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MAR 17 1911
VICTORIA, B. C.

"The Perfume of the Lady in Black"
by Gaston Leroux
Starts Next Week

The Prospector.

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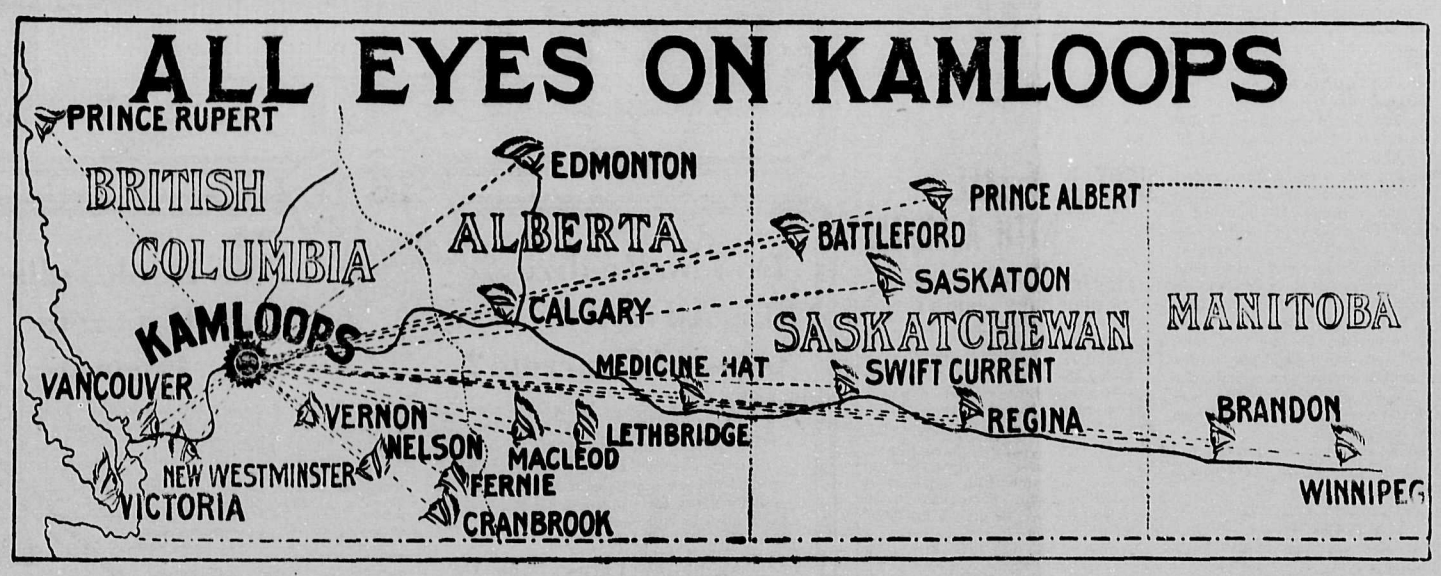
VOL. 17 CRANBROOK, B.C., SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 11th, 1911 No. 10



WHY?

Two Transcontinental Railways, the Provincial Government and the City of Kamloops are spending from $2,000,000 to $2,500,000 in and around Kamloops this summer.

THERE'S A REASON

Great Transcontinental Railways like the C.P.R. and the C.N.R. know what they are doing. The C.P.R. purchased $250,000.00 worth of property, to enlarge its shops, yards, and round houses at Kamloops.

WHY?

They realize that Kamloops is to be the logical and great divisional point between the two great Western Cities—Calgary and Vancouver, situated as it is on the Thompson River, its future as a manufacturing centre is assured.
Why are the C.N.R. rushing their line down the North Branch of the Thompson River and building a bridge costing $250,000.00 over the Thompson River, to get a site on the water front of the City of Kamloops?
It is reasonable to come to the one natural conclusion—Kamloops with its present population of 4,500 to 5,000 people will double its population within fifteen months and will have 15,000 in a few years.
The lots in the original townsite are held at a high figure and they are practically the only vacant lots for sale. Lying south-east of the original townsite, it needs but a glance at the City and its environments to realize that:—

THE BECKMAN ADDITION WILL BE DEMANDED

WHY?

It is the only direction in which there is room for the city to expand, and even at the present time the houses are built right out to the border of the Beckman Addition. Only 12 blocks from the highest priced property in the town, you can imagine how reasonable the prices of $210 to $490 per lot are, when you consider each lot is 50 feet in width—twice the size of lots in the average residential addition. The terms offered 1-8 down and 5 per cent per month for 18 months place the opportunity for safe investment, within the reach of all. Only half of the addition—every other lot—will be sold this year. They will last but a very short time.

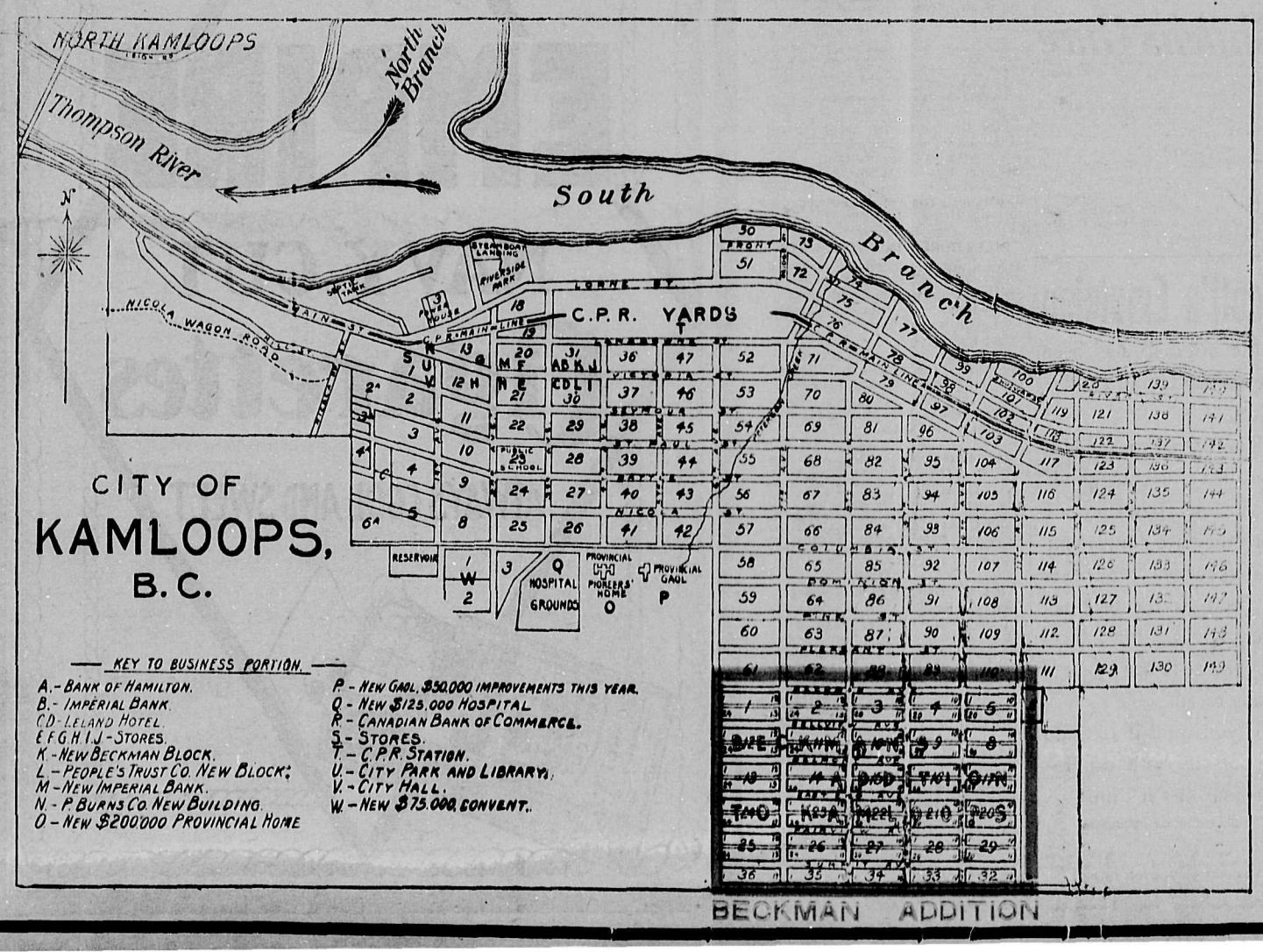
SEEING IS BELIEVING

and after seeing the photos of the town and addition, which we will be pleased to show you at our office, you, too, will believe and get in while the selection is good.

THE CRANBROOK AGENCY COMPANY

LOCAL AGENTS

F. E. Simpson, General Sales Agent, Kamloops, B.C. CRANBROOK, B.C.



Important Communication

Investors You Must Beware

To the Editor, Prospector,
Cranbrook, B.C.

Dear Sir:

I beg to crave the attention of your columns on a matter of great seriousness, in so far as the Citizens of Cranbrook are concerned. Recently a number of real estate brokers from outside points, have arrived in this city disposing of property situated some distance from the Industrial Centres of particular towns. From an economic point of view, a long time must elapse before the buyers of the property in question can possibly obtain any return upon their investment; but unfortunately a smooth tongue leads them to believe otherwise, and it is with the object of preventing the Citizens of Cranbrook from being misled, and I now venture to address the following suggestion through the columns of your valuable journal. I am prepared in any case when approached by a prospective investor, to thoroughly investigate—

(a) The exact locality of the property which they intend purchasing

(b) The accuracy of all such information as may have induced them to make their proposed investment.

I might state that this information will be afforded gratis except that inquirers will have to defray the cost of any telegram which I may have to send in order to obtain the desired information, and any other disbursement which they might authorize me to make.

I trust that the Citizens of Cranbrook will in future avail themselves of my offer.

Yours faithfully,

P. DeVERE HUNT,
Mayor of the City of Cranbrook

Girl Burned in Fort Steele Fire

Stepping on match sets Fire to Gasoline Child's Clothes in Flames

Early in the week Constable Walsh of Fort Steele brought his daughter Lizzie aged 17, in to the St. Eugene hospital she having been badly burned in a fire which occurred in the M. E. Walsh store of Fort Steele. Walter Walsh, 13 years of age, had just filled the gasoline lamp which hung from the ceiling, and a few drops spilled on the floor. As the boy was walking out of the door he stepped on to the head of a parlor match which lit and caused the gasoline to isnite. The boy ran to the nearest hotel for help while the brave girl endeavored to smother the fire by her dresses. In this way, however, she herself was soon covered with flames. When assistance came they found the girl rolling in the snow in front of the store trying to put out her burning clothing. Overcoats, etc., were hurriedly applied and the flames smothered. The heroine was taken to the Imperial hotel where Dr. Watt tended her. Later in the day she was brought to Cranbrook.

While her injuries have been very painful we are glad to know she is steadily improving.

Western Trainmen get Good Increase

Ten per cent advance to date from first of year--Conference ended satisfactorily to the Men

The conference between C.P.R. officials and the company's conductors and trainmen, which began January 9th, ended entirely satisfactory to the men, who will receive a straight increase in pay of 10 per cent It may be retroactive from January 1,1911. The increase is effective on all lines West of Port Arthur.

The last revision of the trainmen's schedule was made five years ago. Changes of a radical nature have meantime been made The new arrangement is specially beneficial to the men who are paid by the mile, who formerly were paid by the hour, as they are on heavier trains which are not making the mileage of previous years,

Cranbrook's Annual Fall Fair, September 19 and 20

Don't say you never knew the date
Write it down Now

The Fair will be a Success

Omnium

A Story of the Year 1985

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

It was at the beginning of the present century that one of the gatherers of those colossal fortunes quite common at the time founded an institution for original scientific investigation. Soon after the corps of scientists employed there began their work they made the discovery that living parts of a body might be substituted for decaying parts of another body. For instance, a knee might be replaced by a knee taken from a different person, serving the purpose of a new knee. From this starting point the experimenters proceeded step by step till there was no part of the human body that they could not supply.

Nearly half a century elapsed, however, before these gentlemen succeeded in replacing all the parts in a single human body by similar parts from other bodies.

The first perfect combination man was completed at the institute last year. There was not an organ or a part of an organ in him that had not been taken from another person. The man whose parts had been all removed and replaced had been named Peter Sykes, a criminal condemned for murder. He was given the choice of being executed or turned over to the professors to lose his identity by becoming another person. He shuddered at the immolition of his own personality, but consented rather than die the death of a felon.

The case was the first that was successful in producing an altogether new being. The operators who made or, rather, combined him considered that their first duty toward him was to name him. They chose the Latin word omnium, meaning "of all"—that is, Mr. Omnium was made up of all kinds of persons. It was expected by the unscientific laity that he might be opposed to giving up the name of Sykes, but as there was nothing of Sykes left in him he made no objection whatever. Indeed, he did not remember ever having been Sykes. The life Sykes had led was not in him at all.

Since Omnium was entirely experimental, the professors who had manufactured him gave orders that he was not to be permitted—at least for some time—to leave the institution. But a certain part of his brain and his right hand had been taken from a burglar. The consequence was that though locked in by a guard he found no trouble in picking the lock with such implements as he found lying about and walked forth into the world the first man born of a great many mothers and just as many fathers.

As might have been expected, this fragmentary though entire individual followed the strongest of all the natural laws—the law which unites the sexes. His component parts had been taken from persons between twenty and thirty. His average age was therefore twenty-five, a time of life when a man's fancy turns to love. He had been well dressed by the professors, and as they feared he might get out into the world without funds they had placed a roll of bills in his pocket. Feeling hungry, he went into a restaurant, where he ate a good meal and took a desperate fancy to the cashier, who was a very attractive young woman of twenty. Having scraped an acquaintance with her, he invited her to go to the theater with him that evening, an invitation she accepted.

It should be noted here that Omnium on entering the world as a combination man obeyed the two most important natural laws. The first thing he did was to satisfy his hunger, the second to make love.

Miss Mabel Thompson, the young lady to whom Omnium paid his addresses, found him a very puzzling person. Instead of having a few characteristic traits he had a hundred. The first clashing of idiosyncrasies she noticed was between those of a spendthrift and a miser, a portion of whose brains had been engrafted within his cranium. Instead of engaging seats at the theater he took a whole box. This was embarrassing to Miss Thompson, who was a very modest person. What was her surprise when after the play he took her to supper and ordered one herring for the two.

This episode, though neither of them knew it, showed from the first that, though it was possible to produce a perfect physical combination man, the matter of those elements that are to be classed as mental opened up a new field for the scientists. It demonstrated that to place in the same skull two such discordant elements as the brains of a miser and a spendthrift is to make a bad combination.

But Miss Thompson was doomed to further surprise and disappointment. While going home after the apology for a supper—half a herring for each of them—suddenly the strokes of a bell fell upon their ears. At the first stroke Omnium stopped stock still. There were three strokes, then nine. On the ninth stroke a hook and ladder truck passed. Omnium left the lady standing on the sidewalk, dashed to the truck, stood on the footboard and was whirled away.

Can it be wondered that the poor girl was astonished, disappointed, in the man who had so recently come to her to kindle those hopes of marriage and home which are born in every woman? Omnium called upon her the next day and was coldly received. Had the two heard a remark of Professor Sweigler when Omnium was being put together they would have understood the strange action. "This is a portion of the brain," the professor had said, "of Sam Tucker, the most daring fireman in the department. He has taken twenty medals for bravery at fires." And the professor inserted some gray matter in the cranium before him.

Omnium explained to Miss Thompson that when he heard the fire alarm and saw the truck dash by he felt an unconquerable impulse to get on the truck and go to the fire. He regretted leaving her alone, but could not help it. Whereupon she forgave him.

Reconciliations are always dangerous, and it proved so in this instance. Omnium told her that he loved her, clasped her in his arms and begged her to marry him.

Her answer was that, first, he must make known who he was; second, his means, and if these were satisfactory to her she would consent to a trial engagement.

Omnium after a few moments' thought told her that he would prepare a statement for her embodying the information she asked for. The truth is he knew nothing about himself and thought it necessary to do a job of thinking on the matter. He left her, promising to bring the facts the next evening. He had hired a room and went there from Miss Thompson. Throwing himself into an easy chair, he began to think.

The first person he remembered being was Evan Drake. He recalled working in a counting room as a man of that name. Then being addressed as Dr. Harwood came glimmering in his brain. Corporal Horgan was the next identity he felt, and this gave way to Julius, a colored man.

"Great heavens," he exclaimed, "is there negro blood in my veins?"

He examined his nails and the palms of his hands, but could see no traces of such an inheritance. This comforted him.

How it happened Omnium himself could never explain. He remembered jotting down the names as they occurred to him of persons he seemed to have been, and he recalled addressing a note to Miss Thompson beginning, "The information as to myself promised you is"— Then followed the name Omnium, after which he had written the word alias, adding six other names. He had evidently got confused at a consciousness of having been so many different persons and did not know what he was doing, for the next morning Miss Thompson received the list of his names through the mail.

"What is it?" asked a friend who was with her at the time, seeing her turn pale.

"Don't ask me!" moaned the poor girl.

"Do tell me."

"My lover confesses to six aliases. He's a crook."

Miss Thompson's friend after laboring with her for hours finally induced her to promise that she would never see her lover again and that she would send his note to the police.

The escape of Omnium from the institute occasioned consternation among the professors who had constructed him. They could not know what he would do and feared some trouble would result from his being at liberty for which they would be held responsible. One morning Dr. Tunshutter, Ph. D., while looking at the morning paper noticed that a man had been arrested with half a dozen aliases to his name. He was a puzzle to the police. Neither the name Omnium nor any of the aliases except that of a murderer who had been sentenced to be executed and of whose execution there was no record was known to the authorities. No one knew what to do with him.

Dr. Tunshutter threw down his paper, called a carriage and drove at once to the office of the superintendent of police. To his request that Omnium be returned at once to the institute, the superintendent said that the return must be made legally and asked for the man's identity.

"How can I tell you that?" cried the professor. "There are parts of more than fifty people in him."

"Do you mean that you can't give me his legal name?"

"He has none."

"Is he white or black?"

"I can't say; there is a faint trace of black in him."

"He is a man, isn't he?"

"Not entirely. There are cartilages of several dogs, the skins of two rats, and much sewing was done with catgut."

"For heaven's sake, take him away!" cried the superintendent. "I wouldn't have the responsibility of either holding or giving up such a monster for the world. I'll turn him loose, and you must have some one from your confounded institute here to take him. If he gets loose again he'll get into court, and it will require a United States supreme justice to establish his legal status."

Omnium was released from custody that afternoon and caged by the keepers of the institute. He managed to get hold of a lawyer, and his case came up before the court. Seven attorneys, three judges and a large number of jurymen lost their minds in the struggle to establish his legal identity. While these efforts were being made he one day became very much excited and fell dead. The professors made a postmortem examination and found some of the catgut with which the lobes of the brain had been sewed had decayed.

Then a law was passed forbidding the construction of any more combination men.

MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Winchester, Ind.—"Four doctors told me that they could never make me regular, and that I would eventually have dropsy. I would bloat, and suffer from bearing down pains, cramps and chills, and I could not sleep nights. My mother wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice, and I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking one and one-half bottles of the Compound, I am all right again, and I recommend it to every suffering woman."—Mrs. MAY DEAL, Winchester, Ind.

