

# THE STORY TELLER

## EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY.

You can climb to the top of the loftiest hill,  
If you try.  
You can make of yourself whatsoever you will,  
If you try.  
A faith you must have, rooted deep in your soul,  
A purpose unshakable, a firm self-control;  
Strive on without ceasing; you'll reach to the goal,  
If you try.  
You can be of some good to yourself and your kind,  
If you work.  
A name and a place in the world you can find,  
If you work.  
Wherever you turn, there is plenty to do,  
The harvest is great, but the reapers are few.  
You'll find opportunities waiting for you,  
If you work.  
You can reach any standard at which you may aim,  
If you will.  
You can find the right road to the Temple of Fame,  
If you will.  
It lies through Endeavor by day and by night,  
Through Patience that never abandons a fight.  
By infinite toil you can climb to the height,  
If you will.  
You must meet all reverses and never give in,  
If you win.  
You must spend little time planning how to begin,  
If you win.  
But take off your coat and go into the fray,  
And stay by your task; there is no other way.  
You must wait for no future, but labor to-day,  
If you win.  
You will find that the tide of misfortune is swift,  
If you drift.  
Don't expect other people to give you a lift,  
If you drift.  
The adage is old that the world gives its call  
To the man who keeps striving, whatever befall.  
You will find that a wreck is the end of it all,  
If you drift.  
You will learn that the palsy of life is delay,  
If you wait.  
That Fortune will beckon and then flee away,  
If you wait.  
For this is the mystical edict of Fate:  
But once Opportunity knocks on your gate,  
And after that call 'tis forever too late,  
If you wait.  
—J. A. Edgerton, in Banner of Gold.

## Trans-Saharan Station 15—M.

BY J. E. PEMBER.

Copyright, 1897, by the Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

"CLINK-CLANK! clink-clank!"  
Three men crouched in the shelter of a hut made of sheets of corrugated iron. They did not stir. They scarcely breathed. The thermometer indicated a temperature of 135 degrees.

Before the door of the hut rose a skeleton tower of iron beams. It resembled the derrick of a Pennsylvania oil well. Over a wheel at the top of this structure ran a wire rope which, descending perpendicularly, disappeared within a well-like cavity some 20 inches in diameter. The other end was coiled around a drum operated by an electric motor which automatically started—stopped—reversed—stopped—started. Up and down, up and down, moved the cable with monotonous regularity. "Clink-clank! Clink-clank!" It was the only sound that disturbed the intense, suffocating stillness.

Outside, the horizon line receded to the uttermost limit of vision in all directions. A level waste of yellow sand met the eye wherever it turned, reflecting the almost vertical rays of the sun with an indescribable fierceness. The atmosphere swam in shimmering streaks.

The enormous palpitating disc of the desert was bisected by a single line of rails which dwindled to vanishing points to the north and to the south. The rails rested on broad bases of metal like huge, inverted soup plates, which enabled the road to lie firmly upon the treacherous sand. Between the rails was placed the insulated cable which brought the electrical current to the motor. A semaphore signal, planted upright in the sand like a contorted skeleton, a few scattered tools, some bits of piping and abandoned pieces of machinery, completed the catalogue of objects of definite outline. The motor buzzed drowsily.

"Clink-clank! clink-clank!"  
This particularly undesirable spot upon the world's surface was marked on the map of the new Trans-Saharan railway as Station 15-M. The railway was the latest audacious engineering exploit of the French. It connected Algiers in a mathematically straight line with Timbuctoo, and was expected to bring riches of the eastern Soudan to the Mediterranean shores. Station 15-M was full 400 miles north of the southern terminus, in the hottest heart of the great Sahara, just under the line of the tropic. The three men in the hut were drilling an artesian well that, when pierced, would create an artificial oasis. The drilling apparatus was perfectly made and almost human in its intelligence. It would work for hours without Belleau, the chief, touching a lever.

