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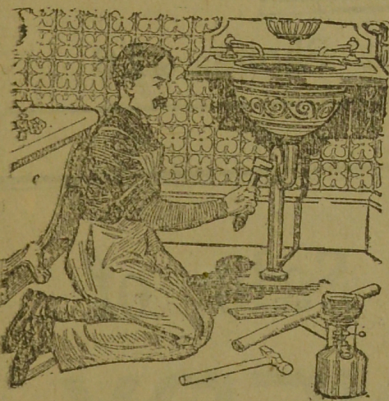
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Why are we so busy

Because we have Best Quality Materials, First Class Workmen, and Fair Prices with special attention given to repairs.

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45 UNION STREET, GLASGOW.



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The stomach is a larger factor in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" than most people are aware. Patriotism can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia. The confirmed dyspeptic "is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier and a fault finder.

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Ransoming Fancy.

By CARL WILLIAMS.

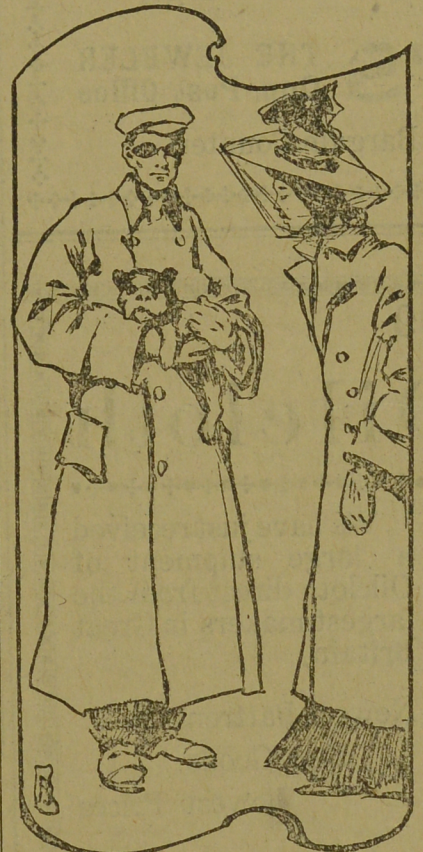
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"Love me, love my dog," was a sentiment of which Miss Thayer entirely approved, though she had no reason to insist that Paul Nisbit follow the rule, for he loved Ida Thayer, dogs in general, his own brindle bull in particular and Miss Thayer's Boston terrier but little less.

Fancy, the terrier, had been his first gift to Ida, and Paul believed that it constituted the strongest tie between them, for in dogs they had found a common bond of sympathy.

This Nisbit had industriously sought to strengthen, with no small results, though he had not yet dared to put his fate to the test and possibly lose through precipitancy all he had gained.

That Ida Thayer liked the friendly, clean cut young man was evident, but



A GOGGLED FIGURE CAUGHT UP THE DOOMED PEE.

friendliness is not love, so Paul waited for the opportunity that should show him more clearly where he stood.

And a dog it was that again tightened the bonds. The hydrophobia scare struck Wellington, and the edict went forth that all dogs must be muzzled, while the local papers dilated on the danger that threatened and called upon all broad minded citizens to destroy their pets before the town should gain an unpleasant notoriety through an epidemic of rabies.

Nisbit, coming up the walk to the Thayer home with the latest distributive in his pocket, found Ida dissolved in tears.

"Take that horrid paper away," she cried as she saw what he carried. "I wouldn't mind muzzling Fancy, but the idea of killing her! And father believes that horrid stuff, and he's—he's going to have Fancy chloroformed tomorrow."

"Poor little Fancy!" said Paul as he stooped to pat the dog's head and wished instead that he might rest his hand upon the golden strands which crowned the shapely head of Fancy's mistress.

"Of course," he continued. "If we are threatened with an epidemic of rabies it is well to take every precaution, at the same time to kill all dogs because one of them might go mad is as absurd as to want to kill all human beings because some men are afflicted with a mania for murder. I am going to take Sir Herbert out to the Oaks this evening. What do you say to an abduction?"

"Mr. Nisbit!" Ida's voice startled him. He had never heard her speak in that tone before. Anger and surprise were mingled in her voice, and with a sinking heart Paul realized that she had misunderstood him.

"I didn't mean to abduct you," he cried. "It was Fancy I was thinking of. If Fancy should be sitting on the lawn this evening and a long, low, rakish car should happen along, and if, after the dust died down, it should be found that she had disappeared, don't you think that would be better than chloroform? Out at the farm there will be no stray curs to carry infection, and she and Sir Herbert

could have a glorious time with the run of the grounds under Chester's watchful eye. He loves dogs as well as I do."

In her eagerness to atone for her misunderstanding Ida caught Paul's hand impulsively.

