

AN OLD-FASHIONED SOUL.

Not hers the New Time's lofty lot—
To questions big replying;
She only knows to keep the cot
And soothe the children's crying.

Not hers to stand in temples bright,
Sad strife for strife returning;
She only knows the lamps to light
And keep the home fires burning.

Not hers to move with iron will
In paths of strange endeavor;
She only knows that Home is still
The sweetest name forever!

There are her joys, and there her tears—
A life so sweetly human,
The world shall whisper through the
years:
"God bless that little woman!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

A BANK BURGLARY.

It was not often that Mr. Butler, manager of the Cable street branch of the London and South-western Bank, had occasion to visit his offices after business hours. But a banking business is like no other—a bank manager is a man upon whose shoulders rests much responsibility.

Mr. Butler had been worried during the four hours which had elapsed since he put on his coat and hat and left the building at 5 o'clock. It was a tricky calculation that worried him, and he was not quite certain, as he dabbled over his coffee, whether or not he was on the eve of making a great mistake. That is why, contrary to his custom, he ordered his electric brougham, drove to the city, and seated himself again in his office, with his back to the safe and the big ledgers before him on the table.

His brow was wrinkled in thought, and his keen, gray eyes rapidly flew over the bewildering mass of figures. He became absorbed in his work—so much so, indeed, that he did not hear the creak of the little door on his left, nor did there fall upon his ear the soft breathing of a man at his side.

A few moments later he was startled by feeling something cold pressed



HE BECAME ABSORBED IN HIS WORK.

to his temple. The bewildering multitude of figures which were shimmering in his brain melted away, for he was looking down the barrel of a revolver, then along the hand which held it, and the arm, until his gray eyes rested on the face of a man. The first glance had been to the revolver, and he instantly recognized it as his own. In the face of the man who held the revolver he recognized the features of George Carrington, lately one of his own clerks. He leaned back in his chair and sighed heavily, but said nothing.

"You look surprised, Mr. Butler," said the burglar, as he stealthily crept round the table. "But don't be afraid; I am not going to shoot you unless you make a row."

"You have come to rob the office?" "Yes, sir; that is my intention. You have saved me a great deal of trouble. The safe is open, there are securities, there is money there. I am going to have them, and I am going to secure you so that you cannot disturb me."

"Indeed," said the banker, in a chilly tone. "This is a desperate enterprise of yours, Mr. Carrington."

Mr. Carrington grinned. "Desperate ills require desperate remedies," he replied. "You sacked me, Mr. Butler."

The banker pursed his lips. "Quite true," he said. "I sacked you."

"For no fault of my own," said the burglar.

"Exactly, Mr. Carrington, for no fault of your own. Matter of reduction of staff, that's all. Somebody had to go, and it fell to your fate."

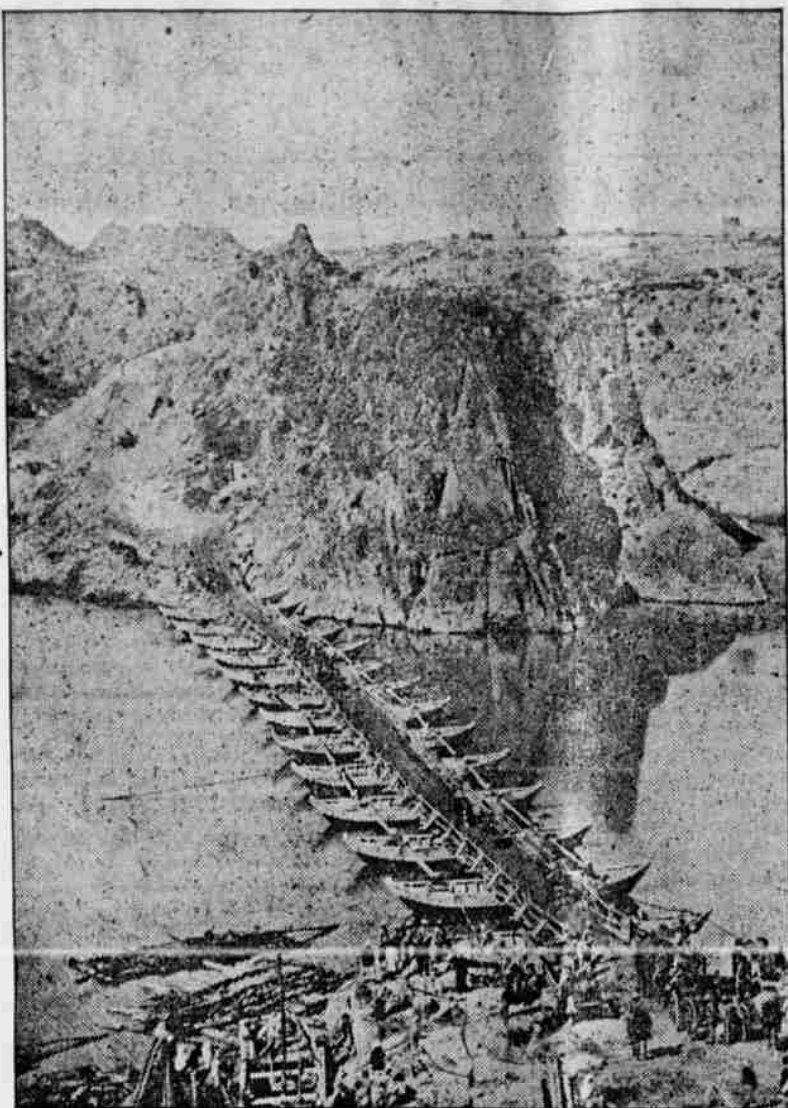
"That was two months ago, Mr. Butler. Since then you haven't cared how I've lived, eh?"