Belleau was an old gray man, wedded to one idea, the success of the Trans-Saharan. Littlefield, his assistant, was an American, young and en-

thusiastic. Colet was a student of the Technological school, who acted as helper and general utility man.

"Ah, how infernally hot this is!" muttered Colet at last, as he tried vainly to find a place where it was a degree or two cooler. "What wouldn't I give for a good swim now!"

"Keep still, there's a good fellow," expostulated Littlefield. "You are kicking up this dry sand and it won't settle again in a dog's age. Don't knock all our grub over, either. The Tauregs may stop the supply train, and vegetables don't grow in this country. There! you've gone and done it!"

For Colet had given another roll and dislodged a pile of boxes of provisions which, with a miscellaneous lot of clothing and instruments, came crashing down in a heap.

When they had been restored to their places Belleau awoke from a troubled slumber. He glanced at his watch and then, pulling his coat collar up to shield his neck from the solar heat, crossed the interval between the hut and the tower.

"Four thousand feet," he murmured. "Decidedly in 48 hours we ought to reach the water-bearing strata."

By turning a lever he reversed the electric apparatus rapidly and the drum began to wind the wire rope. When it was full another was deftly substituted, and after that a third. Then the machinery stopped and the heavy metal drill emerged from the black depths of the well, bringing with it a volume of dark earth, which tumbling down a trough prepared for its reception, poured over the tawny desert sand. It was a curious contrast of hues.

The engineer fingered the soil. It was loose and friable. He smelled it and even tasted it.

"We have not yet reached the belt of clay which confines the subterranean reservoirs," he said.

Once more, with a humming sound, the drill vanished into the depths, the wire rope rattled furiously as it unwound, and then the apparatus resumed its work.

"Clink-clank! Clink-clank!"  
When the sun declined it was obscured by a curious mouse-colored cloud rising from the west.

"Can it be a thunder-storm?" asked Littlefield.

"Worse," answered the chief; "it is a sand-storm, the terrible simoon. I fear we are in great danger."

With incredible swiftness the "Devil of the Sahara" advanced. Where the three men stood a deathlike stillness prevailed. The outlines of the tower seemed drawn in sepia on a background of fiery orange. Long, snaky fingers of smoke came reaching out over the sky, wriggling fantastically.

Then a wall of gray mist came sweeping over the desert, and the awe-stricken beholders saw the sand caught up in vast, whirling columns. A dull, booming sound, like that of breakers on hidden reefs, smote upon their ears. "Inside and close the door!" shouted Belleau. The engineers hastened into the hut and secured the door.

In a moment, it seemed, the storm was upon them. The atmosphere became black as midnight. A sonorous hum, like the diapason of some mighty cathedral organ, filled all the dome of heaven. There were sounds of titanic buffetings and demoniac yells. It was as if all the ancient fiends of the Sahara had gathered to overwhelm its presumptuous invaders. Had not the hut been strongly bolted together it would have been torn to pieces. The fiery particles hissed against its iron sides like a discharge of shot. Sand sifted through the cracks until the three men, their heads wrapped in cloths, were almost stifled.

For a moment it seemed as though they were to be buried deep in a living grave. Then, as quickly as it came, the simoon fled away, and the sun, now red as blood, threw its level beams across the plain. The drilling apparatus was not injured. Its delicate machinery was so protected that the sand could not reach it.

Then a terrible discovery was made. Colet, his throat burning with thirst, approached the tank which contained their supply of water. He found the tap open and the tank empty.

The lad gave a cry. His companions rushed to the spot. "All gone—wasted!" he moaned.

It was true. Not a drop remained. When the pile of supplies had fallen over, the tap had been knocked open and the thirsty sand had drunk the precious liquid.

"If the train doesn't get here to-morrow we shall be in a fix," observed the assistant engineer.

Belleau shook his head. "The sand-storm has blocked the rails," he said. "No engine can pass until the plows have made a path for it. That will take many hours, and a man cannot live many hours in the Sahara without water."