Hundreds of such letters from girls and mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

A Terrible Threat.

An engineering operation uptown made it necessary a few days ago for one of the workmen to hold another on a rope halfway down a deep well. A fall would probably have been fatal, and Patrick kept the rope tight and steady while Terence made the dangerous descent.

After a quarter of an hour Patrick's attention wandered to something else. Instinctively he kept hold of the rope, but he did not hear Terence calling to him that it was time to pull him up until his fellow worker raised his voice in angry protest.

"Pull me up," called Terence. "Pull me up, I tell ye. If ye don't pull me up, drat ye, I'll cut the rope, and then where'll you be?"

Tree Don'ts.

A few "tree don'ts": Don't tie your horse to a tree. Don't carve your initials on it. Don't peel its bark. Don't cut a valuable hardwood sapling for a fishpole. Buy a bamboo pole for 20 cents instead. Don't start a forest fire. Don't let the electric light, telephone or trolley men hack or mutilate a tree. Don't cut down an old tree that is a landmark even if it is on your property. Such a tree, like the air and sunshine, belongs to the world, not to an individual, though the law may not say so.

Not a Bit Accommodating.

"Meanest folks I ever saw in the city," growled the man from the way back district. "Why, when you find a feller goin' right your way with one o' them big cars he won't give you a lift without chargin' you a nickel for it."

That Was All.

"Maria," demanded Mr. Billus in a loud voice, "what have you been doing to my razor?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Billus, "except sharpening it again after shaving Fido's tail with it. It's all right, isn't it?"

More Than Devotion.

"Why are you pawning your dress suit?"

"My wife wants to take a little trip."

"There's a devotion for you!"

"Well, the more money I can give her the longer she can stay."

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Magistrate at Tottenham, London—What was this quarrel?

The Applicant—Well, he said, "I will"; I said, "You won't." He said, "I will"; I said, "You won't." He said, "I will"; I said ——.

The Magistrate—Yes, I see.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. • • • 25 cents

Two women were strangers to each other at a reception. After a few moments' desultory talk the first said rather querulously:—"I don't know what's the matter with that tall, blonde gentleman over there. He was so attentive a while ago, but he won't look at me now." "Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband."

Scott's Emulsion

is the original—has been the standard for thirty-five years.

There are thousands of so-called "just as good" Emulsions, but they are not—they are simply imitations which are never as good as the original. They are like thin milk—SCOTT'S is thick like a heavy cream.

If you want it thin, do it yourself—with water—but dont buy it thin.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Send 10c., name of paper and this ad. for our beautiful Savings Bank and Child's Sketch-Book. Each bank contains a Good Luck Penny.

SCOTT & BOWNE
136 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

Send for free sample to Dept. N.U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Toronto

W. N. U., No. 835.

BUY COCKSHUTT DRILLS

THEIR SINGLE AND DOUBLE DISC BEARINGS ARE THE MOST DURABLE.

French Blarney.

Senator Depew, at a Lotus Club dinner recently, told the following story:

"M. Jusserand writes English better than an Englishman, he speaks it better than an American, and he uses it better than an Irishman.

"I violate, I believe, no confidence when I relate one of M. Jusserand's mots. M. Jusserand, at a dinner, sat next to the matron in the prime of life. This matron, putting her hand to her soft, pretty hair, said with a laugh none too gay:

"I found four grey hairs in my head this morning."

"Madame,' said M. Jusserand, 'as long as grey hairs can be counted, they don't count.'"

HERE IS A TALE WITH A MORAL

LITTLE EDITH HARRIS CURED OF DROPSY BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Two doctors said she would die, but to-day she is a healthy, happy girl—Healthy Kidneys in children the guarantee of a happy, useful life.

McTaggart, Sask. (Special)—That no child is too young to have Kidney Disease even in its worst form, and that Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it in any form has been abundantly proven in the case of little Edith Harris of this place.

In May, 1903, this little girl, then two years old, was so swollen with Dropsy that her waist measure was increased from 18 inches to 34 inches. Two doctors said she must die. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her and today she is as merry and healthy a child as is to be found in the neighborhood.

In a recent interview her father says: "Edith is better than ever. She has no return of dropsy since she was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills over seven years ago. She goes to school and is healthy. I always keep Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house."

There's a moral for parents in this story. Many a child has grown up to a life of pain and suffering because its kidneys were neglected. A life of health and usefulness is assured if the Kidneys are kept in order with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

A well digger always gets in his work.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR LITTLE ONES

Baby's Own Tablets are a wonderful medicine for little ones. They never fail to give relief to the baby when his stomach or bowels are out of order; when teething is painful; when worms make their appearance or when any of the many childhood ailments seize him. What is more they are absolutely safe and cannot harm the youngest child. Mothers have the guarantee of a government analyst to this effect. Thousands of mothers, through gratefulness for what the Tablets have done for their children, strongly recommend them. Mrs. E. J. Ward, Galt, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for over two years and would not be without them in the house. They are wonderful medicine for little ones." Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The cuckoo clock had just chirped the half hour before midnight, and the girl in the parlour scene was weary.

"Mr. DeBorem," she said, as she vainly attempted to struggle a yawn, "I heard something about you the other day that I'm sure is not true."

"Indeed," he exclaimed, "what was it?"

"I heard someone say you were an easy-going chap," she answered.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Love feels no burden, takes account of no labor; does not speak of impossibilities. Love watches, and, sleeping, does not sleep. Tired, it is not wearied; straitened, it is not constrained; frightened, it is not disturbed.—Thomas A. Kempis.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS

Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

The Spanish minister of the interior has issued an edict prohibiting women from taking part in bullfights, a practice which was inaugurated some time ago by a young woman named Reverta, who had great success in the arena.

Many patent medicines have come and gone, but Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup continues to occupy a foremost place among remedies for coughs and colds, and as a preventive of decay of the lungs. It is a standard medicine that widens its sphere of usefulness year by year If you are in need of something to rid yourself of a cough or cold, you cannot do better than try Bickle's Syrup.

What are Your Wayside Blessings?

Suppose that as a means of keeping our faces bright and our hearts cheerful we begin looking up our wayside blessings. There are "common ones"—sunshine, home, friends, health—the things we should most miss if we were deprived of them. There are others which are peculiarly your own. What are they?

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff

Two Hundred Years from Now

"And do you belong to any societies, Mrs. Covinsky?"

"Oh, yes. I am a member of the Granddaughters of the Broad Palm. One of my ancestors, you know, became very wealthy by securing the tipping privileges in all the coatrooms of the public schools."

Do You Realize the Advantages of Concrete?

THE rising price of lumber has compelled the farmer to look for a suitable substitute.

Concrete, because of its cheapness, durability and the readiness with which it can be used for every farm purpose, has proven itself to be cheaper than lumber and far more durable. Our Free Book—

"What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete"

shows the farmer how he can do his own work without the aid of skilled mechanics. It demonstrates the economy of Concrete construction as compared with lumber, brick or stone.

CANADA CEMENT CO., Limited
51-60 National Bank Building, Montreal

This Book Tells How Concrete Aids Farmers.

It shows how Concrete can be used to advantage on the farm in the construction of almost every practical utility.

Send for this book to-day. You'll find it intensely interesting, even if you don't intend to build for a while. It contains much useful information that will put you in the way of saving money. Among the subjects treated are: Barns, Dairies, Fence Posts, Feeding Floors, Hitching Posts, Root Cellars, Silos, Stables, Stairs, Stalls, Troughs, Walks, Well Curbs, and so forth.

REMEMBER.—This book is yours—a postal will bring it promptly. Write now.

You may send me a copy of "*What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete*"

Name.....

Address.....

Following the Seasons

Some grief for a joy that is lost
We'd trade, as each season discloses.
In summer we're sighing for frost
And in winter we hanker for roses.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. • • • 25 cents.

Underground London contains 34,300 miles of telegraph wires, 3,003 miles of sewers, 4,530 miles of water mains, and 3,200 miles of gas pipes.

Faultless in Preparation.—Unlike any other stomach regulator, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of long study of vegetable compounds calculated to stimulate the stomachic functions and maintain them at their normal condition. Years of use have proved their faultless character and established their excellent reputation. And this reputation they have maintained for years and will continue to maintain, for these pills must always stand at the head of the list of standard preparations.

On the Russian Christmas the Czar received several high school teachers. His Majesty's advice was: "Serve right manfully knowledge, the fatherland, and myself. Support those at the universities who wish to learn. I am convinced that their number will increase."

Toronto Type Foundry Co., Ltd.

CALGARY :: WINNIPEG :: REGINA

The Largest Printers' Supply House in Canada. We Carry in Stock Cylinder Presses, Job Presses, Paper Cutters, Type and Material. Can Fill Orders for Complete Equipment from our Stock. We are the Largest Ready Print Publishers in the West. We Publish Ready Prints from our Winnipeg, Calgary and Regina Houses. : :

Order From Nearest Branch

A young medical student was being quizzed by one of his teachers:

"In what will you specialize?" he was asked.

"Diseases of the nostril," replied the student.

"Good," said the professor, enthusiastically. "Which nostril?"—Success.

"How far has your honeymoon got?"

"Oh, to about the last quarter."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Occasionally a man visits his wife's relations—if he has nowhere else to go.

The Bird Of Fortune

A County Fair Ended a Prolonged Wooing

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The county fair was in full swing. Everywhere there was bustle and laughter and merrymaking as well as color and music and light. Today was the day of days. Prizes had been awarded, and such was the wisdom and tact of the judges that no exhibitor had gone unrewarded.

Benjamin Dibble had taken first prize for his fine Holsteins and second prize for the mountainous Chester hogs. These honors meant nothing to Benjamin, for they were conferred upon his stock every year and had been even in his father's generation.

The fact that Dorinda Weed had captured all the first prizes in housewifely arts did not surprise Benjamin in the least. Everything Dorinda attempted was a pronounced success, excepting perhaps the capture of Benjamin Dibble, and that this had not happened was Benjamin's fault.

Dorinda Weed was sweet and fair and dainty. Her eyes were blue like the "ragged sailors" that bordered the dusty roadsides. Benjamin had worshiped Dorinda from his boyhood, but he had never dared address her beyond the merest commonplaces. There had never been but one thought behind his worship of her, and that was to ask her to marry him. Of the preliminary months of wooing he gave no thought. He knew he wanted Dorinda and he intended to ask her outright to marry him some day when his backbone felt a little more rigid and when his ears had ceased to redden at her approach. But no miracle had been performed, and Benjamin had lived wretchedly on, mentally cursing his shyness.

Now, Dorinda was thirty-two and Benjamin was forty. Their parents were dead, their lands adjoined, and their two houses, each one small and detached, might be moved to a new site on the apex of the dividing hill between the farms and thus become a large, comfortable farmhouse. This plan was Benjamin's sweetest dream, but there was no sign of its being realized.

Benjamin paused one instant in front of the domestic exhibit and furtively adored Dorinda's toothsome display.

From there he wandered out to the building where his cattle were quartered, and he arrived just in time to see Dorinda Weed timidly stroking the nose of one of his mild eyed Holsteins. From afar he watched her blissfully, and his heart rose exultantly when she passed on quite unobservant of the other exhibits.

Out in the open spaces where vehicles of every description were huddled in confusion, amid the cry of sideshow barkers, the conglomerate smell of quick lunch carts, the odor of fresh popcorn and steamed clams, Benjamin stumbled over the gypsy caravan. Here in a gayly festooned tent a gypsy crone was telling fortunes.

"Kind gentleman!" she hailed him eagerly. "For silver I will reveal the future! I reunite broken hearts! I make you successful in love!" She held back the tent flap invitingly, and under the spell of some sudden impulse Benjamin Dibble entered and sat down on a small three legged stool. The gypsy knelt before him and held out one brown hand, gay with silver rings.

"Silver!" she wheedled softly.

Blushingly Mr. Dibble extracted a silver quarter from his pocket and dropped it in her palm, then, embarrassed by her voluble thanks, he submitted his own hand to her grasp.

She bent her dark, disheveled head above its toil hardened surface for several moments and then scrutinized his good looking face with piercing eyes.

"You love," she said softly, "yet you are troubled. I see a fair woman—the one you love. A dark man comes between. You will find happiness through a golden bird. Wait!" Still retaining his hand, a film seemed to drop over her sharp eyes and her head bent over his hand. Again she spoke, but her words were mumbled, yet Benjamin's eager ear caught every syllable:

"As surely as comes up the sun
Two houses shall be made as one.
A golden bird without a nest
Shall lead the weary heart to rest."

The gypsy lifted her head and glanced sharply at him.

"What else?" demanded Benjamin eagerly.

The woman arose to her feet and looked toward the door, where a little crowd had gathered, waiting for an audience. "It is enough—the rest you must do so it is written," she said hastily.

Benjamin thrust another quarter into her willing hand and pushed dizzily through the crowd, his heart beating riotously. The doggerel verse was emblazoned on his memory. He could have repeated it backward, forward—indeed, in almost any form. The reference to the houses to be made as one was as a direct prophecy from heaven itself. As for the mysterious "golden bird without a nest," Benjamin confessed himself perplexed.

Little River boasted golden birds of many varieties, from the Buff Cochins of the poultry yard to the yellow hammers and goldfinches of the woods and the captive canaries in cages. But one and all had nests of some sort, and the bird of Benjamin's fortune would appear to be as vagrant as the gypsy herself.

The prophecy of the united houses was good fortune enough for one day, and, emboldened by this certainty that his dearest hopes would be fulfilled, Benjamin rushed hastily toward the building where Dorinda Weed might be found. She who was to be his future wife had stroked the nose of his prize Holsteins. After these wonderful happenings it would be an easy matter to invite Dorinda to partake of ice cream and cake. When one was eating ice cream it was not necessary to talk much, and after the ice cream he might invite her to other amusements in the grounds. There were a loop-the-loop and a merry-go-round and—

Benjamin Dibble stood stock still, while all exuberance of spirit dissolved like mist.

In the distance he saw Dorinda, charming in her pale blue gown, but remote as ever from his approach, for she was talking earnestly to a tall, dark man, a dangerously handsome stranger, and together they were bending over some object on a table between them.

Then it was that Benjamin Dibble remembered the gypsy's prophecy—that a dark man would come between Dorinda and him. And here was the dark man. The prophecy was fulfilling without delay.

Benjamin turned away and tried to satisfy the pangs of disappointed love with hot frankfurters, steamed clams and coffee. He drank ginger ale and pink lemonade to wash down huge segments of pie and sugary doughnuts. He spent money lavishly, buying everything that was offered. He purchased chances on all sorts of unknown articles and afterward found himself the embarrassed possessor of a pair of curling irons, a lady's work basket and a wax doll.

He bundled these treasures away in the back of his buggy with a certain elusive hope that they might prove useful some day. He stopped in the shed and stroked the noses of his cattle, as Dorinda had done, and derived a certain foolish satisfaction in the action. It was at that moment Benjamin received inspiration.

Back in the main building, Benjamin once more threaded the crowd in search of Dorinda.

Although she was still talking to the dark man, Benjamin pressed forward until he stood almost at her elbow. She saw him and smiled tremulously, her delicate face flushing a soft rose tint.

"Will you give me your advice, Benjamin?" she asked gently. "This gentleman is selling weather vanes. I want one for the barn. Our old one was blown off, you know. Shall I choose a fish or an arrow?"

The delicious sense of intimacy conveyed by this question cannot be described. Benjamin Dibble threw off his old mantle of timidity forever and stepped boldly forward beside Dorinda.

"Seems to me nothing looks so much like a weather vane as a crowing cock, Dorinda. Have you got anything else?" asked Benjamin of the dark man.

From the box of samples the man brought forth several weathercocks of different sizes. Each one was painted a dazzling gold, with crimson comb and wattles. He held forth the largest one, whirling it about the pivot as he did so.

"This is the handsomest one I've got, sir. I'd like to take your order for that—$10 on delivery in ten days. You'd like to wake up in the morning and see that weathercock on the cupola of your barn—eh?" He smiled ingratiatingly.

Benjamin Dibble was staring intently at the gilded cock, a queer expression dawning in his eyes. A certain line was running through his head:

A golden bird without a nest
Shall lead the weary heart to rest.

"Dorinda," said Benjamin in a ringing voice, "do you like that weathercock?"

"Yes, indeed," agreed Dorinda graciously.

"We'll take one of those," ordered Benjamin Dibble authoritatively. "You can make out the bill to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dibble—Dorinda, that's all right; you know, we're going to move the two houses up on the hill and make one, and we're going to build a new barn with a cupola and put this golden bird on it."

"Why—why, Benjamin—I've thought sometimes that was a lovely plan—only how do you know it will happen?" Dorinda's eyes were very bright with sudden happiness.

"I had my fortune told, and the gypsy said all those things. When I take you home in my buggy tonight I'll tell you about the golden bird and how all this has come true, just as the woman said," explained Benjamin, talking faster and more eloquently than he had ever done in his life.

"It's all perfectly wonderful," murmured Dorinda on that homeward ride after Benjamin had related the gypsy's prophecy. "I knew you liked me, Ben, but it seemed somehow as if you'd never get up courage to ask me. It's been a long time—and then to come all at once like a surprise."

"I've been an awful fool, I guess," murmured Benjamin, his arm protectingly about her slim waist, his eyes on the round globe of the full moon. "My life's been like traveling over level ground year after year till I never expected anything else, and then waking and falling right over into"— He paused and groped for the right simile.

"Into what, Benjamin?" whispered Dorinda.

He looked down into her soft blue eyes and, bending over, kissed her lips.

"Into heaven, I guess," he murmured.

Jack Cade's Monument.

At Heathfield, in England, is a farm on which still stands the remains of an old stone house that is said once to have been the home of the notorious Jack Cade. Whether or not Cade ever lived there can never be accurately determined, but there is no disputing the fact that he was killed in that neighborhood. On the main road, not far from the ruins of the house, stands a monument with this inscription: "Near this spot was slain the notorious rebel Jack Cade by Alexander Iden, Esq., sheriff of Kent, A.D. 1450. His body was carried to London, and his head fixed upon London bridge. This is the success of all rebels, and this fortune chanceth ever to traitors."

Red Flannel Currency.

A Scotch missionary to a group of small islands in the south Pacific a great many years ago found bits of red flannel circulating as money. This currency came to them in a curious manner. The body of a shipwrecked sailor had drifted ashore, and to the untutored savages, who had never before seen clothing of any kind, his red flannel shirt was an object of wonder and admiration. By common consent they cut the garment into small pieces, which thenceforth became the currency of the island.

A WONDERFUL BRIDGE.

Largest Natural Span In America, if Not In the World.

The largest natural bridge in America, if not indeed in the whole world, is located in southwestern Utah, not far from the state boundary line, and is known as the George Natural bridge. Its total length between the huge natural abutments is about 200 feet, the width of the roadway is some 35 feet, while the span in the clear is 90 feet. From the bed up to the span is 160 feet. At the bottom flows a small water course that during the long hot summer months dwindles down to a mere rivulet. Just what produced this work of nature has for some time puzzled the leading scientists of the country. It could scarcely have been created by the wear of water unless there was a very large and swift current flowing where the little brook is now. The general explanation given for the creation of this natural bridge is that volcanic action, occurring at some distant period of the world's history, was the active agency.

