see Miriam again that day or the next. He watched her mother's face, however, when they

met at table, as a seaman does his barometer in squally weather. Though that lady's bland cordiality to himself was marked, the two tiny lines of anxiety between her brows became a beacon of hope to him, for Graham knew Forsythe had arrived, and he could not put out of mind that parting speech of Miriam's. His growing fears, for disinterested ones, were acute indeed.

On the morning of the third day, from the vantage point of his own window, he saw the suitor depart. There was a rosebud in the lapel of his faultless coat. As he got into the autobus Graham caught a glimpse of his face. His own promptly fell. As if that were not sufficient, on going out directly after, he met Miriam's mother in the hall. The pretty widow's cheeks were flushed like a girl's, and, it seemed to him, there was a guilty look in her eyes. She gave him a smile that relaxed not a whit of its sweetness at the savage tone of his "Good morning." This last confirmed his worst forebodings. He decided that between the two they had succeeded in coercing Miriam to their wishes.

It took Graham the whole of his forenoon's tramp to perfect his plan of action. He blamed himself bitterly that he had played the mentor in refusing Miriam's request, foolish and cowardly as it had seemed to him then. But from the very fact of it he felt justified now in taking a bold hand.

He went back to the house and sent a peremptory note to the young lady. He wished to see her once more and at her earliest convenience. He thought their former close friendship gave him the privilege.

He was hardly prepared for the flushed cheeks and defiant eyes that greeted him. Nevertheless he resolved to stick manfully to his role of protector.

"If it came to this, Miriam," he burst forth, "I think you might have trusted me to help you out for all I refused the other day. I would have done anything but what you asked, even to shooting him," he said.

Miriam's nervous color deepened.

"I—I don't see how any one could have helped it except mother," she stammered.

"I could, and I intend to yet," he retorted grimly. He came a step nearer. "I tell you, child, you shall not be forced into this marriage against your will. I have some right as your nearest friend, and I shall remonstrate with your mother. That failing, I shall go to Forsythe himself and tell him the truth, since you dare not. He is an honorable man, and he will release you."

Miriam backed away from him and hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, Bart!" she cried between hysterical sobs and laughter. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"You shall not marry Forsythe against your will," he insisted. Then, to her astonishment, Miriam uncovered her face and burst into a ringing laugh of sheer relief.

"It was mother, not I, to whom he proposed," she said. "It was just her silly blunder, the blessed goose! She never told me they were engaged years ago. And I acted such a guy before you. I fretted myself sick about it. But, meeting his eyes with unwonted and bewildering shyness, 'if he had asked me, Bart, I should have told him the truth. I've resolved to be as honest as the day hereafter.'"

Graham's head swam in the great light breaking on him. Impulsively he strode forward and took both her hands.

"Miriam, be honest with me, then, as I am with you. I've loved you all the while I was pretending friendship, and when I thought another man was winning you I was beside myself with misery. Tell me, little chum, could you love me in that 'other way'?"

The flushed face was instantly buried against his sleeve. Graham as promptly unheeded it and forced its shy eyes to meet his again. What he saw, there only he knows, but it proved to him beyond a doubt that Miriam's impersonal friendship was a preposterous fraud as his own.

A Vegetable Pepsin.

The useful properties of the papaw plant have long been known to the various natives and have been taken advantage of by them, as can be seen by reference to the works of travelers, who can themselves vouch for the accuracy of the accounts they narrate. Thus Drury in "The Useful Plants of India" states that old hogs and poultry which are fed upon the leaves and fruit, however tough the meat they afford might otherwise be, are thus rendered perfectly tender and good if eaten as soon as killed. Browne, too, in his "Natural History of Jamaica" says that meat becomes tender after being washed with water to which the juice of the papaw tree has been added, and if left in such water ten minutes it will fall from the spit while roasting or separate into shreds while boiling.—Chambers' Journal.

A Great Player.