The other shrugged his shoulders somewhat impatiently.

"It is not my business," he said. Then, after a pause: "So you are going to rob the bank, eh?"

"I'm going to ask you to hand out all the money you've got in the safe. I'm going to gag you and blind you so

A FONTOON BRIDGE ON THE INDUS.



PERMANENT BOAT BRIDGE OVER THE INDUS AT KHUSHALGAR.

The boat bridge at Khushalgar is one of the most important pontoon bridges over the Indus, on the northwest frontier of India. The Indus has always been difficult to bridge, owing to the rapidity of its current, more especially during what is known as the rainy season, when it becomes much swollen. The picture represents a convoy on its way between Kohat and Rawal Pindi crossing the river at Khushalgar. This bridge is permanent, and not temporary as might be supposed, and it was over this bridge that the Tirah expeditionary force advanced into the Afridi country in 1897, the railway at that time only running from Rawal Pindi to Khushalgar, which lies on the left bank of the Indus. The simplest form of permanent ferry consists of ropes stretched across the river by means of which rafts, similar to those depicted here, can be sheered or hauled backwards and forwards from bank to bank. The Khushalgar bridge is, however, the ordinary floating or pontoon bridge. It is capable of bearing any traffic with the exception of heavy siege artillery. The banks on both sides of the river are very steep, winding up the cliff at a steep angle as shown here. The surrounding country is rocky and barren.

that you won't create a disturbance. I shan't hurt you, Mr. Butler; don't fear that."

"Oh, no," said the banker quickly. "I don't fear that you will hurt me; that is, I don't think I shall sustain much physical damage at your hands. It is the other thing I am thinking about—the mental hurt."

"They can't blame you," said the burglar.

"I'm afraid they will," said the banker, dubiously. "Banks are robbed time and again. It is nobody's fault; but the manager doesn't get praised."

"I suppose not," said the burglar reflectively. The banker looked up suddenly, and his clear, gray eyes rested upon the young man's face.

"Now, then, George Carrington, what's your trouble? Out with it!" The other mumbled.

"I was hardly done," he said in a sullen tone. "I ought not to have been sacked. I was in debt. My house was cleared of its furniture, and my wife, myself and my child were left to starve. I had been sacked from a bank, and when I want another position nobody would give it to me. I never robbed a man of a farthing in my life. I was driven to desperation."

"That's hard," said the banker. "But realize, George Carrington, what you are going to do. You are going to rob this bank. At present the matter rests lightly upon your mind. You will probably get away safely. You will flee to America or somewhere. You may set up in business and become a successful man. But have you ever thought of what will come after, when you get, say, my age? Then will be the time for you to repent and to shun the light of every honest man, your soul blackened and your mind uneasy forevermore."

The other was silent.

"I have in my pocket," continued the banker, "the sum of 50 pounds in Bank of England notes. I am going to give you these notes so that you can make a fresh start in life. I have also in my pocketbook a letter from a good friend of mine in the Argentine Republic, who requires an under manager in his bank. The salary is \$150 a month with rooms over the bank. I am going to write a letter to my friend suggesting you as a most likely candidate for the position. There is no necessity to wait for the reply, as I have been asked to send out the man whom I think best by a boat which leaves Albert Docks on Wednesday morning at 8 o'clock."

The burglar's jaw had dropped. His eyes were staring wildly into those of the banker.

"You don't mean—" he commenced.

"I never say anything that I don't mean," said the banker. He drew

forth his pocketbook, took out some notes, then calmly wrote a short letter.