"You are so good!" she cried. Then she realized that she was holding his hand and reddened as her fingers unclasped their grip. "I am so worried I don't think I know what I am doing today," she continued. "I could think of no way of saving poor Fancy, and it seemed so wicked to kill the poor little thing."

"Then it is settled!" he cried. "The piratical auto will be along after supper. Don't you want to go, too, and see what fine quarters she will have? It's a splendid run, and there will be a moon tonight. Of course if you don't want to turn kidnaper—"

"But I do," cried Ida. "When it is Fancy who is being kidnapped. I know that when this absurd scare is over father will be only too glad to find that Fancy is still alive. He liked her until the papers commenced to print these horrid things. I don't suppose that it is really thwarting father's wishes."

"You're merely assistant kidnaper," explained Paul. "The principal is responsible for the acts of his agents. The responsibility is all mine."

As the summer twilight faded into dusk Paul's racing car puffed noisily into the Thayer driveway, and a goggled figure sprang up the steps and caught up the doomed pet. Then he gave Ida the leaders of the two dogs, and the car recommenced its noisy puffing. In a flash they were in the street again.

It was a delightful run out to the farm, which was Paul's hobby, and when Ida saw the two new kennels that had been built in compliance with Paul's telephone message to his superintendent she went into ecstasies.

They were side by side fronting a great lawn, in the center of which was an artificial lake fed by a brook. It was an ideal place for a summer playground, and it was not long before Fancy was chasing Sir Herbert over the grass and making herself at home generally.

"The gate is always closed," explained the superintendent. "There is no chance of a visit from a rabid cur, and the grass and water will do them a world of good."

"I wish I could stay here, too," exclaimed Ida, with a sigh, as she gave Fancy a final petting and prepared to follow Paul to the car.

"I'll bring you out whenever you want to see Fancy," he promised. "We'll come every day if you wish."

"I should like to come tomorrow," assented Ida. "To see how our victims are getting along. Our abduction is successfully accomplished."

"That shows you how much of a novice you are," retorted Paul as the car started. "The abduction is not a success until the victim is restored to an anxious family and the ransom has been paid. This is only the first chapter."

"And the second is the homecoming."

"That's the third," corrected Paul. "The second has to do with the ransom."

"And does Fancy have to be ransomed?"

"Why else should we abduct her?" demanded the head of the expedition. "Of course she must be ransomed. It's a very heavy ransom, too," he added. "I am half afraid that it will be regarded as too much."

Ida's eyes fell beneath his ardent gaze.

"I value Fancy very highly," she said softly. "When is the demand to be made? I want to know the terms."

"We should wait until the craze dies down," said Paul uncertainly. "That would be the proper way, but the scare will not be over until cold weather, and I thought perhaps I might collect in advance. It is a little unusual; but, then, this is an unusual abduction, and I don't want to be sending one of Fancy's ears to the owner as a warning to be prompt."

"Please don't," cried Ida, with a little shudder. "Name your ransom."

For reply Paul caught the little hand that rested on the arm of the seat. There was just a momentary resistance. Then it rested quietly in his own. The ransom had been paid.

Fish Catch Is Good.

Returns from the Nova Scotia fishing fleet are most encouraging. In 1907 there were 109 vessels engaged in this industry, and the catch was 123,625 quintals. In 1908 there were 110 vessels, with a catch of 133,180 quintals. The average catch per vessel in 1908 was 1,256 quintals, an increase per vessel of 132 quintals. The catch of codfish is the largest obtained for years.

THE GOOD OLD GAME OF CURLING.

James Scottish-Canadian Game is of Ancient

Origin—James IV. was a Keen Curler.

While Darnley was also an Expert

With the "Slane and Besom."

Some Good Curling Stories.

The Montreal Witness in the course of an excellent article on curling in Canada has the following, which will doubtless be read with interest by local devotees of the "roarin' game."

"If you'd be a curler keen, Look at the mark with all your een or sure, shoot straight, soop clean!"

Again the curling season has come round and after an enforced rest of nearly nine months, players have got out their granites and irons, and began to enjoy once more the pleasure of the "roarin' game," so admirably suited to the winter climate of Canada.

As is the case with the other national Scottish game, golf, the derivation of the word curling is not certain. Some authorities hold that it comes from the word curl owing to the stone curling over the ice. Others say the word should be curling, deriving it from the Scottish word 'curr,' to stoop down as witnessed by cur-cuddy, a dance performed in a crouching position. Whatever may be the origin of the word used to denote their favorite winter sport, curling undoubtedly dates from a remote era.

