

Continued from page 3.

bank's interest would be considerable, she would argue, he must know of an institution better than the deposit company. But no! She could not breathe to any one this disloyalty; she could not put into words this things so full of horror, so terrible to think.

The day dragged on with the work undone, the dinner hour passed without a thought, and still the struggle the battling for a decision, raged as the storm without battered on the window panes. Someone knocked, the telephone rang, but there might as well have been no sound, for all the attention she gave them. Late in the afternoon the storm ceased with an abruptness that roused her, and the sun came out with a yellow glare that made the world seem fashioned of a cruel brass.

She rose with ashen lips and seized her hat and coat in quick, nervous fingers, acting as in a dream. She was going to Dr. Widener, and she must make haste before her strength failed her—how awkward she was with the buttons, as though she had never seen them before! She closed the kitchen door on the morning's disorder and took her key from its hook. What an interminable walk it was from the kitchen to the front door. She opened it and found herself face to face with the boy from the office.

"Going out," he stammered, "or coming in?" They sent me from the office. I tried to make you hear me an hour ago and then we tried telephoning. They sent me again.

"Something has happened?" The terror came out in her voice. Could they have demanded the fund too late, too late?

"Yes'm. They sent me to tell you, and I don't know how," the poor messenger said haltingly. There wasn't anybody else to send. He fell right at the door, on his way to Fischer's—Henny Becker seen him. Henny up and hollered to me, and I called Mr. Stewart. He had lots of money in his pockets. Mr. Stewart says he guesses he was going to stop at the bank, and it was organ fund money. The doctor says it was too late when he got there and took one look—"

Marcia grasped the door frame with unsteady hand and tried to speak through dry lips.

"Dead?" she whispered. "Is he dead?"

"Yes'm," the boy said with awkward sympathy. "I'm no end sorry. They wanted you should be home when—they came. It was his heart, they says."

"His heart!" she murmured in a daze. "Tell them to—bring him—home. And—thank you, Richard."

She closed the door, anxious to spare the child a scene he would remember at night, and stood for a long minute in the dark hall. He could not come home to dinner, but how little he dreamed he would come like this! They would bring him home presently and mourn for him as a noble character, a man in whom they had rightly put their trust. Trust! In a little while she would remember his smile and his lovable geyety the gentle patience of the man, but—not yet.

She gazed out on the world as one awakening from a nightmare, a strange light shining into her soul. She could not keep her eyes turned to watch for their slow coming up the road, but let her gaze wander to the hills in the far distance. The hills, no longer cold and bare, glowed in the warm sunshine as something that stood for a new life, a resurrection, after the storms of the world. The merciful hills! She looked up from them to the clear, blue sky with a new peace.

"Thank God!" she cried through her tears.

Last Obstruction To Navigation.

The Atlantic and Pacific Oceans were not actually united to-day when the Gamboa dike was destroyed and the waters of Gatun Lake were allowed to flow into Culebra Cut, as lake and cut are, at the normal surface of the water, 85 feet above the level of the sea.

The destruction of the Gamboa dike, however, removes the last obstruction to the navigation of the greater part of the canal by light draft vessels and opens up direct connection between the great Gatun Lake, which already is ready to discharge vessels to the Atlantic through Gatun Locks, and the Pacific division. The waters of the lake, rushing through the broken Gamboa dike, will sweep through Culebra Cut and reach the great locks at Panama, which mark the beginning of the descent from the top level of the canal to the Pacific.

The first craft to enter will be the great steam dredges whose work is to clear and deepen the channel. The presence of small craft in portions of the canal, however, does not as yet mean ocean-to-ocean navigation. This will first be possible when each link in the canal has a sufficient depth of water and all the locks are working.

Navigation Over Local Lengths.

In the intermediate stage, however, navigation may be effected in local lengths of the canal and to some degree may be extended from length to length along the whole waterway.