The existence of the bridge is of comparative recent knowledge to the public, though the Indians in that region have long known that there was such a work of nature. The red men often spoke of this bridge to the early settlers of that part of Utah, but little credence was ever given to their stories. About ten or twelve years ago it was first discovered by some mining prospectors. It is located in the heart of a very rugged region that is difficult of access. Of late years it has been visited by a great many tourists and sightseers. Very recently some travelers visited this freak of old Mother Earth in automobiles, and one venturesome motorist drove his car across the bridge, passing safely over the yawning chasm. The stone of which the span is composed is dark brown sandstone of an unusually hard quality, and the thickness of the span is twenty feet or more. Engineers who have made a careful examination of this bridge pronounce it perfectly safe and secure and fully capable of supporting an immense weight. The span is free from flaws or seams.—Wide World Magazine.

STRAIGHT WALLS OF ICE.

Mighty Mount McKinley Cannot Be Climbed From the South.

Describing their expedition to Mount McKinley last summer, Professor Parker and Belmore Browne say in the Metropolitan that, although it was probably the best equipped expedition from a mountaineering standpoint that has ever been organized in America, the net result of its explorations is a map of a hitherto unknown stretch of mountain wilderness and the knowledge that Mount McKinley is unclimbable from the south.

"We attacked the mountain from no fewer than five different points and in each case were stopped by insurmountable difficulties. We were on the ice fifty days. Mountaineering technicalities had nothing to do with our failure to reach the summit. At each attempt we encountered straight walls of ice and snow that could not be bridged or avoided.

"The problem of climbing the mountain from its southern side is an unusual one—a combined water, arctic and Alpine proposition. To reach the southern base of the mountain the explorer must navigate for 150 miles a stretch of swift glacial water.

"The second part of the trip is through alternate stretches of forest and swamp land which lay at the base of the Alaskan range. The last stage is over forty miles of glacier that stretches from the lowlands to the base of Mount McKinley itself."

Marking an Old Trading Post.

The Old Settlers' club, assisted by the park board, is having a log cabin erected in Mitchell park on the site of the first trading post. This is to be done in commemoration of the memory of the first white trader and because of the historical value of the spot. The cabin is being erected in the northeastern part of the park and on the exact piece of ground on which the cabin of Jack Vieau, the first white man who traded with the Indians in what is now known as Milwaukee, was located away back in 1791. The cabin will be a model of the rough cabins which were built in those days. The site on which stood the log cabin of Vieau, the Frenchman, so many years ago was located by Hans Reinertson, a member of the Old Settlers' club. Mr Reinertson had in his possession papers relating to the location, and with the aid of these it was found.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Long-Service Members of Parliament.

The fact that just before the end of the session, Hon. Mr. Haldane celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Parliamentary connection with East Lothian is a reminder of the few member of the British House of Commons whose career at Westminster dates back to the 'eighties. The present "Father" of the House, Mr. Burt, has represented Morpeth since the general election in 1874, when Mr. Balfour likewise entered the assembly, but the defeat of the leader of the Opposition at Manchester in 1906 deprived him of the position of "Father," though a very few weeks later he was elected for the City of London. Both Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chaplin entered Parliament as far back as 1868, but they have not sat continuously; so that Mr. Chamberlain, who first appeared at St. Stephen's in the summer of 1876 for the then undivided constituency of Birmingham, is the "Father-elect."

White Snake Soup.

There is a legend to the effect that long ago a man named Ramsay of Banff, Scotland, having boiled down a white snake and accidentally swallowed a drop of the soup, against which he had been warned as poisonous, found himself endowed with the power of seeing through the people he met. This unusual opportunity for diagnosis established his reputation and fortune as a physician.

Love and Business.

"I cannot marry you. I have promised my hand to some one else, so I must return all your presents."

"Good gracious! Whatever can I do with them now?"

"My fiance would buy them of you at a slight reduction."

A Fight on The Eaglet

Story of an American Privateer

By LOUISE LA ROSS

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The American privateer Eaglet cruising off Nova Scotia captured a British merchantman, Ellen Boyne, but the Eaglet's captain, not finding her cargo of sufficient value to make it worth his while to tow her into port or being prevented from doing so by the proximity of British cruisers, decided to burn her. The crew of the Boyne were taken aboard the Eaglet and a few days later were put ashore not far from Halifax.

When it became known what was to be done with them one of the Englishmen stepped up to the Eaglet's captain and said to him:

"I would like to join your crew, captain. I don't care much what flag I sail under. I've been a soldier in the British army, but deserted to get rid of a sergeant's wife who wanted to get me tangled up with her. Thus I took to the sea, and here I am. If I go ashore I might be recognized, for the regiment I deserted from is at Halifax. Besides, I would rather remain afloat."

"You don't look rugged enough to breast ocean storms," replied the captain, eying the youthful figure of the man, whose eyes were blue, hair flaxen and on whose rosy cheeks not the slightest sign of a beard had yet appeared. "How old are you?"

The man hesitated, then said that he didn't know; he had never known his parents and never had been told his age. "I can fight, captain," he added. "In the army I learned sword and bayonet exercise."

"What's your name?"

"Ralph Bronson."

"Well, you may stay with us if you like."

Ralph Bronson, leaving the captain, went straight to one of the American sailors and, with a pleased expression, said to him:

"It's all right, Jack; I'm to be one of you."

"Well, Ralph," replied the other, "since you don't wish to go I'm glad you're permitted to join us."

From the moment Ralph Bronson had come aboard the Eaglet he had striven to make friends with Jack Drury. Drury had neither encouraged nor repulsed the youngster's proffered friendship. The two were very different, Ralph being delicately organized, while Jack was a stalwart fellow and something of a leader among his fellow tars. "I don't see what the boy wants of me," he said to them, "unless it is protection, and he seems quite able to take care of himself."

One morning a ship was espied on the horizon, and the Eaglet's captain stood over to investigate her. He had a breeze which the ship had not, and by noon was near enough to her to make her out. He judged she was British, but could not tell. He fired a shot across her bow, whereupon she broke the blood red banner of England and, opening ports, ran out several guns. The Eaglet responded by breaking a flag on which there were a palmetto tree and a snake—the stars and stripes had not yet been adopted—and the fight commenced. When it ended by the British vessel striking her colors Jack Drury had taking a leadership and covered himself with glory, but he had lost his right arm and an eye. Ralph Bronson had kept beside him and when the crew of the privateer boarded the Britisher parried a blow of a cutlass which would otherwise have split his friend's skull. But just then Bronson was knocked senseless by a blow from a musket, and before he had regained consciousness Drury received the wounds that cost him his arm and an eye.

But Ralph was only temporarily disabled and during the next few months devoted himself when not on watch to nursing the hero. When Drury was able to be about again he appeared a very different man from what he had been. At first he was honored by his fellows, but the enthusiasm attending war heroes after they have become useless is short lived. Drury could not do a seaman's work, nor was he, thus disabled, fitted for an officer. He was invited by his captain to remain on board as scullion in the galley, and in this unwarlike position his glory faded.

Among a crew made up of heterogeneous elements it was natural that there should be enmities. Notwithstanding the affection the Eaglet's crew bore Drury there were several of them who hated him and one who, no sooner had Jack got about again after being disabled, began to show his spleen toward him. It was the old story of the sick lion. This man, Parsons, had been thrashed by Drury and had suffered the ignominy of having his nose rubbed in the scuppers. Upon Jack's disability he had made up his mind secretly to get his revenge. But he knew that with the whole crew behind his enemy he must continue to throw the responsibility of a quarrel upon him. He began by casting a slur on everything Jack said. One day when Parsons had virtually given Drury the lie the latter turned on him and said:

"See here, Parsons; this has been going on long enough. You have been trying to pick a fight with me and have succeeded. But you must be handicapped to meet my conditions. Bandage your left eye and tie your right arm behind your back and we'll settle the matter with cutlasses."

Parsons agreed, but the crew objected on the ground that Drury since the infliction of his wounds had never regained his general health and strength. But Drury would not listen to their objection, and a meeting was arranged. It must take place when the captain was in his bunk. He would not allow fighting among the crew, since he considered that such liberty would eventually cost him every man jack of them. The junior officers were not so particular, and if the captain could be eliminated their interference was not to be feared. So it was agreed that the affair should take place an hour before the coming aft of the midwatch, or 3 o'clock in the morning. At that hour in fair weather the captain was below asleep, and the second mate, who was in charge of the ship, had promised to accidentally fall asleep himself on the poop deck.

The night before the meeting was to take place Ralph Bronson stepped up to Parsons and said to him:

"Parsons, you're a dog to force a fight on a disabled man. Why don't you take a well one?"

"So you're going to chip into this affair, are you? We all know that you're tacked on to Drury and must be treated as he is treated. After I'm through with him I'll rub your nose in the scuppers."

"Just as Drury once served you."

Parsons, with a scowl, went off about his duties. Bronson was disappointed. He wished to pick a quarrel that he might take Drury's place. Going below, Ralph, who was to be his friend's backer in the fight, had a final talk with his principal, and it was arranged that he should awaken at 4 in the morning.

At four bells Ralph went to Jack's bunk. Jack was sleeping quietly. Ralph stood looking at him for a few moments, then stole away on tiptoe, took up a cutlass and went on deck.

"What's the matter?" said Parsons as Ralph approached. "Has he backed out?"

"No; he's asleep. I've come in his stead."

"Oh, I don't want to fight a boy. I must have the man who challenged me."

"You'll fight me before you fight him, for I'm between you and him, and you can't get at him without going past me."

With that Bronson took up a position he had learned in the British army. Parsons went at him as he would attack a Malay pirate. Ralph stepped lightly aside. Parsons turned and brought his cutlass down over Ralph's head. Ralph received it on his own weapon. His arm was bared, his sleeve being rolled above the elbow. The arm was round, but there was a fair muscle on it. Parsons, angry at not being able to get at his enemy, thought little of caution and exposed his left side, and Ralph rammed his weapon clean through it. Parsons looked about him wildly for a few moments, the blood spouting out of his wound, then fell in a heap on the deck. Then Ralph Bronson toppled over too.

When Drury awoke and saw the sun shining in through a porthole he could not understand the situation. There was no one near him at the time of whom to ask questions. So, springing up, he got into his clothes and went on deck. Everything was peaceful. The crew were going about their duties, as usual. The only noticeable feature was a man on his knees swabbing a place on the deck. Drury went up to him and, seeing that the water in his bucket was red, became more mystified than ever.

"What are you doing?" he asked the man.

"Swabbing Parsons' blood."

"Parsons' blood!"

"Yes; he was killed in a fight this morning at three bells."

"Who fought him?" asked Jack, fairly aghast.

"Ralph Bronson."

"Then," said Drury, "I'm going to kill Bronson."

But Bronson knew what his friend's first emotions upon knowing that he had been tricked would be and had gone into hiding.

Drury sought the boy, half minded to carry out his threat, but could not find him. Then Ralph's devotion began to dawn upon him, and he sought him to take his hand and gulp out his thanks. Still not finding him, he waited till it was time for Ralph to go on watch. Ralph did not appear. Then for the first time it occurred to him that Bronson might have been killed or at least mortally wounded. But a member of the crew reassured him, telling him that the boy had not received a scratch.

"Then what's he hiding from me for?" asked Drury.

"Dunno. After the fight they took him to the captain's cabin. The captain gave 'im a bunk by hisself. That's all I knows about it."

Drury fretted and fumed. At four bells in the afternoon an American ship appeared, coming right on the Eaglet's course. When she drew near she was spoken, and the Eaglet's captain went aboard of her. He returned with a bundle.

At six bells Drury received word that the captain wished to see him in his cabin. Drury hurried there and found not the captain, but Ralph Bronson in woman's clothes.

That's the end of the story. In a few days the Eaglet stopped at New port, where Drury and the woman—whatever her name might be—went ashore and were seen no more on the privateer. Later a sum of prize money was paid to John Drury and Emma Bronson Drury in equal shares.

Winter Fodder In Kashmir.

In Kashmir they have a novel method of putting fodder up for winter use. The country lies in a valley among the Himalayas. The chief industry of the people consists in raising fine wool and in making this into fabrics which have carried the name of the country all over the world. As in winter snow lies some five or six yards deep, supplies of hay are hung among the branches of trees, where they are easily reached by the flocks of sheep.

Addison's Essays.

Addison wrote his essays in the Spectator to be read at the tea tables of the upper classes and attempted by this means to improve the condition of society.

Mexican Ruins.

Mexico has many ancient ruins, particularly in the states of Oaxaca, Chiapas, Yucatan and Morelia. Those of Mitla, in Oaxaca; Palenqua, in Chiapas; Uxmal, in Yucatan, and Xochimilco, in Morelia, are among the most famous and interesting. Some of them represent whole cities and are supposed to be from 2,000 to 3,000 years old. They all show the most elaborate carvings which closely resemble the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

OLD TIME LIBRARIANS.

Spofford, Whitney and Butler Made a Famous Trio.

With Ainsworth Rand Spofford, for fifty years librarian of congress, who died in 1908; the passing of Wentworth Sanborn Butler, for more than fifty years librarian of the New York Society library, and of James Lyman Whitney, for forty years with the Boston Public library, a triumvirate of old school librarians has gone. The environment, conditions and methods of administration have changed. In the fifties, before the days of elaborate catalogues, with subjects grouped and classified, the librarian was popularly credited with carrying all the knowledge of the universe in his head, ready to impart to all comers on request.

Mr. Spofford and Mr. Butler were both born in New Hampshire and Mr. Whitney in Northampton, Mass., about a decade later. Amherst, Dartmouth and Yale contributed to their culture, and New England and the country gave them their early vigor and resourcefulness.

Mr. Butler knew the beaus and the belles of New York for three generations. William Cullen Bryant, Gulian C. Verplanck, Fitz-Greene Halleck and Evert C. Duyckinck drew upon his various stores of knowledge. The great jurists and statesmen William M. Evarts, David Dudley Field, Hamilton Fish, John Jay and Samuel J. Tilden were intimate friends and constant visitors at the society library.—New York Post.

ROTARY SNOWPLOWS.

These Powerful Machines Are as Big as Freight Cars.

The snowplow is a huge machine, as big as a freight car, and built of steel. On the forward end is a monster wheel with powerful blades of steel looking like an overgrown electric fan so arranged that their angles can be changed. This wheel, which is perpendicular to the track and revolves at right angles to it, is inclosed in a casing or drum, also of steel and with sharp steel edges. The top of the drum is supplied with a pipe or chute.

Inside the snowplow is a steam engine, which drives this huge fan wheel at from 100 to 250 revolutions every minute. Below the body of the plow near the track is an ice cutter to clear the rails of ice before the wheels go over them and a "fanger," as it is called, designed to scrape the bulk of the snow off the track itself after the fan has whittled the snow bank away and thrown the most of it to one side. Behind the snowplow are coupled from one to three or even more powerful engines, and behind these a car.

On the car are many men with shovels, for, despite its enormous power and its ability to toss tons of snow about as you might toss a shovelful, even the rotary gets stuck at times and has to be ignominiously dug out!—C. N. Claudy in St. Nicholas.

Artificial Camphor.

There is in operation in New York state an artificial camphor factory, the product of which is intended to compete in the market with the natural substance. It is maintained that it does not differ, except in the manner of its origin, from that extracted from the camphor trees of Formosa. Artificial camphor is made from essential oils derived from turpentine. Chemically the only difference between turpentine and camphor is the possession by each molecule of the latter of one atom of oxygen which is lacking in the former. By chemical process the needed oxygen is supplied. Three-fourths of the entire supply of camphor is used in the arts and one-fourth in medicine.—Exchange.

Measuring Water by Sound.

An electrical device whereby a sound wave is sent to the sea bottom in relatively shallow water and upon being deflected back to the vessel is received by another part of the same apparatus has been designed in Norway for measuring the depth of the sea. An automatic record is made of the time elapsed between the departure and the return, and, as the velocity of sound in water is known, the depth is at once ascertained. The apparatus makes a continuous record and is so constructed as to give an alarm when the water shallows to a certain depth. Several tests of the apparatus are said to prove the absolute accuracy of the device.—Montreal Standard.

Amazon River Prices.

At points on the Amazon river flour costs $20 a barrel. Shoes are $15 a pair and beer $1.25 a bottle 1,000 miles from Para, while for the next thousand miles up the river prices grow higher and higher. Food of all kinds, liquors and all fluids come from a distance. The course up 3,000 miles of any of these rivers shows only banks of impenetrable jungle running indefinite distances back from the river. In this jungle are the rubber trees and the people gathering the gum. The supplies for them must come vast distances, be transported on the backs of men, in many cases after long canoe hauls, and consumed as sparingly as possible.

A Giant Linden Tree.

The village of Remborn, in the mountainous region of Taunus, in Germany, possesses a linden tree which is said to have reached the age of 1,200 years. In summer the tree is said to be magnificent, and its foliage offers shade to 200 persons at one time. The trunk is twelve meters in circumference—that is, thirty-nine feet. It has been hollowed by time, and a dozen persons can stand in the cavity. The Taunus club has taken the giant under its protection in the hope that with care and attention its life may be spared for many years.

Around the World.

Improvements in the Transsiberian railway service now make it possible for a journey round the world to be made in thirty-seven days. From London to Yokohama by way of Siberia would take two weeks. The trip across the Pacific would take twelve days, making Vancouver twenty-six days distant from London. Eleven days are allowed for the journey from Vancouver to London by way of New York.—Argonaut.

WINTER MOTOR BONNETS.

Mighty Natty Models For Cold Weather Spins.

BONNETS OF VELVET AND SILK.

Motoring is now such a usual mode of transit that automobile fashions are in a class apart, and both dressmakers and milliners make special designs to meet the needs of the fair autoists.

In the sketch are two fascinating bonnets for winter spins. Brown velvet is the material of the attractive model with wide strings of ivory satin. This same satin is used for the face quilling and for the choux.

The other bonnet is of shot taffeta silk in a queer peaked shape with veil to match and rosette of iridescent tissue.

Fads For Women.

Now that bamboo furniture is used so universally a suggestion about cleaning it may not go unnoticed. This cleansing should be done with soap and warm water to which salt has been added. And the mixture must be put on with a brush and then wiped off with clean rags until the article is dry and glistens.

Ordinary laundry soap will remove the natural gloss of the wood and leave it dull if salt is not added.

An authority on shoes says that patent leather should never be kept in a cold closet or one unduly warm, for the reason that both degrees of heat and cold cause the leather to crack.

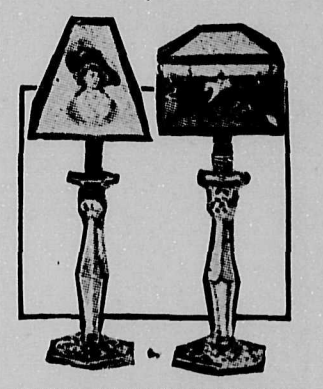
Instead of these extremes a spot where the heat is medium should be found.