The burglar grasped the notes. He looked with swimming eyes at the letter which had been written. But he was not fool enough to let the point of the revolver drop. He crushed the notes and the letter into his pocket. Then, with a burst of feeling, he flung the revolver from him.

"By the way, Mr. Carrington," said the calm, imperturbable banker, "don't make a scene. You had better go now." He got up and held out his white hand to the burglar.

"But before you go there's one little thing I want to say to you. That revolver which you took from my inner office was not loaded, and during the whole of our conversation you have been sitting in a chair which contains a patent electrical device. It would have electrocuted you in the briefest space of time conceivable had I merely pressed this button which is on the leg of the chair at my side."

"Good-by and good luck."—Indianapolis Sun.

Haste Work in Holland.

The man who is too lazy to work keeps out of Holland if he is wise or makes his escape as soon as he discovers that there, at least, a means has been found to make him work.

When a prisoner or pauper refuses to work he is lowered into a cistern, which is provided with a pump at the bottom. A stream of water is turned on and the idler is left to his own devices. The capacity of the pump is but slightly in excess of the stream flowing into the tank and to keep his head above water he must keep pumping. As a rule, he spends some little time before he finds that the water is slowly creeping upon him.

He is not urged to go to work, but presently he takes his place at the handle and begins the task. By working quickly he is able to clear out the water after a short time, but he has to keep at work if he wishes to keep his feet dry.

Seeing Things

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Wife, we'll have to get rid of some of those hats in the hall.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—What on earth are you talking about? We've only got one hat in the hall!

"Why, when I came in last night, I thought I saw six or seven."—Yonkers Statesman.

In His Case, for Instance.

Tommy—Papa, is a man's wife his better half?

Papa—Sometimes, Tommy. And sometimes she's his four-fifths.—Detroit Tribune.

TWO NEW CANADIAN PROVINCES

With Saskatchewan and Alberta the Dominion Will Have Nine "States."

The word province in Canada has the same significance as the word State in our country. When we say, therefore, that the Dominion has organized and is about to take in two new provinces it means that the seven States are about to be increased to nine. The seven provinces are Quebec, Ontario, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Manitoba and British Columbia. The two new provinces are Alberta and Saskatchewan. The Interior department at Ottawa has issued a map showing the boundaries of these two enormous new provinces, and the map printed here has been made from it.

It is thirty-eight years since the Dominion of Canada was formed by the confederation of the provinces then existing. That was the birth of Canada as a nation. Two years later the British Parliament passed the Rupert's land act, which provided for the acquisition by the Dominion of the vast prairies of the West, which were called the Northwest Territories. It had already been discovered that wheat was a wonderful crop in the southeast part of this region, and so many settlers flocked into the little corner called Manitoba that in 1870 this territory was admitted into the confederation as a province. As a State of the Dominion, Manitoba is just one year older than British Columbia.

But none of the other four big territories has ever had a government of its own. Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca were simply lumped together as the Northwest Territories. They had a common capital at Regina, Assiniboia, and have always been ruled, under the Dominion Parliament, by a Lieutenant Governor and an Executive Council. Out of these four territories the two new States have been formed and the

vide that each shall be represented in the Senate of Canada by four members and in the House of Commons by five members, the number in the lower house being readjusted from time to time according to population. Each shall have a Lieutenant Governor and a Legislative Assembly, to be composed at the outset of twenty-five members.

The government of Canada is to pay to each province the sum of \$50,000 a year for the support of its government and legislature. The Dominion lands will continue to be vested in the crown, but the Canadian government will compensate the provinces for them by a series of annual payments. The present estimated value of the public lands is \$1.50 an acre.

The map shows that the two provinces take in all the territory of the four territories excepting a little of the eastern parts of Athabasca and Saskatchewan.

