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TO CONSUMPTIVES. The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years by a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To the Public I HAVE PURCHASED THE Bus and Dray business from Mr. John Vollet, and wish to announce to the people of Durham and vicinity, that it will be my aim to make the business, so successfully carried on by my predecessor for the past two years, more successful than ever.

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HESPER ...BY... HAMLIN GARLAND COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY HAMLIN GARLAND

CHAPTER III. BARNETT'S ranch, one of his chief amusements, lay at the head of a valley surrounding a spring which was the source of Wildcat creek.

At about 5 o'clock of a hot and windless July day a horseman galloped swiftly up the valley into the yard and was met at the door of the house by a tall, composed young fellow in broad hat and spurs.

"Hello, Perry!" he said quietly. "You made good time." Perry, a young Mexican, showed a score of his white teeth in a grin.

The young man tore the end from the long envelope and read the letter in silence. His face darkened. "Well, that's a nice case o' beans. So they're on the road, are they?"

The young foreman turned toward the house, from which the faint strains of "Annie Laurie" came. A plump, light haired young fellow of about thirty sat tilted back in his chair, with one leg thrown across the corner of the table, playing a mouth organ.

"Hello, Bob!" he called. "Raymond was in bad humor. 'Put up your plaything, you monkey, and listen to me a moment.' 'What's up?' Raymond pointed at the letter. 'Read that. Nice thing the old man works on us.' His indignation and disgust deepened into a growl.

"The other man composedly took up the letter. 'What's he done now?' 'Going to quarter a crazy kid on us, a New York degenerate, who'll be a confounded nuisance every hour of the day. And that isn't all—the kid's sister is coming down to stay a few days—here his dismay was fairly comical—'to get the lad settled.'"

"Baker's eyes widened, and his fat face lengthened. 'Not comin' today?' 'That's what.' 'And us without no woman round.' Raymond broke forth again: 'That's it, now. You'd suppose Barnett would at least read my letters. I told him last week that old Jones and his wife were going up to Skytown.' 'Well, we're in for it. We can't turn a woman out on the plain. Jack, you slovenly whelp, set to work and clean up the mess you've made. Perry, go rope some snags for a fire. Hustle, now!'

"Oh, see here, you're joshin'." "You won't find it any josh." You've been getting gay with me lately and need discipline. You pass for the foreman. Understand? You amuse the girl and pose for the boy, while I knock pots. That is settled. Now take the pail and rustle some water, and don't you peep."

Perry, entering at the door with an armful of brush, called out, with quiet joy. "The senora has come!" Raymond seized him by the arm. "Listen here, Perry. The old man has written down to say that he has made Jack the boss. I'm going to cook a few days, and then I leave. You tell the other boys that Jack Baker is made foreman, and they've got to obey him. You sabbe?"

Perry grew solemn of face. "I sabbe. If you go, I go." "Never mind that. Get out there and help take care of the team, and Jack, you go too." He laid a hand on his back and pushed him through the doorway just as the two scathed hack rounded the corral and drew up to the door.

"Oh, isn't this fine!" called a clear, boyish voice, and a moment later the cool, deliberate voice of a girl replied: "Oh, what a blessed relief after the hot sun of the plain!" Then Baker was heard to say, with elaborate courtesy: "Shall I help you out, miss? I reckon you are the friends of the old man—I mean Barnett." And a moment later the young girl stood in the doorway looking out at the plain.

Raymond gave her but one glance from the corner of his eyes, but her firm, well balanced body and calm, high bred face touched him with admiration. His resolution to be disagreeable weakened, though he kept about his work. "I never knew how grateful the shade of a tree could be," Ann said partly to Louis and partly to Baker. "It is always so fiercely bright here?"

"Oh, no; this is an unusual spell. I mean it is rather—" She was now aware of Raymond moving sullenly about in the gloom where the stove sat. He was dressed in a brown, loosely fitting shirt and brown trousers without braces. His spurs rattled at his heels as he walked to and fro, lithe and powerful. He did not look up—did not appear to notice what was going on, but came and went at his work, deft and absorbed.

Louis was instantly delighted with the room. "Isn't this ripping?" he exclaimed as he studied its furnishings. "Won't this make a strong background for an illustration? Only that stove— isn't it too bad?—that's all out of key. Why don't you have a fireplace, Mr. Raymond?" he asked, turning to Baker.

Raymond gave Baker a glance, and the plump one waded in: "Too little wood in this country. Cook, draw up a chair for the lady." Raymond's eyes flashed with a silent menace, but he did as he was told, and as he put the chair down for Ann he dusted it with his hat.