Cold is worse than heat for patent leather. When the shoes are to be put on the feet it will preserve them if the hand is passed over the shoes, smoothing them until they feel supple.

They are then less apt to crack. This gradual warming should never be omitted when patent leather shoes are first put on.

Postcard Shades.

A new and very charming use has been found for the hand tinted postcards which can now be obtained in such variety, says the Woman's Home Companion. They come with pictures of dainty Watteau shepherdesses, eighteenth century court beauties or Japanese girls painted upon them, and what could be more attractive than to make them into candle shades. They are made of a fine quality cardboard, so that the light penetrates them and shows up the pictures in delicate relief. There is only one caution to be observed in making a selection, and that is to choose pictures with rather simple motives. Each card must be trimmed a little, and if the figure in the foreground is large or complicated its beauty is liable to be marred by the cutting.



CHARMING EFFECTS IN CANDLE SHADES.

Shades can be made in various shapes—four, five and six sided. All the panels may be made of cards or only have one or two postal panels and fashion the others of white or colored paper. Passe-partout is ideal for binding the panels and joining them, and a lining of colored tissue paper—cerise, green or yellow—softens the light becomingly.

Dramatic Criticism.

"How'd you get into the show the other evening?"

"Passed a counterfeit quarter at the door."

"How was the show?"

"Well, I got my money's worth."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Fact and Fiction.

"He vowed he would traverse raging seas just to look into my eyes"—

"When—last night?"

"No; last night he telephoned me that it was raining too hard."—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

A Continuing Story begins in the Prospector

next week, entitled: "The Perfume of the Lady in Black" by Gaston Leroux

PEN-ANGLE UNDERWEAR

THAT is the name, and below is the trademark, you are to look for next time you buy underwear.

Your size in any garment with that trademark will fit perfectly, will outwear ordinary underwear, will not shrink. Yet you pay nothing extra for this extra value; and you get our Guarantee of "money back if you can fairly claim it."

Made at Paris in Canada, by PENMANS Limited. 51

Everything for The Smoker!

We have the best line of Smoker's Articles in Southeast Kootenay.

Choice Cigars and Tobaccos
Cigar-Holders and Pipes.

LESTER CLAPP
The Tobacconist

A Clean Man

Outside cleanliness is less than half the battle. A man may scrub himself a dozen times a day, and still be unclean. Good health means cleanliness not only outside, but inside. It means a clean stomach, clean bowels, clean blood, a clean liver, and new, clean, healthy tissues. The man who is clean in this way will look it and act it. He will work with energy and think clean, clear, healthy thoughts.

He will never be troubled with liver, lung, stomach or blood disorders. Dyspepsia and indigestion originate in unclean stomachs. Blood diseases are found where there is unclean blood. Consumption and bronchitis mean unclean lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

prevents these diseases. It makes a man's insides clean and healthy. It cleans the digestive organs, makes pure, clean blood, and clean, healthy flesh.

It restores tone to the nervous system, and cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. It contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs.

Constipation is the most unclean uncleanliness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe. Easy to take as candy.

The Hunting Season

Is now open. We are prepared for same, with a fine line of

RIFLES,
GUNS
and
AMMUNITION

J. D. McBride
Hardware — Cranbrook, B. C.

Best Methods of Sampling and Marketing Ores

By Oscar Lachmund

A paper was presented to the American Mining Congress at the Los Angeles meeting by S. E. Bretherton, entitled "Hints to Ore Shippers." It contains many valuable suggestions and there is no one better qualified to write on this subject than Mr. Bretherton. However, as other buyers, it would not be out of the way to offer a few suggestions from the sampler's point of view.

Every well-appointed mine, no matter how small, that has ore to sell, should devise ways and means to determine, at least approximately, what the value of its product is before the same leaves the mine, whether this knowledge is gained by actual sampling of the ore in the mine before it is broken, or afterwards, by various methods usually employed, will depend on local conditions. At some mines automatic sampling mills are operated, while others use the shovel sample, and still others the grab. The latter is not to be recommended, unless the ore is of a uniformly low grade and thoroughly homogeneous.

It is advisable to ship to some reputable sampling works, before consigning the material to the smelter. In some localities the smelters prefer to receive the ores in this manner, and the sampler's weights and assays are accepted. This saves time for the smelter, and expense, where no sampling charges are made, as is the case in some localities.

A representative of the mine should be present at the sampling of the ore. Most smelters prefer this arrangement when the ore is shipped to them direct.

The usual method of weighing the ore at the smelters is to run the loaded cars on the railroad track scales, then shunt it to the sampler track, where it takes its turn in the line of cars already standing there for that purpose. After the car is unloaded, the empty weight is taken as soon as the car can be switched to the scales. The moisture sample is usually taken at the time the ore is being weighed, or immediately afterwards. This method is open to objection for at least two reasons. It sometimes occurs that the smelter yards are crowded so that the proper switching can not be made, and it becomes inconvenient or impossible to get the empty car back to the scales in time to get its weight for the settlement day. Nothing remains but to accept the railroad tare as indicated by the car itself, which represents its weight at the last time it was in the shops. This may or may not be the actual weight at the time the ore is being sampled. The difference may not be great, but if the ore is of a high grade it is a satisfaction to know that the actual weight is reported. Another objectionable feature is the way in which the moisture sample is taken. The usual method is to dig down into the ore pile at various places in the car and endeavor to obtain from these small pits a representative sample. As most ores consists of coarse and fine particles, it is very difficult to get the proper proportions of each into the sample. The ore dries to a certain extent while passing through the sampling mill, consequently the moisture is determined as soon as possible, but as a rule a larger portion of the fines enter into the sample, and as more moisture is contained in this material, a correspondingly high percentage is the results.

A much better way is used at some of the public sampling works. The ore is unloaded into the mill without weighing directly it is received. When it begins to issue from the reject spout of conveyer belt, it is caught in cars or wheelbarrows, run over the platform scales and weighed. The moisture sample is taken from the same portion cut out from the control samples, and the result represents the moisture as nearly as it is possible to obtain it. The usual way is to weigh out 50 ozs., place it in a large flat pan and then dry it in a steam drier until the water is all expelled. If the ore is likely to be dusty when passing it through the mill, it is advisable to wet it down, thereby preventing loss through the escape of fines, which usually carry the greater values. The writer has seen this mode of procedure strenuously objected to by ignorant leasers, claiming that they were being defrauded by the higher moisture, not taking into consideration that the weight of the ore was being increased in the same proportion.

In the sampling of gold and silver ores, where these metals occur in the native or free state, it is often extremely difficult to get a truly representative sample. The metals usually occur in particles sufficiently large to remain on a 100-mesh screen, and must either be worked through the screens, or else collected and assayed separately, and the proper correction added to the assay of the pulp. It is at this stage of the operation that "salting" has been practiced on some of the smelters and sampling works in times past, and for this reason the operating of grinding and "bucking down" the sample is performed behind closed doors, where none but the sample man may enter. The shipper, or his representative, takes his stand at a window through which the preparation of the sample may be observed. It is easily possible to eliminate the "metalics" from the screen at this stage of the operation, if such is the intention of the sample man.

The sample room should be well lighted and the "bucking plate," where the "metalics" should be finally recovered, should be placed near a window, so that close observation may be made from the other side.

Cases have been known where ore shippers were systematically defrauded by underweights, excessive moistures, and tapering with the samples. It is probably safe to say that this does not obtain nowadays, although as recently as the Goldfields boom, certain very questionable practices are said to have been made use of. A case was cited where the shipper was deliberately robbed of 25 per cent of his ore, and worthless material substituted, so that the same number of sacks resulted in a recount, and the bulk of the lot seemed about the same as the real shipment. This was made in canvas sacks, with the owner's mark, etc., which were hauled to the sampler in wagons. At the entrance to the mill whese the scales were place the mine representative took his station to see that the weights were correctly taken. The mill man was there also, as the ore was of a high grade, commonly known "as picture rock." After being weighed, the sacks were wheeled around to the crusher at the back of the mill. The workmen would take four sacks at a time, and the load undoubtedly being heavy, it was necessary for him to rest before reaching the crusher. The resting place was just behind a large elevator, and against this elevator were piled some canvas sacks filled with worthless material, with the same shipper's mark on them, and to all appearance were identical with the material then being unloaded. Each time the weary man stopped to rest, he would take one of the heavy (?) sacks from the wheelbarrow and substitute one from the pile, after which he would proceed on his way. The incident was observed by a party who had come to the mill to see about some of his own ore, and was waiting for his turn. In the meantime he happened to be in the rear of the mill and his presence was not noticed. It is needless to add that this outfit did not last very long.

Much has been said about "salting" and it has generally been said from the side of the buyer. On the other hand, it sometimes happens that the case is reversed, that the sample is robbed of some of its valuable contents, such as the "metalics" or, that worthless material is added, thereby "diluting" its value.

It is needless to state that reputable concerns do not have to resort to questionable means to gain a profit, nor could they afford to do so.

A case of sample "dilution" comes to my mind, where it was practised for several years before the perpetrators were caught in the act and forced out of business. It was a number of years ago, and it occurred in a small sampling works in one of the western states. The superintendent of the mill was in the habit of skilfully mixing worthless material with the sample when it had been cut down to about 2 or 3 lbs. in weight. This negative "salt" had been carefully prepared by the superintendent while the ore was passing through the mill, and it had the same character and appearance as the ore itself. It was also in more or less the same state of comminution, and the only difference between it and the ore was that it was valueless. The amount contained in a 6-in. sample pan was generally added to the sample, and represented probably from one-fourth to one-fifth of the sample itself. This gave the owner of the mill a wide "margin of safety" in making settlement with his customers, and he was disposed to be very generous at times, thereby gaining a reputation of fair treatment and high returns.

Continued on page 5

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J. W. RUTLEDGE,
M.M.V., V.S.
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary college, Toronto in 1898. Graduate and medalist of McKillip Veterinary college, Chicago, Ill. in 1900. Registered member of British Columbia association.
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Regular meetings on the third Thursday of every month.
Visiting brethren welcomed.
W. F. ATTRIDGE, W. M.
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Sojourning Companions are cordially invited.
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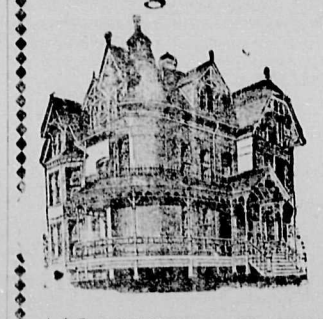

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Is a large and attractive hotel of superior elegance in all its appointments, with a cuisine of superior excellence. Railway men, Lumbermen and Miners all go to
The Wentworth
J. H. McDONALD Proprietor

Found!
On Baker street, one door west of Messrs. Hill & Co., the only place in town that can make life worth living.
Cosmopolitan Hotel
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PHONE 56
THE QUALITY STORE
Gold Standard Teas and Coffee
Our whole time is devoted to your wants in the Grocery line therefore we absolutely guarantee every article that leaves our store.
We will thank our customers to advise us if at any time goods are received that are not No. 1 quality.
CAMPBELL & MANNING
Staple and Fancy Grocers

NORTH STAR HOTEL
KIMBERLEY, B.C.
H. W. DREW, Proprietor.

Those who voted the reform ticket in the last municipal election should remember that one of the planks in their platform was a sewerage system at the earliest date possible. As both parties had declared themselves on this line, we fail to see why the by-law was defeated.

George Mead, formerly one of the proprietors of the Creston Hotel and who has purchased a hotel at Republic, Wash., accompanied by Mrs. Mead, left on Sunday last for Republic, where they will reside in the future.

$2.00 per year--To be sure of obtaining the whole of our Continued Story--

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THE PROSPECTOR IS REACHING EVERY HOME

in Cranbrook this month. Follow it up by sending in your subscription

If It's Paint and Painting

We are here with the Goods

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Your Husband Would Enjoy a Delicious Beefsteak for Dinner

HE has had a hard day, but his tired body and fagged brain will be cheered by the sight and taste of a nice cut of beefsteak, done to a turn and served up with some of those fresh onions. We know the cut which will suit him exactly, shall we send it?

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PLUMBER AND TINSMITH

Steam and Hot Water Engineering Expert

Skates Sharpened

Hollow Ground - 25 cents per pair

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All classes of Cutlery ground at Reasonable Charges

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

HANSON AVE. - - CRANBROOK

BACK OF THE OLD IMPERIAL BANK BUILDING

The Prospector.

ESTABLISHED 1895

A. B. GRACE, - Editor

Subscription - - $2.00 Per Year

Advertising rates made known on application.

On attempting to transfer his responsibilities to his foreman, the superintendent chose the wrong man. The former, while apparently entering into the spirit of the game, invited a friend, who was leasing on one of the mines, to ship his ore to this mill, at the same time informing him how the operations were carried on. The expose occurred, the superintendent was obliged to leave the camp secretly, and the owner was forced to suspend business. He tried *to make a scapegoat of the superintendent*, but the public was aware of the conditions, and although nothing could be proved against him, it was clear that he was guilty.

It is customary in sampling ores to have three sets of pulp samples prepared; one for the shipper, one for the mill or smelter, whichever is the purchaser, the third to be reserved in case a settlement can not be reached on the results of the other two samples. It is then sent to a disinterested assayer for "umpire assay." This result is final in some localities, while in others, where the ores are of a "spotty" character, special provisions are made between the purchaser and shipper, and the umpire assay is merely used as a guide in effecting the settlement.

Where a mine ships ore regularly, whether to sampling works or to the smelters direct, a representative should look after the marketing. Many assayers located in smelter towns perform these duties at nominal charges.

Mr. Bretherton's suggestion that miners of each district combine and employ a competent man to make contracts, etc., is a good one. It is usually the case that the miners do not know when and where to ask for concessions of the smelters, and frequently unfavorable terms are the the result. As a rule it is advisable to enter into a contract with the smelter for the sale of ores. A great many shippers are afraid to do this on account of ignorance of the smelting business, and this is where the competent representative comes in. A great many contracts contain clauses which to the layman appear insignificant, but when it comes to the sale of the property, for instance, it sometimes happens that the contract goes with the property, and if it is not favorable from the view of the prospective purchaser, *the sale falls through.*

It sometimes happens that the shipper is not satisfied with his contract and has asked the smelter to make a better rate. The smelter is like the railroads, it will try to get all it can within limits, and it puts it up to the shipper to designate where he wishes concessions made. Not being conversant with the smelting business he is unable to make reasonable demands. The smelters employ representatives when selling ore or other product to each other, so why should not the shipper take the same precautions?

FORTIFY PANAMA CANAL

Washington, Feb. 27.—After nearly five hours of debate the house of representatives shortly before ten o'clock last night voted overwhelmingly in favor of fortifying the Panama canal and appropriated $3,000,000 to begin the work, the total cost of which has been estimated at $12,000,000. This action practically settles the question of fortification for the sentiment in the senate is said to be more than two to one in favor of protecting the Isthmian waterway by sea coast batteries.

SIR ALPHONSE SERIOUSLY ILL

Atlantic City, N. J., Feb. 26.—Sir Alphonse Pelletier, governor of Quebec, is seriously ill at an hotel here. He came here about two weeks ago. He has been unable to leave his hotel for nearly a week. Captain Pelletier, a relative, is with him.

LETHBRIDGE ALDERMAN DEAD

Lethbridge, Feb. 26.—Andrew Tilley, alderman, and one of Lethbridges most prominent and popular citizens died today of blood poisoning. He was prominent in business, musical and Masonic circles. He was formerly of *Toronto and Stratford, Ont.*

VOTE OF CONFIDENCE IN ATTORNEY GENERAL

Vancouver, Feb. 26.—Attorney-General Bowser and the Vancouver members of the House have met the Conservative executive of the city and fully explained the government arrangements for refusing to consider the bill annexing South Vancouver to the city at this session, concerning which subject an energetic campaign is being waged here against Mr. Bowser here. After the attorney general had explained the facts of the case the executive unanimously passed a vote of confidence in him. Mr. Bowser said the premier would possibly make an announcement on the subject in the house on Monday.

Two mass meetings were held tonight in favor of the annexation question.

U. E. LOYALISTS OPPOSED

The United Loyalists' association of Toronto have adopted a strong resolution condemning reciprocity on the ground that a preferential tariff from Great Britain will soon be granted this country if Canada continues to stand by the empire as she has in the past.

FARM DAIRY COMPETITION

At a recent meeting of the B. C. Dairymen's Association the Directors decided to divide the Farm Dairy Competion which has already been in progress for one year, into two classes, in order that a number of our smaller dairymen in the Province may have a chance for competing for the cup, Medals, and honors and not to be compelled to compete against the larger dairies of the Province thus giving the small man an equal chance with the large one. In this matter the Directors are making arrangements for a cup, the name of which will be published later, but one which will be of equal importance to that of the larger trophy given by the Provincial Government. They are also giving three medals corresponding with those of the larger dairies.

The division of the competition into two lots is as follows: Those having five to fifteen cows milking, and the larger dairies those having over fifteen cows milking. This division should induce a larger number of our dairymen in the province to compete in this competition. All the expense that it requires is that they be members of the B. C. Dairymen's Association and hold themselves open for two inspections per year, by such judges as may be appointed by the Association.

For fuller particulars and entrance forms, apply to the Secretary of the of the B. C. Dairymen's Association, Victoria.

STANDS TO LOSE

Hon. Richard McBride, cables the "London Daily Espress" as follows: "I strongly object to the reciprocity agreement. There is no necessity for such nor any general demand for it in Canada. Reciprocity will suddenly dislocate Canada's present *trade and divert a great deal of* it to the advantage of the United States. This will have an effect on our trade with Britain, which is our best customer and at present absorbs the greater part of our exports.

"It will not tend advantageously towards the early solution of the problem of Imperial federation. Undoubtedly the United States was actuated by a desire to secure control of Canadian resources and at the same time secure a larger share of the Canadian market for her own manufactures.

"On the other hand, Canada's better plan is to trade as freely as possible with the Motherland and the other parts of the Empire to mutual advantage instead of tieing her hands with an outside country, which may at any time decide to end the agreement, with the result that Canada's trade will be again dislocated.

"The people of Canada should have been consulted before making any agreement. The Dominion Government has departed from the policy laid down by Conservative and Liberal governments to consult fully all interests before making extensive changes in the tariff."

WATER POWERS KEYNOTE OF RIVALRY WITH STATES

"Trade rivals, we and our neighbors to the south of us, must ever be in the highways and byways of this world, and our water-powers will be the keynote of that rivalry," declared Charles A. Magrath, M. P. for Lethbridge, Alta., addressing the Canadian club Monday on western water questions, at Montreal.

Introducing his remarks on irrigation in western Canada, Mr. Magrath said "In the west we are running mad, I believe, in the growing of wheat and our farmers are not distributing their energies as they should. The value of irrigated lands is that they make one crop farming impossible." The great menace of the west, the speaker, said was that with the population it would be called upon to carry in the future it was a question if there would be sufficient water for the domestic uses and the work of providing for it by scientific methods was not to be delayed.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

(In Probate)

IN THE MATTER of the estate of Archibald Leitch, late of the City of Cranbrook, Lumberman, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that all persons having any claims against the estate of the late Archibald Leitch who died on or about the 30th day of May, 1910, at Cranbrook, in the province of British Columbia, are *required to send to the undersigned* solicitor herein for Malcolm Leitch, executor under the will of the said Archibald Leitch, their names and addresses and full particulars in writing of their claims and statements of their accounts and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the 1st day of April, 1911, the said Malcolm Leitch will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall have had notice, and that the said Malcolm Leitch will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim he shall not then have received notice.