"Let us walk to the next station," suggested Colet.

It is 200 miles. If one of us tried it he would perish before he had accomplished one quarter of the distance," replied the gray chief. His eyes turned toward the drill.

"There is one hope, then!" cried the American, following the direction of the gaze. "If the drill reaches the water-bearing levels in time we shall be saved."

The old engineer bowed his head silently.

"Clink-clank! Clink-clank!"  
The long night had dragged away and the garish sun shot into view once more. The three men, haggard, gasping, with parched throats, avoided meeting one another's gaze. The drill had gnawed its way deeper into the bowels of the earth, but there were no signs of water. The frightful agonies of prolonged thirst had set in. The victims neglected to note the passage of time, but lay in a sort of stupor. At intervals the chief tested the bor-

ings. "It will soon be over, the way or the other," he whispered to his assistant.

Towards the middle of the afternoon Colet collapsed with all the symptoms of violent sunstroke. His face became almost black. His pulse beat furiously. "Water!" he muttered, with cracked lips. His companions turned away. Then followed delirium. He murmured of running streams and splashing fountains. Death comes quickly when the thermometer marks 135 degrees on the Sahara. The poor lad suddenly sprang to his feet, and, staggering from the hut, he put his palms together above his head and dived, as one dives from a river bank, headlong into the black shadow of the tower, streaming across the sand. When Littlefield reached him he was dead.

The sun completed its circuit and sank like a plummet toward the western horizon. Belleau and his assistant feebly tried the boring again. The drill was withdrawn with some difficulty. When it came to the surface it was coated with stiff clay, cool to the touch. The old engineer pointed to it. He could not speak. It was a question of a few hours.

Belleau, completely exhausted, threw himself down on the sand at the door of the hut and seemed to sleep. Littlefield, lying flat on his back, tried to gaze through the gray depths of the zenith. Suddenly, far above, he perceived a black spot that hovered and circled in a wide orbit. It seemed to be watching intently. A sickness of utter horror and despair came upon the young man.

He approached his chief and touched the shoulder of the still form. There was no response. "Belleau!" he exclaimed, with hoarse emphasis. No answer. He passed his hand over the temple fringed with gray locks. The flesh was chill and harsh. The heart had ceased to beat. The old engineer had passed away as peacefully as a baby goes to sleep within its mother's encircling arms. The drill never stopped.

"Clink-clank! Clink-clank!"  
When Littlefield opened his eyes again the lids seemed to grate heavily upon the balls. He looked up. The gray sky was gone and the odious black spot with it. It was night, and over the velvet depths of space the imperial tropic stars were passing in majestic procession. They shone with wonderful brilliancy.

The young engineer gazed drowsily at them. He felt strangely comfortable as he lay there upon the sand. The tormenting thirst had ceased. He did not even feel surprised when he found that his limbs had lost the power of motion. Life seemed concentrated in a small area of the brain just behind the eyes. He perceived nothing but those glorious wheeling stars—some red, some blue, some of a yellow luster.

Then came fleeting visions of a far distant landscape. A New England house, white clapboarded, with prim green shutters—great elm trees overarching, and the continual gurgle of a brook, flowing underneath a plank bridge—all the odorous sweets of June were in the air, and he was walking up the path. A slight girl stood at the gate and stretched out her hands to him, smiling angelically with brown eyes, that looked clearly into his own.

"Harry," she said, and her voice sounded like the far-away tinkle of a silver bell, "you have come at last."

Then the light went out like a glowing coal, and only the great calm, desert stars looked down pityingly.

"Clink-clank! Clink-clank!"  
But when the day came again the great drill had ceased its clanking. In those hours of darkness the waters under the earth, liberated from their prison, had burst with impetuous force through the vent, tossed the machine aside, and the first rays of the sun were reflected on the ebullient flood that bubbled up from the well, gushed in rainbow spray around the iron posts of the tall derrick, filled the hollows beside the track with crystal pools, and then hastened by three dark, silent forms that heeded it not, before plunging once more into the sands that gave it birth.