Louis was husky voiced with joy. "Did you see that, Ann? I'll have to work that in somewhere." Baker continued, in the same tone, "Can't you rustle a little grub for the company, Jack?" Raymond curtly replied, "I'll try hard."

Once, when he passed out of hearing, she turned to Baker suddenly and asked: "Why does your cook wear spurs? An affectation, I suppose." Baker flushed and stammered. "Well, no; he has to help with the cattle once in awhile." Raymond called to Perry, who was seated on the doorstep. "Perry, jump your horse and round up a dry cotton-wood snag. This brush is of no sort of use. I want a hot fire."

Louis beamed on Ann. "He's talking just like Walter Owen's heroes." Ann silenced him. "Hush! He'll hear you." Baker, quite ready to take a fall out of Raymond, interposed: "He's a little hard at first, but reel sociable when you get him started. He's shy as a rabbit when they're any company round."

Raymond uttered a cough which made Baker start. "I guess I'll go out and see what that driver has done with his horses." Louis sprang up. "I'll go, too, if you don't mind, sis." As Ann looked round the low celled room in which the flies buzzed her eyes fell upon a little case of books in the corner. For lack of something better to do, she rose to inspect them. She was surprised to find them mainly essays, and wondered who of these men read Emerson and Burroughs. One of them was a book of verse. Raymond's name was on the fly leaf.



"It sure makes a filling combination."

"How handsome the cook is!" was her inward exclamation as she returned to her seat. She was not one of those who sit in silence when they wish information, and, lifting her voice a little, she said: "I understood Mr. Barnett to say that you had a woman to cook for you?" Raymond shifted a stove lid. "We did."

"Where is she?" "Gone—a week ago." "Isn't there any woman about the place?" He peered into the coffeepot. "No one but you." Ann sat in silence for a moment. "I didn't understand. Mr. Barnett said—"

Raymond straightened and looked at her somberly. "If Barnett paid a little more attention to his ranch and less to polo—I wrote him, more than a week ago, that Jonesy was pullin' his freight." He returned to his cooking. Ann composedly went on, "Was Jones the name of the foreman?" "No, he was assistant; but he was married, and his wife was our ough twister. He's gone to Skytown gold camp. The whole country is full o' the fever."

Ann, with a note of sympathy in her voice, said: "I don't like to see a big, strong man cook. Do you get extra pay for it?" "Not a cent. We all take turns at it, to tell the honest truth." "I hope you're the best cook?" "That wouldn't be saying much, lady. I cook in self defense."

Ann opened her eyes at the significance of this phrase. "Then you don't do it as a business." "Not by a whole row o' steers. Do you like prunes and rice?" he asked hastily. Ann looked into the dish which he held out toward her and gravely replied: "I don't think I ever ate any. You don't mean they're cooked together?" "That's what. It sure makes a filling combination," said he, dishing some out before her.

HOW TO GET CHEAPER PHONES.

Toronto World, Sept. 19.—We in Ontario sometimes pride ourselves on being the leaders in progress and reforms in this country. Ontario have been talking for some time about government ownership of public utilities, but, while we have been talking, Manitoba is acting notably in the matter of government control of the telephone service.

Mr. Dagger has stated that, "with few exceptions, there is no reason why every farmer in Manitoba should not have a telephone for one dollar a month, but no company looking for large dividends and an enormous surplus would furnish these at that figure; therefore, it is in the people's interest to support the government's policy."

What is applicable or practicable in this regard in Manitoba should be applicable and practicable in Ontario, and there is not the least reason why every farmer in Ontario should not also have his phone at a cost of one dollar a month. We cannot do better than follow the lead set us by Manitoba in this matter.

Premier Whitney could not pursue a wiser course in this matter, nor do the public, who have suffered long at the hands of the Bell Telephone monopoly, a better turn than to take a plebiscite on this question of provincial and municipal ownership and control of lines in Ontario. The time is ripe for action. Everything is to be gained and nothing lost by this course. Strike while the iron of public sentiment is hot.

While on the subject of government ownership of telephones, it might be in order to ask where are the Liberal journals that have been making such a howl about government ownership of public utilities? Now is the time for them to talk out loud. Perhaps theirs was only an academic campaign; but if they mean what they have been saying, now is the time for them to urge such a campaign as we have suggested upon the Ontario Government.

THE SHY GIRL.