Many good stories are told of Sir Walter Parratt, the master of the king's music. Here is one illustrative of his extraordinary memory: Some eight or ten men were assembled one evening in one of the lodges attached to St. Michael's college, Tenbury. Sir Walter Parratt and Herr von Holst played in turn upon the piano such music as was asked for. This went on for some time, until at last the chessboard was brought out. Sir Walter then proposed to play two men at chess in consultation, still remaining at the piano and playing from memory what was demanded either from Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin or Mendelssohn. Without even a glance at the chessboard he won the game in an hour.—London Globe.

THE POSTMASTER IS THANKFUL

Dodd's Kidney Pills Enabled Him to Sleep in Peace.

Grand Work they are doing for Thousands of Canadians Every Year.

Tabucintac, Cumberland, Co., N. S., Oct. 3.—(Special).—Mr. J. H. Lee, postmaster here, is one of the great army of Canadians who, rescued from pain and weakness by Dodd's Kidney Pills, are shouting the praises of the great Kidney Remedy.

"Yes," the postmaster says: "I want to express my thankfulness for the great benefit I have received from the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"My trouble was having to urinate too freely. I had to rise eight or ten times each night so that my rest was broken. My feet and legs also swelled. Then I got Dodd's Kidney Pills and I took six boxes all told. Now I am all right."

"It will be a comfort to me if by making my case public I can lead some other sufferer to find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure Bright's Disease. They also annually bring relief to hundreds of thousands of Canadians who are bothered with earlier Kidney Troubles.

SALVATION ARMY CHANGES.

A cable received from London says: Important changes in Salvation Army leaders in various countries will shortly take place. The officers included in the reorganization scheme are Commissioners Eva Booth, Mrs. Booth in Switzerland, and Booth-Tucker, who is leaving the United States. The new appointments are as yet unannounced.

A REVOLUTION PREDICTED.

Speaking of the recent automobile accidents, according to the New York Herald, Winthrop E. Scarritt, President of the Automobile Club of America, predicted in an interview that if an immediate curb be not placed upon the spirit of lawlessness possessed by many chauffeurs, a long suffering public would take matters into its own hands and scenes similar to those of the French revolution might be witnessed.

POPULAR INSURANCE MAN COM-MITS SUICIDE.

George R. Hamilton, western Ontario manager for the Imperial Life Insurance Company, shot himself through the head about 6.30 this evening in his office in the Bank of Toronto chambers, says a London (Ont.) despatch, dated the 26th. About half an hour after the shooting, Alex. Bowdell, the caretaker, went into Hamilton's office to clean up as usual, and found the insurance man dead. Various stories are in circulation as to the cause of the accident, but nothing definite can be learned. The deceased, who was about 45 years old, came to London some five years ago from Toronto, where he had been in the employ of the Imperial Life, which company he had previously represented in Winnipeg. Shortly after the finding of the body Mr. Hamilton's wife telephoned to the office to know why he had not come home to tea. A detective replied that he had met with an accident. In a few minutes Mrs. Hamilton and the family, thoroughly alarmed, reached the scene and then learned the distressing truth. Hamilton was a man of a quiet manner, and well liked by those who knew him. Besides his wife, six children survive.

CRYING BABIES.

Babies do not cry unless there is some good reason for it. The cry of a baby is nature's warning signal that there is something wrong. If the fretfulness and crying are not caused by exterior sources, it is conclusive evidence that the crying baby is ill. The only safe and judicious thing to do is to give Baby's Own Tablets without delay. For indigestion, colic, teething troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and similar ills these marvellous little Tablets have given relief in thousands of cases and saved many precious lives. They are guaranteed to contain no harmful drug. Mrs. John Dobie, St. Andrew's East, Q. C., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a splendid medicine for the cure of constipation and other ills that afflict children. I consider it my duty to recommend them to all who have little ones." The Tablets are sold at 25 cents a box by all druggists, or may be had by mail by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AMERICANS TRY TO EVADE TIM-BER TAX.

Timber Inspector Murray of British Columbia, has seized the plant of four American logging camps, near the boundary line on the south side of the Fraser river. All the camps were well equipped with donkey engines, etc., and the plant seized, together with the logs in the water, is worth over \$100,000. The Americans were evading payment of the provincial tax of \$1 per 1,000 feet. The logs were being hauled to mills at Blaine, Washington.

