

THE HOUSAN MAN BY RALPH STOCK

(Copyright, 1908, New York Herald Co. All Rights Reserved.) A FEELER meeting an M.A. on a beef "round up," the son of an R.A. on a bridge crew, an Hon. (strictly incognito) sporting a crimson nose and elongated boots on the boards of the Coeur d'Alene, Spokane...

Yet he was interesting. One instinctively felt that here was a man with a purpose, a man who had taken life in his two hands and wrestled with it; that there was something behind him that kept him wrestling still. What that something was proved an increasingly interesting subject of speculation to me for two months.

Drummond actually smiled faintly, but he was not amused. It was that same queer smile of compassion that accompanied the extending of a workworn hand. "I'm glad, very glad, old man," he congratulated me with unusual warmth.

"You see, I was just coming to that—do day in, day out, and perhaps lose myself in the rhythm of doing it." "I came here, and do exactly what you see me doing every day. I have my wagon loaded in the bush with logs, drive them to the mill sidwavs, roll them off and return to the bush. I find myself counting the trees that line the trail. Between the sidwavs at the mill and the sidwavs in the bush there are exactly 1,119 full grown trees lining the trail on the right side, and 73 less on the left. I make six trips in the day. My high home takes 2,040 steps to the trip, as a rule, and the off horse, 2,400. So I manage to occupy my mind all day and lose it in three sleep nights."



I TURNED AND WAS SURPRISED TO SEE DRUMMOND ON HIS FEET LEANING OVER THE ADDITORIUM.

On a certain Saturday evening I received a letter addressed three times and generally crumpled and soiled with handling. I read the typewritten contents, gasped and took the nearest seat, which happened to be the grass at my feet. I haven't the faintest recollection of what I did or what I said there, who spoke to me or what I answered. I only know that when the full realization of what I had read came home to me, it brought me to my feet whooping like a red Indian.

"I have a dim recollection of a ring of grizzled faces staring with stolid wonderment in my direction, a few gruff remarks, the drift of which centered around the main fact that 'the dude was as crazy as a bedbug,' and then I made a beeline for the trestle bridge.

"Very possibly not," I admitted tartly. "Again that exasperating smile twitched at the corners of his mouth. 'Don't get mad,' he said calmly; 'there's no need to. I said that because I once told it all to another man—only man in the world I ever did tell it to.'"

"You see," he said, attaching the locket to a delicate monotone, "you're engaged to be married. I came out here by fruit land and built the home, and changed her mind, that's all."

"Look here, Drummond," I said fiercely, "you're going to try an experiment; you're coming home with me now! We're going to buy a fruit farm down in Wales, by the sea, where we can work when we feel like it and play when we feel like it. We'll have a bachelor establishment—liberty hall, a few decent fellows, whiskey and pipes, polo, tennis. We'll make the wear's daughter (he's bound to have several) by way of variation, and well just chalk up how many days it takes for you to drown this idiotic dream of yours."

"I turned and was surprised to see Drummond on his feet leaning over the auditorium." "Look here, Drummond," I said fiercely, "you're going to try an experiment; you're coming home with me now! We're going to buy a fruit farm down in Wales, by the sea, where we can work when we feel like it and play when we feel like it. We'll have a bachelor establishment—liberty hall, a few decent fellows, whiskey and pipes, polo, tennis. We'll make the wear's daughter (he's bound to have several) by way of variation, and well just chalk up how many days it takes for you to drown this idiotic dream of yours."

box opened quietly and shut with a gentle click. The faint rustle of skirts and an overpowering odor of eau de Cologne pervaded the air. She drew a third chair toward the front of the box. "Well, you're a dry looking crowd," she observed in a strident falsetto, with an indicative glance toward the beer and the empty glasses. Then she caught sight of Drummond. "What's the matter, dearie?" she demanded playfully. "Home-sick?"

"Billy," I began impressively, "I have just done my last day's work." "He regarded me fixedly for a few seconds. "Where did you get it?" he demanded at last accusingly. "What, the letter? From the mail carrier, of course."