Dated at Cranbrook, B. C., the 25th day of January, 1911.

W. F. GURD,
Solicitor for the said Malco,m Leitch. 4-7

TAX NOTICE.

Fort Steele Assessment District.

NOTICE is hereby given, in accordance with Statutes, that Provincial Revenue Tax and Assessed Taxes, Income and School Tax, assessed and levied under the "Assessment Act" and amendments are due and payble on the 2nd day of January 1911.

All taxes collectable for the Fort Steele Assessment District are due nd payable at my office, situated at he Government Offices, Baker Street Cranbrook, B. C.

This notice in terms of law is equivalent to a personal demand by me upon all persons for taxes.

Dated at Cranbrook, B. C., this 18th day of January, 1911.

A. C. NELSON,
Deputy Assessor and Collector, Fort Steele Assessment District. Cranbrook Post Office.

NOTICE.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to, and including 31st, day of January, for the excavation of a tunnel under track at Mile 64.67 Crows Nest Subdivision.

Length 310 feet. Height 8 feet.

The Railway Company to supply all timber for the supporting of the same.

J. ROBERTSON,
Resident Engineer, Cranbrook, B. C.

CRANBROOK LAND DISTRICT
District of East Kootenay

Take notice that Edward Paterson, of Cranbrook, B. C., occupation merchant, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at a post planted 16.11 chains due west of the south-west corner of Lot 8744, Group 1, on the east edge of the right of way of the Spokane International Railway; thence east 16.11 chains to the south-west corner of said Lot 8744, Group 1; thence north along the west boundary of said lot, a distance of 40 chains to said edge of right of way; thence south-westerly along said east edge of right of way, a distance of 43.12 chains more or less, to point of commencement, containing 32. 22 acres, be the same more or less.

1-8 Edward Paterson.
Stewart Morris, Agent.
Dec. 16, 1910.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that 60 days after date, I intend to apply to the Hon. Chief Commissioner of Lands for License to prospect for coal and petroleum over the following lands, situate in the District of South East Kootenay, British Columbia, in Lot 4593.

Commencing at a post planted at or near three miles due east of the 34 Mile Post on the C.P.R. survey line, which is the western boundary of Lot 4593, and being the northeast corner post of Walter J. Abbs' claim, thence south 80 chains, thence west eighty chains, thence north 80 chains, thence east eighty chains to point of commencement, making 640 acres, more or less.

Located this 12th day of October, 1910.

Walter J. Abbs, Locator
Eathen W. Butts, Agent.
William E. Butts, Witness. 50-3

NOTICE.

(Transfer of Liquor Licence.)

Take Notice that an application will be made at the next sitting of the Board of Licence Commissioners of the City of Cranbrook to be held at the City Hall on the 8th day of March, 1911, for a transfer of liquor licence now held by me in respect of the Wentworth Hotel situate on Lots 12, 13, and 14 n Block 94, plan 669, Cranbrook, B. C., to John McTavish of the City of Cranbrook, Hotel Keeper.

Dated at Cranbook, B. C., this 2nd day of February, A. D. 1911.

John Hugh McDonald.

CITY OF CRANBROOK.

NOTICE is hereby given that on Tuesday, March 7th, 1911, the Court of Revision for the Municipality of the City of Cranbrook, B. C., will be held in the Council Chambers on the above date, at 10-30 a. m. (local time) for the purpose of revising the Assessment for the City of Cranbrook. Those making complaints against their Assessments are required to have their protests in the hands of the City Clerk (10) days previous to the first sitting of the Court of Revision.

Dated at Cranbrook, B. C., this 16th day of January, 1911.

T. M. ROBERTS,
4-5 C. M. C.

WATER NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V. of the "Water Act, 1909," to obtain a licence in the Cranbrook Water District.

(a) The name, address and occupation of the applicant; Chas. F. Soderling, 425 Realty Bldg, Spokane, Washington. (Real Estate Agent.)

(b) The name of the lake, stream or source. Elk river.

(c) The point of diversion. On slough about 1,000 feet up-stream from the Canadian Pacific depot, at old C. P. R. pumping station.

(d) *The quantity of water applied* for (in cubic feet per second) One hundred twenty five.

(e) The character of the proposed works. Irrigation, pumping plant, flumes and ditches to be constructed over Lots 7340, 7316, 7008 and 4590.

(f) The premises on which the water is to be used, Lots 6408, 6359, 6357, 6358, 6402, 6407, 6196, 1966, 6199, 6195, 4319, 6200, 1965, 4332, 6194, 6193, 319, 7655, 7219, 7220, Group 1 Kootenay district.

(g) The purpose for which the water is to be used. Irrigation.

(h) If for irrigation describe the land intended to be irrigated, giving acreage, about 8,000 acres, being said Lots 6408, 6359, 6357, 6358, 6402, 6407, 6196, 1966, 6199 6195, 4319, 6200, 1965, 4332, 6194, 6193, 319, 7655, 7219, and 7220.

(j) Area of Crown land intended to be occupied by the proposed works. None.

(k) This notice was posted on the ..... day of December, 1910, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 20th day of January, 1911, at two o'clock in the afternoon.

(l) Give the names and addresses of any riparian proprietors or licensees who or whose lands are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet. Frederick S. Selwood, of Calgary; Regina Mott, of Wheat Centre, Alberta; John Mott, of Wheat Centre, Alberta; and the British Columbia Southern Railway.

CHAS. S. SODERLING.
Spokane, Wash.
425 Realty Building.

NOTICE.

APPLICATION FOR A TRANSFER OF RETAIL LIQUOR LICENCE.

TAKE NOTICE that at the next sittings of the Board of Licensing Commissioners of the City of Cranbrook to be holden of the 8th day of March, 1911, I, Gust Andeen, of the City of Cranbrook intend to apply for the transfer of the retail liquor license held in respect to the Queens Hotel situate on Lots 19, 20 and 21, in Block 88, to Lina Andeen of the City of Cranbrook, Married woman.

Dated at Cranbrook, B. C., this 17th day of December, A. D. 1910.

52-4 Gust Andeen.

NOTICE.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to, and including 31st day of January for the erection of timber trestle, including ends and Central Tower, over South Fork of Old Man River, at Mileage 65.6 Crows Nest Subdivision.

Maximum height 137 feet, length 650 feet.

The Railway Company to furnish all material.

Plans and form of tender on fyle at the following offices:

Assistant Chief Engineer, Winnipeg.
Division Engineer, Vancouver, Calgary and Moose Jaw.
Resident Engineer, Cranbrook.

N. E. BROOKS,
Divisional Engineer C. P. R. Calgary.

IN THE MATTER OF THE CREDITORS' TRUST DEEDS ACT 1900, AND AMENDMENTS.

AND IN THE MATTER OF FERGUSON AND TROWSE INSOLVENT

NOTICE IS GIVEN that the above Insolvents of Cranbrook, British Columbia, carrying on business as Dyers and Cleaners, at Cranbrook, have made an assignment of their Estate to Nathaniel I. Harrison, of Cranbrook, Accountant, for the general benefit of their creditors under the said Creditor's Trust Deeds Act.

A meeting of the Creditors will be held at the Law Office of the undersigned at Cranbrook, on the 10th day of February, 1911, at Four o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of receiving a statement of the Insolvent's affairs, for the appointment of Inspectors and the giving of directions with reference to the disposal of the Estate; all persons claiming to be entitled to rank on the Estate must file their claims verified by Declaration with the undersigned Solicitors for the Assignee on or before the 1st day of March, 1911, after which date the Assignee will proceed to distribute the assets thereof having regard to those claims only of which notice shall then have been received, and that the said Assignee will not be liable for the assets or any part thereof to any person of whose claim notice has not then been received.

Dated at Cranbrook, this 24th day of January, A. D. 1911.

N. I. Harrison, Assignee,
of Cranbrook. by
Harvey, McCarter & Macdonald,
His Solicitors,
Cranbrook, B. C.

WATER NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made under Part V. of the "Water Act, 1909," to obtain a license in the Cranbrook Water District.

(a) The name, address, and occupation of the applicant. B. C. Hydraulic Power Company, Limited, Head office, Vancouver, B. C. Capital $10,000 divided up into 1000 shares.

The objects of the company include: The acquisition by purchase or record or otherwise of water and water power, and of recorded or unrecorded water and the application of such water and water power for producing and generating electricity and for the purpose and in the manner and methods set forth in section 136 of the Water Act, 1909 and generally to exercise and carry out all the powers and privileges conferred upon Power Companies by said Water Act, 1909.

(b) The name of the lake, stream or source, Elk River.

(c) The point of diversion 8700 feet about, above post on west bank marked S. E. 227 K.V. L. Co., the natural level of water being raised from there to point 5700 feet up stream.

(d) The quantity of water applied for (in cubic feet per second) 500 cubic feet per second.

(e) The character of the proposed works, dams, pipes, flumes, tunnels power houses, hydraulic and electrical plant.

The water to be used for the purpose of the Company's undertaking.

(g) The purpose for which the water is to be used, generation of electrical energy.

(i) If the water is to be used for power or mining purposes, describe the place where the water is to be returned to some natural channel, and the difference in altitude between point of diversion and point of return. Water will be returned about 1700 feet above the south east corner of Lot 227, Group 1, difference in altitude between point of diversion and return 180 feet, natural, 200 feet from crest of dam to tail race.

(j) Area of Crown land intended to be occupied by the proposed works, None.

(k) This notice was posted on the 21st day of October, 1910, and application will be made to the Commissioner on the 26th day of December, 1910.

(l) Give the names, and addresses of any riparian proprietors or licensees who or whose lands are likely to be affected by the proposed works, either above or below the outlet. Kootenay Valley Land Company, Nelson, B. C. G. B. Watson, Fort Steele, B. C.; George Hoggarth, Cranbrook, B. C.; William R. Ross, Fernie, B. C.; Rosabel Goodwyn and Harriet Nelson.

B. C. Hydraulic Power Company, Limited.
Winch Building
Vancouver, B. C.
P. O. Address, Cranbrook, B. C.
Per W. F. GURD, its Solicitor,

Note—One cubic foot per second is equivalent to 35.71 miner's inches.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that 80 days Chief Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum over the following lands, situate in the District of Southeast Kootenay, British Columbia, in Lot 4593:

Commencing at a post planted at or near 5 miles due east of the 33 mile post on the C. P. R survey line which is the western boundary of Lot 4593, and being the N. E. corner post of Daniel E. Higgens claim, thence south eighty (80) chains; thence west eighty (80) chains; thence north eighty (80) chains; thence east eighty (80) chains to the point of commencement, making 640 acres, more or less.

DANIEL E. HIGGENS, Locator.
Eathen W. Butts, Agent.
William E. Butts, Witness.
Located this 1st Day of September 1910

You Subscribe for "Prospector"

THE PEOPLE'S PULPIT

Sermon by
CHARLES T. RUSSELL
Pastor Brooklyn Tabernacle

AN OLD FASHIONED REVIVAL WANTED IN WALL STREET

Wall Street Journal's Appeal Viewed by Pastor Russell.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 19.—Pastor Russell of Brooklyn Tabernacle gave two interesting discourses here to-day to large and appreciative audiences. We report one of these from the text, "Righteousness Exalteth a Nation, But Sin is a Reproach to any People" (Proverbs xiv, 34). The speaker said:

Many besides myself surely were astonished to read the following extract from the Wall Street Journal, under the caption, "What America Needs":

"What America needs more than railway extension and western irrigation, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind father and mother used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayers before breakfast, right in the middle of harvest; that quit field work a half hour earlier Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer-meeting. That's what we need now to clean the country of filth, of graft, and of greed, petty and big, of worship of fine houses and big lands, and high office and grand social functions."

This reached the eye of Bishop Candler, whose comment is so appropriate that I cannot do better than quote it here:—

"This editor is right in calling us back to more earnest forms of life than all these things involved. He wants religion in the home; he calls for lives of prayer; he insists that we need the most earnest type of religion to save the country from moral wreck. And he is right. But can we get that sort of religion under the spur of the motive to which he appeals? Hardly.

"We cannot get a revival of religion by seeking a revival of religion. Nowhere in God's Word are men admonished to seek religion or to seek a revival of religion. They are always urged to seek God. All the revivals of religion which have blessed the world in the history of the past have come when men have undertaken to seek God. None have ever come otherwise. We cannot deify even a revival of religion. God must be the supreme object of our love and desire.

"Herein is our trouble—we have lost God. Men called preachers have explained away the Word of God, making it no longer a sure word of prophecy, but an antique for the critics to analyze and discuss. The moral law has been lowered. The ten commandments have been reckoned as a piece of Mosaic plagiarism applicable to the moral needs of ancient nomads in the wilderness, but have no more than a qualified bearing on the life of today. The Sermon on the Mount has been treated as 'An iridescent dream.'

"The Lordship of Jesus Christ has been denied, while treacherous compliments have been poured out upon his name, as that of a great teacher and a noble martyr. His teachings have been defied or set aside wherever they have stood in the way of a rampant worldliness or an insurgent rationalism. The outcome of it all is that multiplied thousands have lost all knowledge of God in their souls. To all intents and purposes God is dead to them. They take no account of His will in any of their plans and doings, but live as if there were no God. They are atheists without taking the trouble to declare formally the atheism which they have inwardly accepted.

"The people must now be called to seek God. He is a real, living Person, and He will be found of those who sincerely seek Him. But He must be sought as the supreme need of the lives of men. He must be sought for His own sake. He will not be found of men who seek Him simply to remedy a bad commercial situation, or to cure social and political ills. He will not consent to be used as a sort of celestial and omniscient chief-of-police to help us suppress grafting and stealing and licentiousness.

"It is quite true that if all the people turned to God they would be turned away from every evil thing. But they will never turn to God until they feel that the worst disaster in life is that one should fail to know our Heavenly Father. They must be made to feel the sorrowfulness of the orphanage of the soul until, like the prodigal of the parable, they begin to say each within himself, 'I will arise and go to my Father.'

"We have had already too great a disposition to try to use God for all sorts of social ameliorations, moral reforms, and political renovations. It is time now we sought Him for Himself alone. It is time we began to cry with the Psalmist, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.' Then indeed we shall find Him, when our hearts pant for Him, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks."

The words of the Wall Street Journal respecting the need of the old-time religion are along proper lines. The Bishop sees clearly what I also have so frequently pointed out, namely, that the so-called New Theology, Higher Criticism and Evolution theory have so undermined faith that it would be folly to look for a return of the pious earnestness of the past, which was built upon a living faith, even though it was not the pure faith "once delivered unto the saints" (Jude 3).

We do not admit that non-to-day are pious; that none are what St. Paul styled "sanctified in Christ Jesus" (I. Corinthians i, 2). We claim that there are as honest, as upright, as loyal children of God to-day as ever lived in the world. But they are few. The vast majority, under the false teaching mentioned by the Bishop, have utterly lost the "faith once delivered to the saints." The great majority of professed Christians are drifting. Long ago they gave up the creeds of the "dark ages," and, believing that the Bible taught the same things as the creeds, it also is being abandoned as too absurd for present-day intelligence. Higher Criticism (another name for infidelity and opposition to the Bible), Evolution, Christian Science, Theosophy and Atheism have swallowed up the majority of the intellectuals of the Churches, and the mediocre masses are rapidly following them into the outer darkness of unbelief and godlessness.

It is impossible for an honest man who has lost his faith in God, and in the Bible as the Word of God, to take a real heart-interest in prayer-meetings, in Bible study and in attempted holy living. He finds nothing substantial for his faith to rest upon. He scorns to be a hypocrite. Hence the old-time religious life is not to be generally expected.

Modern revival methods (slangy talk, clownish actions and a pretense that rising to one's feet in a public assembly means Christian reformation and spirit-begetting) is too foolish for thinking people of the class represented by the Editor of the Wall Street Journal. It is not for us to say that absolutely nothing is accomplished, and that all fall away who, under excitement, stand up to be prayed for, or to indicate that they prefer to spend eternity in bliss rather than in torture. We do, however, mean to say that such persons are bewildered, if no worse, and a year after, we fear, are as bad or worse than the year before. This is because they are not really converted — because they have no real foundation for faith given them, and have no faith to put upon such a foundation. They are not even what St. Paul styles "Babes in Christ" (I. Corinthians iii, 1), for only the spirit-begotten belong to that class.

The revival really needed should not be looked for nor expected amongst worldly people. They have nothing of Christianity to revive. It should begin with Christians who have not yet lost all their faith in God and in the Bible. These should become awakened to the fact that spirituality and faith are at a low ebb. Their prayers should ascend to God, and their Bibles should be studied as never before. They should make use of present day helps in their Bible study and become fervent and revivified of spirit through a better understanding of the Scriptures. They must see that the Bible was not properly represented in the creeds of the past; that it is in direct opposition to many of the doctrines of the past which have justly become repulsive to intelligent minds.

When once they get the proper focus on God's Word, one passage illuminating another, their faith in God and in the Bible will become a living one, a moving one, and, with this spirit, faith and works will come—Christian zeal, fervency of spirit in the service of the Lord. With these in turn will come activities in helping one another, activities in family worship, in Bible classes, in prayer and testimony meetings, etc. Then, as the Master said, they will let their light shine and the worldly will see and be influenced by these living epistles, known and read of all (II. Corinthians iii, 2).

It is useless for any to attempt to believe, or to attempt to teach others that God is great, and just, and loving, while at the same time teaching that He prepared, before the foundation of the world, an immense torture chamber in which thousands of millions would be forced to spend eternity. How our forefathers could believe this and yet believe somehow or other that God is Love we do not understand. It was their faith in God's Love, and not their faith in eternal torment, which constituted the power of God working in them for good and which offset the errors of their creeds to a large degree. But no one of to-day who is at all awake can any longer think of worshipping a God inferior to himself. A God unjust and unloving, or unkind and powerless, can no longer be worshipped in spirit and in Truth.

What the world needs, and what first of all the Church needs, is to get doctrinally straight in respect to the Almighty's character, and in respect to His purposes for His human creatures. As soon as that condition of mind shall have been reached there will be no need to pray or ask for revivals of religion—they will follow irresistibly.

But what do we see opposing any such desirable denouement? We see two hundred thousand Protestant ministers and Sunday School superintendents working against such desirable results. We see about two-thirds of them advocating Higher Criticism-Infidelity and one-third of them striving to hold the people in ignorance respecting the teachings of the Bible concerning man's future—seeking, by inference at least, to uphold the atrocious doctrines of devils foisted upon God's people by the great Adversary during the "dark ages." It is a sad picture. Has it no silver lining?