### A Champion of Women.

The late Nellie Farren, when she visited America with the London Galety company, danced before a well-known New York club. At the end of the dance, during an informal supper, someone began to talk about the new woman, a burning topic at that time. "Do the English believe in woman's emancipation?" a lawyer said to Miss Farren. "Do they believe in opening the same fields to women as to men and in paying them at the same rate?" "Oh, yes," said the little actress, "even the English tramps believe all that. A tramp asked a countrywoman of mine one day for assistance, and she said to the man sternly: 'Why don't you go to work?' 'Madam,' said the tramp, '20 years ago I made a vow not to do another stroke of work till women were paid the same wages as men.'"—Detroit Free Press.

### Pay of Royal Doctors.

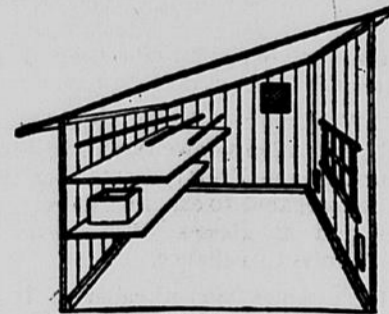
For his four week's attendance at Sandringham, prior to the recovery of the king from typhoid fever, in 1871, Sir William Gull received £10,000. Twice this amount was paid to Sir Morell Mackenzie for his treatment of the late Emperor Frederick. The doctors who attended Queen Victoria in her last illness received 2,000 guineas each; while Dr. Lapponi's skill in removing a cyst from the pope's side a few years ago was recompensed with £500. Dr. Dimesdale, for his journey to St. Petersburg and vaccination of the Empress Catherine II., received £10,000 as his fee, £500 for traveling expenses and a life pension of £500 a year.—Vegetarian.

# POULTRY AND BEES

## CHEAP POULTRY HOUSES.

Valuable Suggestions from an Illinois Lady Who Has Made Herself Keeping a Success.

I keep about 300 fowls and have several small houses such as shown in accompanying illustration. The houses are built, some of pine and some of oak lumber. They are 7 feet wide and 10 feet long, 7 feet high in front and 4½ feet at back. Sills are 2x4-inch oak, caps 2x4-inch pine. They have one window of six lights 24x30 inches in front, 3 feet from the ground; one small window without glass, but a wooden shutter, 2

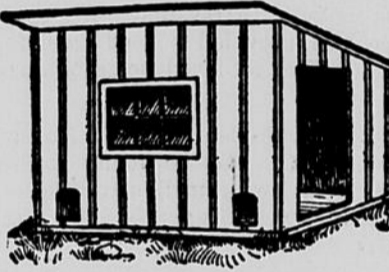


INTERIOR VIEW OF HOUSE.

feet square, in end opposite door, for air and ventilation; two exits for fowls in front. Have platform length of house 3 feet wide under perches to catch droppings. This is kept covered with dirt or dust.

Between dropping boards and floor is a platform for nests. All platforms and perches are removable. Houses have earth floors. Each house has one large door placed in the end, close to the front. The exits are 12x16 inches, placed close to the ground. On stormy days the door is kept closed, the fowls going in and out through the exits. The windows have strong, fine meshed wire nailed on the outside.

These houses are about 5 rods apart, and there are no fences between them.



HOUSE FROM THE OUTSIDE.

yet there is little trouble in keeping the flocks separate. Each house shelters 60 hens, and 1 keep ten cockerels with four flocks. They have unlimited range. The eggs hatch better than when a cock is kept for every 12 or 15 hens. The interior of the house is also shown. The platform is whitewashed and dust or sand is sprinkled on it. The perches are 2 or 3 inches in diameter. Between the floor and dropping platform is another platform 2 feet wide on which the nests are placed.

