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k a dollar has been lost,
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ersists in calling the Van-
"the opposition conven-

ence of the dismissal of
vernor McInnes, and pend-
in the province of his suc-
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e government, Mr. Duns-
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e delay in the issuing of
he bye-elections.

paper says that the Can-
Railway Company carried
ons in this province. This
e. So far as the Colonist
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g on, the railway company
ere in the contest.

ates paper argues against
a colonial policy for that
e score that the colonies of
ermany cost the taxpayers
tries more than the total
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e trouble is that these so-
are not colonies.

Herd does not quite agree
lonist's views as to Mr.
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vernor McInnes. Mr. Herd
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ly a lieutenant-governor
trial before the electorate.
try who are on trial. The
ry was responsible for the
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nced, and in obedience to
Mr. Martin has resigned.
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a responsibility for acts
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h and his own acceptance
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l election. Between Mr.
responsibility to the legis-
Lieutenant-Governor Me-
sibility to the Governor-
is a fundamental distinc-

HEALTH PROBLEM.

r than is sometimes supposed.
s chiefly upon perfect diges-
blood, and the problem is
adily by Hood's Sarsaparilla.
by taking it promptly for
or blood disorder. Its cures
lt rheum, catarrh, dyspepsia,
d other diseases are number-
sands.
family catharic is Hood's

SIAR RETURNS.

Irving Lead With a Num-
Places to Hear From.

of the Cassiar election were
he steamer Alpha yesterday,
l giving Clifford and Irving a
Bella Coola, which will pro-
it, and points at the head
Stikine still to hear from.
voting at Hazelton, the ballot
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h were caught in the Canon,
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received follow:

	Stap-leton	God-frey.	Irv-ing.	Cliff-ford.
....	25	17	72	38
....	69	98	50	65
....	106	63	45	68
...	29	8	45	68
....	8	2	28	29
	237	188	240	286

politically transpired here
the members being in Van-
erest centered in the conven-

umer—Aren't you ashamed
a sneak every Sunday
e golf links?
—I can't help it, dear. I do
so.
umer—Well, you might wait
klyn Life.

FIRST AND
HIGHEST.

E'S CELERY
OMPOUND

hysician's Prescrip
he Banishment of
Disease.

druggists and those com-
udge candidly acknowledge
Celery Compound has called
st reliable and the strongest
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rr.
of testimonial tells of the
and banishment of
neuralgia, kidney troubles,
, dyspepsia and headaches.
rk done by Paine's Celery
rings satisfaction, joy and
e the cures are always per-
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despondent sufferers the
rance that "Paine's Celery
akes sick people well."
lery Compound, the wonder-
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w within reach of every ail-
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y the coming hot weather.
ertain doubts regarding the
life-giving virtues of Paine's
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or consult your friends and
o have been cured by it.

A SYNDICATED PROPOSAL.

By Earl W. Mayo.

For a week the big, hand-lettered placard had hung in the post office at Burnt Grass. It announced a "special and extraordinary" meeting to consider "school matters." It had been read by the riders from all the surrounding ranches when they came into town after mail. It had been re-read and speculated upon at length by all the loungers in the little frontier town. Therefore the full citizenship of Burnt Grass was represented by the gathering in the little schoolhouse when the trustee arose from his chair on the platform and called the meeting to order.

There was nothing remarkable in the fact that Burnt Grass was to consider school matters. Its citizens were accustomed to meet several times a year for that purpose. They were called upon to face a peculiar and trying phase of the educational problem. To understand exactly what it was it is necessary to refer briefly to the location and history of the town.

You will look in vain for Burnt Grass on all maps except the one issued by the railway line running through the town itself. It is located in Eastern Oregon, in a region of hopeless aridity, as its name suggests. It never would have come into existence, except that the aforesaid railway company found it a convenient spot for the location of a water tank fed by an artesian well.

The water tank suggested a station. The station suggested to some Eastern boomer a store. The store became the headquarters of the cowboys on the surrounding ranches. Presently, at the behest of the congressman who represented the district, Uncle Sam established the Burnt Grass post office. This was the history of the town.

Burnt Grass was two years old before it could claim a woman resident. Then the station agent married the girl he had been courting back in Portland, and brought her to the lonely ranch village to live. As the town grew other wives came to the place. When the first baby was born there was a celebration that an Eastern community could not have matched if one of its citizens had been elected President. The second child was less vociferously received, and the appearance of the third created very little excitement. Thus Burnt Grass gradually progressed toward the staid and unenthusiastic ways of its sister villages in the effete East.