"No, the whiskey." "Then I laughed again. Oh, the world was a wondrous place that evening. "It's better than that," I blurted, like a schoolboy divulging his pet secret in precious segments. "It's that fat aunt I told you about, the one vegetating at Tokio. I thought she would outlast me by years, and I know she hates me like poison, yet she's gone the way of all flesh and softened at the last moment."

"I was not. It annoyed me to such an extent that I resolved to speak." "But tell me, you never had much to do with women?" "I knew you wouldn't understand," he said a trifle wearily. "I don't want to slobber, and God knows I say this out of no conceit, must be one man in a thousand who can't play at it, 'love and ride away.' Where I loved once I shall always love; she is a part of my life, and I belong to another man. I, you see, was not part of her—there was some gigantic mistake somewhere. She was something ethereal to me; it was always the same, whatever happens."

"Man's love is the same the world over," he blurted brutally. "To see a fellow you buried in a hole like this, going through day after day what you go through for the sake of a dream, a chimera—that's the thing I was trying to forget. I certainly don't understand. You carry that picture round your neck and in your mind's eye see her always as she appeared to you in the old days. You worship that, you understand—not her, but her memory. If you could see her now, why she might disgust you. Imagine her as a portly man, with a pipe in his mouth; she may have developed the temper of a fiend; she may have had ezema, something that would disfigure her for life—oh, wake up, man! There's no lot in life."

"I watched Drummond closely, and nothing that he said or did was discernible in his expression. His pale blue eyes wandered round the galleries, where passed the endless procession of painted sheets and white robes, down into the cloud of endless smoke, down into the well of the auditorium, whence rose a certain crude work-work that I could do day in, day out, and perhaps lose myself in the rhythm of doing it."

"The town was a new world to him. He stood on the curb running a long brown finger round the inside of his unaccustomed starch collar, alternately buttoning and unbuttoning the jacket of his shirt as he emerged from the waters of English Bay and lay on the hot sand blinking like a couple of owls strayed from their cranny in the light of day. I saw he disliked it, but persevered uncomplacently. "And now," said I, when a little later we left a down town restaurant, "we'll go to the Prince of Wales street, and persuade ourselves it's the Empire, Leicester square." Drummond followed like a lamb. As we entered the theatre a fat blonde man in a rancorous voice, and in a way of inquiring of an unappreciative audience "how they'd like to spoon with her." We took a little black hole reeking of tobacco and beer and filled with the remainder of the turn received the undivided attention of the inquiring performer."

"I waited up for him on the deserted piazza with a pipe and my thoughts. I saw the glow of his cigar approaching up the driveway long before his tall, gaunt form was discernible, and I remember wondering vaguely what I ought to say. "I'm sorry you were dragged into this," he apologized, crossing one long knee over the other. "You recognize her, of course?" "My dear fellow, don't mention it," I blurted hurriedly. "It was glad—I mean I only hope you won't take it too much to heart; that you'll see the wisdom of coming home now." Drummond crossed his legs. "No," I've decided to settle out here if I succeed." "I queried, mystified. "I don't quite follow."



WHAT'S THE MATTER DEARIE? SHE DEMANDED PLAYFULLY, 'HOME SICK?'

NEGRO EXHORTER GIVES AGE AS 138

The Rev. Mason Brooks, in Jersey Sermon, Asserts He Once Held General Washington's Horse. New York, Aug. 24.—In a sermon delivered yesterday at Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church, in Somerville (N. J.), the Rev. Mason Brooks, a negro clergyman, said that he is 138 years of age, and that he remembers having held General George Washington's horse on the road between Somerville and Berlin.

IN MEMORY OF SAILORS

The annual decoration of the seamen's graves in the marine lot in Fernhill was carried out yesterday by members of the Seamen's Institute. An abundance of beautiful flowers donated by friends were taken to the cemetery in a barouche. A memorial service was conducted by Rev. L. A. McLean, who spoke of the love of their fellow men which prompted those who had gathered flowers, that the last earthly resting place of the sailors might be made beautiful.