The nests are sometimes boxes made of short pieces of board, but usually are small boxes bought at the grocery for 5 cents each. In the corner opposite the door is usually a barrel of road dust. The hens use it for a dust bath, and I use it for the dropping boards. They also use it for a nest box, which I disapprove of.

The cost of two houses was as follows: Lumber, \$7.85 (the pine lumber was second-hand, and I got it for half price); nails, 30 cents; glass and putty, 69 cents; hinges and locks, 40 cents; paper, cement and nails, \$7.25; freight on paper and cement, \$1.25; total of \$17.74 for material; six days' labor at \$1 per day would add \$6, making the total cost \$23.74, or not quite \$12 for each. Two other houses made of new lumber and battens instead of paper, which cost \$20.25; oil and paint, \$1.13; 14 pounds nails, 56 cents; three windows, \$1.05; wire netting, \$1.05; hinges, locks and hasps, 59 cents; 6 days' labor, \$6, making the total cost \$31.04, or \$15.52 each.—Mrs. E. E. Dalton, in Orange Judd Farmer.

## FINE FEED FOR THE HENS.

Untreshed Grain Produces Results That Will Surprise Those Who Have Never Fed It.

Save a small amount of untreshed grain for the poultry. You will save the thrasher's bill on it, and the poultry will even pay you a nice profit for the privilege of working it over for their own benefit, by an increased supply of eggs, and thriftiness and growth among the flock. Wheat is best for this purpose, but rye and oats are also excellent. If so desired, you can select some of your poorest grain for this purpose, as the main object is to furnish the poultry with some interesting employment. Save enough of the untreshed grain to furnish one good-sized bundle for every 30 hens in the flock daily. Whole grain can with advantage be scattered among the straw. It will prevent the greedy ones from glutting themselves, while the small and weak ones have a chance to get their share of the grain. After the straw has been thoroughly worked over and all grain picked out, it should be all raked up and removed before bringing in a fresh bundle. If possible, the untreshed grain should be placed under a shed or in a barn to keep dry. If untreshed grain cannot be obtained, dry fresh straw and chaff will be a good substitute to sprinkle the grain among, if frequently changed, but it will not give as good results as the untreshed grain, owing to the amount of healthy exercise which the untreshed grain will furnish.—Midland Farmer.

## METHOD THAT SAVES WORK

Experience of a Farmer Who Keeps His Poultry House Clean with Little Effort.

I use no droppings boards, and by keeping the floors of the houses well littered with dry leaves, which absorb all the moisture in the droppings, and that I can let the droppings remain for weeks and yet leave the house free from bad smell, and as the droppings are hidden in the leaves, cleaner to look at than half the houses I see that are cleaned daily. In winter I have let my houses go without removing the droppings for several months. I don't advise others either to do without droppings boards or to let their houses go so long uncleaned, unless they are sure they can control the situation. If there is much looseness among the fowls it will not do at all to let droppings accumulate. With some kinds of litter the droppings cannot be allowed to accumulate. Dry leaves I have found better than anything else, if one has them in sufficient quantity to keep the litter always deep on the floor of the houses. In England many farmers use peat moss, and allow droppings to accumulate in it for nearly a year. In Rhode Island the colony plan poultry farmers set a board on edge on the floor just forward of the outer roost, and throw dry earth, a few shovelfuls at a time, from the other side of the floor on the accumulating droppings. This accumulation of earth and droppings is removed once or twice a year. Poultry manure normally is of such character that if one takes proper care of it where it falls in the house it is not necessary that it should be promptly removed; and the small farmer taking advantage of this fact, can arrange his roosts and their surroundings so that he can clean when convenient. He is not required to choose between taking time to clean the houses daily or having houses in condition to be ashamed of.

