WISDOM FOR TWO

By JOANNA SINGLE.

He considered a woman ahead of him on the road as bad to pass as a hen, so he slowed down his little runabout. Selwyn never took a risk with the lives on foot. He came down the smooth road between two rows of guarding eucalyptus trees and wondered if he would have to blow his horn again before the slender figure ahead of him would leave the middle of the highway. He saw the girl's hair, yellow in the setting sun.

She did an astonishing thing—wheeled suddenly and spread her slender arms apart, signalling him to stop. He could not lift his hat, for his dark head was already uncovered to the soft California breeze, but he bowed most politely. The girl went crimson—she could not have been more than eighteen, and seemed unable to speak for a moment.

"Are you—going to—San Mateo? I—ought to catch a train——"

"Going right there!" he lied instantaneously, though much annoyed. "Get in." He leaped out, helped her to the seat beside his, and cranked up again. Cranking always spoiled his temper. He was silent when again he took the wheel. She shrunk from him timidly.

"When is your train due?" he finally asked, speeding up, and passing another machine by a margin that made the girl shiver.

"I—don't know," she stammered. How queer this all was! Another mile slipped away beneath them, and the sun was a bit nearer setting. He turned suddenly upon her, suspecting the unusual.

"Look here, you know I'm a stranger, but if anything is—wrong I might help you——" To his consternation she began promptly to cry, tears rolling down her cheeks. She was a mere child, too, and he was nearly thirty. In the glance he saw that she was well bred, well clad—a lady. "I am awfully old and wise—wise enough for two, and if anybody has broken your dolly I will—where's your purse?" he asked suddenly. "How can you take a train with neither purse nor hat?" She carried not even a handkerchief. Her blue eyes widened with fear.

"I didn't—tell you the truth," she said. "I am not running away. That is—I concluded not to run away and I just went down the road——"

"I don't understand. Try and tell me." He was getting impatient.

"Tell me what to do! I'm a stranger here. I came on a trip. My aunt left me a month ago with the Austins while she went to Los Angeles. She took sick there, so I have to stay on—He knew Dickie Austin altogether too well. He urged her to continue, and noted the sweet curve of her chin and throat.

"Dickie came home from Boston. He—well, he—finally I promised to run away and marry him. And when I looked out of the window and saw him coming with his machine I was frightened. I didn't want to go with him! So I slid out the back door in an instant and went down the wrong road. I asked you to take me up because I was afraid he would find me. I can't tell his mother, and he won't let me alone. I want to find my aunt."

Again she wept. Selwyn was in consternation. He slowed down and thought a little. Pretty fix to be in! But who was it she resembled? Her face was like—like——

"I ought to tell you who I am. I am Kittie—Katharine James——" His face was clear again.

"Ah—Clara's little sister! Don't you remember? I spent a Christmas week-end at your house four years ago—John Selwyn! I'll break Dick Austin's good-for-nothing-neck!" The tears turned to smiles. The girl nodded her head. She knew now who he was.

"Of course I'll look after you," he said. "What is Mrs. Austin about, letting her son pester her guest? You surely are not—do not care for the little wretch?"

She rubbed her arms over her eyes. "It's like a bad dream. He made me think I did until the very last minute. Mrs. Austin always left us together. She is awfully worried about something. I guess it's money. Dickie said he was in trouble and I was sorry for him. He said they would have to give up the place——"

"And he thought he would marry you for your father's money?" Kittie had not thought of this, and gave a little scream. "I guess it's time an old friend appeared! Look here, my sister is at a hotel in 'Frisco. I shall take you there to-night, and in the morning we will see."

He turned the machine suddenly and sent it ahead at terrific speed, retracing the way they had come.

"Is the Austin place that big gray stone place with the palms?"

She nodded an affirmative to his question.

"Where are we going? I will be late for dinner and Dickie will be furious, and will tell his mother anything! She will believe him. Don't go there!" she begged him. I don't think auntie knew them as well as she ought."