GREAT BRITAIN'S NAVAL PROGRESS

Two Dreadnoughts Soon to Be Launched—Two Others Planned. London, Aug. 23.—Before the close of the present year two more battleships of the Dreadnought class, but including improvements adopted after exhaustive experiments with the first of these vessels, are to be launched for the British navy, and work on still another one is to be commenced. The St. Vincent, which was laid down at Portsmouth in December last, is to take the water on Sept. 10, and the Collingwood's slip at Devonport, on Nov. 7. Both the Collingwood and St. Vincent are to be ready for commission early in 1910.

TWO CHILDREN BATHERS DROWNED

Clinton, Mass., Aug. 25.—Two young children were drowned here today under somewhat unusual circumstances. George Parker, aged 12 years, son of Jeremiah Parker, was seized by cramps while bathing in Fuller's Pond and drowned in but two feet of water. Although some of his boy companions were close by, they were too young to help, and a physician worked over the body for some time, his efforts at resuscitation were unsuccessful.

THE UNEMPLOYED

Another Country Where Both Capital and Labor Are Out of Work. (Correspondence of The New York Post.) London, August 12.—Occasionally, one gets the impression here that America believes England to be still in the full flood of prosperity, and ready to call to lend a helping hand to impoverished America. It is a curious idea. This extract from a London newspaper will show just what validity there is in that belief.

OTTAWA CONSERVATIVES

SELECT CANDIDATES. Ottawa, Aug. 25.—The Conservatives of the Capital held their convention tonight and nominated Thos. Birkett, ex-M.P., and Dr. Chabot, as the party candidates for the forthcoming election. Mr. Birkett obtained the nomination on the first ballot. His opponents were Fred Cook, Ottawa representative of the Mail and Empire, and P. D. Ross, Editor of the Ottawa Evening Journal. Mr. Ross was an unsuccessful candidate for the last general election, and Mr. Birkett was the defeated Conservative candidate in the last federal contest.

COUNTY COURT

Georgiana Sneed Not Guilty of Setting Fire to House—No Bill in Docket Case. In the county court Tuesday morning, Judge Forbes presided, grand jury found no bill in the case of John J. Davis, charged with perjury, but found a true bill against Frank N. Burns, charged with the appropriation of money while working for Collier & Co. His Honor, Judge Forbes, in addressing Davis, arraigned him severely, and said he was very fortunate in the position he at present occupied, as nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to have sent him up for two years.

MOORE'S MILLS MAN BADLY INJURED

St. Stephen, N. B., Aug. 24 (Special).—A likely fatal accident occurred at Moore's Mills today. Arthur White, who was working on a building at that place fell from a staging to the ground, a distance of about twenty feet into a ditch. One of the loose staging planks fell, striking him on the forehead, rendering him unconscious for some hours. His recovery is still in doubt.

MOOSE INVADERS HAMPTON

Hampton, N. B., Aug. 24.—Two moose made a visit to Hampton this morning, one, a fine bull, was of immense proportions, but both appeared to be in rather poor condition. They had swum across the river from the Norton side and leisurely walked about, apparently looking for suitable feeding grounds which they eventually found in Mrs. Hayward's pasture. Their presence caused a good deal of interest, but owners of ripening grain and growing garden truck expressed the hope that they would extend their journey before night without further search for food provisions, but they were still enjoying themselves in the pasture late this afternoon.

HARVESTERS STRANDED AT MOOSEJAW

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 24 (Special).—Following close in the wake of the harvesters, a series of the most daring burglaries have been pulled off in this city, and some of these are attributed to undesirable visitors. Saturday evening a man walked into a store on Portage avenue and at the point of a revolver compelled the woman cashier to hand over the receipts. He made a clean getaway afterwards. Fully a dozen or more private residences have been entered. In one case the lady of the house was beaten insensibly in the act of telephoning the police.

CORN'S CURED

You can positively cure your corns in 24 hours, hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It has been used for years, contains no acids, is a non-toxic compound of healing gums and balsams. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all Druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PAYMASTER AND TWO MEN KILLED BY TRAIN AT KENORA

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 25 (Special).—While paying a gang at Eagle, 65 miles east of Kenora, Alex. Milton, chief clerk in the paymaster's office, was killed with two others who were standing with him on a side track. The men supposed to have been the train men, but instead, the train came down the siding and before the men could get clear, all three were killed.