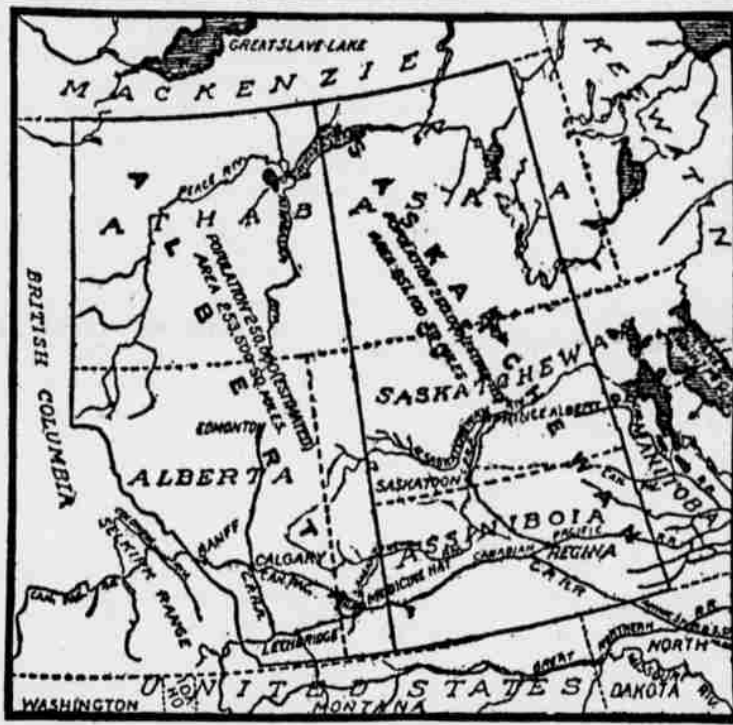
The time will probably come when it will be deemed best to divide these provinces again into smaller ones. Each of them is about four times as large as New York State, and their total territory is about as large as Central Europe.

This is a great region, which, with Manitoba, is estimated by the Deputy Minister of Agriculture to be destined within ten years to produce annually 350,000,000 bushels of wheat, 200,000,000 bushels of oats, and 50,000,000 bushels of barley, and this without cropping more than about one-third of the tillable area.

The two provinces divide the vast area nearly equally. Regina will be the capital of Saskatchewan; the capital of Alberta will be temporarily at Edmonton until the Legislature of that province decides upon its permanent situation.—Washington Post.

Little Lord's Plain Dress.

Both of the best-known American duchesses are becoming increasingly economical in the selection of their



CANADA'S TWO NEW PROVINCES.

In the map the two new provinces are shown by the black lines; the dotted lines indicate the territories out of which they are formed.

Northwest Territories will now disappear from the maps.

The fact is that territorial government for them is no longer suitable, because their interests are becoming large and complex. In 1901 their population was 158,940. No census has been taken since, but the Canadian government estimates their population today at about 500,000.

Over three-fifths of the large immigration that began to pour into Canada in 1901 has settled in three of these territories. The tide of pioneers is pouring over these wheat and cattle lands of Canada.

It has not yet reached Athabasca, but farmhouses and hamlets have been spreading over the three southern territories, and the country will keep filling with people for years to come, for the lands still unoccupied are almost boundless. As yet, the newcomers have hardly more than touched the outskirts of the wheat lands.

Manitoba is only one-fourth as large as the old territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but she had over 2,000,000 acres in wheat last year, while the territories gathered a wheat crop from only 575,697 acres. This acreage in the territories was a mere bagatelle compared with their enormous area of fine farm lands.

The government, after careful investigations, has reached the conclusion that the amount of desirable farm lands still unappropriated in Assiniboia is 19,000,000 acres; in Saskatchewan, 17,000,000, and in Alberta, 16,000,000 acres.

It will take hundreds of thousands of farmers to cut up all this land into homesteads, but the process is going on, and when these lands are all parceled out settlers will begin to move into Athabasca, whose agricultural capabilities have just been investigated in a comparatively thorough manner, and, it is said, with astonishingly favorable results.

The bills creating the provinces pro-

children's frocks, says the New York Press. Time was when their graces of Manchester and Marlborough thought the sheerest of fabrics not good enough for their youngsters; when neither thought of paying less than \$100 a piece for their infants' robes and when the rest of the baby attire carried the total of every day's apparel to an absurd figure. But the Princess of Wales, noticing a tendency on the part of wealthy women in England to overdress their young hopefuls, began putting the simplest of clothes on her own children and the Duchesses of Marlborough and Manchester were not slow to copy her sensible example. Any one seeing the Manchester and Marlborough juniors in their wares abroad would not dream they were the children of parents with duchies and ducats. Duchess Helena even goes to the extreme of putting her pets in gingham's of mornings, and Duchess Consuelo has been seen looking at ordinary prints in London bazaars.

He Fixed Him.

In the course of an open-air revival meeting in a Georgia town a man in the audience interrupted the leader with the question: "Where would religion be if you took the devil out of it?"

The leader looked the man over and replied: "Ask the devil yourself. I judge, from your looks, you're on speakin' terms with him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Saved.

"So your daughter graduated?" said Duddson. "I suppose she saved the country on commencement day?" "Yes," answered Mr. Briscoe, "she saved the country a great deal. She was taken ill suddenly and couldn't read her essay."—Detroit Tribune.

To the man working in the sun: The man lying in the shade isn't having as good a time as you think he is.