"Or as I do, no! Listen, I am going back with you. Introduce me, let me talk, and do just as I say. Will you?" She promised, and again he speeded up the little car.

Dusk was falling when they slid into the Austin place. Mrs. Austin and Dickie came from the porch, followed by other relatives. Selwyn got down, handed out the girl, and took her arm, smiling.

"This is Mr. John Selwyn, Mrs. Austin."

It was all she had to say. Selwyn put out his hand. "Of Chicago," he explained. "How are you, Richard? Haven't seen you since your freshmen days at Harvard—get through?" Dick put out his hand. Selwyn knew too much about him. Mrs. Austin was frigidly waiting for more—a queer gleam in her eyes.

"I don't understand," she said. "Kittie, we have been looking for you——"

Selwyn took the matter up. "I do owe you an explanation," he said. "You see, I am engaged to Kittie. I came out here to surprise her, and saw her on the road and carried her off for a ride. The engagement was to have been announced as soon as she reached home. Her aunt knows it. Surely you remember me, Mrs. Austin? Met me at my sister's, Mrs. Jackson." Mrs. Austin thawed and remembered—also remembered the James fortune, and stiffened again. But in decency she had to ask him to dinner. He saw unpleasantness for Kittie ahead, and promptly came to the rescue again.

"I'll be glad to stay to dinner, and if Dickie will let me share his quarters I'll invite myself to stay until morning." Dickie was not in a position to refuse. The older man had brought him out of a disgraceful college scrape. He rose to the occasion.

They all went in. Kittie hastily dressed for dinner and Selwyn washed up, refusing Dickie's offer of clothes. He longed to kick the little cad, but restrained himself.

Dinner went pleasantly enough because Selwyn would have it so. He knew himself to be irreproachable, he knew they knew it, and he had once been deeply in love with Clara James, who had chosen his friend Smiley instead. This was Clara's little sister. And she was like Clara—perhaps she was even sweeter than Clara. He looked across the table at her wild-rose bloom and wide blue eyes, the fine, firm chin and intelligent forehead. She caught his glance and her flush deepened and burned. He again addressed Mrs. Austin, and as he did so resolved to give Aunt Cornelia the scolding of her life when he saw her. To leave the girl with people like this while she chased off to suffrage meetings and got sick at the wrong times!

"Mrs. Austin, I am going to rob you to-morrow of your guest. My sister is with me in San Francisco, and we are going to Los Angeles in a few days. She will take Kittie with her and meet her aunt there."

Kittie sat still and drew a long breath of relief, but her soul was burning with shame and fear. What did this splendid knight think of her for even thinking she might ever love Dickie Austin? What should she say when she reached his sister? Of course the engagement matter would never go any further! Her heart sank strangely.

The next day saw her safely on her way to Mrs. Jackson, her face glowing. The ride was a wonder of delight, the beauty of the country after the eastern snow, most of all the strong man beside her. She gave herself to the joy of the moment, charming him with everything she said and did. Freed from her trouble her sweetness came to the top and bubbled and sparkled like champagne. A great protective sense came over the man, but a twinge at the heart, too. Only for to-day was she his, and he would not have touched her finger tips without her consent. He turned to her as they neared San Francisco.

"You've had an adventure, a real one, haven't you?" She looked at him, sobering, her eyes deep, but her tongue would not speak. "I've never been engaged before," he said, "and I'm nearly thirty. It is very lovely. It is very lovely. I shall always remember it—long after you have married the right man, younger and brighter than I."

She shook her head.

"I shall never—never—marry anybody—all my life!" she burst out. "After—Dickie—I should be—afraid." She shivered, and driving with one hand, he caught at her slim fingers.

"Would you be afraid of me? Would you?" Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, but it isn't—real about you! You had to lie to get me out of trouble, and you've got yourself in. Mrs. Austin will tell people and—and——"

"She couldn't say anything if you—made it real, Kittie. Could you? Will you?" She turned from him pitifully, and then brought her glance bravely to his. Her voice was grave and quiet.