Although Col. Goethals, in his telegram to the Canal Commission to-day, made no prediction, it is believed it will be possible to have the lighter boats used by the canal diggers to pass from ocean to ocean in a few weeks.

To-day's events served to demonstrate the nearness of the canal to the operating stage. It also formally brought to a close the work of the central-division in the cut for the dredging operations which are to succeed the steam shovel work which will be under a different organization.

Gamboa dike was built in 1908 to hold the Chagres River in check during its turbulent periods, and to prevent its water from entering the nine mile long section of Culebra Cut and delaying the work of the steam shovels.

Greatest in History.

It was important solely from its location. Twenty-four miles to the north, the mighty Gatun Dam, which, to the uninitiated appears to be nothing more than a low mountain range stretched across a valley, keeps the waters of Gatun Lake from escaping to the sea.

These two barriers, one the greatest man-made dam in history, and the other a low ridge of earth and rock which would ordinarily pass unnoticed, have kept in check the rising waters of Gatun Lake.

To-day there is only one, and the waters of the lake now extend from Pedro Miguel lock on the south to Gatun locks on the north, a distance of about 33 miles, approximately two-thirds of the canal's length.

Drills were at work on the dike nearly the whole month of September, and it was mined with over 1,200 holes charged with dynamite. The barrier contained about 90,000 cubic yards of material, or the same number of two horse wagon loads.

Failed Only Once.

Only once since it was built had it failed in its purpose. This was during the big freshet in the Chagres River of November, 1909, when the water came so close to the top, then 71 feet above sea level, that it was deemed advisable to open the sluice gates and fill the cut with water, in order to avoid danger of heavy washing. This was done, and for several days all work was suspended and only the tops of the steam shovels were sticking out of the water. Since that time the overtopping of the dike was never seriously threatened. When Gatun Lake rose to a height of fifty feet in the latter part of 1912, the dike was widened to an average of fifty feet by dumping clay on the side toward the cut, and raised to 78.2 feet above sea level.

The Toronto Daily News.

Blasting Operations Killed 1,000, 600 Salmon

Washington, Oct. 30.—Railroad blasting operations on a tributary of the Fraser river, in Washington, having killed more than one million salmon and prevented the spawning of between two and three billion sock-eye salmon eggs, the Department of commerce announced to-day that the fish loving American public might expect a decided shortage in its favorite article of food three to five years hence.

"The effects of this catastrophe," it is declared, "will be seen three to five years hence, when the 1913 progeny come back to the river to spawn. How serious the outcome will be can only be surmised."

The likelihood of thousands of persons in the State of Washington, and in British Columbia, adds the department, depends on the annual "run" of these fish, which return year by year to the same spawning grounds. This, it is suggested, makes the matter one of even greater economic importance. Rocks dislodged by the blasting blocked the stream and caused the death of the ascending fish.

Life is a serious thing, especially to the man who regards it as an uninter-rupted funeral.

ARMY IN THE NORTH

Indians Rapidly Becoming Civilized—They Like Their Uniforms and the Band

After an absence of over thirty years from his home in the little village of Shigab, Yorkshire, Major "Bob" Smith of the Salvation Army took a longing to see his old mother again and got leave of absence for the trip home. Before leaving Canada he told an interesting story of his work among the Indians and the changes that are coming about by the ever-advancing tide of civilization.

In the early eighties Major Smith and his two brothers came to Canada and located at Winnipeg, and in that city the major was converted and began work with the Salvation Army. For the last fourteen years he had charge of districts among the Indians in British Columbia and Alaska. For ten years he worked in Alaska with his centre at Wrangell. The four previous years he was in British Columbia among the Klamathian Indians and in Alaska, in the south-eastern part, he dwells chiefly among the Thlinget tribe. He has also worked among the dying race of Hydah Indians on Queen Charlotte Island and Prince of Wales Island, B.C.

