THE AMERICAN BISON.

Millions of Buffaloes Once Ranged the Western Plains,

The early explorers who describe the buffalo numbers do not give us anything more exact than superlative expressions, such as "countless herds," "incredible numbers," "teeming myriads," "the world one robe," etc. I have endeavored to get at a more exact idea of their numbers.

The total area inhabited by the buffalo was about 3,000,000 square miles. Of this to open plains were one-half. According to the figures supplied me by A. F. Potter of the forest service, the ranges of the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorade, Texas and Oklahoma (a total of about 750,000 square miles, or half of the plains) were, according to the census of 1900, carrying 24,000,000 head of cattle and horses and about 6,000,-000 head of sheep. This means that when fully stocked they might sustain a number of buffalo at least equal to the number of cattle and horses. The buffalo had to divide their heritage with numerous herds of mustang, antelope and wapiti. On the other hand, a buffalo could find a living where a range animal would starve, many of the richest bottom lands are now fenced in, and we have taken no account of the 6,000,000 sheep. Therefore we are safe in placing at 40,000,000 the buffalo formerly living on the entire plains-area.

large, but it was vastly more fertile- one or two simple questions. indeed, the stockmen reckon one prairie acre equal to four acres on the plains. Doubtless, therefore, the prairies sustained nearly as many head as the plains. We may safely set their population at 30,000,000. The forest region was the lowest in the rate of population. For its 1,000,000 square miles we should not allow more than 5,000,000 buffalo. These figures would make the primitive number of buffalo 75,000,000.

Many other calculations based on different data give similar or slightly lower totals. From these facts it will appear very safe to put the primitive buffalo population at 50,000,000 to 60,-000,000. - Ernest Thompson Seton in Scribner's.

JUSTICE OF THE HEARTH. A Standard That Might Well Be Adopted by All Society.

Over the dinner table a husband was telling his wife of the financial misdealings of one of their social acquaintances, a wealthy and popular man. He had contrived the ruin of a certain company and its subsequent reorganization, a process which had put money into his pocket and taken money from innecent stockholders.

The husband touched the facts lightly, because he thought that a woman could not be interested in them or understand them in detail. This wom-

Hosiery

Gloves

Night Robe

Handkerchief

Hat

Winter.. Millinery

You are cordially invited to call on us when in town and make our millinery depart ment your headquarters for stylish hat. Over one bundred trimmed hats to choose from at popular prices. We are showing a great many new designs and with a large staff o assistants and a first class head trimmer we are obliged to work early and late to mer the demands of the customers. Never before have we' had more successful season and for the pext g e weeks we will offer special bargains in militery as we must make room for the largest import order of mili nery we have ever porch sed

MISS DICK

Durham, Out

an's understanding throughout her hus-Their prairie range was a third as band's narrative was occupied with

"Is he to be punished?" she asked. "Punished? How? His conscience won't punish him-indeed, he probably thinks he has obeyed the rules of business. The law technically is broad enough to cover his case, but it is hard to get evidence. You see, the district attorney must"-

"Excuse me for interrupting, dear. Explain that to me later. I think we shall not dine there next Wednesday. I will write a note to Mrs. Berry." "Not dine there? Why not?"

"Because he is not a fit man to receive in our house or for us to visit." "But nonsense! He's just as good a fellow, just as respectable"-

"One minute. By your own words you prove that he is a wicked man, taking what is not his. I listened to your story until there could be no doubt that you yourself condemned him by the facts, which I do not understand. If what you say is true he and I meet no more as equals."

And her judgment stood. Of course her neighbors and friends pursued the usual course of accepting a man in social relations whom their husbands distrusted in business.

But the standard of the hearthstone -shall it not some day be the standard of all society?

"Dead" Leaves Not Dead. Leaves do not fall from the tree because they are "dead," which we may

Christmas Bells will sound Merrier

to you if you do your shopping here.

EThat Amas Gift!

What are you going to give him for Christmas? Nearly everybody has a

"him" or two to buy for. We cater mostly to "hims" Perhaps our sug-

gestions will aid you to get him just what he needs and just what will please

him. If you can't find anything suitable for his Christmas here, where in

the world would you expect to find it? Our stock is now at its very best.

SUGGESTIONS

Underwear

Suspenders

Umbrella

take as equivalent to saying because they are no longer receiving the constituents of their being from the sap and from the air, but as a consequence of a process of growth which develops just at the junction of the leaf stem with the more permanent portion of the tree, certain corklike cells which have very little adhesion, so that the leaf is very liable to be broken away by influences of wind and changes of temperature and of mois-

FULTON'S FIRST FARE.

