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THE HOSMER TIMES

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VOLUME II. HOSMER, B. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910 NUMBER 31

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CITIZENS OF HOSMER VISIT THE COAL MINE

Marvellous Development of the Coal Fields Will Make Hosmer the Premier Town of Kootenays

On Sunday, February 21st, a party of the influental citizens of Hosmer, consisting of A. Mathieson, R. W. Rogers, C. B. Winter, Wm. Robson, H. F. McLean, James Hixon, A. E. Ferguson, F. Labelle, L. A Lanthier and B. F. Lester, desired to see the interior of The Hosmer Mines, Ltd., Securing the co-operation and friendly survices of the genial superintendent, D. G. Wilson, the party scaled the hill and securing safety lamps went into the bowels of the mountain to see for themselves the wonderful resources and marvelous development of what will prove to be the richest coal mining field in the Crow's Nest Pass and which is attracting the attention of the investing world at the present.

For the information of the outside public, we may say the property consists of six sections of coal lands and two sections of surface on which are located the outside works and miners' dwellings and is in what is known as the Fernie coal measures. The tunnel commences in the shales underlying the measures and crosscuts at 20 per cent. off the strike, the various seams of coal which have made the Crow's Nest Pass famous.

THE BIG TUNNEL

The tunnel is about 600 ft. higher than the C. P. R. track at Hosmer and consists of three compartments, two of which are used for haulage and one as a travelling and pipe way; they measure 8, 7 and 5 ft. wide by 10 ft. high for travelling ways with massive posts and collars showing the finest example of mine timbering in British Columbia. The tunnel extends straight into the mountain at a half of one per cent. gradient for 4,900 ft.

No. 2 SEAM

By the time the party reached No. 2 seam, which is the first workable seam, their eyes were somewhat used to the light of the safety lamps and could find their way around pretty well. No. 2 is 1,603 ft. from the entrance of the tunnel and on the south side the gangway is driven in for 1,420 ft., 10 ft. wide and the average thickness of the coal is 14 ft. The whole of the distance of this gangway shows no trace of hitch or fault of any description. The average inclination of this seam is 62 degrees and is worked by the chute system, which is a modified room and pillar style of working.

This seam is a bright, hard coal and is excellent for steam purposes. When you consider the enormous amount of coal in sight in this seam, you are apt to think that in itself it would make a mammoth mine and be capable of employing a large number of men and of supporting a town of 4,000 inhabitants. The gangway on the north side is driven in for some 600 ft., the width of the gangway and thickness of the coal being same as south side.

No. 6 SEAM

Arriving at the tunnel again, the party proceeded along the same to No. 6, which is the next workable vein. It is 3,338 ft. from the entrance and two gangways are driven north and south at approximately right angles to the tunnel for 1,020 ft. on the south side and 930 ft. on north side. The width of the gangway is 10 ft. and the average thickness of the seam is 8 ft. This is known as a first class coking coal.

No. 9 SEAM

Proceeding further along the tunnel the party arrive at No. 9, which is the same as No. 2 of Coal Creek. No. 9 is 4,232 ft. from the entrance and is opened up the same as proceeding seams, viz: by gangways to North and South, the North is driven in for 520 ft. and the South for 600 ft. This is the finest steam coal in Canada and the thickness averages 5 ft. of clean coal.

No. 10 SEAM

No. 10 is known as the big seam it is 4,820 ft. from the entrance of the tunnel. It averages in thickness 40 ft. However the management are only working 10 ft. of it. It is opened up the same as other seams, the gangways being driven in 230 and 220 ft. respectively. No. 10 is coking coal.

THE AIR TUNNEL

Returning along the tunnel the party went into No. 2 North, and thence into the return air tunnel which is 14 ft. wide by 8 ft. 6 in. high. This air tunnel while the same level as the main tunnel at No. 2, gradually raises and when it crosses the next seams passes over them thus removing the necessity of over casting which is a great advantage.

Every part of the property seems planned for a great coal production, the roads are laid with 40 lb. steel, the air motors for haulage are 10 ton each, and the mine is ventilated by a 20x7 Walker fan, running ordinarily as an exhaust fan, but so fixed that, if necessary, it can be used as a blow fan.