The work is making wonderful strides, he said. Every year sees the old order changing among the Indians. The growth of the mining centres in Alaska is causing a big influx of white people. In the last decade there has been a decrease of 14 per cent. in the Indian population, and the tribes are gradually dwindling down.

Old Burial Custom

Speaking of the old customs of the Indians and their heathen superstitions he said that these were fast disappearing. One custom at the burial of a person was to inter the body but a few inches below the surface and build a log hut over the spot and around the grave, place the deceased's belongings and scatter food on the ground. In these death houses he has seen sewing machines and clocks left by the departed's relatives.

The old unwritten law that members of the same tribe must not intermarry is also being relegated to the past, and members of the same tribe are now being joined in matrimony. In the village of Killisnoo, where he has one of the eleven stations under his supervision, the Major had 100 soldiers in the corps, and on one of his visits he conducted 15 weddings.

The story is told that Killisnoo got its name through a young Scotchman who, with a companion, was captured by the Indians. The adventurous pair were to be put to death, but the execution was postponed and the Scot, suffering from the exquisite torture of having his life hanging by a thread and the uncertainty of the day of doom, is stated to have shouted, "Kill us now." The Indians liked the sound and so the village got its name. What happened to the prisoners is not known.

Indians Enterprising

And the village called Kake is also in the Major's district, and it is not very long ago since white men carried their lives in their hands in visiting the place. Not so now, civilization is wiping all this out. Trapping, hunting, fishing, logging are the industries the Indians chiefly follow. There are many enterprising men among them and this is shown by the number of gasoline launches that they now have plying up and down the river.

In many instances the Major has to do his missionary work through an interpreter. Many of the officers are Indians and of their work and devotion to duty Major Smith speaks highly. They make smart figures in the Army uniforms, which greatly appeal to them. As musicians they are very successful and they are especially good at singing.

ORIGIN OF BOOT HEELS

Women First Wore Them so They Could Not Travel

It is said that the heels now worn on shoes had their origin in Persia, where they took the form of flat wood on sandals to raise the feet and prevent them from the hot sands.

It was many years afterward that this fashion was introduced into Venice, but the reason for its adoption in this case is said to have been quite different. Here the originators of the fashion were jealous husbands who reasoned that their women thus equipped would not venture far outside the precincts of their dwelling. These heels were called "clogs," and in order to satisfy the vanity of the wearers and perhaps to sweeten the pill—that is, the discomfort of appearing in them—they were elaborately adorned, sometimes being encrusted with gold and silver. The height of the clogs determined the rank of the wearer.

Child's Narrow Escape

When a train which had left Ottawa reached the bridge over a tributary to the Gatineau and just beyond Hull, the engineer noticed a small child on the track. Before he could stop his train the engine had passed over the child. When the train stopped the engineer descended from his cab to look for the youngster's body, when he found that the little one had lain down flat on the track, the work of the bridge where there was just room for the other side of the engine.



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to pass over his body without hurting him. In this way he escaped uninjured. He was taken out by the engineer and sent safely home. He did not seem much frightened when taken from his perilous position under the train.

Saving Hotel Carpets

For handling baggage in hotels there has been invented a truck with rubber tired wheels to save the carpets and with handles that fold when used in crowded spaces.

NEW KIND OF DUCK

Carries Young on Its Back and Has Red Eyes

A brand new species of wild duck, brilliantly colored, which carries its young on its back, and the young of which are regularly fed by the male bird while the female bird is sitting on a second setting of eggs, was discovered near Lacombe, Alberta, by Senator Peter Talbot.

"The birds were found on a slough near my farm," said Senator Talbot in discussing his find. "The male bird is apparently able to form its body and wings into a kind of boat, and the young always ride around on the back of the parents in this fashion. Even when the parent bird goes under a wire fence and the younger ones are scraped off, they always manage to scramble back on the backs of their parents, and make no effort to shift for themselves, the male bird feeding them constantly."