By the time Burnt Grass was ten years old there were a score of houses straggling in an irregular line in opposite directions from the station, and very nearly a score of children playing about the houses. Burnt Grass awoke to the fact that it needed a school.

There was no difficulty in securing a schoolhouse. The residents of Burnt Grass were public spirited enough to attend promptly to all such matters. To obtain a teacher proved a more troublesome matter, but at length a young woman came up from Portland to take charge of the new tabernacle of learning. The teacher was the first unmarried woman who had ever come to Burnt Grass. Her appearance aroused almost as much enthusiasm as the first baby had caused. All the men from the neighboring ranches had ridden into town on the day of her arrival, presenting some plausible excuse for their presence, and the warmth of her reception from the crowd at the station almost staggered the little woman.

The first term of school lasted for eight weeks. It ended suddenly about the time when most of the pupils had mastered the alphabet and directly after Joe Henderson, proprietor of the Cross and Circle ranch, proposed to the teacher. There was some grumbling from Henderson's disappointed rivals, but the trustee accepted the inevitable and set to work to find another teacher.

The second schoolma'am piloted the youth of Burnt Grass through the mazes of the first reader before "Jack" Cheney persuaded her that domestic life on the Double S ranch was her proper sphere. Since that time the educational career of the Burnt Grass children had been many times interrupted from the same cause. In desperation the trustees had appealed to Eastern agencies for the oldest and ugliest teacher on their lists, but in spite of their efforts each one proved alluringly beautiful to some one of the numerous ranchmen in the Burnt Grass district. Each one in turn succumbed to the ardent wooing that greeted her.

On one occasion the married members of the community indulged in a little secret exultation. A teacher appeared on the scene who could not by any stretch of the imagination have been called young, and whose sour expression was calculated to defy the most enthusiastic searcher after wedded bliss.

She broke the record by continuing at her post for twelve weeks. At the end of that time old "Jerry" Garfield, the wealthiest rancher in the county, drove over from Forty-Mile in his new buggy and invited the teacher out for a ride. The next day she resigned. Old "Jerry" viewed the discomfiture of the Burnt Grass trustee with delight, and said, with a chuckle:

"I been lookin' for quite a spell to rope in a likely housekeeper. None of yer sassy yearlin's fer me."

It was in the despair subsequent to the failure of this venture that the trustee issued the call for a school meeting, with a special request that all the bachelors of the community should attend. As Wilson, the school trustee of Burnt Grass, stood on the platform trying to find words in which to express what was in his mind, he glanced deliberately about the room. The inspection told him that everybody was present. He had a speaking acquaintance with every man for miles around, and he knew that not one of them was missing.

After a somewhat extended pause the trustee began his address, speaking slowly and in an embarrassed manner, as though he feared that what he had to say might not meet with the approval of his auditors.

"Boys," he began, "the business that brings us together this evening is a matter concerning the welfare of our beloved town." There was an outburst of vociferous applause. Emboldened by this favorable sign the speaker went at once to the core of the matter. "In fact, it is regardin' the new schoolma'am we are expecting on here from Ohio."

The noise promptly subsided to an expectant silence. It had not been known before that the trustee had secured a new teacher. Wilson went on appealingly:

"You know how it has been. No sooner do we get a new teacher than somebody snaps her up an' marries her.

"I don't say a word against that, seeing that Mis' Wilson herself came here as a school ma'am. But it has come to a pass where our children are growin' up in ignorance because all of you rush after every new teacher, afraid somebody else will get her if you don't.

"Now what I want to say is this: All of you unmarried men give your word here to-night not to ask this new teacher to marry you nor do any kind of sparkin' until the school term ends. If you agree to that now it won't be unfair to anybody, and the agreement don't hold one minute after the last day of school. But until that every one of you must put a gag-bit between his teeth and not let any words out until he thinks twice what they are. What do you all say?"

There was a silence for a space and the men in the room looked inquiringly at one another. Then Matt Hardin, who was a leader in most things, stood up and said:

"That seems fair enough if everybody will stick to it, and I'm ready to give my word for one."

After this example two or three others expressed their approval of the plan, expressed their approval of the plan, and when the question was put to a vote it passed without a dissenting voice. When the meeting broke up the bachelors of Burnt Grass had solemnly agreed to abjure all love-making until the new teacher had finished her term as mistress of the Burnt Grass school.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the commotion she was causing in the scene of her future labors, Margaret Andrews was speeding across the continent from her Ohio home. She was wondering what sort of a place and what kind of people she would find in Burnt Grass—whether it would be necessary to wear a six shooter, and if she was likely to be dreadfully homesick.