There are still a saintly few in the world who are not bowing their knee to Baal, not worshipping the golden calf of mammon, not wandering, not seeking to prove that they are descendants of monkeys, not seeking to figure God out of creation and to say that nature is God. In this time, when others are going into outer darkness, these children of God, feeding upon His Word, are being blessed and refreshed in spirit as never before. To them God's Word is shining more brightly as the days go by; the rough places are becoming smooth and the dark places clear. To them the glory of the Divine character is being revealed. The secret of the Lord is with them. He is showing them His Covenant and making them to understand many of the deep things of His Word, which the natural eye has not seen nor the natural ear heard, neither have these things entered into the heart of the natural man — things which he hath in reservation for them that love Him.

These are now seeing that the Kingdom for which He taught us to pray is not a myth; these are seeing that it did not come at Pentecost, nor when Papacy was established, nor with the establishment of any of the sects of Christendom. Consequently they are now praying from the heart, "Thy Kingdom come," and waiting for the glorious Messiah, promised to begin His great work of blessing natural Israel and through Israel all the families of the earth (Acts xv, 14-17; Acts iii, 19-23).

These see that the Kingdom of God's dear Son is to be one of "power and great glory"; that before it, in a time of trouble, every other religion and influence will crumble to dust; that Satan shall be bound, and for a thousand years the most blessed influences favorable to righteousness will be brought to bear upon mankind.

During the "dark ages" the fact that the Church is a specially called, chosen, faithful class (and only "a little flock"), was seen and preached to some extent. But this lofty Church standard was difficult of application to the world, and the world's hope, under a different standard, was not seen. It clarifies our minds greatly when we recognize that the elect few are intended by God to be the world's instructors and helpers by and by, when the world will be granted an opportunity of rescue from sin and death—not to heavenly conditions, but to earthly Restitution of all that was lost by Adam's transgressions and Redeemed by the Great Sacrifice of Calvary (John iii, 16; Isaiah xxxv).

After learning that the hell to which the world goes in death is the grave, and that it is an unconscious condition, a "sleep," the next lesson is the resurrection of the dead—"Many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, • • • some to shame and lasting contempt" (Daniel xii, 2). Mankind fall asleep with experiences only with unrighteousness and very indistinct glimpses of holiness and saintship. When awakened they will recognize the glory, honor and immortality of the saintly Bride of Christ and be recipients of her loving care and blessing, in proportion as they respond to the blessed privileges of that time. As the Restitution work will progress, and they obediently rise from their degradation, their shame and contempt will gradually disappear, and eventually perfection of human nature may be attained in an earth also attaining perfection, as the Garden of the Lord.

Intelligent people no longer believe the God-dishonoring doctrine of eternal torture, nor even the doctrine of purgatorial suffering. Having lost these, they are doubting every religious teaching. What they need to see is the Bible's presentations. They should see the "high calling" now extended to the faithful, saintly few and should sit down and count the cost before undertaking so great a contract as to become members of that Royal Priesthood.

If they do not accept this, the only call now extended, they should have in mind that there is a general Law of Retribution operating expressed in the terms, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." They should understand clearly that every thought and word and act of theirs will have to do with their future conduct and affect them more or less favorably in the resurrection, when Messiah's Kingdom will provide to every man a full, gracious opportunity of Restitution to human perfection in a world-wide Eden.

To the Kingdom of Messiah belongs the promise, "Righteousness exalted a nation. His will be a reign of righteousness, and, by Divine direction, will have control of the whole world for the uplifting of all mankind Redeemed by the precious blood of Calvary. At present in every kingdom under heaven we see exemplified the latter part of our text, "Sin is a disgrace to any people"—to the whole world. Let us accept the direction of God's Word and set our faces toward righteousness with greater zeal than ever—to attain Divine favor, either by the "high calling" of this present time or by the blessed Restitution times soon to be ushered in (Acts iii, 19-23).

HOW OLIVER STARTED.

The Edmonton Bulletin Was the Outgrowth of a Telegrapher's Idea.

The story of how Hon. Frank Oliver (then plain Frank Oliver) happened to bring into existence The Edmonton Bulletin, the first newspaper published in Alberta, was told at a re-union of old time telegraphers held in Edmonton the other day.

Alex. Taylor, the dean of Western telegraphers, was associated with Mr. Oliver in the venture and told the story for the benefit of other old-timer who were present at the gathering, held in Mr. Taylor's house.

Mr. Taylor was holding down the Edmonton end of a wire which was connected with Winnipeg, and had an office in the old Hudson Bay Co. trading fort, which is now the oldest building in town and owned by the Provincial Government. He had been the means of having the line extended to Edmonton and had sent and received the first telegraph message sent or received there. This was in 1879.

Every day, Mr. Taylor took over the wire from Winnipeg from 800 to 1,000 words of general news, and posted a copy on the door of the old fort, for the benefit of the few settlers. Four other copies he distributed among the four most prominent men of the place.

Frank Oliver then kept a store in the little settlement, and as he had been a printer in his earlier days, one day Taylor suggested to the trader that he get some type and a little press and start a news sheet. Mr. Oliver agreed, and when the following summer, he made his annual trip to Winnipeg in an ox cart, he brought back with him a case of type and a small hand-press. It is said that The Bulletin was started on a capital of $22.50.

Mr. Oliver found, when he got home, that he had neglected to get any large type for a heading. Mr. Taylor was resourceful, so out of a piece of wood he carved the heading "The Bulletin." The wood had a tendency to warp, and finally it had to be cut into three pieces. One day the pieces got mixed, and the paper came out under the heading "The tin Bulle."

The paper was supported, and as the town grew it made steady progress. It has grown now into a modern daily, with morning and evening editions.

A Dark Secret.

Will the engagement be broken? The question is being asked by those who witnessed the incident.

It was at the Bonaventure Station, Montreal. The young man had carried the young lady's grip to her section in the Pullman, and had deposited beside it a suspicious looking box. Then he stood talking on the station platform near the door of the car. The couple apparently had much that they wished to say, but little that they could utter.

"All aboard," cried the conductor.

The young man's feelings seemed to overcome him. He turned away as he held out his hand. Then the girl tittered, and he turned to see that he held not hers, but the itching palm of the colored porter.

She Mistook Him.

W. C. Wilkinson, who for thirty six years has been secretary of Toronto's Board of Education, prides himself on his youthful spirit and on his activeness in getting about, in spite of the fact that it was not yesterday that his hair turned grey. So, it's with an appreciation of the incident being at his expense that he tells of what happened to him in Ireland a couple of years ago.

Mr. Wilkinson was one of a party of about sixty on a trip through the Old Land. In a hotel at which they stayed in Killarney, the maid said to him one morning, "And how did your good wife sleep last night?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"You don't know?" said the maid, "My wife is about three thousand miles away," said Mr. Wilkinson.

The maid looked at him from head to foot and then said, "Oh, I beg your pardon. I took you for another little ould mahn."

Homesteader at 102.

That it is never too late to work has been proved by Mr. Louis Carpenter, aged 102 years, who has applied to the Saskatoon land office for a homestead. Mr. Carpenter is strong, vigorous and active, and he is anxious to procure a pre-emption in addition.—London Standard.

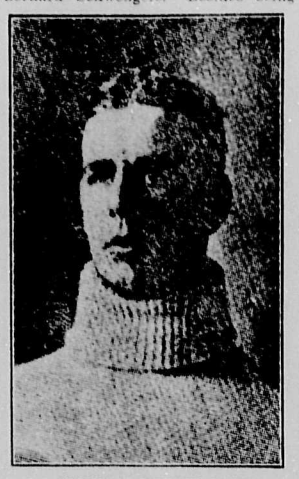
THE COMING CHAMPION

B. SCHWENGERS OF VICTORIA IS GREAT TENNIS PLAYER.

Young Man Who Has Won Everything In Sight on the Canadian Pacific Coast, Is Now Looking East and May Wrest the Laurels From Capt. Foulkes of Ottawa Before Very Long.

Capt. Foulkes of Ottawa is the Canadian Tennis Champion. For two or three years he has been practically unbeatable, and his match with Baird played in Toronto last season was one of the greatest ever seen in Canada. In the autumn he went West to Victoria, B.C., where he formerly lived.

The star of the west is a citizen of the capital city, by the name of Mr. Bernard Schwengers. Besides being



BERNARD SCHWENGERS.

ranked as a citizen of Victoria he holds the title of being the Northwest Pacific Tennis Champion, having defeated all aspirants for that title during the last three years. So they decided that here was their chance. Accordingly they arranged for a match on a Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago, between the two giants, just to see what they could do. It was to have been a five set match, but after the first three sets were concluded it was found that it was not necessary to play the five. Schwengers won the first three, with the score of 6-2, 6-3, 6-1.

Everyone who witnessed the game admired the spirit of sportsmanship which inspired Capt. Foulkes after he had finished his season and was considered the undisputed Canadian champion, to take on Schwengers in a post-season match.

It means now that next season when the Northwets Pacific Coast champion commences to throw his challenges broadcast he will include the captain in his repertoire. And just now it is beginning to look as if the championship laurels of Canadian tennis might be planted on the shores of the Pacific and take firm root by this time next year.

It is bound to come. Schwengers is young. Everything on the coast is his. He must seek new fields—in the east.

A Titled Fruit-Seller.

Amongst other things, the Earl of Harrington, who recently celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday, has proved himself a very keen gardener, and not only grows excellent fruit, but till recently sold it at a shop at Charing Cross for the benefit of his tenants. His lordship is one of the most picturesque personalities in the world of sport and still indulges in much hunting and yachting. He is most famous, however, as a polo-player. He was the first president and one of the original founders of the Polo-Pony Society, rendering not only good service to the game, but also to the improvement of the riding pony, for he breeds nearly all his own hunters and polo ponies. He was responsible for the compilation of the Polo-Pony Stud Book.

How to Stop Swearing.

When Sir Richard Hawkins' ship, the Dainty, was off the Guinea coast it caught fire and had a narrow escape from destruction. The sequel, as told by John Barnett in "Fighting Admirals," was curious: "The men thanked God for their deliverance and as a mark of gratitude took occasion to banish swearing from the little fleet. By general consent it was ordained that a palmer, or ferrule, should be carried by any one who was 'taken with an oath' and that he should give the next who swore a stroke with it. At the end of the day he who had the ferrule received three strokes from the captain or the master. Within three days there was no more swearing aboard the ships."

A Million an Hour.

The Government printers who have secured the official contract for the supply of postage stamps for 1911 and onwards have built a new factory for the purpose near London, where they are already turning out stamps at the rate of a million an hour. As they calculate 5,000 working hours to the year, the total number of stamps printed per annum will be 5,000 millions. The stamps are printed on sheets of 240, which sheets in their plain form are worth a penny; when they leave the factory their value is £1.

His Favorite Phrase.

Once, when they were talking literature, Mrs. Isabel Strong said to Robert Louis Stevenson, "At least you have no mannerisms." Whereupon Stevenson took a copy of his own "Merry Men," which she was reading, out of her hands and read, "It was a wonderful clear night of stars." "Oh," he said, "how many, many times I have written 'a wonderful clear night of stars.'"

Find His Other Self

"Look here, old fellow, where is that $10 you borrowed from me last month?"

"What $10?"

"Why, didn't you come to me and say you must have $10? Didn't you say you were so worried you weren't yourself that night?"

"Oh, well, if I wasn't myself, why in the deuce should I be expected to pay it?"—Newark Star.

If one needs a door stop and there is not one at hand, a large spool nailed in position will answer every purpose.

THE REAL WILDS.

British Columbia Mountains Are Genuine Primeval Nature.

The wonderful upper valley of the Fraser River in British Columbia is graphically described by Frederick A. Talbot in The World's Work. We quote sections of this well-told story of "Life on the Trail in the Rockies."

The Fraser River was picked up at the point where its headwaters are swelled by the outfall from Yellowhead Lake, and thence onward it was our companion for over four hundred miles. This, the second largest river in British Columbia, has an evil reputation from source to estuary, with its narrow canyons through which the water thunders like a mill-race, and which either completely defy navigation, or render it extremely hazardous. It was already boiling and bubbling, tumultuously when we struck it, as it writhed and twisted its torturous way through the narrow valley hemmed in by two parallel towering mountain ridges. After crossing the Pass the land falls gently to the western end of Yellowhead Lake, but from that point it drops very sharply for a considerable distance, and it is this declivity which causes the Fraser to rush along so viciously. It swerves round hairpin corners with fierce velocity, the rapids are treacherous, while the whirlpools and eddies are like boiling pots.

And the trail is every whit as bad as the waterway.

You look ahead and it is like peering through a narrow wedge-shaped fissure or passage. It is just the same when you look behind. On either hand rises the eternally snow-capped serrated ridge to a height of 7,000 feet or so. The river simply threads its way through a deep cleft driven into the mountain range. The flanks of these sombre walls have been swept extensively time and again by fire, and in their gaunt nakedness exercise a most depressing effect, even under the most congenial atmospheric conditions. The only time when they do assume an individual beauty is at eventide, when the slanting rays of the setting sun strike rock, forest, and snow, producing those remarkable sunset effects and strange blazes of color for which the Rockies are so famous, and which change with startling suddenness every minute, until the sun has dipped below the ridge. Not a sound is heard beyond the tumbling of the river, or the dull reverberating thud, thud, and roll of a landslide or avalanche. Even the birds, and they are few and far between, are mute, save perhaps now and again when you hear the hollow mocking croak of the raven, or the eerie screech of an eagle.

Here and there the fissure-valley opens out to a width of a mile or so, and then the river spreads out, forming a lake. Moose Lake for instance, is really an expansion of the riverbed over a length of about ten miles. It is a pretty stretch of water with the densely forested mountain slopes on the southern bank, which have not yet been ravaged by fire, stretching down unbrokenly from the timberline to the water's edge. At places the prevailing expanse of green is torn by an ugly jagged wound, the result of a shiver on the mountain which let loose a few thousand tons of rock, and sent them, sweeping everything before them, hurtling into the lake below. This is one of the freaks of nature which occasion the railway engineer considerable anxiety, and he will exercise no end of ingenuity in avoiding such capricious outbursts.

Taken on the whole, this stretch of country offers but little attraction to agriculture in any form. The dense woodlands will attract the lumberjack, for there are some excellent stretches of big timber. Mining may also develop upon an extensive scale, but investigations have not yet betrayed many indications of mineral wealth. In this direction, however, it is but fair to state that the country has only been indifferently scratched by unscientific prospectors who have not wandered far from the trail. No one can say what exists among the mountains on either side, and no one will have the pluck to penetrate their fastnesses until the iron road communication is in close proximity.

The fact is that the country is too broken to permit of extensive invasion. The trail exists more in fancy than in the concrete. For a decade or more it has been a forgotten pathway, and has become littered with the huge trunks of many a timber giant, who has come to an untimely end through fire, and has reeled or collapsed across the badly distinguishable path. Then again, the trail wanders up and down in an apparently aimless manner. Now you are crawling cautiously along the side of a high ridge. The highway is no more than a narrow ledge, which falls down abruptly for a hundred or two feet. If your horse slips, or makes a false step, you can confidently expect a meteoric flight. You have to exercise constant vigilance so as to be able to cast off from your ship of the bush at an instant's notice. The safest plan is to walk.

History at Toronto.

Again it has been demonstrated that Toronto lacks the proper historical sense. In Toronto, at the Normal School, there is a mueum full of tomahawks, skulls of red men, and other curios, sometimes gazed at by country folks at exhibition time. Among other relics of the past, for many years there has been a block of stone. This stone is distinguished from other good Ontario rock by a hole cut right through it. The old "plighting stone" of Lairg, Scotland—that is how this stone has been described to sightseers. They have been informed that it is probably of Druidical origin. Undoubtedly, the hole proves that—the ancient custom of the Druids being to plight troth by clasping hands through this hole. Mr. Hugh Nichol, of Stratford, it was who presented this interesting stone to the museum. He bought it from a Scotchman. It has been disclosed that the stone is not of "Druidish origin." It is an ordinary meal-grinding stone. And they say a Scotchman has no sense of humor—surely not when his porridge is in sight.

"You say you were in a saloon at the time the alleged assault took place?" a lawyer inquired of a witness at the central station the other day.

"Yes, sir, I was," the witness admitted.

"H'm," the lawyer pursued, "that is interesting. And did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?"

"I don't know what he called it, sir," came the reply, with perfect ease, "but I took what the rest did."

"Are you an experienced aviator?"

"Well, sir, I have been at it six weeks and I am all here."—Life.

WROTE IT HIMSELF.

Earl Grey Was Doubtful About the Ethics of It However.

When Earl Grey, the Governor-General, was a youth, one of his boyhood friendships was with Henry Smith, who afterwards became Lieut.-Col. Sir Henry Smith, K.C.B., a commissioner of the London police. In a book of memoirs which Sir Henry has just published, he tells of his early friendship with Earl Grey, and how on one occasion he galloped over from Dotford to Howich to show him his testimonials.

"I say, my dear fellow," Grey remarked on coming to rather an elaborate one, "this is the best testimonial I ever read in my life."

"I am very pleased, indeed," I replied, "to hear your opinion of it, for I wrote it myself."

"What's that you are saying? What do you mean?"

"This is what I mean," I answered. "If a man has not intellect enough to write a testimonial in his own favor and energy enough to stand over a friend till he signs it, he's not fit for the position he aspired to."

"By Jupiter!" said Grey, with a laugh, "there's little doubt you're right."

Starting so well, there is small cause for surprise in the fact that young Smith made his way in the world. He is said to enjoy the distinction of being the only man whom Queen Victoria made a Knight Commander of the Bath without taking into her confidence either the Premier or the Home Secretary. However, he could scarcely have secured that honor as he did Earl Grey's glowing testimonial.

Sir Henry tells many stories of famous criminals. One deals with a certain Jimmy Smith, who narrowly escaped hanging. Shortly after this Sergt. Rolf met Jimmy at Wood Green races, and asked him to have a drink. As they were enjoying a chat over their glass of gin and water they were joined by a third man, whom the police sergeant introduced as "a friend of mine." Presently this third man finished his drink and left.

"Who's that?" inquired Jimmy. "He seems a nice sort of chap."

"Oh, he's decent enough," replied Rolf. "That's Berry, the hangman."

Jimmy's feelings were sorely hurt, and in very forcible language he intimated that had he known the profession of the gentleman to whom he had been introduced, he would have declined to partake of refreshment in his company.

The author mentions that in connection with a certain famous burglary, a curious fact came out. The gift of "writing automatically" was possessed by Lady Mabel Howard, of Greystoke, Westmorland, and she was asked by her friends to endeavor to discover Lady Graham's lost jewels. She wrote automatically, "In the river, under the bridge at Tebay," which was exactly the place where the burglars had thrown them.

Among Sir Henry's reminiscences as recorded in the book, the day of Mafeking more than holds its own. "An American," he writes, "who knew New York and its crowds, told me he had never seen anything approaching to what he witnessed that day. Thieves and pickpockets in the centre of the crowd were cheering for Baden-Powell, French, Kitchener, and Roberts; knocking people's hats over their eyes, and shaking hands effusively while they were stripping them literally of everything they possessed, the Lord Mayor and his guests looking down from the balcony, charmed with the enthusiasm and loyalty of Her Majesty's subjects."

Big Man and the Boys.