An Incident Which the Steamboat Genius Never Forgot.

There was one little incident in Robert Fulton's life which Fulton never forgot. It took place shortly before the return trip of his famous boat's voyage by steam up the Hudson river. At the time all Albany flocked to the wharf to see the strange craft, but so timorous were they that few cared to board her. One gentleman, however, not only boarded her, but sought out Fulton, whom he found in the cabin, and the following conversation took place:

"This is Mr. Fulton, I presume?" "Yes, sir."

"Do you return to New York with this boat?" "We shall try to get back, sir."

"Have you any objection to my returning with you?"

"If you wish to take your chances with us, sir, I have no objection." "What is the fare?"

After a moment's hesitation Fulton replied, "Six dollars." And when that amount was laid in his hand he gazed at it a long time, and two big tears rolled down his cheeks. Turning to the passenger, he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but this is the first pecuniary reward I have received for all my exertion in adapting steam to navigation. I would gladly commemorate the occasion with a little dinner, but I am too poor now even for that. If we meet again I trust it will not be the case."

As history relates, the voyage terminated successfully. Four years later Fulton was sitting in the cabin of the Clermont, then called the North River. when a gentleman entered. Fulton glanced at him and then sprang up and gladly shook his hand. It was his first passenger, and over a pleasant little dinner Fulton entertained his guest ought to be alive with micro-organwith the history of his success and ended with saying that the first actual recognition of his usefulness to his fellow men was the \$6 paid to him by his | two hours. first passenger.

His Guess. "What would you do if you had million dollars handed you?"

"Well, of course I can't say precisely, but the probabilities are that I'd become mean and grouchy, break away from all my old friends and put in the rest of my life trying to skin mankind out of another million."

Overcoat

Cuffs

Muffler

Raincoat

Neckwear

ARTIFICIAL WARMTH.

Its Use an Inherited Habit and a Sign of Luxury.

With the big, restless, energetic world outside of this tropical belt, however, the matter of keeping warm is ever present, troublesome and expensive, throughout half of each passing

As a matter of fact, the world of humanity dwelling in stoveland never has been in all the ages really and comfortably warm in winter. It is largely our own fault. Mankind is the only animal which employs fire in the effort to survive the cold of the winters. hardy lower animals do not need it, however much their luxuriously enervated representatives, the dog and the cat, may enjoy it when they have a Ancient man only got himself rid o

his provident coat of hair and his suf ficent latent heat when he began to loaf around the family cooking stove and absorb the intoxicating comfort of artificial warmth. This faraway an cestor is responsible for the fact that the present day human being, outside of the belt aforesaid, is obliged to keep close to a thermometer registering nearly or quite 70 degrees F. from October to May, besides which he mus needs wear extra clothing. This also an inherited habit.

A traveler west once asked a half naked Indian in midwinter how he managed to stand the weather. The Indian replied: "Your face no got a coat. It no cold. Indian face all over." -National Magazine.

VIRTUE IN COPPER.

The Metal Is a Death Dealer to All Disease Germs.

"Copper is a marvelous preventive another. of disease. If we returned to the old copper drinking vessels of our forefa- today, and I know this is the shorter thers, typhoid epidemic would disap-

The speaker, a filtration expert, took a copper cent from his pocket,

scope," he said, "and you will find it arrangement would do something to altogether free from disease germs. | add to the difficulty of conversation. Examine gold and silver coins, and coins pass through dirtier hands than is all my own." gold and silver ones. You'd think they isms. But no. Copper kills germs. thing, "must blind me to its defects, if Diphtheria and cholera cultures smeared on a copper cent die in less than

"They have many cholera epidemics in China, but certain towns are always immune. These towns keep their | Campbell absently broke off a spray. drinking water in great copper vessels. Travelers have tried to buy these vessels, for they are beautiful, but the villagers will not sell them. They have a superstition that their health and welfare depend on their retention. I wish all superstitions were as true and fancy such a connection. But those unsalutary as that."

