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WORDEN POST No. 12 G. A. R.
Regular meetings every second and fourth Monday of each month.
J. G. SONDERMAN, Adjutant.

PEMBINA LODGE, 2. A. F. & A. M.
Regular meetings of first and third Friday of every month. Visiting Brethren in good standing are invited.
A. H. HARVEY, Secretary. W. Welford, W. M.

PEMBINA LODGE 110, A. O. U. W.
Meets every first and third Tuesday of the month.
F. Myrick Jr., N. G. Patterson, Recorder. M. W.

PEMBINA CAMP 327, M. W. A.
Meets every second and fourth Monday, visiting neighbors cordially invited.
A. R. Harvey, M. H. Miller, Clerk. V. C.

BROTHERHOOD OF AMERICAN YEOMEN
Meets every second and fourth Friday of each month.
F. A. FELDMAN, E. D. BOOKER, Correspondent. Foreman

DEGREE OF HONOR.
Meets every second and fourth Wednesday.
Mrs W. J. Kneeshaw, Mrs C. B. Harris, C. of H. Recorder.

PEMBINA CHAPTER No. 41, ORDER EASTERN STAR.
Meets in Masonic Hall first and third Wednesdays of each month. Visiting members cordially invited.
Mrs Lulu H. Thompson Sec. Mrs F. C. Myrick Sr W. M.

PEMBINA FIRE DEPARTMENT.
Meets every first and third Tuesday of the month.
H. H. MILLER, J. R. MOORHEAD, Secretary, Chief.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Sunday Services—Epworth League 9:45 p. m., Sunday School 11 a. m., Preaching 7:30 p. m., every Sunday. Prayer Meeting each Thursday evening at 8:00 o'clock. Junior League Saturday, 10 a. m.
REV. W. H. PASCOR, Pastor.

WINNIPEG SCHOOL OF MUSIC.
Sandison Block. Faculty: PIANO—J. S. Ambler, Director; C. A. Macklin, S. K. Hall, Sylvester Gerardin.
Mrs Freeman, Mrs. J. Alster Nichols, Miss H. C. Fumerton.

VOCAL—Mrs Thomas, F. Warrington.
(Director of Winnipeg Oratorio Society)
VIOLIN—Mr. Macdonald, F. C. V.
Mr. Sylvester Gerardin, local representative, Pembina, N. D.
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Look one over at your dealer's or send to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for a descriptive circular.
IT WORKS WELL WITH ALL LOADS.

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D. BERGMAN & CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

EPIGRAMS OF GAYNOR.
There are people who think they are pious when they are only bilious.
The last thing we should try to do in this world is to force our religious opinions and prejudices on others.
Some people say they do not believe in God even. I do not believe them. No one can sincerely say that.
You ask me to give an interview saying what I would say to the readers of 2,000 newspapers. I would say to them to be very careful about believing all they see in the newspapers.
I know of no place where there is more philosophy than in a barnyard. You can learn much from animals. Within their circle they know much more than we do.
He who cares to do no more than he is paid for will never be paid for more than he does.
Public clamor is almost always in the wrong. It is so loud that we think it includes everybody, whereas, in fact, it may include very few. One strident grass-hopper in the angle of a fence makes more noise than the whole noble herd of cattle near by.—W. J. Gaynor, Late Mayor of New York

PATRIOTISM.
I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is. Behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past at least is secure. There are Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever.—Daniel Webster.

Sealed proposals for carrying the United States mail from July 1st, 1914 on Star route 61102, from Pembina via St. Vincent to Noyes, seven times a week and star route 1103, from Pembina to Hamilton and back six times a week. Bidder must live on or near the route. Bids must be filed before 4:30 p. m., January 20th, 1914. Blanks and further particulars can be had at the post-office.