"The name does not suggest idyllic surroundings," she once reflected, "but the fact that the salary is twice as large as I could earn at home will make up for a considerable lack in the matter of aesthetics."

When Margaret alighted from the train at Burnt Grass, a hasty glance at the group of low frame dwellings that constituted the town convinced her that her estimate of the architectural possibilities of the place had been correct. For a moment her heart sank as she took in the bleak sourroundings of what was to be her home for the next few months. But the hearty welcome which she received from the trustee and his wife soon put her at her ease.

In one respect Miss Andrews' reception was different from that which had been accorded to her predecessors. None of the young ranchmen of the Burnt Grass region was present on her arrival. They had all decided that they were too busy to come into town for so trivial an affair as the coming of a school teacher, although they never before had missed an event of this interesting nature. Somehow the school meeting had taken away a large part of their enthusiasm for young women teachers from the East.

The duty of welcoming Miss Andrews was left to Mrs. Wilson and the other women of Burnt Grass. They did it in a hearty fashion, remembering the loneliness that had oppressed themselves on their arrival in the town. The new teacher was made to feel perfectly at home. She was invited to afternoon teas, sewing circles and similar social diversions by each of the ladies in turn. By the end of the first week, when she came to take up her duties in the schoolroom, she felt almost like a native of the place, according to the jocular letter which she mailed back to Ohio.

Margaret was naturally of a buoyant disposition. She took a keen interest in all that was new among her surroundings, and set out to make herself helpful to Burnt Grass in a variety of ways. She took charge of a class in the Sunday school, organized social entertainments for the younger residents, and was generally charming and interested. She liked the frankness and open cordiality of her new friends, and tried to return it in kind. Therefore she was voted an immense success both by her young charges and their parents.

One thing, however, puzzled her. That was the offish bearing of the young men whom she met. When Mrs. Wilson, who boarded the teacher, and therefore felt a proprietary interest in her, introduced her to Danny Caram in the post office one day, Margaret could not help observing that the handsome cow puncher was plainly embarrassed and could not conceal his anxiety to get away from them. The fact was that Danny saw a group of fellows observing him with scowling glances from across the street, and feared an accusation of bad faith from the fact that he had been talking to the schoolma'am. In this he was in no wise mistaken, but of course, the reason for it was all unknown to Margaret.

It was so on every occasion when she came into contact with the young ranchmen. There was always a group of others close at hand, always the same awkward constraint on the part of her companions. This state of affairs was a source of keen enjoyment to Mrs. Wilson and her husband, but when Margaret laughingly commented on it her hostess had the wisdom to dismiss the subject with a smile. It was natural enough that Margaret should attribute the bashfulness of the young men of Burnt Grass to unfamiliarity with feminine society.

As a matter of fact, the young men were acting in self-defence in avoiding Margaret. Had they seen her before the school meeting they never would have made the agreement suggested by the wily trustee. Now they were in honor bound not to show that they had fallen in love with the new teacher, which they had done to a man at first sight of her.

The only safe plan, therefore, was to avoid her as much as possible. At Hi Horton, the champion lasso thrower of the county, expressed it, "No lariat could hold a man's tongue with them blue eyes lookin' into his."

As Margaret saw the attitude on the part of the young men did not change with her stay in Burnt Grass, it made her, womanlike, more anxious to be on friendly terms with them. She lost no opportunity to talk to them and to make herself as charming as possible, which was very charming indeed. This proceeding on her part was viewed with alarm by some of the young matrons, but Wilson merely smiled at their fears. He had the promise of the boys, and he knew that there was nothing else so sacred with a cow puncher as his word of honor.

Gradually, however, the boys fell from their first good resolution under the battery of friendly glances which the new teacher turned upon them. When Margarent mentioned her fondness for driving one day in the hearing of Hi Horton, that young gentleman suddenly realized with overwhelming force that the new buggy in his barn at the ranch had never been used since it was sent up to him from Portland. It was clearly impossible for him to do otherwise than invite the teacher to go driving.

That drive nearly proved the ranchman's undoing. Miss Andrews was at her brightest and prettiest. As they drove on and on Hi Horton's consciousness of his pledge became steadily more and more dim.