Dr. Beattie Nesbitt, who has been so much in the papers in connection with the Farmers' Bank trouble, had the faculty of making himself extremely popular with the energetic workers who play such a big part in the winning of elections.

A scene that illustrates this to perfection was witnessed some years ago in the doctor's committee rooms on Yonge street, Toronto, on an election night which found him the choice of the electors. The large main room was filled with men — chiefly young fellows—who had willingly slaved to obtain their chief's election. As each man bringing glad tidings from various subdivisions arrived he was greeted personally and warmly by the doctor.

Best of all illustrating the big man's hold on "the boys," was a short, young man who walked proudly up to his chief and received a great handshake and "Good boy!" when he had said with a glow of pleasure and a proud ring in his voice, "We made a turn-over of a dozen votes for you in our division to-day, doctor." The incident reminded one of the poet's description of the meeting of Napoleon and the drummer boy at Ratisbon.

When Creelman Came Back.

At a dinner of the Canadian Club at Guelph not long ago the speaker for the occasion was Sir George C. Gibbons, K.C., of London, the new Canadian knight of the International Waterways Commission. The genial George C. Creelman, president of the Ontario Agricultural College, presided over the function. As president and guest ate and chatted together Sir George C. Gibbons noted that each of them signed his name "George C."

"I'll bet you two dollars," said the London K.C., "that you can't guess what the initial C. stands for in my name."

The other George C. took the bet and began to guess all the C's he could think of from Charles to Charlemagne. Finally he gave it up.

"Christie," quoth the Waterways knight, as he pocketed the two dollars. "C-h-r-i-s-t-i-e," he spelled.

"I'll bet you two dollars that you don't guess what C. stands for in my name," said President Creelman.

Sir George tried, but had to give it up.

"Christie," said the president, with a grin. "C-h-r-i-s-t-i-e," he spelled as he pocketed the two dollars.

Profitable Chickens.

In twelve months, S. E. Eakins, Millbrook, got from ten White Wyandotte pullets 1,558 eggs, which he sold for a little over $45.

Economy

A New England mother had come upon her eight-year-old son enjoying a feast whereof the components were jam, butter and bread.

"Son," said the mother, "don't you think it a bit extravagant to eat butter with that fine jam?"

"No, ma'am," was the response. "It's economical; the same piece of bread does for both."—Lippincott's.

The difference between marriage and divorce is people know they were fooled the first time, but while they will be the second time they don't even suspect it yet.

ART OF THE PIONEERS

CANADA'S EARLY ARTISTS DID NO MEAN WORK.

Recent Exhibition of the Canvases of Paul Kane, Paul Peel, Cornelius Kreighoff, Otto Jacobi and Others, Proves a Revelation to Modern Painters—Love of Art Has Shown Remarkable Growth.

Canadian art has succeeded in presenting itself mainly as a rather dry subject for discussion. There are a good many people who argue that Canada has never done enough in the way of picture-making to be worth while talking about. This may be due to the fact that for a good many years, and until the beginning of this century at least, most exhibitions in Canada were particularly dull affairs. There has been a very marked improvement during the past few years. As was said by Sir Edmund Walker, a few months ago, there are more Canadian painters to-day under thirty-five years of age, doing work fit to be exhibited at the Royal Academy, than all the painters that lived in Canada forty or fifty years ago.

Nevertheless, from fifty years ago up till the end of the nineteenth century, there were in Canada at least eight or ten painters, whose work is somewhat startling when gathered into one collection, as has been done recently at the Art Museum in Toronto. In that collection of hundreds of pictures there was not one by any painter now living. The works were collected from scores of private owners in Canada; from men who years ago began to take an interest in purely Canadian pictures—some of them during the lifetime of the painter, which is rather unusual. In all probability no exhibition of such an incongruous lot of paintings could have been made when the painters of them were living. That they are all dead excuses many of them from the criticism they would surely have got while alive.

But the fact that the exhibition was one of dead painters' works by no means explains the extraordinary interest taken in many of the canvases at the Art Museum. The collection contains some pictures that ought not only to interest the general public, but to stimulate the flagging energies of some of our modern painters. Paul Kane, Paul Peel, Otto R. Jacobi, Cornelius Kreighoff, Henry Sandham, Blair Bruce, and half dozen others, have canvases in that collection, enough to demonstrate that the desire and the ability to paint existed in a very high degree in Canada as far back as fifty years ago. At least forty of the canvases shown prove that at a time when Canadians were taking a very languid interest in matters of trade and manufacture, and even in agriculture, the painter men were fired with enthusiasm deep enough to do daring things.

A large number of the painters studied abroad, and some of their works show that they imported into Canadian subjects a European atmosphere. Paul Kane's buffalo hunt picture has as many merits in color and dramatic interest as anything shown at the exhibition. But, though Kane spent a good many years trailing after the plains' Indians, he failed to become Indian enough himself to draw an Indian pony. Some of his horses look like war chargers idealized. The buffalos might be the better of a little more internal economy. But the picture is full of go and splendid color, and it can't possibly fail to be interesting—somewhat perhaps because the buffalo, as a subject of art, is now relegated to the parks, and the Indian has become almost effete on the prairie.

There is one picture of Kreighoff's in the collection that contains more motion to the square inch than any other picture painted in Canada for many a day. That is "After the Ball," which was done years before Charles K. Harriss wrote his maudlin ditty bearing that name. Of course, it's a French-Canadian ball and, therefore, as lively as a half-breed wedding up in Athabasca. But there are more than fifty figures in that picture, and every mortal one of them doing something. All the picture lacks is the house on fire and three or four up on the roof to make it a perfect furore of movement.

Blair Bruce's painting of the Mediterranean is quite as lively, from a nautical standpoint; but not over done. When the same man did the pallid "Phantom Hunter" and the eccentric shadowgraph picture called "The Monologuist" it seems that one painter didn't need to stick to any one style in those bold open days of yore.

Whatever technical and temperamental faults those pioneer painters had, they surely had the gift of abandon, of pure absorption in the things they were doing, without absolute conformity to either the details of the subject or the canons of art. If a group of painters nowadays should start to paint in some of the styles shown by these deceased painters they would be dubbed a new school. In those days they were largely individual painters. Each man did the thing he saw in his own way, not caring a continental for critics, of whom there were few, and not much for posterity, which could be trusted to take care of itself. It's not necessary for modern painters to copy these pioneers. If they did, they might go very far astray. It may be often desirable, however, for some men nowadays, who have far better technical equipment, to get as much of the real out-of-doors and pagan absorption into their work, as may be seen in a few canvases at the Art Museum. In which case most of our living painters may not need to die in order to get the public to appreciate their work.—Augustus Bridle.

Canada's Gretna Green.

According to figures prepared by City Clerk Lusted, of Windsor, 2,268 marriages were performed in the city during 1910, a large increase over 1909 and an increase of 703 over 1906.

A Helpless Proprietor

"Why don't you sell that old mule of mine?"

"Well, suh," replied Uncle Rasberry, "I jes' doesn't dare. I hasn't de face to sell him to one o' de neighbors, an' he wouldn't last foh a drive long enough to sell 'im to a stranger."—Washington Star.

Ennui

Tommy—Pop, what is ennui?

Tommy's Pop—Ennui, my son, is a disease that attacks the people who are so lazy that they get tired of resting.—Philadelphia Record.

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For making soap, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. SAL SODA.

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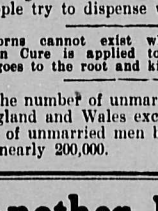

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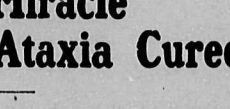

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quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

Being unselfish is a virtue some people try to dispense with.

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to them because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

The number of unmarried women in England and Wales exceeds the number of unmarried men by an majority of nearly 200,000.

The Labrador Coast

Dr. Grenfell says that the Labrador coast which he knows so well is every whit as beautiful as that of Norway, *and he is working on a chart which* will be accurate enough to guide pleasure craft through the bays and channels of that shore. There is really nothing to go to Europe for but the ruins.—Youth's Companion.

Anyway the railroad engineer gets a run for his money.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia

His Trouble

"Then wealth doesn't bring happiness?"

"No; since we inherited money my people don't want me to loaf in the grocery. And I can't get no comfort out of loafing in a bank. The hours are too short."—Pittsburg Post.

Another Modern Miracle Locomotor Ataxia Cured

The Sufferer Had Been Given Up as Incurable by Several Doctors---Hospital Treatment Also Failed---Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Worked the Miracle.

Before the discovery of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, locomotor ataxia was considered an incurable disease. It has been fully demonstrated, however, that this disease can be cured through the use of these pills, where the treatment is persisted in, and the directions carefully followed.

Locomotor ataxia is a disease of the spinal cord, and first shows itself in an inability to stand erect when the eyes are closed, or in the dark. It is characterized by peculiar disturbances of the gait, and difficulty in governing the motions of the legs. One of the commonest and earliest signs is a tired feeling, particularly noted in the knees and ankles. This sensation is provoked by slight exertion, and is not relieved by rest. Often a numb feeling is associated with it, and these two symptoms are always present in the early stages. As the disease progresses, there is an increase in the *duration and extent of the numb feelings, covering at times the foot alone,* then extending to the leg. The disease is usually of slow growth, and the increase and intensity of the symptoms is not noticed, but its progress is constant, and generally approaches a total lack of feeling in the legs, causing a wobbling gait and an entire inability to govern the steps. As the disease progresses the patient loses all control over bowels and water, and becomes utterly helpless, and has to be cared for like a child.

In proof of the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to cure this terrible malady, Mrs. Sarah Jane Ruller, of Antler, Sask., says: "For seven years from 1900 to 1907, my son James was afflicted with locomotor ataxia. During that time he was treated by several of the best doctors in the West, but their treatment failed to be of any benefit, and he kept growing worse and worse, till finally he lost all control of his limbs, and could not move at all. I had to carry him from his bed to a chair, where I would have to tie him, to enable him to sit up. He was as helpless as an infant; he lost all control of his kidneys and bowels, and we daily looked for death to relieve him of his suffering. In 1905 we sent him to Brandon Hospital, hoping that the treatment there would benefit him. In this, though, we were disappointed, and the hospital doctor advised me to take him home, as they said they could do nothing for him. At this time a friend advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being willing to try anything in the hope of finding relief for my boy, I bought a supply. In less than three months I noted a slight improvement in his condition. In six months he could walk once more and from that on the improvement continued, till now he is fully cured and once more able to attend school and do the chores about the house. What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills *have done for him is truly wonderful, and I would* strongly recommend them to all sufferers, for they most certainly saved my boy's life."

In substantiation of what Mrs. Ruller says, Mr. A. E. Steele, the well-known lumber and coal dealer of Antler, writes: "With reference to what Mrs. Ruller says concerning her son's cure by Pink Pills, I have no hesitation in saying that what she says is absolutely true in every particular, as I am personally acquainted with the case."

This great cure is not the only one performed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have brought thousands back to health and strength after some of the best doctors in the country have been forced to give up the case as incurable. Not only in cases of locomotor ataxia, but in cases of partial paralysis, sciatica, acute rheumatism, and many other severe ailments have they been successful. The whole secret of their wonderful success is in their power to make rich, red, health-giving blood—the one essential for good health. The pills are sold by all medicine dealers, or direct by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FARM HINTS

Varied Items of Interest to the Farming Community.

SKIMMING SURFACE A CRIME

So Says E. R. Parsons, writing in the Dry Farming Congress Bulletin

This fall I have received so many letters of the same tenor that an answer through the Bulletin would seem desirable. One farmer writes: "I have been plowing my land about five inches, following strictly all the rules laid down for the conservation of moisture, but getting only about ten bushels to the acre, which is hardly payable. How can I increase my yield?" The trouble with this man is the trouble with all—**farming too much on the surface.** Deep plowing, deep rooting, and holding the moisture where it cannot evaporate, is the only antidote.

Besides the loss of moisture engendered by shallow plowing, we have to consider an equally serious evil—the combustion of humus. There is nothing facilitates this as much as shallow plowing and frequent shallow tilling.

Secretary Wilson has already drawn our atention to this by denoting it as "a vicious system of farming," and the only way around it, as I pointed out at the time, is by plowing deeper and cultivating the fallow less, but putting it in better shape for accumulating moisture.

In many places our sandy loams are already becoming exhausted and so devoid of humus that some of our farmers say it does not pay to plow *them deeply.*

Humus is a carbon compound, and when the oxygen of the air attacks it it becomes carbon dioxide—the carbonic acid gas so deadly to human life, so indispensible to plant life.

In dry climates, when humus is at or near the surface, this combustion can go on unimpeded; but in humid climates it is much slower on account of the water film around each particle which protects it from the oxygen.

Therefore, it is plain that, in order to save our humus, we must keep it damp, keep it away from the atmosphere, bury it as deeply as possible. This element of our soils is found almost entirely on the surface, being a product of the sod, and every atom of it that finds its way into the atmosphere is a dead loss to the farmer.

Pure humus is said to be able to hold 200 per cent. of water, whereas some soils will not hold over 20 per cent. without leaching.

Some farmers will contend that deep plowing on their soils does not bring results, and there is much truth in this, for often their last chance to raise a crop is to skim the surface again and use up the last particle of humus. But this, of course, is burning the candle at both ends. The remedy is to plow deep at the start, incorporate the surface humus with 10 inches of soil, and then if too thin to raise fair crops plow under more green material until the results are satisfactory.

The most handy crop for this work is fall rye, because it can be raised during the winter months and plowed under when a foot high in time for planting the regular crops. They say in Germany that land that will not respond to deep plowing is not agricultural soil, but where this is the case through lack of humus, it can be remedied, for our soils are usually rich in all the mineral elements, and barnyard manure and green crops will supply the other. A soil that is becoming exhausted for want of humus can be planted with alfalfa, which will eventually replenish it; but in order to obtain a stand, 8 to 10-inch plowing is necessary, and if the soil that is turned up is poor and thin, a top dressing of rotten manure of old corral dirt is the thing before drilling the seed in. By this method I have raised alfalfa on a sand bar, and after six years plowed it up and took off a crop of oats, and *then back into* alfalfa again, this time without manuring.

The hardest and most unpopular work that we have ahead of us is to convert the farmers of the West to deep plowing. It took England 40 years to do this, and Germany 49. In the meantime the average production of small grain increased from 11 bushels to 40 and 45, and potatoes in the island of Jersey on land plowed *16 inches and fertilized with seaweed* for humus go from 600 to 800 bushels per acre. In order to obtain a lease on farming land in the above counties, the tenant has to enter into a contract to plow deep, rotate his crops, and put back into the soil what he takes out.

In this country, for the accumulation of moisture and the conservation of humus, deep plowing is absolutely necessary, and at the same time remarkably profitable; and in the exceptional case, where the land is too thin, it will pay a hundred-fold to fertilize it until you have a fairly rich seed bed 10 inches deep.

The Exception

It was married men's night at the revival meeting.

"Let all you husbands who have trouble on your minds stand up!" shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasm.

Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one.

"Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone sitter, who occupied a chair near the door apart from the others, "you are one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly, as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up—I'm paralyzed."

"Well, how is marriage?" said a friend to the newly-married man.

"Oh, marriage is all right," replied the husband, "but woman is so curious."

"How is that?"

"Well, the morning after our wedding day my wife asked me for a hundred dollars. The day after she asked for a hundred more, and the third day for another hundred."

"What, three hundred dollars in three days? Why, man, what did she do with it all?"

"Oh," replied the young husband, "she didn't get it!"

Not having heard anything of his wife for "28 long years," as he termed them, an applicant asked the Thames, London, court magistrate if he could marry again. The magistrate replied that if the wife turned up the second marriage would not be legal, but, as she had been missing such a long time, even if she did reappear, it was not likely that he would be prosecuted.

A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S STORY

From the lighthouse at Lobster Cove Head, Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, Mrs. W. Young sends an experience of Zam-Buk, which should certainly act as a true beacon light, guiding all sufferers from skin disease to a safe harbor of refuge.

Mrs. Young says: "I suffered with *eczema for seven years, and to my* great delight Zam-Buk has cured me. The disease started on my breast, and spread until it extended over my back. The itching and burning—especially when the affected parts were warm—was terrible; and yet when the eruption was scratched or rubbed, it turned to bad sores, and caused great pain. I went to a doctor and tried various prescriptions, but seemed to get no benefit, so tried another doctor. Again I got no relief, so tried a third doctor, and then a fourth. Although they all did their best for me I got no relief from my pain.

"Seven years is a long time to suffer, and I had got used to the thought that I never would be cured when I saw a report in 'The Family Herald' telling how beneficial Zam Buk was in cases of skin diseases. I thought there would be no harm in giving this balm a fair trial, and bought some.

"Well, from the use of the very first box I saw Zam-Buk was going to do me good. I persevered with it, and the improvement it worked in my condition was really wonderful. It eased the irritation, stopped the pain, and the sores began to dry up and disappear. In short, I found Zam-Buk all that was claimed for it, and within a very short time it worked a complete cure in my case."

Not only for eczema, but for ulcers, abscesses, varicose veins, bad leg, poisoned wounds, cuts, cold sores, chapped places, piles, ringworm, children's eruptions, burns, scalds, and all skin injuries and diseases, Zam-Buk will be found unequalled. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful substitutes and imitations.

Never use a wooden spoon for stirring anything containing onion, as the wood will absorb the flavor and will impart it to other foodstuffs, even after a lapse of many weeks.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS

A Germ Disease Which is Baffling the Doctors and Alarming the People Generally

It may be said that doctors are only agreed on two points regarding this much dreaded disease.

First, that it is a germ disease and second, like all germ diseases can only be fought with pure, rich blood.

Prevention is always the better way and that is why we are always talking about the wisdom of keeping the blood pure and rich and the nerves *healthy and strong by using Dr* Chase's Nerve Food.

Rich, red blood is a deadly foe to disease germs whether they are germs of infantile paralysis, of colds, of consumption or any other disease.

Don't let the blood get thin and watery. Don't let the nerves get exhausted. The risk is too great. Every dose of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food goes to the formation of a certain amount of pure, rich blood. For this reason you are certain to benefit by this treatment.

You need not wait until you have some form of paralysis before testing this great medicine. Be warned by headaches, sleeplessness, irritability, failing memory and power of concentrating the mind. Restore the system while still you have something to build on.

Get new energy and vigor into the system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, *at all dealers or* Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"Where is the cook?"

"She's in the kitchen preparing supper for the doctor wife, dinner for the doctor, and breakfast for the students."

Pimples and Blackheads

Clear the complexion of disfiguring pimples, blackheads, redness, roughness, and other unsightly conditions; keep the hands soft and white, the scalp clean, the hair live and glossy, and preserve skin health by the use of Cuticura Soap assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment

afford the most economical treatment for itching, burning, scaly humors of infants, children and adults. A single set is often sufficient. Sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A., for 32-page Cuticura Book on care and treatment of skin and hair.

THIS VILLAGE NOT DULL.

Remarkable Organization Brought Joy to Kentish Hamlet.