Notice to Creditors.
In the matter of the estate of Lillian E. Lawrence, deceased:
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Ellen May Nixon, administratrix of the estate of Lillian E. Lawrence, late of the city of Minneapolis, county of Hennepin and state of Minnesota, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months, after the first publication of this notice to said administratrix at her residence in the city of Pembina, county of Pembina and state of North Dakota. Dated December 22nd, 1913.
ELLEN MAY NIXON.
First publication on the 5th day of December, A. D. 1913.

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Orders delivered to any part of Pembina on short notice.
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BETTY AND THE BEAR
The Monster Was Not So Terrible as She at First Thought.

By FRANCIS A. COREY.

And this young giant from the woolly west was her employer! Betty gave an involuntary gasp. He was so elemental, so unlike any one with whom she had ever come into close personal contact before.

"I've dubbed him the Bear," Mr. Henderson, whose desk was next to her own, confided to her. "He's straight from the Rockies, you know. And then he is so big, so brutish, so ungainly! Looks as much out of place in a New York office as a bull in a china shop.

Henderson himself was slender, handsome, polished, immaculate of attire. Betty's glance rested upon his smug, clean shaven face approvingly. His well bred tones were indescribably soothing after the hoarse rumble of Mr. Sterling's deep bass. She was rejoiced to find one congenial person in this place, where the failure and sudden death of her father had left her stranded.

"There are reduced gentlemen as well as reduced gentlewomen," she thought, with a feeling of womanly sympathy for him that later on found expression in unexpected ways.

For instance, although short to crotch with her employer, she would linger after hours for a friendly chat with Henderson and even permitted him to take her out to dinner once or twice.

One day when they were alone in the office Henderson swung around in his revolving chair and said abruptly: "Miss Vandevere, did it ever strike you as a bit strange that the Bear should have given you the best berth in the office? This is your first experience, and good stenographers are as plenty as blackberries."

"Are they?" Betty answered. "I didn't know."

"Do you mind telling me how you happened to apply to him?"

"I received a marked copy of his advertisement and wrote immediately, asking for the place."

"H'm! And got an answer by return mail, saying you might report for duty?"

"Why—yes—so I did. Is that so very surprising?"

"Oh, no," Henderson meditated a moment, a queer little spark flashing into his eyes. "See here! I'm going to tell you something," he announced abruptly. "The Bear is in love with you."

"Absurd!" Betty cried, reddening painfully.

"I know the signs. Watch him. You'll see for yourself. Can't come nigh you without flushing and trembling. Genuine case of love at first sight. I guess he knew what he was about when he took you into his employ."

"How can you say such things?" Betty was indignant. She realized for the first time that there was a vein of native coarseness under the man's veneer.

"A pile of money comes into this office," he said after an interval, looking at her keenly. "The Bear is beastly rich. That counts for a good deal. You'll marry him for his wealth."

"A cowboy from the plains? Not if he were made of gold!"

Henderson looked relieved, but before he could reply Mr. Sterling came into the office.

Betty bent over to her desk with a scartlet face. When presently she ventured to steal a glance at her employer she encountered his fixed gaze and knew from the look in his eyes that Henderson was right.

The thought that this uncouth westerner dared aspire to a Vandevere made her furious. Later on, when an errand took her into the inner office, whether her employer had withdrawn, she made all possible haste, but he spoke to her before she could slip back again to her place.

"Miss Vandevere, one moment, please. You are looking pale. You are not used to such close application. You'll make yourself ill. I have a box at the opera, but I seldom go. I'd be more than pleased to have you use it."

Betty's breath had stopped, and she recovered it with difficulty.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Sterling," she said idly, "but I must decline to take advantage of your kindness."

She fled with hot cheeks, but at heart she was not so angry as she tried to make herself believe. She knew intuitively that the offer had not been prompted so much by a desire to win favor as by real solicitude for her welfare.

Further proofs of the big man's thoughtfulness were forthcoming. That same evening on returning to her boarding place she was met by a smiling landlady.

"See what's come for you, Miss Vandevere!" The woman triumphantly held up a basket of delicious fruit.

"Who sent it?" Betty asked, searching for a card.