He thawed out completely and dilated on the various subjects of their conversation in a way that surprised Margaret, who had set him down as being rather "thick." The truth was that he had abandoned himself to his fate, regardless of pledges and all else. As they wheeled into the road that led back to Burnt Grass, Hi Horton was oblivious of all the world except the girl who sat beside him. He had been silent for some moments, but now, with a mighty clearing of his throat, he began: "Miss Andrews" ——

Previous experience had taught Margaret that that tone presaged only one thing. She looked down quickly, wondering how she was to stop him, but he got no further than those two words. There was a duet of pistol shots down the road, and a pair of cowboys swept past. They waved their hats in friendly greeting, but with a look toward Hi Horton that he interpreted as containing a distinct menace toward himself.

This interruption brought the ranchman down to earth. He was silent and ill at ease during the rest of the drive, and did not attempt to renew the speech that had been cut short. As for Horton himself, he had considerable difficulty in explaining to the vigilance committee from his indignant comrades that promptly waited upon him that there had been no "sparkin'" nor intention of any in his drive with the school teacher. He protested vigorously that he had invited her only out of common courtesy and after she had "as good as asked" him. He wound up his defence by declaring:

"Anyway, they wan't anything in the agreement to prevent a man from lookin' at the teacher, and I reckon I can speak to her without making a fool of myself."

The patent falsity of this concluding statement and the consciousness of the very narrow margin by which he had kept from making a fool of himself appeared to Hi Horton so forcibly that he actually blushed in uttering it. Fortunately, his heavy coat of tan on his cheeks prevented the color from revealing itself, and the committee decided to let him off with a warning.

Margaret was amused at the experience with the stalwart cow puncher and at the evident alarm that had seized him on seeing his comrades, but her amusement was lost in surprise when, one letter another, the other Burnt Grass bachelors ventured near the same precipice of broken faith down which Hi Horton had prepared to plunge when his companions interrupted him. These experiences differed in detail, but were the same in their general features.

A Mrs. Wilson's dancing party handsome Matt Hardin led her away from the heated dancing room to the cooler porch. There had been a tender light in Matt's eyes all the evening, and his manner could not have been described by any other adjective than lover-like. In fact, it had caused his envious compatriots to discuss the prospects of a shooting bee in the retirement of the kitchen. But just as Matt had nerved himself for the supreme effort and was actually reaching out toward the little hands demurely crossed in Miss Andrews' lap three young men came around the corner of the house. They paid no attention to the couple on the porch, but passed along in noisy disregard, talking loudly to one another.

Their appearance, however, seemed to recall something to Matt's mind. He relapsed instantly into his former attitude of cheerful gayety and evinced a commendable anxiety that his companion should not miss the next waltz.

Thus it happened in a dozen cases. Margaret was never alone with any of the young men for any length of time that she did not observe distinct premonitions of an approaching proposal. Just as regularly there was some interruption to prevent such an occurrence. Sometimes it was the approach of a cowboy or of a party of them; sometimes only a whistle or a pistol shot in the distance, but always it came in time to keep Margaret from the necessity of saying either yes or no.

The constant vigilance of the Burnt Grass bachelors in watching one another was evidence sufficient that they appreciated the situation. As the end of the school year approached this vigilance increased. None of them was ever in Margaret's company that a group of his fellows could not be seen hovering in the distance. This state of affairs was disastrous to their ordinary work, but the disposition of Margaret Andrews' affections had become a more important matter than cow punching or any other like duties to every one of them.

Inquiries began to be made of the trustee as to the exact hour when school would close and the embargo on the love-laden souls of the Burnt Grass bachelors be lifted. Wilson gave the same answer to each one, advising him with a sly wink to be on hand early, as he had heard that others might be present.

When that fateful last day arrived, on a Friday afternoon in May, Burnt Grass was the scene of more excitement than it had witnessed since the contest over the location of the county seat.

Long before noon the cowboys and ranchmen came riding into the town from four directions. All had on boots that were newly oiled, new handkerchiefs tucked into their shirt fronts, and new hats, elaborately ornamented, on their heads.

They strolled aimlessly along the one street of the town, greeting one another stiffly and frequently consulting their watches, though it was several hours before four o'clock, the regular time for closing school. Wilson observed the gala attire and sheepish appearance of his young acquaintances with unconcealed merriment. As the afternoon wore on, however, he grew thoughtful, and at length going about from one to another, he summoned them all to the porch of Hank Carson's hotel. When they had gathered there Wilson faced them.

"Now, boys," he began, "this may be none of my affair, and of course you will do as you like. But first I'll say what I have to say. I'm doing it in your own interest and that of somebody else we all care about," jerking his thumb in the direction of the schoolhouse.