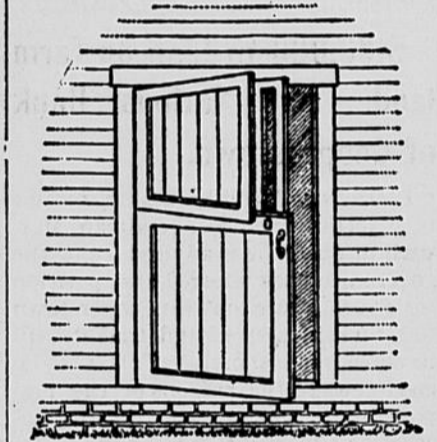
Poultry keeping ought to be an important feature on every farm, and a pleasant feature of farm work. It may be if the farmer will only study to adapt his stock and his methods to the capacity of the farm under conditions satisfactory to him.—J. H. Robinson, in Farm-Poultry.

## DIVIDING HENHOUSE DOOR.

A Combination of Especial Value Where Poultry Is Kept in Same Place the Year Round.

The illustration shows a divided door for poultry houses. This is a combination for both summer and winter use. Laths or slats are nailed on lower half extending to top of door. This covers the space filled by the upper half of door so that the latter may be opened at any season for ventilation. When upper half is closed and secured by the button on the lower half the whole becomes a solid door.

This arrangement is also useful in ventilating the poultry house during



A VENTILATING DOOR.

warm days in winter. Such ventilation with plenty of sunlight to keep the place dry, and litter in which the fowls may scratch for food so as to get exercise, are primary requisites to success with poultry in winter. The house must be kept free from vermin and provided with dry earth for a dust bath.—A. D. Orley, in Farm and Home.

## POULTRY BREVITIES.

Never feed damaged grain. Large, uniform eggs hold customers. Green bone will not take the place of grit.

Kafir corn is an excellent wheat substitute.

The honest poultryman is not afraid to date the eggs he sends out.

A hen's profitable laying seems to be limited to the first two years of her life.

Statisticians assert that more money is spent in this country for eggs than flour.

Don't hold the eggs longer than a week. Always make it a rule that the product must be fresh.

Oyster shell should always be placed before the fowls. It furnishes considerable lime, invaluable for the manufacture of eggs. But oyster shell will never do as a substitute for grit; it is too soft.

The laying hen is a more hearty eater and a heavier drinker than the one not laying, but it is seldom that her food makes her overfat, as she has a double use for it—she uses it for sustaining the tissues of the body and for manufacturing eggs.—American Poultry Journal.

## Cure for Egg-Eating Hens.

The following is recommended as a very effective remedy for egg-eating hens: Remove the inside of a number of eggs and fill in with cayenne pepper and mustard, equal parts. As fast as eaten, replace with more for three days, at the end of which time you will find the hens will leave eggs alone. The egg-eating habit is a very bad one. The older hens will soon teach it to the younger ones. Better take the matter in hand before it gets too far along.

## Going East This Summer?

Get the vacation habit. Drop your work and take a trip to some of the famous Eastern Summer Resorts so easily and quickly reached by the Nickel Plate Road. Stop overs allowed at Niagara Falls and Lake Chautauque on all tickets. Three elegant-day equipped trains made up of modern Day Coaches, Dining and Sleeping Cars, running thru from Chicago to Ft. Wayne, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York, Boston and intermediate points. The Dining Car service of the Nickel Plate Road is up-to-date, inexpensive and as good as the best. Individual Club Meals are served at prices ranging from 35 cents to \$1.00. Meals are also served "a la carte." Passengers using the Day Coaches of the Nickel Plate Road, regardless of the class of ticket held, may be assured of the most courteous treatment by our Colored Porters in Uniform, who are instructed to give every attention to the welfare of our patrons. Tickets via the Nickel Plate Road are from 50 cents to \$3.00 lower than tickets of the same class between the same points via other lines. All trains arrive at and depart from the New La Salle Street Station, Chicago. For full information regarding tickets, rates, routes, sleeping car service, etc., call on or address J. Y. Calahan, General Agent, No. 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

## With the Majority.

"Now, gentlemen, do you think this is or is not a case for operation?" asked an eminent surgeon of his class of six students as they walked the wards in a city hospital. One by one the young men diagnosed the case, and all of them answered in the negative.