This fan is driven by a pair of 38x16 inch engines, connected up to the fan by a rope drive, the steam for which is supplied by three 80 h. p. boilers. The fan is of steel and concrete construction and the engine house the same. The other buildings at the mouth of the mine are a concrete lamp house and timekeepers office, locomotive house for the compressed air locomotives and wash house with baths and lockers for the use of the miners.

The coal is lowered to the level of the tipple by a steam actuated incline, each track being independent.

The mine cars, holding two tons each, are lowered in trips of twelve to twenty cars each. The haulage engines are a pair of 28x48 inch first motion engines with 8 ft. drums, fitted with clutches and brakes, which with the reversing gear and throttle, are all handled by steam, working through cataract cylinders.

From the foot of the incline the cars will be hauled to the tipple by a compressed air locomotive, and dumped into the same over a crossover dump, passing over shaking screens to remove the slack for the coke ovens, and over picking bands for the purpose of removing the refuse from the larger size coal. Storage bins are provided to hold 2,600 tons of coal, 200 tons of rock, and 3,000 tons of slack for the coke ovens. The rock in the rock bin is drawn out into iron self-dumping cars, and hauled to the refuse dump by a compressed air locomotive. The coal in the coal bins is loaded into box cars by a box car loader and the open cars from chutes. The slack from the slack bins is loaded into seven-ton larries and hauled by a compressed air locomotive over to the coke ovens.

There are 240 bee hive coke ovens twelve feet in diameter and seven feet high, which will give an output of 300 tons per day. Belgian ovens with by-product recovery and distilling plant, are in contemplation for the next ovens required.

The power house building of reinforced concrete with steel floor joists and roof trusses, which roof trusses are covered with corrugated iron contains four air compressors. Two low pressure compressors to furnish air at 100 lbs. for the rock drills, inside hoisting engines and various other purposes around the plant; and two to furnish air at 1,000 lbs. for the five compressed air locomotives. The generators, for the purpose of lighting the town and plant, are driven by two 125 h. p. engines. All of these engines are fitted with cut-off valves, the purpose being to carry steam at 120 lbs. presure, cut off early, and use the steam expansively. The exhaust steam from all of these engines is connected into two 20-foot pipe lines, one known as the atmosphere line, and the other as the heater line. By means of valves the steam from any or all the engines can be turned into either of these lines. When turned into the heater line, the steam passes through a 1,500 h. p. Hoppe's Exhaust Steam Heater, heating the boiler feed water to 200 degrees F. A. ten-ton travelling crane has been installed for the convenient handling of the machinery.

A boiler house, also of reinforced concrete, with steel trussed roof, covered with corrugated iron, and cement floor, contains six 250 horsepower Babcock & Wilcox boilers, with chain grate stokers, and appliances for the convenient handling of coal and ashes.

Mr. Wilson was most painstaking in his efforts to explain everything to his visitors, who were apparently surprised to see the extent of the plant and the amount of the development in the mines and after thanking Mr. Wilson for his kindness left full of rosy hopes for the future of Hosmer and think that with such a wealth of coal in the mountains that Hosmer may well aspire to be the premier town in the Kootenays.

PROVINCIAL ESTIMATES

Roads Call for Large Expenditure in the Kootenay Constituences

The estimates were presented in the house at Victoria last week and contained the following appropriations:

Greenwood—$30,200 for roads.

Kaslo—Roads, $56,300; government offices, $20,000.

Cranbroook—Roads, $65,000; bridges, about $10,000; also a further amount, not yet fixed, to be spent on a trunk road.

Rossland — $6,000 and an amount for schools not yet determined.

Ymir—Roads, $75,000; ferries, $1100; also a large bridge vote not yet published.

Slocan—Roads, $65,000; bridges, $18,000.

Grand Forks—Roads, $30,000, including amounts for extension of Christina lake road, extension of Franklin Camp, new road on Hardy mountain, assistance toward foot bridge near smelter across the north fork of the Kettle river; court house and site, temporary vote, $20,000; assistance to Phoenix in lieu of 2 per cent tax, $1000; total for Grand Forks, $51,200.

Fernie formerly was dealt under the Cranbrook agency. This year the finance minister has recognized Fernie as a separate entity. Roads, $65,000; court house, $29,000; river improvements at New Michel and West Fernie, $6500; total, $100,500.

Revelstoke—Roads, $56,000, including amounts for extension of road to 8-mile post and extension of road connecting with the new bridge across the Columbia river; also an amount for bridges not yet published.

Columbia—$45,000.