"In the first place, I want to say that you have all acted on the fair and square about that agreement of ours, and have given us all a chance to think a heap more of the teacher than we could if one of you had monopolized her from the start. But now, as near as I can figure it, you are all calculating to go pell-mell and lariat out for the schoolma'am just as soon as four o'clock strikes. That's all right. I don't blame none of you for wanting to stake a claim to that section if you can. But how do you think she is going to feel to have a regiment of wild cowpunchers charging down on her all at once?"

Wilson paused and looked around. His auditors shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, but said nothing.

"Now, here's what I have to propose," went on the trustee. "It gives everybody a fair show and no favors and it won't scare the little woman to death. You all write out your proposals, or whatever you've got to say, and send them to my house, where she'll find them as soon as she comes home. I'll see that she reads them all before she answers any."

"I don't reckon that so wonderful fair," said Hardin, who was better equipped in graces of person than those of intellect. "We're not all literary poets."

"Well, then," said Wilson briskly, "appoint a committee. Let 'em give her the names of all of you. She knows you all, and she can decide just as well that way as any other. Syndicate the thing and let the lucky man take all the shares."

There was a nodding of heads at this suggestion.

"That sounds all right," said Hardin, acting once more in his capacity of spokesman. "It would be sort of sacrifying to have us all come at her at once and she not suspecting a thing about it. I'll agree to your scheme if you'll be the committee of one to represent this here Burnt Grass Proposal Syndicate. We'll let you go on ahead when she goes home, and then we'll come up to get the returns and find out who's elected."

The afternoon train was pulling into the Burnt Grass station as the cavalcade of horsemen rode past on their way to Wilson's, the house at the extreme end of the town. A stranger in a checked suit and white waistcoat and with the air of a tenderfoot unmistakably about him alighted from the rear car.

The stranger made some sort of an inquiry of the agent and then set off along the board walk in the same direction that the horsemen were taking. Ordinarily they would have canvassed his appearance carefully, but to-day their thoughts were occupied with a very different matter, so that they scarcely noticed him.

When, however, the stranger turned in at Wilson's gate, just ahead of them, they drew up short and watched him with keen interest. Apparently he had no doubt that it was the place he sought, for he walked directly up to the front door and rapped smartly on the panel. The door was opened by Miss Andrews herself. She gave one glance at the young man and then threw her arms about his neck, with a glad cry of, "Oh, Frank, Frank."

The ranchman saw the girl's movement and heard her cry of welcome. They discreetly turned their horses's tails on him and began an animated discussion as to the probable whereabouts of some imaginary cattle thief. Deep dejection was visible in their faces. In that one moment the stock of the Burnt Grass Proposal Syndicate had gone down from par to far below the zero point.

After a moment the school teacher raised her head from its resting place on the young man's shoulder. She saw the group in the roadway and called out to them to come up. One after another they slowly approached until they were all gathered before her. Margaret looked at them with a warm color in her cheeks.

"Mr. Wilson has told me," she said softly. "It is a great compliment. You must not think I do not appreciate it. I am very sorry that you must all be disappointed, but—but you see. I—this is Mr. Outlin—we—arranged it all before I came out here."

For a moment no one spoke. Then Matt Hardin answered her.

"We didn't know. We are very sorry, but—of course—it's all right," he added lamely. "You mustn't feel bad about it.

"Another thing I want to say for the boys," he went on, after a moment, with the first note of enthusiasm in his voice, "we want you to be happy, and if you'll have the wedding here we'll give you the greatest send off Burnt Grass has even seen."

There was an eager murmur of assent among those behind Hardin. Margaret blushed and looked at her lover.

"I guess we can arrange that," she said.

"I guess we can," he said, noting the happy light in her eyes. And so it was arranged.

When the train that bore away the bride was out of sight and out of gunshot hearing, the crowd of hoarse and dusky ranchmen betook themselves to Hank Carson's bar. Nobody spoke until they had disposed of a good three fingers of Carson's whiskey. Then Matt Hardin said:

"Boys, I move that we ask Wilson to get a man teacher next time."

The motion was unanimously carried.

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LOCAL BEGINNING OF IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

(An Example.)

From the Nineteenth Century.