The Joke Was on the Students. When Dr. Nathan Lord was president of Dartmouth college he used to drive about in a dilapidated, old fash- and teeth of pearl, but she was not ioned contrivance. The students be- beautiful, like her sister Jane. Their came tired of seeing the concern and, names, in fact, many of the boarders though Dr. Lord knew of this, he clung | thought, ought to have been turned to the old calash. One night a group of | about, for June was just like her sisthe young men hauled the thing out of ter's name, while Jane was as flushed the shed where it was kept, took it sev- and jubilant as summer's first month. eral miles down the road toward Lebanon and hid it in a spot where it was | credit in dressing her," June had once concealed by dense foliage. They were overheard her mother say when she'd fied. just about to depart, well satisfied with | slipped Jane into a thin white frock the tiresome job, when the curtain and brushed her glossy curls. That the cook, who had been buying some which completely enveloped the front | was twelve years ago. June was only of the calash was suddenly pushed stx, but her fragile little hands had aside and the well known face of Presi- gone together in mute protest, and her dent Lord appeared. "Now, gentle- eyes had grown larger with half undermen." he said. "you may draw me back stood pain. again."

Homes Under the Ground. In the salt district in Cheshire, England, the brine has been pumped so continuously out of the earth that the | Campbell had grown to know. June land has settled very considerably. of the woods had an elusive grace, The houses naturally sink with the earth, and in some of the streets in rippling streams, exquisite fancies, Northwich only the roofs are visible. | quick, dramatic gestures and withal a The houses are inhabited, although delicate, childish abandon of spirit. the rooms are underground. In a great many cases additional stories came out from the woodland path on have been added, so that by living in to the sunny road, "have you settled the upper rooms the residents may the affairs of the nation? I looked have some light and air. The road- back at you once or twice, but you ways sink, too, but are kept up to the preper level by the government.

He Laid.

"Don't waste your time in clipping off the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his ax at the foot of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy, and them," he corrected. Suddenly Miss then he went fishing. Truly there is nothing so beautiful as filial obedience. -Strand Magazine.

One View of It.

"But if she makes all her own dresses I should think she'd be a good wife for you. It shows she's industrious and sensible."

"Not for me, thank you. It simply shows how poor her father must be."

Hit It. "You can't guess what sister said about you just before you came in, Mr. slim, brown hands folded in her lap Highcollar," said little Johnnie.

"I haven't an idea in the world, John-

"That's it. You guessed it the very first time."

The Difference. Tell a women her face is her fortune and she is complimented. Hint to a man that his cheek is his most valuable asset and he is likely to get mad.

He who reads only what pleases never grows very learned.

Just Miss June

By Virginia Leila Wentz

Summer after summer the same elderly quiet people had come to Mrs. Austin's pretty country boarding house, and the same noisy, vehement children. Of course there had been some addi-I tions to the latter class, some defections from the former, but the character of the company had remained much | trast of colors struck her artistic eve. the same. This year, however, came a new boarder of a distinctly different element. He was Paul Campbell, a playwright of some reputation.

Being the only eligible man on the place, Miss Austin had managed to lay hold of Mr. Campbell as her especial property. At first he did not mind. Were not her eyes sufficiently blue? Was there not always about her the odor of orris and heliotrope? But when he discovered that both mother and daughter were trying to work the matrimonial game upon him he balked.

One warm day they had been down to the lake boating, and now they had turned their faces homeward.

"If you find the path rough for fashionable heels or tear your gown with the brambles or scratch your face with the wild rosebushes, on your head be the consequence." Paul Campbell was warning Miss Austin, who had capriclously chosen a path through the woods, while he had wisely indicated

"I don't care. It's too hot to breathe way. It'll get us home more quickly than the other."

"Well, it must be single file," observed Campbell, with something like "Examine this cent under the micro- positive relief, remembering that the

"You'll have a good opportunity," you will find them one wriggling and threw back Miss Austin over her shoulcontorting germ mass. Yet copper der, "of determining whether my hair

> "Its glory," answered Campbell, quick always in saying the required there be any." "So good of you to make the qualifi-

Here and there the brier roses bloomed in all their exquisite pinkness. Absently, too, he pulled the leaves from the stalk. Then he chanced to

cation!" retorted Miss Austin.

look upon the pink bud. With a whimsical, half tender gesture he thrust it into his buttonhole. Oh, he was a fool, beyond doubt, to ostentatious little petals, showing their delicate veins as they tapered upward and infolding so much wild sweetness,

reminded him of Miss June. June was Mrs. Austin's younger daughter. She had wide, dark eyes

"There's a pleasure as well as a

June, whom her household and the summer boarders saw; June of the infrequent speech, the shy, fugitive smiles and proud, reticent air-that was not June of the woods whom Paul shining eyes, laughter as silvery as the

"Well," asked Miss Austin as they were in such a brown study you didn't notice me," she pouted. "Miss Jane, how could that be pos-

sible?" mocked he courteously. "Pshaw!" she said, twirling her sun-

shade indignantly. "I believe I'm nothing but a peg for you to hang compliments on"-"You are the magnet which attracts

Austin lifted her eyes. "That wild rose bud in your coat is very pretty. Will you give it to me for

a remembrance of the day?" Campbell's fingers closed upon the bud to detach it; then he remembered,

"No, Miss Austin," he laughed, thrusting his hands into his pockets: "it would be inappropriate. When I go to the village tomorrow I'll get you some roses from the florist's."