The following amounts are also included in the supplementary estimates: Cranbrook, $1000; Fernie, $1000; Grand Forks, $3000; Greenwood, $1000; Kaslo, $500; Revelstoke, $6500; Slocan, $500; Ymir, $500.

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DIVIDED WAYS.

What a Chance Meeting After Many Years Revealed.

By SUSAN H. MORLEY.

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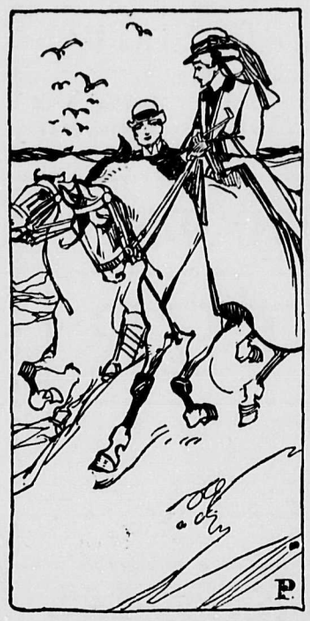
"There's not another such stretch on the whole sound," Lisa was saying gayly. "For miles it's this same way—so level that at low tide we could, if we chose, pass dry shod, like the children of Israel, to the other side, which means to yon island. In fact, it's our favorite"—

A whirring black cloud, startling the horses, rose suddenly from the edge of the water as they turned a sharp point, and Seth Eckles, who was no horseman, had all he could do to keep his seat.

"Stormy petrels," laughed Lisa. "The beach takes its name from them, they haunt it in such numbers, you know. If you could stay another month, Seth, we'd make a rider of you. It's a better sport any time, I warrant, than those new glossed games you talk so much about."

Eckles, who was comfortably settled in his saddle again, listened to the pounding of the hoofs on the hard, wet



"DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN FOR THE LONGEST WHILE?"

sand, his eyes on Lisa, whose small gray form seemed to blend and become a part of the lithe gray she was riding.

He admired her immensely, this stepdaughter of his aunt, and suddenly it seemed to him that mortal man could ask for nothing better than Lisa for a wife, and life in this out of the way but aristocratic and exclusive, self satisfied old town.

And Lisa was pretty. Not a girl he had ever known could compare with her in beauty, not to mention a certain rare grace of manner and an unusual, dainty wit.

She had money and lineage, too, back of her, and Seth Eckles was old enough and wise enough to know the value of such things.

"If silence is golden," she interrupted quizzically, "then your burden must indeed be heavy. Do you know you haven't spoken for the longest while?"

"I was—thinking," he stammered guiltily, ashamed that anything so sordid as family and money could for an instant have associated themselves in his mind with the girl herself. It was Lisa that he wanted.

"How late?" Lisa exclaimed with the booming of the sunset gun on the old fort across the channel. "If you but knew it, Seth, we're five miles from home. Then there's dinner and dressing, and I can't under any circumstances allow a guest to disgrace himself by arriving tardily at a function in his honor. We've got to run for it."

She wheeled and led off, Seth following and keeping up as best he could, but undaunted by the distance between them. Was there not the dance at the clubhouse yet before his train at midnight? At any rate, it was a chance.

And Seth made the best of it. The long galleries were bowers of palms and remote from the ballroom, and there, with the tide pummeling at the pier and tossing up sheets of spray, Seth told his story.

He was young and handsome and adept, and he pleaded his case well—so well that he and Lisa in the white radiance of a big moon and with the shimmer of water about them exchanged vows, convinced that each was intended for the other. That was the way life looked that night, but, of course, it would be the same a year hence when Lisa should be eighteen and the engagement made public.

Then Seth, fresh from a law school, established himself in New York. There was no tiresome, weary waiting for clients. From the very first luck held his hand, and business troubles, growling like hyenas at the doors of even older men, from him stood aloof.

Besides, he had full measure of amusements and pleasure. Friends he made everywhere. His hearty laugh and genial disposition kept him in demand.

Life was so satisfactory and success so easy that he was already well spoiled before he met Laura Norton, who was Lisa's exact opposite. Before he knew it he had forgotten his pledge to Lisa and was formally engaged to Laura, the engagement being speedily followed by marriage.

For awhile there were hours of gloom when he stood truly aghast at what he had done. In every conceivable light and with all honesty he argued the matter, convincing himself finally that he had nothing to regret. Lisa was young and susceptible. Probably she was already consoled.