The girl who knows herself to be tongue tied, though she regrets it, need not despair of popularity. Nobody is socially more disagreeable and more dreaded than a woman who talks too much, monopolizing the conversation and giving no one else a chance to speak. People fly from this overgifted and aggressive talker. A mere chatter box is equally disliked. A good listener is always sure of appreciation. If you can but master the fine art of listening to each person with an air of deep interest, just as if there were nobody else at the moment in the wide world and as if you greatest wish were to understand what the other is trying to tell you, you will have the effect of talking well. All that is really necessary is not to let your attention wander and at the right moment in the right places make some brief rejoinder or affirmation. You need never fear that you will be thought too silent if you listen well and say yes or no at proper intervals. A good listener is never a bore, while a great talker frequently gains that unhappy distinction. Girls are sometimes tonguetied because of indifference. A bashful manner, up to a certain point, is attractive, but when it has lost its root in a hampering self-consciousness which makes one awkward and clumsy or surly or defiant is a fatal handicap.

Varney. (Intended for last week) Will Clark, Jim Hoy and Bob Pettigrew make a good threshing gang. They did some good work on Wednesday before the Show. They threshed out four different farmers, Bob Eden, Bill Long, Dick and Max Allen. Who can beat that?

We hear that some around here go with a bag on Sunday on to another man's farm to get butternuts. We think they would be better at church. The hammar that was connected with an oil can would have come in handy to crack the nuts had they gotten them.

Robt. Petty has Bert Willis at his house with the paint brush, and I tell you he is making it look fine. Bert is a good workman. Two of the Miss Browns and their little brother, all of Grand Valley, are visiting at their aunt's, Mrs. H. W. Leeson. Mr. Wm. Allen took charge of the Epworth League on Sunday evening. The subject was on Temperance. Mr. Allen is very enthusiastic on this subject. There were a lot out to hear him, and I am sure they were well pleased. A Mr. Dickson, from the West, has been visiting at Mr. Wm. Lauder's for some time, and on Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Walter Buchan, of Durham, and a Mr. Briber, from Mt. Forest, were guests of Mr. Lauder.

SORRY FOR THEM.

I have always been sorry for the poor wretches who were born rich. They have missed half the joy of this world. They never know the delight of earning their first dollar and of laying it by. They don't know the glory, the fierce delight of being born in a shanty and working your way up to a palace. It is the law of compensation. The man born rich never knows how it feels to put your first \$100 of hard earned savings into the bank and then walk past it every Sunday afternoon, carelessly, and feel that it is there. The man born rich knows not the pleasure of buying a vacant lot 'way out in the suburbs and getting your lumber and your bricks and your shingles together bunch by bunch. He never knows the delight of digging that cellar. And the trees—to carry them home from the nursery or the forest and plant them in your own soil, while the girl you love holds them erect as you tramp in the soil around the roots. And naming them—what fun! This is Gertrude, and this is Mary Ellen, and this is Muriel, and this evergreen is Tommy. No man born rich ever had fun like that.

One big difference between people and plants is that a plant has to remain a plant. A ragweed is born ragweed, and a ragweed it must live and die. The ragweed can't help itself. A poor boy may be born in a hovel. His parents may be drunkards, or thieves, or "poor whites," as Old Twilight calls them. But the boy need not always live in a hovel—not in this country. Nor he need not be a drunkard or a thief or a poor white. He may be born a ragweed; he may end up by being a rose of Sharon. He may be born a thorn bush but if he wills it he may some day be a giant pine, a splendid landmark towering far above his fellows. Can any man ask a grander career than to start out a briar and attain the dignity of a mighty tree?

And you have such a picking choice. You may choose to be a basswood, a very useful tree indeed, or you may be a hickory, or a walnut. If you are a girl, you can be a vine, or a honey locust, or a peach. Or you can be a sunflower, or a chrysanthemum, in preference to lamb's quarters or milkweed.

It is the men who are born poor who revivify. The man born rich never knows the glory and excitement of taking hold of some rickety, tumbledown, let-her-silver business and straighten it out and revivifying it till it is the best property in town. The man born rich does not know the fun of taking hold of a poor run down farm that breeds nothing but thistles and wild mustard, and making that same farm fat with grain. He does not know the charm of fixing up the shattered fences, the disreputable barn, and the forsaken-looking house.

Too often the rich man's son comes into this world a full-blown rose (Rosa splendens) and goes out of the world a poison ivy (Rhus-toxicodendron).

It is the boy born poor who revisits his native town when there is an old boys' reunion and takes a walk through the ancient streets and views the homes of the people who looked down on him when he was a boy, and knows now that he could buy the whole shooting match and never miss the money.

If ever I have boys of my own I should prefer to have them born poor—and, by the look of things, I am liable to have that wish gratified.—The Khan, in Toronto Star.

A Scotchman in Glasgow at an evangelistic meeting sat unmoved when an urgent invitation was given to "all who mean to go to heaven with me, stand up." The evangelist pointed to him solemnly, and shouted: "Don't you want to go to heaven?" "I'm gangin'," said the Scotchman deliberately, "but no' wi' a personally conducted party."

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