500 STEEL OUTPUT.

In the twenty-four hours ending Friday midnight the steel plant at Sault Ste. Marie turned out 600 tons of steel rails. This amount constituted a record, being the largest amount manufactured in any similar period of time since the plant was put in operation a couple of years ago. Tests of the product also have been very successful. Preparations for the commencement of the work for the blast furnace are progressing satisfactorily, and it is expected that the furnaces will be in operation by the end of the month. Specimens of ore for use there arrives daily.

WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS

A series of articles describing their lives, their aims and their influence.

No. 7.

GEO. PATERSON, B. A., LL. B.



GEO. PATERSON, B. A., LL. B.
Proprietor and Editor of the Deloraine Times.

The proprietor and editor of the Deloraine Times, George Paterson, B. A., LL. B., is one of the very numerous illustrations the Canadian West can offer of distinct success achieved in professional life by men reared on a farm. Till he was nineteen years of age Mr. Paterson went through every grade of farm work, up to the full dignity of doing a man's work in the field. The task of hewing out a home from the primeval bush of Old Ontario was one that developed a sturdy race, both intellectually and physically. The conditions of life were such as to bring out those qualities of adaptability and resourcefulness, self-reliance and self-discipline, best calculated to make big of frame and broad of mind. The men reared under such conditions were in every sense those best qualified to lay the foundations of the new Canadian Empire of the West, when, some three decades ago, the people of Eastern Canada became seized of the illimitable wealth of opportunity offered in the rich prairie lands west of the Great Lakes. Of these men Mr. Paterson is in many respects a representative type. His predominant characteristics are those more generally associated with the simpler life of the farm than the strenuous life of the city. On the business side he is frankly direct and forthright, and withal shrewd and far-seeing. Socially he is of such a genial companionship that his friends include practically all who know him. A live editor, a good lawyer, a capable business man, a public-spirited citizen, with troops of friends, Mr. Paterson is indeed in a position commanding the friendly envy of many of those who know him, and the hearty respect of all.

Though none would suspect from his hearty whole-souled boyishness of manner, Mr. Paterson is 47 years of age. He seemed somewhat surprised at the fact himself, when questioned about it, and when his interviewer looked incredulous, he went over the calculation again, to make sure that he hadn't slipped in another ten years. "I guess that's right," he said, ruefully, after some mental figuring. "I was born in '57, and I don't see that I can be less than 47. But, honestly," he added, brightening, "I don't feel near that old." And certainly he doesn't look it.

It was in the township of North East Hope, in the county of Perth, Ontario, that Mr. Paterson first saw the light of day. On both sides he was of Scotch descent, his father having emigrated to Canada from Roxburghshire, Scotland, in '37, and some time after, meeting and marrying his (George's) mother, who was also of Scotch parentage.

Mr. Paterson's early education differed no whit from that of other youths brought up in those pioneer days under similar conditions. He attended the log school with the other farm boys of his neighborhood, his attendance being, like theirs, somewhat broken and interrupted by the exigencies of sugaring, seeding, haying and harvest. The outstanding incident of this early part of his life is the fact, which Mr. Paterson yet recalls with pride, that at the age of eighteen he took the first prize at the provincial plowing match held at Stratford.

Until the age of nineteen Mr. Paterson stayed on the farm. Then he went to the collegiate for eighteen months, proving a ready and indefatigable student. He obtained certificates as third and second-class teacher, and then for three years taught school near Stratford. In 1882 he went to Collingwood to prepare for the University course, and subsequently entered Toronto University, where, in 1886, he graduated, and in the following year took the LL. B. degree.

In 1885, at the time of the Northwest rebellion, Mr. Paterson, with many another of the Toronto University students, volunteered for service. He joined the Queen's Own Rifles, and was ordered to the front. Here he was "a corporation soldier" at 50 cents a day, as the famous university ballad has it, but none of these valiant and adventurous youths had an opportunity to smell powder burned in anger, having their full share of the hardships of the campaign, but little or none of its glory.