In any case a man's maturer judgment was to be respected, no matter at what cost. And, too, he greatly admired his wife, her easy adaptability, her cleverness, her accomplishments. Besides, they were congenial. Her ambitions fully equaled his, and her penchant for politics was a factor in his career, pushing him into places he knew he could not have reached alone.

For a time honors seemed absolutely heaped upon him. He could scarcely keep step with fortune's pace, so fast and furiously did she mount. But, once started on the ladder, he continued to climb, even long after his wife's death and when his hair had grayed and Lisa was but a misty dream. And luck still held his hand.

He was in the running for governor, making, the press said, a phenomenal campaign. Men spoke of him as the brilliant light, the strong man of his time. Everywhere he was made much of, and it was at a reception for him in the old clubhouse at the end of the pier that a sleeping memory awoke.

Could it be possible that he was awake? Only an hour ago it might have been that he last saw the cool green of the ballroom, the long bowers of palms with lights twinkling among the black green foliage, the surf beating at the pier and the white foam dashing high. There was music, too, just as on that other night, but Lisa, shimmering in pale green, with the string of pearls close to her white throat and nestling in her yellow hair—Lisa—

"I claim the privilege of an old friend." A musical voice spoke close to his ear as he leaned on the railing, and some one touched his arm.

It was Lisa. He knew it before he turned to see her in pale, shimmering green, with pearls at her throat and in the same fair hair. She smiled at him, too, in the old way, with little dimples about her mouth and her sensitive lips moving ever so slightly, though her face was in repose.

How pretty she was! Incomparably prettier than that other night and with a sweet, womanly dignity which puzzled him. What had come to her to so beautify beauty, to so intensify loveliness?

He forgot the years and deeds that lay between that faroff night and this, like leaves between the covers of a book, remembering only as it were the preface that once she had loved him, that he still loved her, the crown of any man's life.

"Lisa!" he cried, his face aglow, his hands extended. "Lisa!"

"Dreaming!" she laughed. Then the little hand pulled at his sleeve as the other reached toward two men in the shadows. One of them was strong and fine and one was young and handsome. "I want you, Seth," she said, "to know my son and my husband."

Not Entirely Undisputed.

The case before the court was one involving the ownership of a tract of land, and the attorney for one of the parties to the suit was cross examining a witness. "Now, Mr. Grimshaw," he said, "the property on which you live was originally a part of the twenty acres in dispute, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your title is based on the original title to that land, I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you resided there?"

"Over twenty-one years."

"Have you had—now, mark me—have you had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of that property?"

The witness hesitated a moment.

"Remember, Mr. Grimshaw," said the lawyer, raising his voice, "that you are under oath. Have you had twenty-one years' undisputed possession of that property?"

"It has been disputed once, and only once," answered the witness. "I found a nest of bumblebees in my back yard one day last summer."

In the general laugh that followed this answer the lawyer subsided.—Youth's Companion.

Freaks of Figures.

Some person of a mathematical turn of mind has discovered that the multiplication of 987654321 (which, you will observe, are simply the figures 1 to 9, inclusive, reversed) by 45 gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 45 we get a result equally curious—viz, 5,555,555,505. If we take 123456789 as the multiplicand and, interchanging the figures in 45 so as to make them read 54, use the last number as a multiplier the result will be 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand 987654321 and taking 54 as the multiplier again, the result will be 53,333,333,334, all threes except the first and last figures, which together read 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, the product is 26,666,666,667, all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now interchanging the order of the figures 27 and using 72 instead as a multiplier and 987654321 as the multiplicand we get as a product 71,111,111,112, all ones except the first and last figures, which together read 72, the multiplier.

Pilkerton Won the Race.

At one of the regattas of the National Association of American Oarsmen during the early nineties James Pilkerton, for many years the champion sculler of America, was matched to row double against another team. He and his mate were the champions, and the general belief was that they would win without effort. But the night before the regatta public opinion suddenly and mysteriously changed. Mr. Pilkerton knew that this was not caused by any new development of strength in his opponent or any loss of skill on his own part. After making some quiet inquiries he discovered that there was talk of his rowing mate having been bought up by the other side and of an arrangement to throw the race.

He didn't say anything about his suspicions, but when the two men were seated in the shell and were well out into the deep water he leaned over to his mate and said:

"Look here, you blooming cutthroat! You've got to swim, drown or win this race! You know me!" He won.