Many aspects of the urgent problem of National Defence have lately been discussed with great ability in this Review. It is possible, therefore, that a modest effort which is actually being made in an industrial neighborhood to give immediate practical effect to some of the lessons which the war has brought home to us may be thought worthy of a brief description. The campaign in South Africa has been fruitful in lessons of grave importance. The country is eager to learn them, so eager indeed, that we are in some danger of trying to learn too many of them at once and of failing thereby to accomplish any permanent result. Probably most of us have felt for months past that we should be much happier if we could be given practical support to some definite scheme for strengthening the defences of the Empire; but the multiplicity of counsels has brought bewilderment to our minds and we turn hopelessly from all the competing schemes and proposals for conscription, for the militia ballot, for compulsory volunteering—this last one of those brilliant compromises in which the British mind delights to dress up decently its own prejudices. We ask ourselves in desperation whether there is not something we can really be doing, which will be of service in preparing the way for a new system, without waiting till the country has decided what the new system shall be.

I think we can. And indeed I hope in this short article to show that by voluntary local efforts an important educational process can be begun, which may one day have the happiest influence upon the future of the defensive forces of the Empire

It has taken a great war to recall to our minds a duty we ought never to have forgotten—I mean the personal obligation of every citizen to contribute his share to national defence. National defence is, and should be, the natural duty of a true citizen, and the duty he should be most reluctant to surrender or to neglect. We perhaps hardly realize it, but our European neighbors are beginning to despise us, because it appears to them that we deliberately shirk a manly obligation which has become part and parcel of their daily lives. While each of their young men is trained and disciplined to the use of arms, the vast majority of Englishmen are ignorant of the elements of military duty, and make no personal sacrifice whatever for the defence of their country. On the contrary, they delegate the vindication of its honor, and even the maintenance of its safety to a limited and professional—albeit highly honorable—class. And this in spite of our boundless pride in our country and in our Empire. Moreover, we are all practically agreed that if we intend to maintain that Empire upon its present scale—as of course we do intend to maintain it—we must at once enormously increase its military strength. The great burden of empire must rest upon a far wider base than it rests upon to-day. For purposes of national defence larger and heavier claims will have to be made upon our people in the future than have been made in the past.

It is of course the duty of the government of the day, profiting by recent lessons, to propose effective measures for putting our military preparations upon a footing commensurate with our imperial needs. But the vital, the all-important point is that our military efficiency must ultimately depend upon the physical fitness of our people to bear arms, and upon the martial spirit which animates them. Patriotism and enthusiasm are great and important factors in national life, but they need to have behind them a nation physically strong and carefully disciplined for military duty. The best measures of any government for the military reorganization of the Empire must fail, unless another, the other Burnt Grass bachelors ventured near the same precipice of broken faith down which Hi Horton had prepared to plunge when his companions interrupted him. These experiences differed in detail, but were the same in their general features.

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Long before noon the cowboys and ranchmen came riding into the town from four directions. All had on boots that were newly oiled, new handkerchiefs tucked into their shirt fronts, and new hats, elaborately ornamented, on their heads.

They strolled aimlessly along the one street of the town, greeting one another stiffly and frequently consulting their watches, though it was several hours before four o'clock, the regular time for closing school. Wilson observed the gala attire and sheepish appearance of his young acquaintances with unconcealed merriment. As the afternoon wore on, however, he grew thoughtful, and at length going about from one to another, he summoned them all to the porch of Hank Carson's hotel. When they had gathered there Wilson faced them.

"Now, boys," he began, "this may be none of my affair, and of course you will do as you like. But first I'll say what I have to say. I'm doing it in your own interest and that of somebody else we all care about," jerking his thumb in the direction of the schoolhouse.

"In the first place, I want to say that you have all acted on the fair and square about that agreement of ours, and have given us all a chance to think a heap more of the teacher than we could if one of you had monopolized her from the start. But now, as near as I can figure it, you are all calculating to go pell-mell and lariat out for the schoolma'am just as soon as four o'clock strikes. That's all right. I don't blame none of you for wanting to stake a claim to that section if you can. But how do you think she is going to feel to have a regiment of wild cowpunchers charging down on her all at once?"

Wilson paused and looked around. His auditors shifted uneasily from one foot to the other, but said nothing.

"Now, here's what I have to propose," went on the trustee. "It gives everybody a fair show and no favors and it won't scare the little woman to death. You all write out your proposals, or whatever you've got to say, and send them to my house, where she'll find them as soon as she comes home. I'll see that she reads them all before she answers any."

"I don't reckon that so wonderful fair," said Hardin, who was better equipped in graces of person than those of intellect. "We're not all literary poets."

"Well, then," said Wilson briskly, "appoint a committee. Let 'em give her the names of all of you. She knows you all, and she can decide just as well that way as any other. Syndicate the thing and let the lucky man take all the shares."

There was a nodding of heads at this suggestion.