One morning several days later they were in the woods together, June and he, under the silver column of a beech tree. She sat beside him, with her and the wild rose buds withering in her dark hair. The pink of them had | long life claimed for it by Dr. Herbert somehow stolen to her cheeks. She Snow. Of proverbial laziness was was happy today in spite of the fact | Thomson, the poet, drowsing away the that Campbell was chiding her.

ing half seriously, half playfully, "if writing the interminable poems that you continue to evade me as you've been doing for the past few days I'm going to pack up my trunk and leave next week. What possible pleasure do you think I find in a lot of staid ladies who knit on the porches and children who aquabble"-

demurely, watching the flash of a bird through a rift in the foliage. "She likes to be with you, Mr. Campbell, I'm sure. And I'm sure"-here the pearly teeth caught the scarlet underlip-"Jane's neither a staid knitting lady nor a squabbling child. And why should you miss me? I'm not beauti ful like Jane. I'm just"-

"Just Miss June," finished Campbell simply. But there was a world of quiet pride in his voice.

June trembled beneath his words and knew not why she trembled. But there was sufficient dramatic force in her to go toward the making of a great actress. She spied a spray of scarlet columbine on a gray rock overhanging a dark pool. Unconsciously the conand she made use of it all to hide her sudden emotion.

"Will you fetch me those columbines that wave from the rock and throw colored patches on the pool, Mr. Campbell?" said she quietly.

But when he had gone her hand went for support to the column of the beech her bosom rose and fell and her wide eyes dilated, then half closed. "Oh, dear God," she prayed inward-

ly, "I've never had any one in my whole life really to love me. And he is so big and so knightly. Don't let me imagine a vain thing that would break my heart. Let me remember that I am plain-and that he is just kind." "Here," cried Campbell cheerfully.

coming back with a bunch of the columbine and handing it to her. "The scarlet just matches your lips, little maid." It was not alone her lips that were scarlet now; a flame spread hothy over her cheeks.

In a few moments she jumped un. laughing, smoothing out her blue gingham frock. "If ever I come to regard myself as a bewitching fairy princess I'll hold you responsible, sir. But I must be going now. I'm still Cinderella," she added. "I promised mother to make the salad dressing for lunch-

And so the fragrant summer month drifted irresponsibly on.

One warm evening when the air was filled with the gold of fireflies, a maze of spangles, now darkening, now brightening, Mrs. Austin came out on her side porch, which, for a wonder, was vacant, and swung her portly weight none too gently into the hammock. The silver of the moon was beginning to tremble through the leaves of the trees and to show patches of the garden path that wound toward the front gate.

"Those locusts sound awfully shrill," thought Mrs. Austin, trying ineffectually to put the hammock in motion. Then she lay there inert, yielding to the drowsiness of the air.

She must have dozed off a bit, for suddenly she started as is the way of one who tries to capture one's waking

"And you know, dear, that I love you. I guess T've been loving you right from the first, but I didn't realize it till"—

Two figures had just passed the moonlit patch in the path and were emerging into the shadows that stretched toward the gate, so Mrs. Austin couldn't exactly see who they were, but she recognized Campbell's rich, deep voice.

"At last!" she cried, smiling broadly. "Well, Jane deserved it -and she'll have a good husband." She raised herself up in the hammock. Sleep had

Now, just at that moment Sarah, ribbon and ruching in one of the village shops, happened to enter the front gate. As she came abreast of the wide porch Mrs. Austin leaned over the rail-

"Sarah," she whispered, with maternal pride in her voice, "was that Miss Jane who went out of the gate then with Mr. Campbell?" It was a state ment rather than a question.

"No'm," said Sarah, looking up quickly; "that wasn't Miss Jane, ma'am; it was just Miss June."

Catalogue of Misnomers. "A' silver shoehorn is a misnomer," said a philologist. "So is a wooden milestone. So is a steel pen.