How He Got Out of It.

"I finds you," said Brother Dickey as he entered the house of the lay member at the dinner hour—"I say, I finds you settin' down befo' one er de biggest dinners I ever seen, an' I wants ter ax you, plain an' simple, did you or did you not come by it honest?"

"Br'er Dickey," replied the lay member, "dis is one time in my life dat I is too full fer utterance!"

HE CAST IT OUT.

W. Allward's Prescription For Rheumatism Discovered by Accident.

A story about Mr. Walter S. Allward, the noted Toronto sculptor, told by his friends, is too good to be missed even though in publishing it one runs the risk of involving him in trouble with the Ontario Medical Council.

Some years ago Mr. Allward was working on a certain statue, and engaged as a model an Irishman who was a very fine specimen of physical manhood, but who suffered to some extent from rheumatism. His malady was his constant thought and theme of conversation, for, being exceptionally healthy and strong otherwise, he made much of an affliction which other men might have thought little about. One day Mr. Allward was taking a cast of the Irishman's neck, and in putting on the plaster either he or his assistant overlooked the customary preliminary of a coating of grease. They did not notice the omission of this precaution until they came to take the plaster off; but on attempting to remove it they found that it had hardened, apparently to stay until worn out, on the model's neck. Then ensued an unpleasant experience for the Irishman, as with jack knives and other instruments Mr. Allward and his helper cut and hammered away at the cast, having particular difficulty in getting it free of the lower part of the man's hair. Finally the task was successfully performed, and the Irishman was able to laugh with the others at his rather unenviable experience, but he did not forget it.

One day, quite a long time after, Mr. Allward ran across him, after losing track of him entirely.

"Well, well," said the sculptor, "and how are you anyway? Do you remember the day we got that cast on your neck and had such a picnic getting it off?'

"Do Oi remember it?" said the Irishman; "Faith an' Oi do. 'Twas a terrible time, wasn't it? But Oi've been long wantin' to tell ye that 'twas the grand t'ing for me afther all; for b'dad, Oi've niver had the rheumatics since."—Saturday Night.

POINTS ABOUT NEWFOUNDLAND

Island Colony Has Some Wonderful Agricultural River Valleys.

Newfoundland is a big country, a third larger than Ireland and twenty-one times the size of Prince Edward Island, and when one considers the smallness of the population — only about 225,000, and nearly all fishermen — the returns from agriculture are considerable, says Edwin Smith, in the July Canadian Magazine. Over a million and a half dollars' worth of farm produce is raised annually on a fraction of cultivated land, which bears no appreciable relation whatever to its tributary soil uncultivated as yet, but which can and will be cultivated in the years to come. Instead of importing $600,000 worth of farm produce each year from Canada Newfoundland ought to aim at raising it at home, and the present depression will not be without some benefit if it helps the people to see more clearly the logic and the wisdom of the governor's motto "back to the land."

During an extended visit to the colony last summer, the writer saw enough to convince him that, although Newfoundland does not compare with England or Manitoba as an agricultural country, it has nevertheless large tracts of the very finest farming lands, in its many river valleys and by the margins of its innumerable lakes. In the Humber Valley there is an interval twelve miles long and six miles wide, with a deep fertile soil, capable of raising large crops of hay, vegetables and grain, and which is still waiting the hand of the husbandman. It is the Annapolis Valley over again, only in scenery richer and more luxuriant. And what is true of the Humber is true to a greater extent of the Codroy, Exploits, Terra Nova, Gander, and many smaller rivers.

A Family Problem.

A noted Toronto educationist tells this story on himself. He has been twice married and has a numerous family. One morning at breakfast one of the girls of the younger family, who had just begun the study of vulgar fractions, was unusually silent. She was engaged in trying to work out in actual life the axiom that two halves equal the whole, for presently she propounded this question:

"Mary is my half-sister. Now if mother was to die, and father married again, his children would be my half sisters and brothers, but would they be any relation to Mary?"

How the educationist would have answered this mathematical and sociological question will never be known, for the five-year-old son settled it in a way that left no room for doubt as to the fairness of his solution, or his belief in his father's determination to play the game fairly. He stopped absorbing oatmeal long enough to remark:

"No, no. That's not right. It's Dad's turn to die next."

A Mushroom Town.