None was to be found, and Mrs. Frytt could only tell her that the basket had been left by a messenger boy. Not one of her fair weather friends knew her present address. Naturally she thought of Mr. Henderson. For some time there had been a growing

tenderness in his manner toward her. When the anonymous gifts continued to appear daily she took occasion to remonstrate with him.

"Hothouse grapes are expensive luxuries," she said. "Don't send any more. You can't afford to."

"Miss Vandevere, allow me to correct a wrong conclusion. I have not presumed to send out grapes or anything else."

"Who did?"

"If I may hazard a guess—the Bear?" Betty was so angry that she marched forthwith into the next room, where her employer was busy at his desk.

"Mr. Sterling," she cried, "it's an impertinence for you to make me presume the fact that I work for you is no excuse."

He looked disconcerted.

"I hoped—you wouldn't know—the trifles came from me."

"Why did you do it?" she demanded hotly.

"You're not used to making your own way—of course you miss things. And then, I knew your father, and I wanted to help you for his sake."

She stared half incredulously.

"You knew papa? When? Where?"

"In San Francisco—last winter. We met in a business way and got to be friendly. He liked to talk about you, and once he showed me your picture. So you seemed like an old friend from the first."

Betty's eyes had been opened, but the look of annoyance did not leave her face.

"I can supply my own wants. Please do not send anything more," she said, and, with her head held high, went back to her post.

Henderson glanced up inquiringly, his face revealing half a dozen impulses in as many seconds. Suddenly he rose, took a step nearer and began speaking rapidly in a husky whisper.

"Miss Vandevere, listen! I'm going to tell you a secret. I have fallen heir to a fortune. I take the midnight train for Canada to claim the legacy. No one is to know of this until after I'm gone—not even Sterling. Will you come, too—away from this hateful life? You know I love you. Decide at once! There's no time for dallying. Say you'll come!"

The startled girl trembled in the hot breath of his passion. Every vestige of color left her face.

"It is—so—sudden," she faltered. "I must think it over. Give me time."

"I'll call at your boarding house at 10 o'clock. Be on the watch. And remember how much there is at stake. But I know I can trust you."

Betty's voice seemed to have dropped down into her throat. There was no response. A silence fell in which she could hear the muffled beating of her own heart.

That night Henderson was the first to leave. Sterling was in the room, and he could only give Betty a glance of mute appeal as he went out.

She crouched over her desk with blurred eyes. For a time there was no sound save the rustle of the paper Sterling pretended to read. At length, throwing it down, he crossed to her side.

"Still at work, Miss Vandevere?" he said, a new note in his big voice.

"I'll soon finish now," she answered without lifting her eyes. "Don't wait, please. I'll lock up."

Betty heard him sigh as he went out. Hastily locking the door on the inside, she withdrew the key and returned to her seat.

An hour dragged by. Now there were shadows everywhere. The corners were black with them. She felt a suffocating terror as if the walls were contracting and might shut together and crush her.

Suddenly a key clicked in the lock. She had barely time to drop behind a chair before a man tiptoed into the office. As he passed by her hiding place the light from the street struck across his face. For a minute she ceased to breathe. He went hurriedly on to the inner room, and after a little while a gentle clicking told her that he was working the combination of the safe.

Now was her chance! Quaking with fright, she crept to the door opening on the landing. One quick step and she was outside. Then the unexpected happened. A flood of light suddenly illumined the darkness. She saw that the passage was full of policemen. And she had rushed straight into Tom Sterling's arms!

"You! Oh, I'm so glad!" she gasped hysterically. "Quick! The safe! You are being robbed. Henderson!"

But the men in blue had already dashed past into the office. There was the sound of a struggle, then a voice shrieking dreadful curses—the same voice she had once thought so cultured and refined.

"I overheard—this afternoon," Sterling said quietly. "I had grown suspicious before. If you really love him he shall go free."

"Love him? Oh, no, no!" Betty cried with her face hidden on the big man's shoulder. "I didn't know until this afternoon whom I loved, but I do now!"

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