"You don't—love me." The man laughed outright. Love is as swift as light—it doesn't need time.

"I do!" he said. "I love and love you! Will you make me happy now—or make me court you for months just to satisfy your pride?" She gave him her hand simply, and her answer also, and he blessed her for it.

"I'm not very wise," she faltered, "but I do love you!"

BIG FIRE AT ENTERPRISE.

A Number of Buildings Had a Narrow Escape.

Enterprise, April 30.—On Thursday morning of last week the fire bell rang and it was discovered that T. Kenney's hall and stables were on fire. A large crowd soon gathered and it was only by quick work by the bucket brigade that the surrounding buildings were prevented from burning as it was almost surrounded by the following buildings: J. D. Wagar's lumber shed and feed barns on the west; T. Kenney's house on the south and R. Cox's store and also his house on the east. Mr. Cox's house was only about twelve feet from the blaze so it took fire, but the flames were put out before they could make any headway. J. D. Wagar's feed barns and shed were also on fire but the blaze was extinguished and its onward march was stopped.

There is some talk of having a new baker in town. Some of the railroad contractors have moved in George Kelar's house for the summer. Mrs. M. Dillon now has the second bereavement in the death of her eldest daughter as her husband departed just a few days ago.

Quite a number of young men left on April 28th for Ahmic Harbor to drive the river. Howard Smith has taken a life partner and has moved in the upper storey of the Millow block. Harvey Cronk, of Wagarville, was in town on Monday. S. D. Wagar has sold his undertaking business to W. S. Fenwick, of this place. Some of the farmers are taking their young cattle to pasture. Mrs. W. H. Hinchey spent Monday in Kingston. The undertakers are taking the bodies from the vaults and interring them in the burying grounds. Mr. and Mrs. Everton Smith, of Moscow, spent Sunday here. Thomas Clancy has started his cheese factory running and has engaged Howard Smith as maker. Willard Parker is again here.

Earl Grey has promised to dedicate the Cecil Rhodes memorial at Table Mountain in July.

WORTHLESS STOCKS

MANITOBA COPIES A WISE LAW OF KANSAS.

Frames Legislation Based on the Famous Blue Sky Law of American State.

When the state of Kansas put upon the statute books what is known as the Blue Sky law, there was consternation amongst the salesmen of worthless securities. The legislation, now being enforced there by a bank commissioner requires every company before selling its securities in that state to register with the commissioner, while every stock salesman must obtain a certificate permitting him to vend his wares. Of 700 applications made to the commissioner less than fifty have been granted.

Manitoba proposes to operate a similar law in that province. It has introduced in the provincial legislature an act to regulate the sale of shares, bonds, or other securities of foreign companies. The act is modeled after that of Kansas. No shares, stocks, or bonds, or other securities may be sold in Manitoba—if the proposed bill becomes law—without first obtaining from the public utility commission a certificate for the company and a license for the agent.

A large number of worthless oil, wireless telegraph, and mining shares have been sold in Manitoba, and undoubtedly millions of dollars have been wasted in that manner. The proposed law prohibits newspapers from advertising the securities of companies unless they are licensed. The act does not apply to the sale of stocks or bonds of the dominion or of any of the provinces.

RACE SUICIDE ABHORRED.

Families of Small Size Considered Rather Bad Form.

Kansas City Journal.

The Chinese are proud of large families, and a large family living together under one roof is looked upon as a proof of the good temper and correct course of life of its members, and as a sure path to prosperity. A large family which is able to live together without dividing up the property always receives much credit and is highly respected.

It is one of the highest distinctions in China to have Wu Fu T'ung T'ang or five generations under one roof, although such a distinction is attained by very few.

According to a recent census, the family of Meng Yu Shih, a widow, of the village of Mangtao, in the territory of Wethaiwei, has the distinction of being the largest in the land. Her family consists of sixty-six members, and with one servant there are sixty-seven mouths to be fed daily.