Three months ago the new townsite of Stirling, Alta., consisted of the railroad station and two elevators. Today there are signs of lengthy streets of broad western width, new buildings, stores, hotels and dwellings are fast filling in the landscape. Ten or fifteen stores and homes have already been completed. Most of the newcomers are from Winnipeg and from Northern Alberta, although there are a good number of Ontario people already located and several Toronto and London families who purchased property in Stirling are now on their way west. This fall will see in Stirling one of the busiest towns in the west. There will be three elevators then in working order.

Canadians at Pageant.

At the opening of the Bath pageant the Duke and Duchess of Connaught received with special cordiality Miss Brenda Taylor of Bath, N.B., and Miss Powell of Bath, Ont., who came to pay homage to the mother city.

Happy Thought

Miss Askitt—When one sends a parcel by express why do they always ask the name and address of the sender?

Percy Pinkleigh—Why—er—so they'll know where to weturn it in case it is—er—lost or stolen, doncher know.—Houston Post.

An Important Correction.

"What a beautiful figure young Mrs. De Style has! And she has such a fine carriage too!"

"No, she doesn't use a carriage now. She's bought an automobile."—Baltimore American.

LIVELY KICKER ITEMS

Arizona's Big Man Writes In His Usual Breezy Style.

SQUARE DEAL FOR EVERY ONE

What Happened to a Contemporary Who Fired Six Shots and Then Quit. Cause of Rush of Boarders to the Royal Hotel.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

JIM SPOKES and his gun arrived at Giveadam Gulch on Wednesday morning last, and before noon he had two bullets in him and the gun was nowhere. He will live, but he will have less hilarity about him.

Coming back from Lone Tree Thursday afternoon we saw the body of a dead man suspended to a limb near Lion Hill. We asked for no explanations. Some one thought he ought to be hung and hung him, and—that's all.

Tom Barlow, sheriff of this county, has got to go. He let two cowboys run him four miles the other day and never used his gun once. He says he thought they were chasing him on a wager, but no such excuse will satisfy.

The editor of the Pine Hill Banner called us up by telephone the other day to remark that we were a baldheaded villain and ought to be lynched. The fact that the Kicker has 5,000,000 circulation makes Brother Williams feel bad. We have tried to love him, but he insists on being offish.

We don't know whether to offer Mr. William Scott of this town our sympathies or our congratulations. At any rate, his wife has run away and he never expects to see her again. She got to longing for the beer gardens again and headed for St. Louis.

Workmen began refurnishing the Hellso Opera House last Monday, and up to date they have taken from the walls and ceiling 2,200 bullets. These were fired by the admiring and exuberant audiences during the winter season. Our people are a little skittish, but they mean well.

Our esteemed contemporary says in his last issue that we have sought to humiliate him. He probably refers to the incident of last week. He had threatened to shoot us on sight. Meeting him on Apache avenue, we took our stand against a wall fifteen feet

"BADE HIM PLUG AWAY."

off and bade him plug away. He fired six shots and then quit. The nearest bullet did not come within a foot of us. Oh, no—we did not set out to humiliate him. We simply wanted to give him a fair show.

Since our incumbency as postmaster we have bought at our own expense and set up in the postoffice corridor no less than three public clocks. These have been shot to pieces by hilarious individuals. Tomorrow our fourth clock will be hung to the nail and we give notice right here and now that the man who can shoot at it and not get shot at in return has our permission to bang away. We shan't aim to kill him, but to compel him to take life more seriously.

We received notice last Tuesday morning that Barnes & Fletcher, the firm of shyster lawyers, had five libel suits ready to file against us. We buckled on a gun and called upon the firm, and within ten minutes the papers had been torn up. How those eastern editors let such things bother 'em, when they are so easily disposed of in the bud, we can't make out.

New Tariff Schedule.

In reply to an eastern subscriber we would say that the new tariff schedule neither helps nor hurts Giveadam Gulch. With sixty-four saloons running night and day and wolf steak to be had at 5 cents a pound, this town feels quite independent of the rest of the United States.

Mr. Hank Roblin, who looked upon himself as a general remover of obnoxious persons and who listed us under that head, arrived in town three days ago to remove us. He had come 200 miles to do it, and luck should have smiled on him. She didn't, however. We happened to be facing the door of our sanctum when Hank entered, and we put a bullet through his right arm as he drew. When he had been bandaged up by the doctor we had a talk with him and found him quite entertaining. He cheerfully admitted that he had made a mistake regarding us and graciously accorded us permission to live on.