James IV., who fell at Flodden in 1513, is alleged to have been a keen curler, while it is also asserted that Darnley, in the severe winter of 1565, in sullen mood with Queen Mary for withholding the crown matrimonial, which she had no power to confer, went to Peebles with a few congenial associates. A heavy fall of snow took place, which detained him there for some time, and, according to tradition, he relieved the tedium of the time of his detention by playing at the game of curling, of which he is said to have been very fond, on a flooded meadow, now part of the clergyman's glebe. This story, like its predecessor, rests only on tradition, but that curling was played at the time is certain from the fact that 1551, inscribed upon it was found a curling stone bearing the date upwards of sixty years ago, when an old curling pond near Dunblane, in Scotland, was drained.

The votaries of curling claim numerous advantages for their favorite sport. It is they say, conducive to health of body and vigor of mind, it strengthens ties of friendship, makes friends of those who otherwise would be enemies for political or ecclesiastical reasons. There is another aspect of the game, and that is the charity it draws forth. Matches are frequently played for a bag of meal or of potatoes to be sent to some deserving poor, and while contests of these kinds are of common occurrence the reproach of gambling cannot be brought against players. One circumstance indeed, which has contributed not a little to the success and permanence of the game, and to the high estimate in which it is held, has been the firm determination to put down preemptorily every attempt to make bonspiels the subject of gambling and betting.

Perhaps no game is more levelling. Where indoor rinks are the custom, players are naturally more of the same social standing, but in Scotland where village meets village in friendly rivalry, it is the best curler who represents his village, no matter what his position in life may be, the happy mixing and mingling of all classes of the community is certainly a feature of the game, and is productive of the very best results.

Another minister, also an ardent curler, is reported to have before dismissing his congregation. "My brethren, briskly in his parish, announced from his pulpit a diet of pastoral visitation in a particular district of his parish. Putting it as far on in the week as possible, he said it might be expected on Saturday; then after a pause—"that is if the ice doesn't haul."

By no means are all the stories told of curlers about the clergy. It is said that one enthusiastic lay curler, whose wife was unwell, expressed his earnest hope that she "wadna dee till there cam" a thaw, for otherwise he wadna be able to attend her burial."

Although curling is certainly more than 300 years old, there was no general code of laws governing the game until formation of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club in 1833, nor was there any limit as to size and shape of the stones used in it. In many districts the game for some time after this continued to be played with seven men a side, each with one stone, the size of which was limited by the strength of the player. This naturally gave the physically strong player a great advantage especially when the ice was soft and heavy, so the R. C. C. C. fixed a maximum and minimum weight and a maximum diameter for stones. Also, instead of seven players, each with one stone, the sides were reduced to four men, each player having a pair of stones, and thus getting a great deal more interest out of the game.

It is interesting to note that stones have improved very much in the same way that golf balls have, and there is as much, if not more difference, between the old 'channel slane' and the present article, as there is between a 'feathery' of Allan Robertson's and a ball of the rubber vored variety. The old channel stones were taken from the river bed, and had not been dressed. They had no handles, or at best, the handle was a bit of a thorn tree. Truly, they were very different from the beautifully finished articles manufactured nowadays.

Curling has flourished greatly in Canada, owing to the large number of Scottish settlers and the splendid playing weather. The oldest curling society in the Dominion is the Montreal Club, which was instituted in 1837, more than thirty years before the formation of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, to which institution it was admitted in 1848. The Fredericton Club was formed in 1848.

WHISKY MEDICINES

The temperance press is emphasizing the danger to the home in the use of "medicines" which are loaded with whisky or alcohol. In this respect as well as in the remarkable character of their cures, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness and bowel derangements, and "Favotite Prescription" for woman's derangements and weaknesses, contain no alcohol. Their full ingredients are printed on the bottle wrappers, therefore they are not secret or patent medicines. Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for free booklet giving list of medicinal roots from which these remedies are extracted by the use of triple-refined glycerine; also the eminent medical writers who recommend their ingredients for the cure of the diseases for which these medicines are advised.

COURT HOUSE COLLAPSED.

Fifteen Persons Badly Injured in Maryland Town.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 31.—The second floor of a two-story building at Elliott city, Md., fell through yesterday afternoon during the hearing before Justice B. H. Wallenhorst, of William Harwood, a negro, charged with murderous assault. It is estimated that about fifteen persons have broken legs and arms.

So far as could be learned at this time no deaths resulted, but a number of the injured are said to be in a serious condition.

Among those hurt, besides the Justice and prisoner, are ex-Judge J. T. Rogers, State's Attorney Martin Burke, Colonel William S. Powell, William Hall (newspaper reporter) and Charles Jones. The trial had only just begun when the floor weakened, and with no other warning than a slight creaking fell through. The people in the room were thrown into a straddling mass, those who were on the outskirts jumping through windows to the ground or clutching a remaining upright in an effort to support themselves.

Cattails in seed make a very soft filling for cushions, and it is claimed that no insect will infest it.