After taking his degree, with but \$20 in his pocket, but with the high

heart and courage of youth, Mr. Paterson left college and went south. From Toronto he went "by easy stages," as he himself says, to Chicago and down to Kansas City. When pressed as to how he travelled so far on such limited resources, Mr. Paterson said, quizzically, "Well, I didn't figure on paying railway fare—at least, not unless I had to. I rode in box cars, and on coal trucks, and with all sorts of freight. No, I never tried a trip on the brake beams, but I've had some pretty wild rides. Often I'd be put off, and then I'd hoof it along the track till I could jump the next freight. It's an experience worth living through, though. You meet all sorts and conditions of men when you are stealing a ride on a freight, from young college chaps, like I was, to the broken down gentleman or the professional hobo. There's a sort of Freemasonry among them, too, and the help they give each other would surprise one unacquainted with the customs of the fraternity."

"Of course I could," he answered to a question as to some details of this tour. "Of course I could tell you a whole lot of experiences, but I don't know that they'd be specially entertaining, and then, besides, you'd go and give me away in print. But one day I was completely 'strapped,' and had been put off by a conductor I couldn't do anything with, at a wayside station twenty miles from anywhere. A farmer's wagon was hitched up to the fence across from the track, and an old man and a younger—his son—were in it. I walked over to them and said, 'Do you want a hired man?' 'Yes,' said the younger. 'Then take me,' I said. They asked me what I could do, and I told them, but the old man shook his head unbelievably. 'Been fired off the train, eh?' asked he, and I had to admit that I had. 'Got any money?' he asked again, and I had to tell him I hadn't. They held a consultation, and at last they told me to jump into the wagon and come along. I worked for them for two months, when I had enough money to carry me afresh on my travels. The old man wanted me to stay very badly. He said I was the best hired man he ever had, and he'd give me good wages if I'd agree to stop a year. He told me, too, that was the greatest disappointment he'd ever had since he'd been on a farm. He had sized me up for a dead beat, and had thought I wouldn't earn my board. He'd noticed that my hands were soft, and it was only because they were stuck that he consented to engage me. However, the work soon cured that, and the old man was delighted when he found I could plow and pitch as well as any man on the farm."

"It was too hot down there to suit me, and so I started for the north. I gave \$1 to a brakeman, and he put me as far as Minneapolis. Then I engaged to work in a railway gang at Crookston, and paid \$2 for my transportation thither. There were some thirty of us in the party, and when we got to Crookston one of the foremen, and nearly all the men, skipped out. I wasn't very hungry for railroading, so I kept on to the north. When I got to Gretna I was in too big a hurry to wait for the train—nobody knew when a train would run in those days—so I set off walk, and tramped across the prairie to Morden. I hired out to a farmer there, and afterwards worked on a threshing gang. Then for nine months I taught Belmont school, and from that I went to Portage la Prairie, and went into the office of a law firm. In 1889 I went to Winnipeg, going into the firm of which the present Judge Richards was the head, and in 1892 took my final law exam, and went to Deloraine."

Since his removal to Deloraine Mr. Paterson has built up a splendid law practice. Five years ago he bought the Deloraine Times from Mrs. Daubrey, who had managed it since her husband's death. Under Mr. Paterson's charge it quickly developed into one of the best country weeklies in Manitoba. It has been a consistent advocate of Liberal principles, and its comments on current events are regarded as among the most well considered and weighty of all the papers published in the smaller towns of the provinces. As far as local news is concerned, all that happens in the vicinity of Deloraine that the paper does not cover is not of sufficient importance to be chronicled. The esteem in which the Times is held by the local business men is best evidenced by its large advertising patronage.

Since his removal to Deloraine Mr. Paterson has received marks of the esteem in which he is held by the townsmen by election to several offices of public trust and confidence. At the last general provincial election he contested the seat in the interest of the Liberal party, but was defeated. His personal and political friends were not dismayed by his defeat, however, but have since selected him as the standard bearer of Liberalism in the more important contest for the Dominion seat of Souris. Nobody can predict the result of the contest, as his opponent is of undoubted strength, but many of his friends are confident that Mr. Paterson will win. Should this be the case, the West will have, in the person of Mr. Paterson, a representative thoroughly familiar with its needs and requirements, and one who may be relied on to do his utmost to advance its interests.