Meng Yu Shih is sixty-six years old and has nine sons and numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all living under her roof. She has not yet attained the ambition of being the head of Wu Fu T'ung T'ang, but the size of her family has already given her the honor and pleasure of being the largest in the entire kingdom, even if she has not five generations under one roof.

There are many households with more than forty members, and almost all old and distinguished families of China have at least twenty members. Families of small size, three or four, are considered rather bad form, even if they are rich and occupying high positions. Size of family is as valuable in China as size of strong box.

Government Has Drummer.

Montreal Witness.

There has been, we should suppose, a disappointing response from the country to the Gouin government's good roads offers to the municipalities. Never was a more patriotic measure made law, but it is one thing to pass a law and quite another thing to bring into operation, if that requires spontaneous action on the part of the people. The most of the people remain either altogether unconscious of the law, or, if they know about it, do not know just what it is. Every one is busy and nobody knows. Under such conditions it has become incumbent on the government to send an expert about the country to tell them what the law makes possible to them and just how to take advantage of it. In these days when we do not buy anything from life insurance to a fly trap unless somebody comes and forces it on us, even the government has to send out its drummers. In this service Mr. Gareau, the government good roads commissioner, is doing a great work by lecturing about the country, and seems to be receiving a very encouraging and even enthusiastic welcome.

Another Twist.

Graham Ferguson has just returned after an absence of six months on "the other side." Fergie did not spend all his time abroad at the home of his Ayrshire ancestors; he visited Switzerland and Italy and did not neglect Paris. It was in this famous city that he witnessed a famous sight.

"When I was in France," he told a newspaper friend, Sunday, "I saw a duel!"

"Oh! One of those French duels, eh? Nobody was hurt, I presume?"

"You are wrong there. One of the contestants was seriously injured."

"One of the contestants? Surely you mean a bystander or a second or a surgeon?"

"No, sir, one of the duellists. He had a rib broken.

"You astound me! One of those toy rapiers could not smash a rib, surely?"

"Rapier nothing! The brave man's rib was broken in the embrace with his opponent after the duel was over."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Three Bullet Wounds.

Minden, May 1.—Three bullet wounds were found in the body of Louis E. Porter, found murdered near here. One was through the right arm, one from shoulder to shoulder, and the third from the abdomen to the hip. Two bullets have been extracted. There is a strong suspicion which will probably lead to an early arrest.

All the opera music at Hutton's from "Spring Maid," "Enchantress," etc. 209 Princess street.

CANADIAN HOT SPRINGS.

Sinclair's Warm Waters One of the Rockies' Wonders.

Away up among deep passes and gorges in the Canadian Rockies, close by a rushing mountain torrent, whose icy waters take their source from the perennial snows of the Beaverfort Range, overlooking the Columbia-Kootenay Valleys there existed, long before the first white man made his appearance over the summit or even ventured in his trail river boat near the source of the beautiful Columbia, two or three Indian huts, formed of poles and rudely interlaced with branches and thwarted brush from the neighboring forest, says J. Lanning in The Toronto Globe. Those rude shelters, modified a little by continued public usage, still remain and mark the spot from whence the Thermal Springs of Sinclair have their source. The Sinclair Creek flows from the watershed between the Columbia and Kootenay Valleys in a succession of swift rapids and cataracts through canyons, extremely picturesque, the waters growing more powerful and noisy as they rush onward to swell the flood of the quiet and unassuming Columbia.

The junction of the heated waters with the icy mountain torrent occurs at a point about three miles from the banks of the main river, and in addition to the few rude baths of stones dug out by the Indians in earlier times is marked by a thin veil of mist hovering continually over the junction point.

So closely united are the sources of the spring waters with those of the creek bed that it is quite possible to stand between the two streams and place a hand in each — the heated waters bubbling from the fissure at 60 or 70 degrees C. forming a marked contrast in temperature to the almost icy waters from the mountain snows. The beauty of the surrounding view is enhanced by its very naturalness.

Though the Indians and white men alike have used the springs for ages, leaving records of their frequent visitations in old camp sites, brush huts, and pebble baths, the waters are free and uncontrolled.