Hildenborough, in Kent, is the most remarkable hamlet in all King George's dominions. It is there that all the best balls are made for the British national game of cricket. Except for a few London commuters who *live there, the entire population de*pends for livelihood on the manufacture of cricket balls. What distinguishes Hildenborough from every other village in England is the "Hildenborough Club" and the "Village Players," which have freed the village from that deadly dullness that is characteristic of a majority of small settlements.

The "Village Players of Hildenborough" are famous throughout England. Many noted actors have witnessed their acting. Among them have been Sir Henry Irving, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Lady Beerbohm Tree and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and others, all of whom have declared themselves amazed at the histrionic talent displayed. There were no women in the company at first. Later on they participated as the company grew capable of greater efforts. So great now is its skill that the London daily newspapers of consequence always send their critics to all first-night performances. Yet these workingmen are their own instructors, and have never had the assistance of either a professional actor or stage manager. Some of them were never in a theatre in their lives. The plays, every accessory and the music have their origin in the village.

The "Players" always devote the six weeks before Christmas to *rehearsals. Every evening* is used. On Sunday evenings knotty problems are discussed after the church service, which is held in the club theatre. The proceeds of the company's public performance in the six weeks following Christmas go a long way toward enabling the club to spend large sums of money during the whole of the year without much call upon the scantily lined pockets of the villagers. There was a time when many of the villagers got drunk regularly in order to keep themselves from remembering that there was nothing else for them to do.

Every possible need of the community is intended to be embraced by the Village Club. It is a night school, a playroom for adults, a sick benefit and burial society, a library, reading room, common parlor, a mishap benevolent fund, an orchestral society, debating society, cricket club, football club, chess, checkers, quoits, cycling, fishing and other clubs, a bank, and a taxpayers' association—all rolled into one. No villager has been known to get intoxicated since the club got hold of the place. Refreshments of all kinds are sold at the clubhouse practically at cost price. There are no paid servants. Even the cleaning is done in turn by volunteers on the weekly Cleanliness Committee.

The annual dues are 5s. ($1.20). All the villagers belong, women as well as men. The institution has nearly a thousand members.

All the members' savings in the bank are invested in loans to members, and the bank conducts a building society to enable members to own their own houses. The club is the soul of the village. There is no part of the village life in which it does not participate, from the growing of the biggest potatoes and cabbages, and the handsomest roses, down to the best batting averages at cricket, and the longest throw with a cricket ball, from the handsomest baby of the year to the prettiest home-made frock.

The orchestra started with two fiddles. For a while afterward every instrument was a solo instrument. Now there are weekly concerts by an excellent balanced band, led by the organist of the parish church.

The village schoolmaster was the *father of the club. He wrote the first* play and the organist composed the music. The policeman painted the scenery. For many a night the first rehearsals were something awful. The men thought it was necessary to "act," and they could not. When at last they realized they had only to be natural they achieved the touch of genius.

What Hildenborough has done can be accomplished by any village that will try. It is only necessary to start, and to keep in view the fact that the main object to be attained is simple happiness, and that to gain it each must be helpful to all and all to each.

Might Have Been Worse.

On a celebrated occasion in Vienna, when there was much excitement in all the European courts over affairs of international moment, the French ambassador was suddenly recalled by his Government. "It is a very grave affair, is it not," Prince Metternich was asked by a lady at a court ball, "this recall of the ambassador?" "Not so grave, I assure you, madame," the prince responded, "as it would have been if it had been the French ambassador's cook who was recalled. The ambassador can easily be replaced, but not his cook."

When the Cat Was Sacred.

In the middle ages brute animals formed as prominent a part in the devotional ceremonies of the time as they had in the old religion of Egypt. The cat Aelurus was embalmed after death and buried in the city of Bubastis because, according to Herodotus, Diana Bubastis, the chief deity of the place, was said to have transformed herself into a cat when the gods fled into Egypt.

Opened the King's Eyes.

When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV. his majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of the usual crowded congregation, only himself and the priest. "What is the meaning of this?" said the King. "I caused it to be given out," replied the prelate, "that your majesty did not attend chapel to-day that you might see who it was that came here to worship God and who to flatter the king."

Our Friends

"'Tis friends who make this desert world
To blossom as the rose;
Strew flowers o'er our rugged path,
Pour sunshine o'er our woes."

"What is your highest ambition?"

"To get my wife to speak to me as politely as she speaks to the butcher when she is ordering a steak by telephone."—Chicago Herald-Record.

A baker says that one cupful of liquid yeast is equal to half a compressed yeast cake or a whole dry yeast cake.

THE STEADY WHITE LIGHT

THE Famous Rayo Lamp

The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a light-giving device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

Real Modesty

"An actor should be modest, and most actors are," said James K. Hackett, at a luncheon in Pittsburg. "But I know a young actor who, at the beginning of his career, carried modesty almost too far.

"This young man inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that read:

"'Engagement wanted.—Small part, such as dead body or outside shouts, preferred.'"

Impurities of the Blood Counteracted.—Impurities in the blood come from defects in the action of the liver. They *are revealed by pimples and unsightly* blotches on the skin. They must be treated inwardly, and for this purpose there is no more effective compound to be used than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They act directly on the liver and by setting up healthy processes have a beneficial effect upon the blood so that impurities are eliminated.

Keep an eye on the man who tries to flatter you.

The Chicago Fire could have been prevented with one pail of water but the water was not handy. Keep a bottle of Hamlins Wizard Oil handy and prevent the fiery pains of inflammation.

Pumice soap and ammonia will cure the worst case of tarnished brass.. Just moisten the cloth with ammonia and rub it briskly over the soap and apply to the article to be cleaned.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

"Do you suppose Moses suffered as much as Pharaoh in the plague of darkness, Johnny?"

"No'm, he had lights."

"Did he? What kind of lights?"

"Israelites."

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—My daughter, 13 years old, was thrown from a sleigh and injured her elbow so badly it remained stiff and very painful for three years. Four bottles of MINARD'S LINIMENT completely cured her and she has not been troubled for two years.

Yours truly,
J. B. LIVESQUE.

St. Joseph, P. O., 18th Aug., 1900.

Kansas City has provided its motorcycle "cops" with first aid to the injured kits.

On Sale Everywhere.—There may be country merchants who do not keep Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, though they are few and far between and these may suggest that some other oil is just as good. There is nothing so good as a liniment or as an internal medicine in certain cases. Take no other. The demand for it shows that it is the only popular oil.

A man usually leaves the band on a two for five cigar so that people will imagine it is a ten-center.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

It makes no difference whether it is millinery, skirts or *germs*—the present season cannot claim anything new under the sun. The deeper we dig into the historical and traditional past, the more we realize we are legatees of the old days and races.

There was Mercury, the winged messenger of the Gods—behold the little cap-like bit of millinery and the wing trimming that is named after the fleet-footed one, which adorns the puffs and curls of the swift-fingered stenographer.

The ridiculous "hobble-skirt" would for dynasties of time have hampered the Chinese women's walking even if their feet were not crippled. The "hobble" is not only the native Chinese woman's straight, narrow style of skirt, but the queer Egyptian and Assyrian figures on stones unearthed by Archaeologists are extremely hobbled.

Centuries ago Russia and the European continent were swept by an epidemic of an influenza type that passed into history. Now and then it cropped out again in limited areas. Over twenty years ago the whole world was swept by this same disease in an aggravated form and generally named "La Grippe." Since then year by year we have known and experimented with the Grippe germ in all its forms and force. Much has been learned about the proper treatment of these cases, but the best specialists and doctors have agreed *that the standard food-medicine* which has done duty for nearly forty years is still the sheet-anchor for all Grippe victims. Scott's Emulsion relieves the cough, lessens the aches and relieves the prostrating weakness of this disease by thoroughly nourishing every part of the body with the oil food which the health of the body requires when Grippe germs are active. The Emulsion is especially useful in the lung form of the present epidemic which is the most severe and widespread we have had for more than twenty years.

A certain American judge has a dry wit that is occasionally the cause of very audible tittering through his grim courtroom. The other day one of the attorneys was airing his indignation. He had been robbed—"Yes, sir, robbed!" It was shamful the way things went right there under the eye of the law. Finally the Judge noticed *the fuming and fretting one.*

"What's the matter now?" he asked.

"Matter? It's a confounded outrage! Had my overcoat stolen right from this room."

The judge smiled a little.

"Overcoat, eh?" he said. "Pah—that's nothing! Whole suits are lost here every day."

What We Want

The body wants health; the imagination cries out for beauty; and the heart for love. Pride asks for consideration; the soul yearns for peace; the conscience for holiness; our whole being is athirst for happiness and for perfection.—Amiel.

Going to Look At It

"Going to the auto show?"

"Sure thing, I want to see the thing for which I'm going to mortgage my house when I get it paid for."

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

In a historical tragedy there are always two heroes, one in the play, and the other in the box office.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Happiness must be cultivated. It is like character. It is not a thing to be let safely alone for a moment, or it will run to weeds.—E. S. Phelps.

PISO'S is the name to remember when you need a remedy for COUGHS and COLDS

SITUATIONS VACANT

Men and Women Wanted to represent us locally. Two dollars per day salary and commission. No experience necessary. Write,

J. L. Nichols Co., Limited, Toronto.

REST AND HEALTH TO MOTHER AND CHILD.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. It is absolutely harmless. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle

Shoe Boils, Capped Hock, Bursitis are hard to cure, yet ABSORBINE will remove them and leave no blemish. Does not blister or remove the hair. Cures any pain or swelling. Horse can be worked. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 6 D free.

ABSORBINE, JR., (mankind, $1.00 bottle.) For Boils, Bruises, Old Sores, Swellings, Goitre, Varicose Veins, Varicosities. Allays Pain.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 137 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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An Infallible Guide

when purchasing silverware—eliminating all guesswork—is to look for the trade-mark

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

The wonderful durability of this silverware has been proved during the past sixty years. It is the heaviest plate made.

Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped

MERIDEN BRITA CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Here's a Home Dye That ANYONE Can Use.

HOME DYEING has always been more or less of a difficult undertaking—Not so when you use

DY-O-LA ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

Send for Sample Card and Story Booklet "H" The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO. Limited, *Montreal, Can.*

JUST THINK OF IT!

With DY-O-LA you can color either Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye. No chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods you have to color.

Dominion Express Money Orders and Foreign Cheques

are payable all over the World.

Absolutely the best way to remit money by mail.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES ISSUED

Money sent by Telegraph and Cable

Foreign Money bought and sold.

Rates for Money Orders

$5 and under	3 cents
Over $5 to $10	5 "
" 10 to 50	10 "
" 50 to 100	15 "

On Sale in all Can. Pac. Ry. Stations.

Blobbs—Subbubs has moved in *town from Swamphurst.* He complains of being run down.

Slobbs—Automobiles or gossiping neighbors?—Philadelphia Record.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES

NUMBER 23 THE PRICE

A Continuing Story begins in the Prospector

next week, entitled: "The Perfume of the Lady in Black" by Gaston Leroux

A. WALLER
MASONRY

Steam Boiler, Furnace, and Septic Tank work a specialty

Cost and stock estimates furnished on application.

Address: P. O. Box 246, Cranbrook

We Deal in Everything From a Needle to a Locomotive

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DEALER IN
All kinds of Second-Hand Goods
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BUYER OF FURS

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Undertaker,
Embalmer,
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Is the Place to go for
Ice Cream and
Home Made Candy

W. CLINE

Of the old Manitoba Barber Shop can now be found in the
MANITOBA HOTEL
First Class Work in all branches of the
Tonsorial Art

Singer Sewing Machines do the Best Work

They last a lifetime and cost very little more than thrown together, catchpenny, cheap machines. Sold on small monthly payments by

Geo. B. Powell
Singer Store
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Phone 157. Cranbrook, B.C.

ALSO SECOND HAND MACHINES FOR SALE CHEAP AND TO RENT

Frank Dezall
GENERAL BLACKSMITH and WOODWORKER

Rubber Tires Applied To Buggy Wheels

AGENTS FOR CANADIAN CYCLE AND MOTOR CO'S BICYCLES

Repairing a Specialty.
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CARPENTER AND BUILDER
CONTRACTS SOLICITED.
HOUSES
For Sale or Rent at Reasonable Prices.
Office & Workshop—Lewis St.
Phone No. 98.

ANCIENT ORDER of FORESTER

Meets in Carmen's Hall 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. sharp.

A. McCowan, Chief Ranger.
C. A. Abbott, Secretary.

Visiting Brethren made welcome.
COURT CRANBROOK, 8943

TO BUILD BRANCH

The C. P. R. has called for tenders for the construction of thirty miles of the Kootenay Central south from Golden. In addition to this some thirty miles is now under construction from the Crows Nest branch to a point north of Fort Steele. Ten miles of the grade from Golden were completed several years ago and the new section will be an extension through the Columbia valley, while the southern part is being constructed in the Kootenay valley.

The southern terminus will be Galloway station, on the Crows Nest branch, and Foley, Welsh and Stewart has the contract for its construction. The work on the south end is expected to be completed this year.

The opening of a direct line from the Crows Nest branch to Golden, tend to stimulate the influx of settlers to a region which has great agricultural and fruit growing possibilities. It will also revive mining in this district by giving property owners the necessary means of transportation of their ores to a market.

The defeat of the sewerage by-law was a surprise to the progressive citizens of Cranbrook.

Bob Hoggarth, after defeating Robert Hughes this week seriously contemplates taking on jack Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodman entertained a few friends at a skating party last monday.

Table boarders 35cts per meal 12-2 p.m. Mrs. Kellock, next to Government Buildings

Parents not employing help by the week and wishing to spend an evening out at some entertainment, can find a competent steady women to look after their children and care for their home during their absence by employing me at 25cts an hour. Mrs. Belle Butler, residence fourth house, west side of Clark Avenue, south of Lewis Street

Knox Church Ladies' Aid will entertain at a St. Patrick Tea on Friday, march 17th, at the home of Mrs J. P. Fink, silver collection

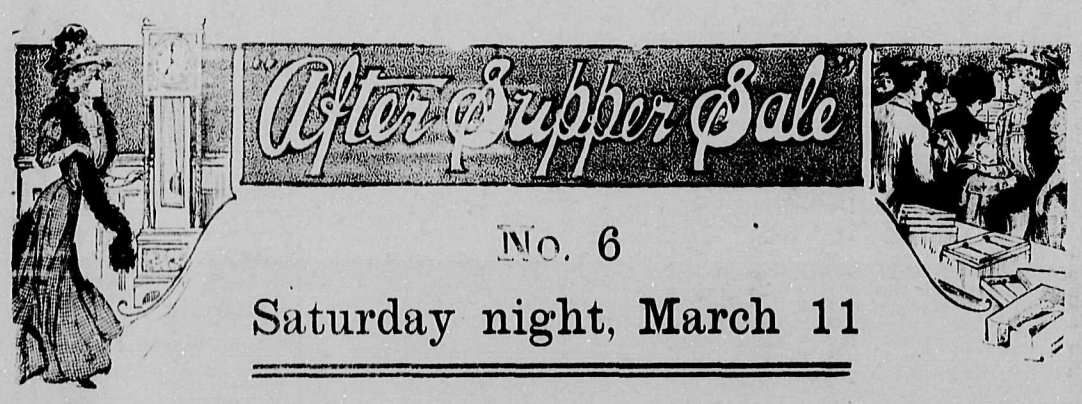
Situation wanted by experienced lady stenographer. Apply—Box 30, Fernie, B.C.

Ladies and Gentlemen troubled with painful feet, corns, or their wise, can find relief by paying me a few visits, fifty cents a visit. I will call at Ladies residence if required for same terms. Mrs. Belle Butler, fourth house west Clark Avenue, south of Lewis Street

What might have been a very serious if not fatal accident occurred on Tuesday when a snow and ice slide from the roof of their house struck mrs. C. Shepherd hurting her very severely.

Mrs. T. G. Lee, who underwent an operation for appendicitis on Tuesday is doing nicely; and Mr. Lee, who recently broke his leg a second time, is around again though unable to work.

Sold by the Fink Mercantile Co.



No. 6

Saturday night, March 11

Don't miss this event

For the last ten days New Goods have been pouring into our store; and to prevent the possibility of any goods being unsold at the end of the season we are going to start in at this **No. 6 After Supper Sale** to make such prices as will insure the movement of all Spring and Summer Goods.

Remnant Prints to-night 6cts	Ginghams, 9cts Now is the time to secure material for School dresses	Boy's Shirts all sizes, 49cts and 53cts Regular 75cts and 85cts	Men's Night Shirts 69cts., Flannelette Regular price $1.00
$6.95 112-piece Dinner Set enough table-ware for a life time	Galatee Cloth 16cts For Boy's Suits This cloth is worth 25cts	Apron Gingham 12½cts per yd.	House Dresses Gingham Good material, splendidly made, white cuffs and collar, variety of patterns
China Cups and Saucers 20cts each	Floor Oil Cloth sq. yd. 35cts.	Do you want a Door Mat this muddy weather Price $1.00	$1.49 after supper
Dressers and Stands $9.50	Linoleum, 12ft wide sq. yd. 62½cts		
Iron Beds, $3.25			

FREE PRIZE EVERY DAY

During our MOVE ON SALE we are giving daily A PRIZE ranging in value from $1.00 to $3.50. Every man, woman and child entering our store during the sale, will receive a dated and numbered ticket. Each day one number will be a prize winner, and the holder of such number can take his or her choice of the articles up as prizes. Our special adds will give the winning number the day following, **so keep your ticket, note the number, and watch our adds, as you may be the winner.**

WINNING NUMBERS FOR MONDAY, MAR. 6, 2372; TUESDAY, MAR. 7, 2433; WEDNESDAY, MAR. 8, 2530; THURSDAY, MAR. 9, 2558; FRIDAY, MAR. 10, 2601; SATURDAY, MAR.11, 2731.

Cranbrook Co-operative Stores, Limited Baker Street CRANBROOK

VACCINATION.

Owing to the prevalence of Smallpox in the immediate vicinity of Cranbrook, attention is directed to the regulations of the Provincial Board of Health, dated the 31st of January, 1911, respecting vaccination:

It is hereby ordered that all Local Boards of Health shall arrange suitable times and places for vaccination and give public notice thereof.

Every resident of this Province shall forthwith be vaccinated or produce to the Medical Health Officer of the district or municipality where he or she resides a certificate or proof of successful vaccination within the preceding seven years, or a certificate that such person is at the present insusceptible of vaccination, or a certificate of physical unfitness for vaccination, such certificate shall be from a duly qualified medical practitioner.

It shall be the duty of the School Trustees and Teachers of all schools (public or private) to see that the provisions of the preceding subsection are forthwith complied with by all children attending such schools, high schools, or colleges.

All persons are required to produce to the Medical Health Officer of the City a certificate or proof of successful vaccination within the preceding seven years or a certificate that such person is insusceptible of vaccination or a certificate of physical unfitness of vaccination: or to attend, either before their own physician or before the Medical Health Officer of the City at his office, Armstrong Avenue, for vaccination prior to the 15th day of March, 1911.

Dated this 2nd day of March, 1911.

P. DeVERE HUNT,
Chairman of Local Board of Trade
E. W. CONNOLLY,
Medical Health Officer

$2.00 per year--To be sure of obtaining the whole of our Continued Story--

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