"Well, gentlemen," announced the surgeon, "you are all wrong, and I shall operate to-morrow."  
"No, you won't!" exclaimed the patient, as he rose in his bed, "six to one is a good majority. Gimme my clothes."—N. Y. Press.

## Always Food for Laughter.

When Johnny was a child they laughed at the ridiculous things he said. When he was a youth they laughed at his half-baked opinions. When he was a man they laughed at his wisdom because they couldn't grasp it. When he was old they laughed at him for a crank. There is always some one to laugh, and this is a jolly world.—Newark (N. J.) News.

## Kansas City Southern Ry. Special Excursion

Sept. 13, 20 and 27, Oct. 4 and 18, 1904, to Arkansas, Indian Territory, Louisiana and Texas, very low one way and round trip rates.

For further information, write to S. G. Warner, G. P. & T. A., K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

## Not a Hamper.

The Lady—Why are you so melancholy, my poor man?  
Grumpy George—Ah, lady, it's a sad story. When I was a baby I was left in a basket. "That was sad."  
"Yes, m-m-a-m, and it was a wash basket."—Chicago Daily News.

## Her Only Comment.

"Yes," said Dreamy Darius, "I put all my brains into this little poem."  
"And it's an awfully short poem at that," rejoined Sarcastic Susan.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

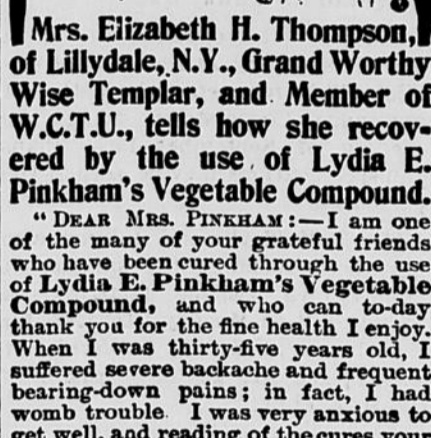
## Fits stopped free and permanently cured.

No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 831 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

It takes a man with a new-fashioned appetite to bemoan the lack of old-fashioned cooking.—Chicago Tribune.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbino, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Oh, the wise man and the fool's money are soon united.—Town Topics.



Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson,

of Lillydale, N.Y., Grand Worthy

Wise Templar, and Member of

W.C.T.U., tells how she recovered

by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's

Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am one of the many of your grateful friends who have been cured through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and who can to-day thank you for the fine health I enjoy. When I was thirty-five years old, I suffered severe backache and frequent bearing-down pains; in fact, I had womb trouble. I was very anxious to get well, and reading of the cures your Compound had made, I decided to try it. I took only six bottles, but it built me up and cured me entirely of my troubles. My family and relatives were naturally as gratified as I was. My niece had heart trouble and nervous prostration, and was considered incurable. She took your Vegetable Compound and it cured her in a short time, and she became well and strong, and her home to her great joy and her husband's delight was blessed with a baby. I know of a number of others who have been cured of different kinds of female trouble, and am satisfied that your Compound is the best medicine for sick women."—Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson, Box 105, Lillydale, N.Y.—\$2.00 for trial bottle and full letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

### WHY GET SOAKED WHEN TOWER'S

**TOWER'S**

**FISH BRAND**

**OILED CLOTHING**

**WILL KEEP YOU DRY**

**HARDEST STORM!**

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

LOOK FOR ABOVE TRADE MARK BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

CATALOGUE FREE.

SHOWING FULL LINE GAITERS AND HATS.

A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

TOWER CANADIAN CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA.