

In Old Bill's Camp.

Old Bill's camp nestled down on the edge of a lake in the heart of the Maine woods. It was built of logs and had been, originally, a lumbermen's camp. After all the desirable timber had been cut and the camp abandoned, Old Bill had found it and made application to its owners for it. Being granted permission to live in it, he had taken up his solitary abode in the woods, and for five years, winter and summer, he had lived within the small log house.

Old Bill was a guide and in his younger days no guide of the Maine woods was more popular. He was fully six feet in height and he knew the woods and trails, the lakes and mountains like a book. There had come a time when he could no longer tramp from morning till night with young, enthusiastic fishermen or hunters, and carry their packs and cook their meals. But when that time came he found that he could not leave the woods. He loved them—every foot of them—whether they were strewn with fragrant pine needles or carpeted with the snows of winter.

The old guide had a small pension from the United States. He had served his time in the civil war and this monthly sum, small though it was, was sufficient for his wants, together with what he was able to find for his table in the woods around the lake. He lived off fish and berries, and game that grew wild all about his camp. In winter he fared well; venison and game were plentiful.

It was December—early December—but the winter was well under way in the north of Maine. Old Bill sat by the stove in his cook house, reading a six-month-old magazine, when he heard the unfamiliar jingle of sleigh-bells on the crisp air. He took his feet from the stove and sat upright, listening. The jingling sounds came closer. Some one had found the way to the isolated log camp and Bill made haste to throw on his great fur coat and step out of doors.

In the distance, picking their way slowly between the bows that marked the trail across the frozen lake, came two horses drawing a sled. The sled was well marked by the green branches Old Bill himself had helped to place in the ice, but a heavy snow of the night before had made sleighing heavy. Old Bill closed the cabin door and walked through the narrow foot-path to the foot of the lake. He had a few friends in the village, six miles away, but he little thought of their coming on a day like this.

"Hello, Bill!" came across the cold air to him. "Will waved his great hand. As yet he could see nothing but the sled and some muffled creatures within. "We've got a surprise for you, Old Bill," said one of the men as the sled drew up. "You sure have!" replied the guide, helping to hold the horses while four persons crawled out from beneath the fur rugs and stepped into the deep snow. "You sure have! I haven't seen a living soul for three weeks—nor need my voice for as long. Put the horses up in the shed and blanket them well. Have you got feed?"

Frank Allen, for it was he, attended to the animals and then made his way with the others to the warm little cook shanty of the camp. "Now, Old Bill," he began, putting his arm on a little figure all wrapped in a great coat, fur cap, veil and mittens, "here is the surprise!" He took one of the heavy garments and a lovely girl stood before him. "This, Old Bill, is your granddaughter, Isabel Rogers—from Omaha, Nebraska."

Old Bill rubbed his eyes—he did not wear glasses. "Not—not my daughter Belle's girl?" he cried, looking closely at her. "The girl nodded. "Yes, grandfathers, your daughter Belle was my mother," she said. "The old man put out a hand that trembled. "I—I have not heard from her for years—not since she married that rascalman Rogers and went out west to live," he said. "The others hastened aside, seeing the old man's emotion, and seeing the girl falter, "and it was her last request—she made me promise to find you and live with you. She was afraid of my health and she knew the cold mountain air and the out-of-door life would be good for me. Oh, not that I'm not all right," the girl hastened to explain, "but mother was afraid after father died that I might

not be strong. I wrote to you and each time my letters were returned from the post office in Greenville, so I determined to come and find you. Mr. Allen took me into his home when I arrived and promised to find you for me. He says he has known you for years, grandfathers."

The old guide nodded repeatedly as if just coming to a realization of what had taken place. His own granddaughter had come to live with him—his daughter Belle's child! It seemed incredible—but there she stood, a living proof of the truth—for Isabel was like her dead mother.

"Well, well, let's get some supper and celebrate," the old guide began, turning to the others. His heart was too full for further words with the girl; there would be time enough for that.