"That sounds all right," said Hardin, acting once more in his capacity of spokesman. "It would be sort of sacrifying to have us all come at her at once and she not suspecting a thing about it. I'll agree to your scheme if you'll be the committee of one to represent this here Burnt Grass Proposal Syndicate. We'll let you go on ahead when she goes home, and then we'll come up to get the returns and find out who's elected."

The afternoon train was pulling into the Burnt Grass station as the cavalcade of horsemen rode past on their way to Wilson's, the house at the extreme end of the town. A stranger in a checked suit and white waistcoat and with the air of a tenderfoot unmistakably about him alighted from the rear car.

The stranger made some sort of an inquiry of the agent and then set off along the board walk in the same direction that the horsemen were taking. Ordinarily they would have canvassed his appearance carefully, but to-day their thoughts were occupied with a very different matter, so that they scarcely noticed him.

When, however, the stranger turned in at Wilson's gate, just ahead of them, they drew up short and watched him with keen interest. Apparently he had no doubt that it was the place he sought, for he walked directly up to the front door and rapped smartly on the panel. The door was opened by Miss Andrews herself. She gave one glance at the young man and then threw her arms about his neck, with a glad cry of, "Oh, Frank, Frank."

The ranchman saw the girl's movement and heard her cry of welcome. They discreetly turned their horses's tails on him and began an animated discussion as to the probable whereabouts of some imaginary cattle thief. Deep dejection was visible in their faces. In that one moment the stock of the Burnt Grass Proposal Syndicate had gone down from par to far below the zero point.

After a moment the school teacher raised her head from its resting place on the young man's shoulder. She saw the group in the roadway and called out to them to come up. One after another they slowly approached until they were all gathered before her. Margaret looked at them with a warm color in her cheeks.

"Mr. Wilson has told me," she said softly. "It is a great compliment. You must not think I do not appreciate it. I am very sorry that you must all be disappointed, but—but you see. I—this is Mr. Outlin—we—arranged it all before I came out here."

For a moment no one spoke. Then Matt Hardin answered her.

"We didn't know. We are very sorry, but—of course—it's all right," he added lamely. "You mustn't feel bad about it.

"Another thing I want to say for the boys," he went on, after a moment, with the first note of enthusiasm in his voice, "we want you to be happy, and if you'll have the wedding here we'll give you the greatest send off Burnt Grass has even seen."

There was an eager murmur of assent among those behind Hardin. Margaret blushed and looked at her lover.

"I guess we can arrange that," she said.

"I guess we can," he said, noting the happy light in her eyes. And so it was arranged.

When the train that bore away the bride was out of sight and out of gunshot hearing, the crowd of hoarse and dusky ranchmen betook themselves to Hank Carson's bar. Nobody spoke until they had disposed of a good three fingers of Carson's whiskey. Then Matt Hardin said:

"Boys, I move that we ask Wilson to get a man teacher next time."

The motion was unanimously carried.

HE WALKED THE FLOOR

In Agony With Pains in the Back—Sleep Impossible—Medicine of no Avail Until He Got Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. Patrick J. McLaughlan, Beauharnois, Que., states: "I was troubled with kidney disease and dyspepsia for 20 years, and have been so bad that I could not sleep at nights on account of pains in the back, but would walk the floor all night, and suffered terrible agony.

"I tried all sorts of medicines, but got no relief until I began using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They made a new man of me, and the old troubles seem to be driven out of my system."

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them far more alert and receptive to ordinary teaching.

We hope that if military drill is made as necessary and essential a part of the curriculum of our schools as any other of the present obligatory subjects, it will prove so far attractive as to encourage many of the boys to take to gymnastics proper. And therefore the second part of our scheme is to provide for the use of boys out of school hours a good public gymnasia, where they can be taught by qualified instructors those more elaborate and advanced physical exercises which form no part of military drill, but which are so necessary for the complete development of the body. These gymnasia would be in central situations, easily accessible to boys, and everything would be done to make them as attractive as possible.

A further step in the scheme is the formation of cadet corps for lads between thirteen and seventeen. To this part of our scheme we attach the greatest possible importance. The most critical, and in some respects the most dangerous, years of a boy's life are those which lie between his leaving day school and his attaining manhood. It is in those years that good or bad habits are formed, and that his character is made or marred. We English are supposed to have a racial love for open air sports, and to take naturally to games of all kinds. That may be true of the more privileged classes. It is certainly not true of our industrial population. In my experience, for every boy who plays football a hundred prefer to look on with their hands in their pockets at a match between professional players. The slightest desire for active physical exercise is rather the exception than the rule in our midland and northern towns. I confess that the aspect of our streets at night, with these crowds of lads loafing about at a loose end or worse, appears to me infinitely depressing. If boys could be drawn from these miserable and corrupting habits of idleness to the invigorating exercises of gymnasia, and to the wholesome discipline of military training, a great point would be gained. They would come under healthy influences, they would acquire a taste for manly exercises, and many social problems which at present are gloomy and difficult would, I believe, find an easy solution.