MINISTER SUICIDES

New York, Aug. 25.—Ill, half-blind, criticising the church on the score of untruthfulness and insincerity and declaring that he could not worship "America's Trinity—success, pleasure and gold." Rev. Albert H. Trick today shot and killed himself in a Mills hotel. He was once pastor of a Presbyterian church in Chicago, and later had a charge at Saratoga.

Mr. Brooks said that he has preached for the last seventy years, and that he has spent five years in Egypt, where he did missionary work. During the celebration of the Washington Camp Ground Association at Bound Brook, on July 4 last, he was present and walked up the mountainside unassisted. He says he knows he is older than the celebrated Noah Raby, who died in the poorhouse in Middlesex county (N. J.), a few years ago, at the supposed age of 129 years. The preacher told them that his long life and growing garden truck expressed the hope that they would extend their journey before night without further search for food provisions, but they were still enjoying themselves in the pasture late this afternoon.

At Moosejaw the condition of the harvesters is desperate. The city has been obliged to feed and house upwards of two hundred of them. The net revenue of the New York post office for the year which ended on June 30 last, showed a decrease of \$23,725.34.

Table with columns: Ship Name, Launched, Months down building. Includes Dreadnought, Bellorophon, Tencrath, Superb, St. Vincent, Collingwood, Vanguard.

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THE RED YEAR
A Story of the Indian Mutiny
BY LOUIS TRACY

CHAPTER II.
A Night in May.
Winifred awoke unconsciously,
heard his fierce cry for help, and fell upon
the would-be murderers, for Mrs. Craigie
and her children were alone in the bungalow.

"Halt! Who goes there?" cried, in the
queer jargon of the native regiments.
Malcolm saw a man hurrying towards
him. He recognized him as a pensioner
named Syed Mir Khan, an Afghan. The
old man, a born fire-eater, insisted on
speaking English to the sahiblog, unless
by rare doses he encounters some per-

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made by any one of the number or by the survivor.

WANTED LAUDANUM;
TRIED TO END LIFE
Moncton Man Sought to Climb Over
Bridge Rail, Later to Hang Himself
Now in Jail Here.

FOSHAY STRUCK
SWITCH, SAT JURY
Inquest Into Fatality on I. C. R.
Held—Difference in Opinions

Robert Living, who says he comes from
Moncton, was sentenced to four days in
jail, in Fairville yesterday. He was ar-
rested by Policeman Lawson on Tuesday
afternoon after his actions on the Sus-
pension bridge had caused him to be
driven off by Caretaker Burns. He is said
to have attempted to climb over the
bridge rail.

In the lock-up, Living attempted sui-
cide, this time by hanging. He fastened
his suspenders to the bars of his cell door,
then threw them over the transom and
tied them about his neck, but he was dis-
covered in time to prevent his accom-
plishing his purpose. The man appeared
to be a nervous wreck.

He called for laudanum and was given
quitting powder, but these had no effect.
Dr. L. M. Curran last evening said that
Living went to him last Saturday looking
half dazed, and with the appearance of
having been drinking and asked for some
laudanum. He secured in a desperate
state and made some reference to ending
his life with a bullet. Dr. Curran advised
that he told Living he was better off
without drugs and had better go home.

He returned again on Sunday and
again asked for laudanum and was re-
fused. At this visit he explained that he
has been a teacher at a school in West-
morland and that his wife kept a hotel
in Moncton. Financial troubles, he said,
had rendered him desperate, and he had
been drinking. Dr. Curran asked the man
if he had been in an asylum, but this he
denied. Finally he left and no more had
been heard of him until his case appeared
in the court yesterday.

On enquiry at the jail last evening, it
was learned that Living was quiet and
was not giving any trouble.

In answer to Mr. Sinclair, he said he
thought the noise was caused by Foshay
striking the switch. If any other man
went wrong with the car it was the duty
of the deceased to tell him and not go
outside to examine it.