Frank Allen rubbed his hands together in front of the stove. "In that basket there is enough plain food for a week and with the aid of your venison, Old Bill, I guess we'll make out. These boys are starved and I promised them if they'd drive us out here they should have such a dinner as they've never had in camp before."

Old Bill's eyes twinkled. "I'll show them some venison steaks that will make your word good to them and I'll make some of Old Bill's corn bread," the guide added, laughing, as he went about the cook shack getting down pots and pans. "Isabel, you'll have to stay right here till I get a fire made in the little camp out yonder. If you will stay, that's your home from this minute."

Isabel looked out of the tiny window at the adjoining cabin of logs. It was piled high with snow banks—to keep out the cold, they told her. If a little shudder passed through her at the thought of sleeping out there she did not give evidence of it. She was brave and she had promised her mother.

Old Bill's camp rang with merriment that night as the five sat around the red-covered table and ate of the guide's cooking and welcomed to the camp the pretty western granddaughter. The visitors were not long on their way next morning before Isabel and her grandfather were out making foot-paths in the snow and exploring. The girl took readily to the cold weather and helped to make her little cabin comfortable. The guide had made a great fire for her in the stove and she had unpacked the few homelike things she had brought with her.

"Do many hunters come this way?" asked the girl, hearing shots in the woods far off. "Yes—plenty," replied the guide—"It is a good season for deer."

And even as they sat at supper that night they heard a knock at the cook room door. "Come in!" roared Old Bill, without rising. This was the hospitality of the woods.

A lone man, blue and cold and tired, flung open the great door. He sank into a chair exhausted. "Old Bill rose hastily and went to him. "Lost?" he asked, unbuttoning the man's fur coat. "Yes—I got lost from my party this morning and have been tramping ever since. I saw your light."

"A lucky light, for you, my boy," said Old Bill, in kindly tones. "Come over and have supper with me and my granddaughter," he said. "And after a while when the man was warmed and had become rested, he joined them."

"This often happens, Isabel, my girl," explained the old man, "so don't be surprised. I've been a refuge for many a lost hunter."

"You've been mine, indeed," added the grateful man as he drank the coffee Isabel had heated for him. When Isabel went to her lonely little cabin that night it did not seem lonely. In all that great dense snow-covered forest she did not feel alone. "Something told me that she would never feel lonely again and though it was a year later that she realized just what had taken place, on that night, she felt at peace with all the world, just now, and slept."

And Old Bill still has his camp, but it is crowded during fishing and hunting seasons by visits from his granddaughter and the husband he gave shelter to on one cold December night.



BRIDES' GOWNS OFTEN MADE WITH TRAINS THIS SEASON. Even the afternoon frock now, if it is of a semi-formal nature, has its trailing skirt; and when one may travel via limousine or taxicab, the long skirt is really charming. This bridge frock of dark brown crepe de chine—a very fashionable fabric now, has a tunic bodice of brown chiffon and a fringe-edged draped at the back. The collar of shadow lace also being set over flesh tinted chiffon, the yoke and collar of shadow lace also being set over this flesh colored lining. With smart afternoon costumes now not slippers but buttoned boots of satin are worn.

A COMFORTABLE ROAD. Travellers Give Unsolicited Praise to New Railway. A world-wide traveller having just returned from a visit to Western Canada, has written to one of the chief officials of the Grand Trunk system his unsolicited opinion of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and how it serves the travelling public. He says: "I had the pleasure of travelling from Edmonton to Winnipeg on the new line of the Grand Trunk Pacific, and I would like to say that of the seven thousand miles travelled on railways during my last journey the time I spent on the Grand Trunk Pacific was the most comfortable of my entire trip."

"The road-bed is evidently a fine piece of work, the cars clean and comfortable, the men in charge were most polite and obliging, and any question asked of them was answered in a most gentlemanly manner."

"I would like to refer especially to the dining car service and its equipment, which is the best I have seen. It was in fact a revelation to me after having travelled so far on other roads—the meals being specially good, combined with pleasant surroundings and beautifully served."

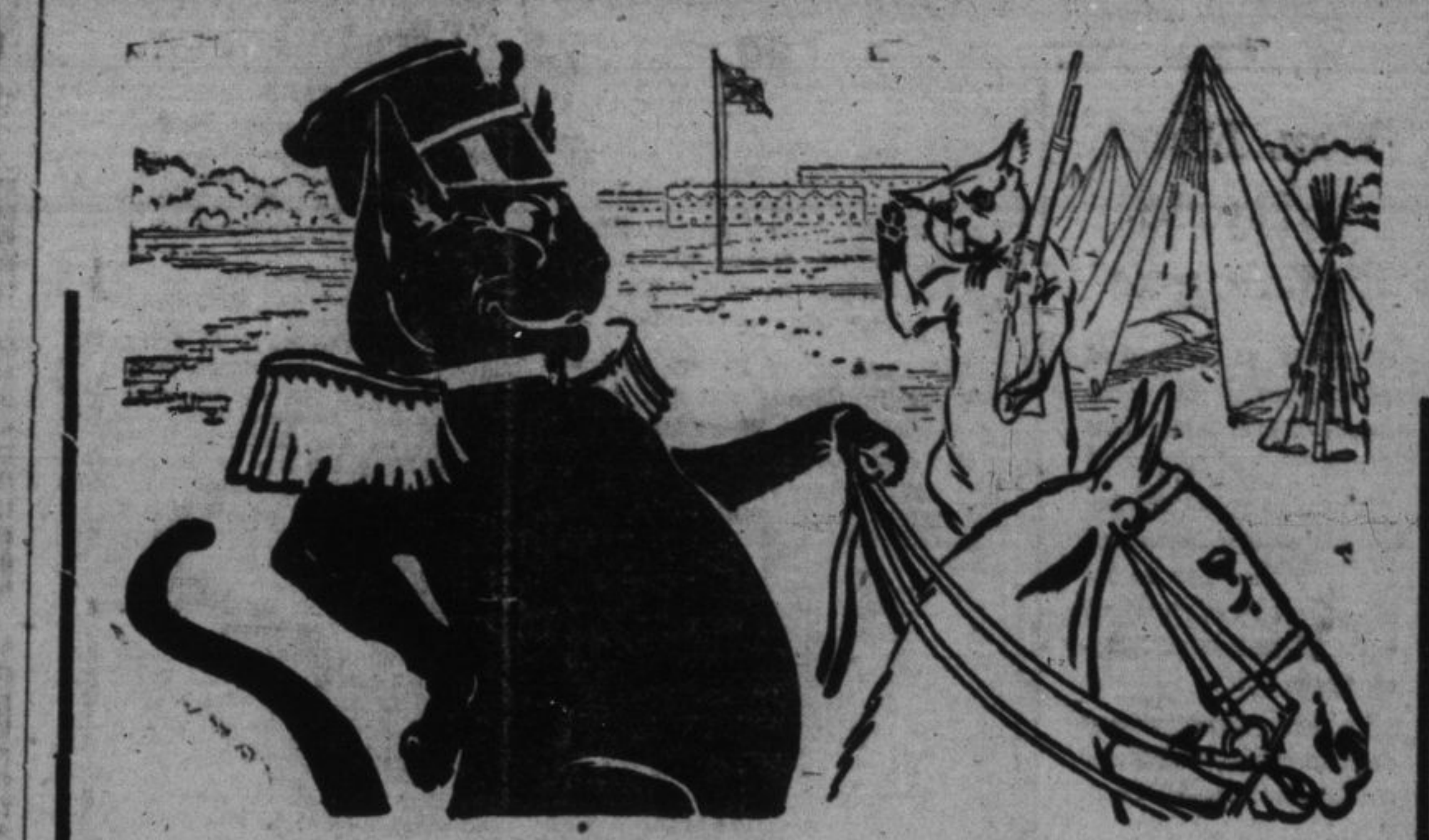
"I beg to say that if it gives you as much pleasure to read this letter as it gives me to write you, you will perhaps pardon liberty I have taken in addressing you."