There are no luxurious hotels within a stone's-throw, no marble entrances to the various springs, no linen-clad attendants or toll collectors, but everything wild and undecorated as nature formed it, modified only by time and its eroding influences. The Indian, still living in the belief of his ancestors, resorts to the baths as a specific for rheumatism and other diseases, and enjoys the same privileges as the white man in this regard, the British Columbia Government having very wisely reserved these springs and others of similar occurrence in the region for public use.

Through summer and autumn, winter and spring, the waters issue and flow on. There is no diminution through the changing seasons, either in volume or temperature, evidencing the geologist's faith in the existence of juvenile waters (waters which have never reached the surface) at depths beneath the earth's crust.

The process by which nature boils water away down at immense depths must indeed be one of great interest, and we fain would pierce the resisting crust to observe it. Such a measure, however conclusive, is by no means practicable, and if we would know anything of nature's sources of heat and fuel supply we must be content to reason somewhat conclusively from experiment and observation.

In this interesting district also along the valley of Toby Creek, which joins the Columbia near the town of Athelmar, there are numbers of delicious soda springs, much resorted to by travelers and tourists while en route to the summit of the Pass.

Even the tired pack horses laboring along the trails to the lumbering and mining camps are privileged to halt at the springs and quench their thirst from those natural soda fountains.

They Just Smiled.

Dr. George C. Creelman, president of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, admits that in the following story the joke was on him:

For ten years he had held the position of secretary of the American Association of Farmers' Institute Workers, but he found that his other duties would not permit of his continuing in that office. So, at the annual meeting in Washington, D. C., just before the election of officers was to be held, he explained that he would no longer be able to act as secretary.

The other members smiled when he said that.

So Dr. Creelman emphasized the fact that he could not continue as secretary.

Again his statement was met with a smile, so he said: "Now, I'm serious about this. I really couldn't spare the time to look after the work of secretary, and if you elect me to the office I will be obliged to decline it."

Once more there was a general smile.

After the first balloting had been held, the doctor learned why they had smiled. They didn't elect him to the secretaryship again—they made him president.

Beresford Wasn't Lost.

Temagami is a delightful tourist region and, being in Canada, is patronized chiefly by Americans, while Canadians are in Europe, searching for a holiday spot. They tell a story in this charming lake district, and they tell it in whispers, of the time Lord Charles Beresford was there on a fishing trip. He was due in Toronto for a public event, but found the fishing and the sport generally so excellent that somehow or other a message got on the telegraph wire to the effect that Lord Charles was lost in the bush. His lordship, it is imagined, was not so much alarmed as were his Toronto friends. Big game is in Temagami, too, and the writer was an onlooker to the lassooing from a little steamer of a fine black bear, who grunted disapproval of a rope around his neck, and made for the shore as rapidly as possible on being released.

Because he was kept inside when the other pachyderms were given freedom in the corral Congo, only a dwarf elephant in captivity tried to butt his brains out. He smashed both of his tusks.

We own and offer

Canadian Northern Railway Equipment

4½%

FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS

Series "D1"

(TOTAL ISSUE - - - $3,000,000)

Dated 1st April, 1912 **Due serially as below**

Interest payable 1st April and 1st October at The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, New York and London, England.

Denominations: $500 and $1,000
with provision for registration of principal

The legal opinion of Alexander Bruce, K.C., will be furnished.

MATURITIES NOW OFFERED

1st April, 1916	*$50,000*	*1st April, 1918*	*$50,000*
1st October, 1916	*$50,000*	*1st October, 1918*	*$50,000*
1st April, 1917	*$50,000*	*1st April, 1919*	*$50,000*
1st October, 1917	*$50,000*	*1st October, 1919*	*$50,000*

TRUSTEE:
NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO

The Canadian Northern Railway issues its equipment obligations through a subsidiary corporation—The Imperial Rolling Stock Company, Limited—and covenants to pay principal and interest at maturity. These equipment obligations constitute a first mortgage on standard motive power and rolling stock at only 75% of their contract price, the balance being paid in cash by the Railway Company.