KNOWN TO THOUSANDS.—Parnell's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from deleterious matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, eradicate biliousness, and leave the digestive organs healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

In sessions the other day at Toronto the grand jury brought in a true bill against Alfred McDougall, formerly an Ontario government official, on four charges of theft from the government.

A LETTER FROM OVER THE SEA

Which Will Prove of Interest to Canadians.

Tells of Good News Received from Calgary, Alta., which Brought Joy Into His Life.

Here is a sincere and unsolicited letter from an Englishman who was almost led to take his own life on account of what he suffered from itching piles. He had doctor's advice and remedies to no end, and after sixteen years' of suffering was without hope of recovery. He tells in his letter how he accidentally heard of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

114 Milton Road, Margate, England.
Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Can.

Dear Sirs,—I feel it my duty to write to acknowledge the great good Dr. Chase's Ointment has done for me. I had suffered from itching piles for over sixteen years, and suffered badly at that. There have been times when I could and would have put an end to it all if it had not been for the thought of meeting God. Some people may think I am stretching it a point, but those who have suffered as I have will know.

At other times I have felt I could take a knife and cut away the parts until I came to the bottom of the evil, but thank God it is all past. It was quite by accident that I came to know of Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have had doctors' advice and remedies to no end and could not say how much I spent in that sixteen years. I had a Calgary paper sent to me and there I saw your Ointment advertised. It just met my case, as it said for itching piles and saved painful operations. As I could not get Dr. Chase's Ointment from my chemist, I wrote to my brother, Mr. H. Shelley, of Calgary, Alta., and he sent me one box. Before I had used one-third of the box I was perfectly cured by this ointment.

I am sure you will be surprised to get this letter from this corner of the world, but I felt it my duty to acknowledge the great good Dr. Chase's Ointment has done for me. You are at liberty to make use of this letter as you see fit. All I should like to say to anyone who suffers from this dreadful complaint is I know it cures. With many thanks, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
T. Shelley.
If you enclose a stamp for reply, Mr. Shelley would no doubt gladly answer any question about his case. But there are similar cases among your own friends and neighbors with whom you can have a personal interview. If you are not acquainted with the merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment you will be surprised at the cures which are being brought about in your own neighborhood. No preparation has ever been more heartily endorsed by people who have used it and none has ever been so successful in curing piles.

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

A London cable says: The Mullah is still in the far eastern end of the Nogal, says Ruter's correspondent at Burao. His people have lost all faith in him, and are daily deserting. He now has very few followers. The great majority have either gone away and rejoined their own tribes or have come in and settled in Burao, Berbera, Sheikh, and other posts. They are quite peaceably disposed. The Mullah is very short of food, and is sick of fighting. At present his only desire is to bring off one raid to replenish his larder, and then go to the south and live in peace with his tribe.

TIRED AND DEPRESSED

The Condition of Many Young Women in Shops and Offices.

Thousands of young women have to depend upon their own efforts to gain a livelihood, and to these, whether behind the counter, in the office, the factory or the home, work means close confinement—often in badly ventilated rooms. There is a strain on the nerves; the blood becomes impoverished, the cheeks pale; there are frequent headaches; palpitation of the heart and a constant tiredness. If the first symptoms are neglected it may lead to a complete breakdown—perhaps consumption. What is needed to restore vim and energy and vitality, is a tonic, and absolutely the best tonic in the world is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new blood, and bring health and cheerful energy to tired and depressed girls and women. Miss Viola Millett, Robinson's Corners, N. S., says: "I was a great sufferer from headaches, heart palpitation and troubles that afflict my sex. My blood seemed almost to have turned to water, and the least exertion left me weak and depressed. I used seven boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have made a remarkable change in my condition. I can truly say that I feel like a new person, and strongly recommend these pills to all weak, ailing girls." These pills cure all forms of blood and nerve troubles, but you must get the genuine with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Ask your druggist for them, or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.