This is but a specimen of the many letters that are being received by the Grand Trunk Pacific officials, praising the exceptionally fine road and service that is now being operated in Western Canada.

Wants to Get Name. The Canadian Free Library for the Blind, with headquarters at 165 Annetto street, Toronto; is attempting to reach and benefit all the blind of Canada; but is in most urgent need of "the sinews of war," and appeals to the generous Canadian public for funds. All contributions should be sent to E. W. Hermon, 37 Balmuto street, Toronto. The board of management also requests any one knowing blind persons not now enjoying the benefits of the library to send their names and addresses to S. C. Swift, M.A., 8 Washington avenue, Toronto. It is the desire of the management to establish a printing department for the purpose of printing Canadian texts in embossed type for the use of the Canadian blind. Thirty thousand dollars are required for this purpose.

Being Hunted Down. Lisbon, Dec. 9.—The revolutionary "Carbonarios" are creating a veritable reign of terror. Commissioned by the republican government to maintain order, they are setting about their business by putting royalist suspects in prison. People who are suspected of royalist sympathies, are arrested on the slightest pretext and thrown, without trial, into the already crowded jails of Lisbon and Oporto. No one is safe from the attentions of this armed rabble, who enter houses at dead of night, ransack their contents on the plea that they are searching for compromising documents, and end by carrying off the inhabitants to pass weeks and months in prison. In the jails people mysteriously disappear, and dark rumors are current of wholesale poisonings.

Many Young Suicides. Berlin, Dec. 9.—The tragic duel or double suicide of two students at Rudolstadt, who placed red cloth over their hearts in order to take better aim and are then supposed to have shot each other, again calls attention to the large number of suicides among school children, and students in Germany. Statistics show that inclusive of Germany, 1,192 suicides of school children and students occurred in Europe in the years from 1883 to 1903.



Compelling Great Respect—the kind one feels for a worthy foe—is what the "Black Cat" is doing on every cigarette field-of-honor today.

Black Cat Cigarettes—10 for 10 Cents

Not an enemy, however, is this popular brand to any cigarette of quality. The "Black Cat" heads the first rank simply because it is made from the choicest Virginia tobacco that grows. And the time, care and skill lavished on the making give cigarette an undisputed leadership. To-Day—At All Good Tobacconists. CARRERAS & MARCIANUS CIGARETTES, Limited—Montreal, Que.

TRAGEDY OF THE CENTURY. Labor Men Are Not Alone to Blame.

Windsor Free Press. Referring to the confession of the McNamara brothers in Los Angeles, Rev. Dr. Eber Crummy, in Grace church last night, declared it to be the culmination of one of the tragedies of the century. After reviewing briefly the facts of the case, Dr. Crummy declared that the crimes had been committed under circumstance that made them of unusual importance. The McNamaras have not been standing alone, but they have had at their back a considerable section of the labor world.

"I do not wonder," said Dr. Crummy, "that the organized labor world bows before this crime with the sense that it has been sorely humiliated. But this is not the first crime that has been committed in this same struggle, and the greater number of these have been committed by others than unionists. Laborers have often fought unwisely, but there have been other greater crimes than theirs along the pathway of progress."

Dr. Crummy reminded his hearers that within a century laborers in England received less than a living wage. This state has been improved, but not through the work of the church. Established Christianity has been universally opposed to any movement for the betterment of the common people of England. Dr. Crummy then recited the poem by Mrs. Browning, beginning, "Do you hear the children weeping, O my brother?" and containing the line, "It is good, say the children, when we die before our time," which he declared was a monument to the conditions in England at the time.

Dr. Crummy urged his hearers as a matter of justice, not of mercy, to favor every legitimate mode whereby the laboring man may better his condition. "Shall we press our laborers to justify crimes, as sometimes they have done?" he demanded. Those who have driven laborers to madness are partners in the crimes which they have committed.

"We must recognize," said Dr. Crummy, "the fact that the investment of lives is equal with the investment of money before we can do much to help humanity to solve its problems." He made an appeal to Christian men to fight the battle of labor, and to laboring men not to make the struggle their own, but to make it their fellows' and their God's.