"A shoehorn is a piece of horn, according to its name. How can it be made of silver, then? In like manner a milestone can't be made of woodthough they have them, the same as nutmegs in Connecticut-nor can a pen, which strictly means a feather, be made of steel

"Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland. Jerusalem artichokes were never heard of in Jerusalem. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but from the red prussiate of potash.

"Galvanized fron is not galvanized It is zinc coated. Catgut is not the gut of cats, but of sheep. Kid gloves do not come from kid skins, but from lamb

"Sealing wax has no wax in it, nor is it a byproduct of the seal. Wormwood bears no relation either to wood or worms. Rice paper is never made from rice. Salt is not a salt.

"Copper coins are bronze, not copper. India ink is unknown in India. Turkeys come from our own country, from Turkey never."

A Lazy Poet. Laziness does not always confer the

greater part of his life in his garden "See here, young lady," he was say- at Richmond, listening to nightingales, everybody now admires and nobody reads. There he could often be seen standing eating the peaches off the trees, "with his hands in his pockets." Such an instance of indolence would be hard to beat and should, one would think, have added at least ten years to "There's Jana," suggested the girl his life. But Thomson died at fortyeight London Chronicle.

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LOCAL ITEMS

MEAFORD tax rate is only 3 on the dollar.

CALL at the Standard Bank a Calendar for 1907.

MR. ART. HUNT, of Vicker badly injured yesterday while on the railroad. Have not lear nature or extent of injuries.

CREDIT AUCTION SALE-Of Stock and Implements, at Lot 6 2. E. G. R., Glenelg, on Tuesda the 18th. Wm. Jacques, Pro John Clark, Auctioneer.

THE Dunnville Gazette says: Whelan of Hamilton was in Monday on business for the Ca Co-operative concern of which president.

DR. BROWN, Eye, Ear, No Throat, will be at Knapp Hotel ham, Dec. 8th and 29th. Hou m. to 5 p. m. Eves tested and JUST as we are about to cle

W. J. Firth, who died this, V day, morning after a prolonged from lung trouble. THE Farmers' Manufacturi Supply Co. have moved their from the Hunter building, whi

occupied for the past two o

forms, we learn of the death

vears, to the new storehouse r erected in connection with the Dr. Brown of Heistein Pres the Saugeen Presbyterial Peoples Society, will give an to the young people in the ba of the Presby erian church, ! evening next at 8 o'clock.

cordialiv invited. MRS. JAMES EDGE, of Edge I been ailing for some time, but her illness is only temporary Edge will soon be 84 years of is not so smart as he used to may yet live for some year Edge is a man for whom we ways had a very high respect, feel badly to think of him

ANOTHER valuable horse leave ham. Although deeply interes his Hardware business, W. never loses the opportunity of p ing a good horse. A short tin he secured a handsome mare fr Swilton, of Flesherton, and on ' sold her to Mr. Savage, of Minn for a high figure. Mr. Savag owner of "Dan Patch," reco Mr. Black says by feeding Inte al Stock Food horses become very rapidly.

WE regret to learn that R Ferguson who became so serie after attending the Silver \ Ceremonies at Oneida a co months ago is still in a very condition. It will be rem that a number of the guests signs of being poisioned. Mrs son and three or four others d Mr. Ferguson himself was da ly ill, his case developing into and subsequently pneumoni which he is now suffering. W stand he never became fully of and that he still is in ignor garding the death of Mrs. F His many friends here will r learn his condition and we that all will be pleased to hea signs of improvement.

Any man who can tinker

gasoline engine for hours at without feeling like swearing never make a good Methodist er. We are extremely busy the customers crying out for wo chants putting in big Christin the devil yelling for copy, son compositors singing Happy I the editor acting as machin balky engine, gives quite a in an ordinary print shop. S the case the early part of the and a twelve page paper to g Wednesday. But we're last The engine gave out on us and is away for repairs. We along by hand for a short ! then decided that the eas would be to take our forms to view office and get our pr done there. For this courter part of Mr. Ramage, we are willing to pay but to extend o thanks and promise to acco him some time in the futu necessity demands it. The a to us is, perhaps, as much a day or so late is a disappoin our readers. Further apoic be made on request.

Every article fairly and rightly priced. No fancy figures. We will put aside anything you select and keep perfectly "mum" about it until Santa Claus time. Come, bring your friends and look around to your heart's content. Lead the Styles in Ladies' Jackets ?

Suit

Collars

Flarity & Burnett

Merchant Tailors and Gent's Furnishers