Every safeguard is taken for the insurance, maintenance and replacement of the mortgaged equipment.

Title to the equipment remains with the Trustee until all bonds issued against it are retired. As equipment is absolutely essential to the operation of a railroad, the integrity of equipment bonds must be preserved.

Since 1902 the Canadian Northern Railway has issued equipment bonds to a par value of $30,086,458, of which amount $9,458,575 had been retired by April 2nd, 1912. Equipment bonds to a par value of $20,627,882 are at present outstanding and are held as permanent investments by numerous private and institutional investors in Canada, England and the United States.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF EARNINGS

	1908	1909	1910	1911
Gross Earnings	*$9,709,462*	*$10,581,768*	*$13,833,061*	*$16,360,712*
Oper. Expenses	*6,676,775*	*7,015,406*	*9,488,671*	*11,370,365*
Net Earnings	*3,032,686*	*3,566,362*	*4,344,390*	*4,990,346*
Fixed Charges	*2,353,757*	*2,919,617*	*3,313,632*	*3,982,651*
Surplus	*$ 678,929*	*$ 646,745*	*$ 1,030,758*	*$ 1,007,695*

Equipment Bonds issued in this form have established a Record for Security unequalled by any other form of Railway Obligation.

Price: On Application

DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR ON REQUEST

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION
LIMITED.

26 KING ST. EAST TORONTO. LONDON, ENG. CANADA LIFE BLDG. MONTREAL.

ALBERT SPALDING,
The noted violinist, who appears here Friday night.

WAR ON CRIMINALS SPREADS.

Louisiana Will Enact Law for Their Sterilization.

New Orleans, May 1.—That female as well as male habitual criminals should be deprived of the power of reproduction was the sense of a resolution adopted by the Louisiana State Medical Association. The association urged the early passage of a law to this effect.

Brockville District Pioneer Dies.

Brockville, Ont., April 30.—The death occurred here on Edward Burns, a pioneer retired farmer of the Brockville district, who had attained the great age of ninety years.

Mr. Burns settled on a farm in the adjoining township over half a century ago, and was quite successful in his operations, so that in time he removed to Brockville, and retired. Among the surviving members of the family is one son, Thomas Burns, of his majesty's customs, Brockville. His widow also survives.

Great sale of strong Trunks and suit cases. Lack of room, cause. Dutton's.

FUND MAY TOTAL $2,500,000.

Large Contributions for Titanic Suffers to Come.

London, May 1.—The Titanic funds, including those collected in Canada and the United States, now aggregate well over $1,500,000. The mayor of Southampton points out, however, that a large number of people are needy at that place, and he wants the collection to continue. It will not be surprising if the amount eventually reached $2,500,000 on this side, as there are still the proceeds of numerous theatrical and musical performances to come, and most of the incoming steamers are bringing in additional funds collected on the Mauretania realized $3,250. The passage. The benefit performance on Kaiserin Auguste Victoria brought $1,070.

Widow to Sue "White Star."

Washington, D.C., May 1.—Under a proceeding in admiralty court, J. Bruce Ismay, managing director of the International Mercantile Marine, was summoned before a commission to give testimony to be used in a suit of Mrs. Louise Robbins, of New York, against the White Star line. Mrs. Robbins' husband was lost in the Titanic disaster.

Subpoenas also were issued by the admiralty court for the surviving officers of the Titanic.

Gives Child Away by Will.

Buffalo, May 1.—Mildred Schwartzmeyer, three years old, is given away under the terms of the will of her father, now being probated here. The child's mother died a year ago, and her father was ill for months prior to his death, on April 13th. It was his wish that the child be reared by his sister, Mrs. Josephine Flamming, but his illness prevented his appearance in court for the usual adoption proceedings. An old statute providing for the giving away of children by will was used to carry out the father's wishes for the future of the child.

For cool evenings, sweaters for everyone, at Dutton's.