In conclusion, Dr. Crummy declared that for this tragedy all are in some degree responsible, and that it is one of the many which have sometimes delayed progress but which have also marked its pathway.

Sword in Heart of a Tree. London Standard. Embarked in the heart of a plank of wood taken from a railway station platform at Oakley, Fifeshire, there has been found a sword measuring over two feet long. The plank had been in use for at least fifteen years. The weapon, which was of an old-fashioned type, a short cross-piece forming the handle, was in good preservation, and it is believed had been picked up by the tree as an early period of its existence and encircled with the growth.

Jeese Spalding, of Chicago, has been elected captain of the Yale football eleven for next season.

Mothers!

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(A la Quina du Pérou) possesses wonderful reconstructive qualities as a tonic and tissue builder. Many physicians strongly urge its use for the debility which follows maternity and also for nursing mothers. It is positively free from anything of an injurious nature and can be used with perfect safety even for a small child as long as directions are followed.

You can safeguard the children against croup and colds by always keeping Wilson's Invalids' Port at hand. It is pleasant to the taste and its ingredients are of proven value for throat and lung troubles. It is wonderfully successful in the prevention of croup, whooping cough and other fatal diseases of the children.

Always have Wilson's Invalids' Port in the house. In the hour of emergency, when coughs and colds seize your child, you will be glad you have followed this advice.

Dr. J. F. MACAULAY, C.M., Grand Master, N. B., says: "I used Wilson's Invalids' Port in my own family, my wife being very weak and anemic with no appetite, following maternity, and was highly pleased with results. I gave her in all three bottles. I have since prescribed it in about a half dozen cases. Especially beneficial in your wife is convalescence from severe Grippe cases. I would consider it an excellent tonic wine, mild and palatable."

J. F. Macaulay. BIG BOTTLE 103 ASK YOUR DOCTOR

THE HIGHEST PAID SINGER. Patti the Shrewdest Stage Celebrity of Her Day.