The Grass Valley Tribune suspended publication with last week's issue. In his valedictory the editor says that he can't stand the strenuous life of the west, but longs for the peace and harmony of a chicken farm in Indiana. We spent half a day with him when he first arrived trying to make him see the difference between the butt and the muzzle of a gun, but it was no use. Such men must fall by the wayside in western journalism.

A Romance Spoiled.

A Chicago paper says that Jim Hellso, who is ourself, won the Arizona Kicker on a hand at poker. We are sorry to spoil the romance, but at the time we founded the Kicker we didn't know the ace of spades from the jack of clubs. It was only when we were absorbed by the west that we began to draw on a four flush and bluff it out. Poker as played in Arizona is not demoralizing. The players constantly think of home and mother, and when a game breaks up it is not unusual to see tears in the eyes of several men. We have had tears in our own eyes and empty pockets to match.

A new chef arrived at the Royal hotel last week, and his doings are the talk of the Gulch. He has made wolf stew that was positively entrancing, and his potpies made from coyote and prairie dog have caused a rush of boarders to the Royal. He says that he can serve mule meat in five different ways and that in throwing away owls and woodchucks and river rats we have almost committed a crime. We wanted something to come along to boom the west, and here it is.

Netting Unnecessary.

A friend from the north had gone to visit the colonel, who lives in the swampy Mississippi river bottoms of Louisiana. There was no mosquito netting over the bed, and in the morning when the negro came with the water and towels the tortured visitor asked: "Sam, why is it that you have no mosquito netting over the bed? Doesn't the colonel have any in his room?"

"No, suh," replied Sam.

"I don't see how he stands it!"

"Well, suh," said Sam, "I reckon it's jes' dis way: In de fo' part uv de night, suh, de colonel's mos' gen'rally so 'toxicated dat he don't pay no 'tention to de 'skeeters, an' in de last' part uv de night, suh, de skeeters is most' gen'ally so 'toxicated dat dey don't pay no 'tention to de colonel."—Everybody's.

Bombay English.

"Baboo English" makes proverbially diverting reading. Here is a choice specimen, from the essay of a native student in Bombay:

"The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foots on the stirrup and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow. He has a long mouth and his head is attached to the trunk by a long protuberance called the neck. He has four legs; two are on the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs and also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe; but this he does only when he is in a vexatious mood. His fooding is generally grasses and grains. He is also useful to take on his back a man or woman, as well as some cargo. He has power to run as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at nighttime, and always standing awaken. Also there are horses of short sizes There is no animal like the horse; no sooner they see their guardian or master they always crying for fooding, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tail, but not so long as the cow and other such like similar animals."

Interrupting Mr. Grantham.

One of the most amusing of Sir W. Grantham's experiences occurred when he was engaged as a political speaker in the days before he took his place on the bench, and when he was plain Mr. Grantham. On one occasion, while he was delivering an address, a man got up in the audience and shouted out excitedly, "It's a lie!" "Thanks," said the future judge. "It's a lie!" shouted the excited one again. 'You're a gentleman," said Mr. Grantham, sarcastically. "It's a lie!" burst out his opponent again, carried away by his wrath; but the general laughter which arose at his answer recalled him to himself again, and he sat down discomfited.

Success In the Army.

Sir Redvers Buller is said to have replied to a lady, who asked by what means he had succeeded in reaching his high position in the service. "I inherited £10,000 a year." "This answer," says Lieut.-Colonel Pollock, who, in addition to much active service, has written a number of books on military subjects, and who for the last eleven years has been editor of The United Service Magazine, "if ever made, was not, of course, intended to be accepted quite literally; yet it is certain that a handsome income is an immense assistance. A man must first become known before he can be appreciated, and the larger his income the more easy it is for him to mix freely with a circle of acquaintances."

A Warning.

The Slugger—An' see here; you don't wanter be goin' around braggin' dat it was me wot soaked you, see!

Elevator Etiquette.

"Do you think a man ought to take off his hat in an elevator when there are ladies present?"

"Not if he is prematurely bald and the ladies are young."—Houston Post.

Entirely Different.

"What! Spend $100 on a bathing suit?"

"Now, hubby, this isn't a bathing suit. This is a beach costume."—Kansas City Journal.

STRANGE PEOPLES.