I have long felt, even as an employer of labor, that a change must be made in our treatment of the question of physical education, if we are to maintain our position in the world, not only as soldiers but as traders. All the nations of Europe are giving systematic physical training to their whole male population, for every conscript must pass through the gymnasium. There is no doubt, a dark side to compulsory military service; this, at all events, is its bright side, it does greatly improve the physique of a people. In the case of Germany no one denies it. In the case of France many of us have seen the improvement taking place during our lifetime.

Yet in England we are content to leave the physical development of our whole industrial population to the chance efforts of philanthropists. If we persist in putting complete neglect or spasmodic individual effort against the systematic training of our neighbors, we must of necessity fall behind in the race. It can only be a question of time.

Before the era of physical education on the Continent our racial physical gifts, our climate, our national food, gave us a certain physical pre-eminence, but natural gifts, however great, natural predispositions, however strong, can never take the place of careful professional training.

In our scheme the cadet corps will act as feeders to the rifle clubs and volunteer corps. They will in fact be affiliated to them, and boys will pass from the cadet corps into the rifle corps as soon as they reach the proper age.

I will now recapitulate the various stages of our complete scheme.

(1) Compulsory physical exercises and military drill in all elementary day-schools.

(2 Public gymnasia for the use of boys out of school hours, or after leaving school.

(3 Cadet corps and rifle clubs.

(4) Volunteer corps.

Our Association will give encouragement and financial assistance, where it is required, to each division or stage of this scheme. Moreover, one of its main objects will be to secure the co-operation and co-ordination of the numerous athletic clubs, which are already so much useful work in the district. In a word, it will endeavor to create system and method among the many existing agencies, while, on its own account, it seeks to impart to all of them a distinctly military object.

I will now describe the steps we have already taken and the success which has so far attended our efforts. Our experience may be of use to others.

As already stated we based our scheme upon the day-schools. We felt that if we could set the young people to work with their military drill, we should be preparing material for the more advanced parts of our scheme by the time we were ready for it. The Macclesfield district is about equally divided between town and country. It contains twelve town schools situated in the municipal borough, and twelve country schools situated at various distances outside the borough. Of course the town schools are far more numerously attended than the country schools. We asked the headmasters of these twenty-four schools to meet us in conference. We explained our scheme to them and invited first their co-operation and then their advice and criticism. I may say at once that we were met in the most cordial spirit. The teachers welcomed our scheme with open arms, and offered at once to do all in their power to make it a success. It meant additional work for them, but in the interests of national defence and for the sake of the health and physical well-being of their pupils they were prepared to make any personal sacrifices. There are few bodies of men and women more worthy of respect and gratitude than the teachers in our elementry day-schools. They labor with great zeal and devotion and receive very little public recognition of their services to the state.

After agreeing to the principle of our scheme so far as it concerned the day-schools, the headmasters undertook to appoint a committee from among themselves to work out details. This committee submitted to us the following general rules, which we at once accepted:

(1) That one hour per week during school hours should be devoted to military drill in all the schools of the district.

(2 That only children above the third standard should be drilled.

(3) That wherever possible a member of the school teaching staff should act as drill instructor, and that he should receive some small remuneration for his services from the association.

(4) That a professional drill instructor employed and paid by the association should visit and inspect the town schools once a month, and the country schools once a fortnight.

(5 That a covered hall should be provided by the association in a central situation (for instance, the volunteer drill hall for the use of such town schools as do not possess playgrounds suitable for military drill.

We have now applied to the board of managers of each of the twenty-four schools to sanction the adoption of military drill, undertaking on the part of the association to supply drill instructors free of charge to all schools that may need them, to provide some small remuneration for members of existing school staffs who may act as drill instructors, and to provide the use of a hall for the use of such town schools as require it. We anticipate a favorable reply from all the schools, and have every reason to believe that this part of our scheme will be in working order in the course of a few weeks.

If military drill proves as popular in our schools as it has proved wherever it has been fairly tried, we shall at once proceed to establish public gymnasia in order to start the second part of our scheme before the winter of this year. With the cadet corps we sh