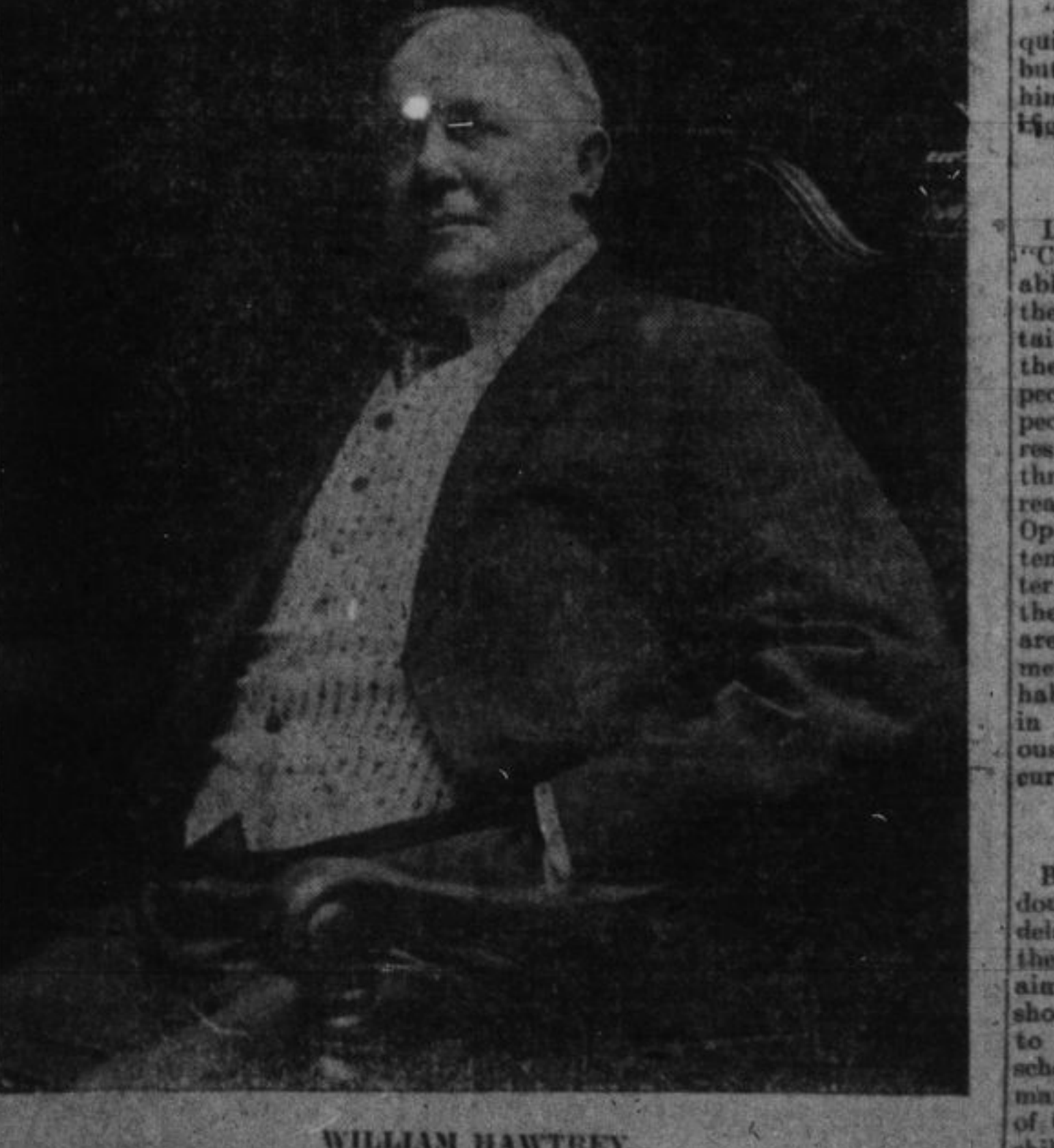
Robert Gray in Lippincott's. Adelina Patti, who at the age of seventy-one is to sing in London again, and even is expected to make another American tour, always was the highest paid singer in the world. To this day no one has been able to obtain anything like her honorarium, which was four thousand dollars a night, and upon her last tour of this country the present writer paid the diva five thousand dollars a night to sing two songs, with one encore for each. In addition, Patti received a large allowance for herself and suite and was granted a private car for her exclusive use while on tour.

On the evening of Nov. 9th, 1904, Patti sang in Philadelphia to an audience representing thirteen thousand eight hundred dollars, and, although her voice was but a shadow of its former quality, thousands of women stood on line for hours seeking the privilege of recording that on this evening Patti got for her share eight thousand one hundred and fifty dollars, for besides five thousand dollars a night the diva was given fifty per cent. of the gross receipts in excess of seven thousand dollars on each concert. This is more than double her own record previously, and stands to-day as by far the largest sum ever paid to any singer in the world's history.

Patti was ever the shrewdest stage celebrity of her day. In all her career no impresario has ever been able to impose on her, and she would remain in her dressing room until the necessary four thousand dollars in

cash (Patti takes good checks) was in her hand. Once the old-time minstrel magnate, Colonel Haverly, had the ambition to become an impresario. He called on Patti at her hotel in New York, sent in his card, and was graciously received. "Madame," said Haverly, "I should like to secure you for a tour of this country if we can arrange terms."

"For concert or for opera?" asked the diva. "For concert," Haverly responded. "Well, for how many nights do you want me?" Patti asked. "Sixty at least." "I will sing for you for sixty nights for two hundred and forty thousand dollars and the usual allowance for expenses—one-half of this amount to be deposited with the Rothschilds on the signing of agreements," was Patti's ultimatum. Haverly was regarded as an intrepid showman in his time, but the diva's terms and independence fairly feared him. "But, my dear madam," he said, "that is nearly five times as much as we pay our president for an entire year." "Well," said Patti, "why do you not engage the president to sing for you?" Haverly fled.



WILLIAM HAWTREY. In "Dear Old Billy" at the Grand on Tuesday, December 12th.