Martin O. Daley, the conductor, was
next called, but his evidence did not tend
to throw any light on the case. Frank
McCabe, one of the conductors, who
helped to lift the body after the accident,
also testified.

Joshua E. Wood said he was working
with the previous witness. He saw Fos-
hay fall from the car. Deceased was look-
ing out of the door at the time, leaning
far out. He thought that he hit the
switch.

David A. Sinclair, mechanical foreman,
described the construction of the motor
car, and said that a man might stand on the floor of the car and,
by leaning far out, touch the switch. He
was also of the opinion that Foshay
would have hit by the switch the body
would have carried twenty-five or thirty feet
beyond.

The coroner summed up briefly. He
said that he was inclined to think that Dr.
Warwick used good judgment when he
said that the injury was caused by a fall
rather than a blow by the switch.

The jury retired about 10 o'clock and
returned at an hour later with the
verdict as told.

Halifax, N.S., Aug. 28.—While crossing
the railway track at 7.30 this morning,
about a mile east of Londonderry station,
two young men, Herbert and Wilfrid
Scott, brothers, said to live in the neigh-
borhood of Acadia Mines, were knocked
down and instantly killed by No. 10 train,
the night express from St. John, in charge
of Conductor Hopper and Driver Sanders.
The men were in a wagon, the horse
which they were driving being killed and
the wagon smashed to pieces.

The theory of the way the train hap-
pened to be on the track is that, hearing
the whistle of the engine, the horse took
fright and bolted. No other theory can
be advanced which can satisfactorily ex-
plain the accident, since the main road
runs parallel with the track for half a
mile, and it would be a sheer impossibility
for anyone to be oblivious of the approach
of the train.

Baltimore, Md., Aug. 28.—There was a
light fall of snow in the suburbs of this
city tonight and hurries are reported from
other points in Maryland.

Michael Kelly, of St. Martins, has de-
cided to devote the entire year to tem-
perance work under I. O. G. T. auspices.
It has been decided to have him tour
Queens county first.

Regina, Aug. 28.—Two hundred harvest-
ers are out of work here and some are
in a destitute condition. They held an
indignation meeting last night protesting
at the C. P. R.'s refusal to ship them
back home.

The railway says the men are not en-
titled to return tickets till they have
done thirty days work and the men claim
they cannot get one day's work. They
allege they were brought in on misrep-
resentations by the C. P. R. circulating
broadcast a statement that there was en-
ough demand for harvesters. By these will
be that only 650 men were required in
Saskatchewan and the company shipped
in 2,000 with two more trainloads to
come.

A dozen men who came with the first
contingent have arrived back in the city
after talking to Moosejaw and some way
down the Soo line looking for work, and
now, wet, starved, and bedraggled, they
are being looked after by the Salvation
Army.

The Moosejaw Board of Trade gave
these men two meals, otherwise they had
no food in a week. They sold their
trousers to buy bread. More than a hun-

dred are huddled in the C. P. R. depot
with not fifty cents amongst the crowd,
many having come all the way from Nova
Scotia, with no prospects of getting back.
Winipeg reports that numbers of har-
vesters have been unable to secure work
and although conditions may improve
slightly as the late grain becomes ready
for cutting, it appears that there is a
surplus of harvesting labor in the country
beyond all possible requirements with the
inward flow not yet checked. For this
reason it is hardly fair to blame the railway
company entirely, for conditions have
been peculiar. At the time the first esti-
mates of labor needs were sent out on
which the excursions were based there
were good prospects of very big crops
with a possible total wheat average of
over twenty bushels per acre. These well
unexpected drought, coupled with unusu-
ally early frosts have winnowed down the
wheat average to nearer fifteen than
twenty bushels and cut the oat crop in
half. At the same time these conditions
have resulted in a crop very easy to har-
vest with unusually short straw. Added
to this a desire on the part of farmers to
cut down harvest expenses to a minimum
are sufficient reasons at present for the
wide margin between original estimates
and actual requirements.

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Write for booklet of
these "Household Nece-
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