The color of the new species is remarkable. Except for a dark streak running from the bill back across the head, the head is pure white, while the eye is big and of a bright red color. The neck and breasts of the are bronze in color, while the back is a light grey.

"No one in the vicinity has ever seen ducks of that kind before," said Senator Talbot, "and we cannot find that this particular species ever invaded the Province before."

SAFETY FOR MINERS

Falling Barometer Shows When Explosions May Occur

Look out for mine explosions when the barometer begins to drop! This is the new word that has gone out among the coal managers all over the world. The weather bureau have heard it, too, and are beginning to furnish barometer predictions for mines.

The barometer tells the sea captain of the approach of a storm well in advance of trouble; but the warning is not given so far ahead in the case of the mines. The weather bureau, however, can predict the coming of low pressure as a "low" move across the country.

Methane is a dangerous gas in mines, developing most seriously in the old workings of coal mines; and it has been established that when the barometer drops, meaning that the pressure of air is decreasing, the amount of methane increases. The gas has less pressure of air to hold it back, and comes stealing out of nooks and crannies. Extra precautions can usually be taken when warning is given in time.

At an auction sale held recently in Paxinos, Penn., almost the entire village was sold, comprising more than 30 private houses and business buildings. The village was the property of J. Warren Miller, who sold out because of financial embarrassment.

PILES.

You will find relief in Zam-Buk! It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—50c box.

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HORSE FEEDING A SUGGESTION

I learned what I know about horse management from the first farmer with whom I ever worked in the country, says an American agriculturist. One of the secrets of his success with horses was his careful feeding. "Seasonable feeding for seasonable work" was his motto. That man varied the amount of feed given just as the work varied. For instance, every Sunday he did not "feed up" the horses in order that they would have some ym on Monday. He knew that such a practice was more apt to bring the horses down with "Monday morning disease." Saturday night the horses got a small feeding of grain, usually not more than half their usual feed. Sunday morning the same, Sunday noon ditto, and Sunday night they got the full feeding. If the horses had to be laid off for a day or two in the middle of the week the same reduction in feed took place. Feeding was invariably varied according to the work to be done.

"Seasonable feeding for seasonable work" has been my motto ever since, and it accounts in large measure for my success with teams. I is really wonderful how, after you have driven a team for a few weeks, you get to know their requirements and can give them just exactly the feed they need. I pass on this suggestion for what it is worth.

A SHEARING RECORD

Australia's flock of sheep now numbers 93,000,000, and in handling this large number the Australian shearers reach a high standard of proficiency. Working under good condition, they are able to do a good deal of work daily. In South Australia last August, George Denman sheared 247 sheep in 8 hours 40 minutes, and his average for the twelve full days was 191 1/2 sheep a day. His pen mate, J. W. Cooper, did 260 sheep on Aug. 1, and averaged 189 a day for the twelve days. Denman's performance on the first eclipsed the previous South Australian record of 264, established by W. D. y at Murrumbidgee.

THE CULTURE OF BLACK AND SILVER FOXES

A timely publication, THE CULTURE OF BLACK AND SILVER FOXES, has recently been issued by the ROD AND GUN PRESS, Woodstock, Ont. This book is a series of articles written by Dr. L. V. Croft, who in addition to being a successful breeder of foxes in captivity, is a specialist in veterinary science and his attitude in these articles is that of a scientific man. To those breeders of fur bearing animals who have no knowledge of veterinary science—and comparatively few of those who are engaged in this new industry have—Dr. Croft's book will be of inestimable value. The book comprises chapters on Heredity, Origin, Breeding, Mating and Gestation, Pens and Dens, Food and Feeding, Hygiene and Care, etc. It is well illustrated, neatly bound in paper cover, and can be procured from W. J. Taylor, Limited, Publishers, Woodstock, Ont., for the low price of sixty cents.

A man will give his wife \$10 a month of bills. Then he will give her \$20 of the \$10 back and expect to know what she does with all her money.