Denizens of Darkest Africa Described For Geographers.

Major R. G. T. Bright, C.M.G., gave an interesting account of survey and exploration in the Ruwenzori and Lake region, Central Africa, before the Royal Geographical Society. The country described is in the neighborhood of the western border of the Uganda Protectorate and the Congo State. Maj. Bright gave some interesting details regarding the natives of the country through which the expedition passed. The people of Bavira were noticeable for their women wearing a particularly disfiguring ornament in their upper lips—an embellished wooden disc, from 2 1-2 to 3 inches in diameter. These tribes bartered their food for beads and cloth, much preferring the latter, though they were but scantily clothed. The males wore a piece of cloth carried between the legs, with its ends tucked, both in front and behind, through a belt of hide or rope, and for ornaments ivory and wooden bracelets. With the women a bunch of weeds worn behind was all that was considered necessary, though their necks were encircled with many strings of different-colored beads. The young men and women dressed their hair with a mixture of light clay.

A finer and a darker race—the Lendu—was warlike and continually fighting amongst themselves or with anyone else they thought themselves strong enough to overcome. They were treacherous and would go to almost any extremes in their anxiety to obtain arms and ammunition. The district between the Congolese stations, Kasindi and Beni, Maj. Bright reported, was an ideal elephant country, and was tenanted by some large herds. The Etuli forest and the wooded slopes of Ruwenzori formed veritable strongholds for elephant, while in the Toro Game Reserve devastated plantations and spoor testified to the numbers still living in and around the protected country. In the open country on the southern shore of Lake Albert, when the plains are marshy, elephant and buffalo roam over them. In the kingdom of Ankoli the population could be roughly classified as the Bahima, the aristocracy, and the Baero, the cultivators and serfs. The Bahima believed vaguely in an all-powerful Deity, who was associated mainly with rain, thunder, and other weather phenomena. They endeavored to propitiate various devils—most of whom were connected with the prevalent diseases—by erecting joss-houses, in which food and beer were placed. They invariably carried round the neck wooden charms or small goats' horns, which had been invested with magical power by the medicine men, and usually wore wire bracelets and anklets. The Bahima were a purely pastoral people. All forms of agriculture were held in contempt, and were relegated to their Baero servants.

The Baamba people living in the forest near the Etuli river were addicted to cannibalism of a particularly loathsome form. Families exchanged their young children, who were then eaten. The Baamba in many cases filed their teeth, but this practice was not quite general. They were a jovial people. A constant warfare went on between village and village. They are built on the top of a ridge, and a stout wooden stockade is erected round. Each village had a club-house, furnished with a few rough three-legged chairs, made of the forked boughs of a tree, on which the members lie: the men gathered there to talk and smoke.

Wifely Pride.

There is no telling what quaint turns wifely pride and devotion may take. Sir Melvill Beachcroft, whose work in connection with the London County Council is well-known, while waiting in a tenement house for the occupant of the first floor to admit him, chanced to overhear two women conversing on the stairs.

One remarked that her husband always wore a clean shirt every Sunday morning.

"Well, now," responded the other, "I never cares about Sundays, but I allays do see that 'e has a clean shirt Saturday afternoons, 'cos that's the time 'e is generally drinking, and when 'e does take 'is coat off to fight I do like to know 'e looks nice and clean.—M.A.P.

Easily Identified.

One of the peculiarities of Viscount Goschen is to pay surprise visits to the branches of the bank which he helps to control. Not long ago he entered a country branch and asked the clerk in charge to cash a cheque drawn by a friend, adding that both himself and friend were customers of the bank. When the clerk complied, Mr. Goschen, as he was then, read him a severe lesson on cashing cheques for strangers. "How do you know I came by the cheque honestly?" he asked. "I don't know," said the clerk; "but if anything went wrong your father would indemnify the bank against loss, and I always like to oblige a director." The said director had thought he was unknown.

Variety Artistes Salaries.

Exactly who is the highest-paid variety artiste next to Harry Lauder, who received close upon $4,000 a week while touring America, it is not easy to say. Miss Ada Reeve and Miss Vesta Tilley, however, must be very near the top. A recent law case revealed the fact that the former is accustomed to obtain engagements at $1,500 a week, while Miss Vesta Tilley's "turn" is placed at an even greater value. There are quite a number of variety artistes—Mr. Geo. Robey, "Little Tich," and Miss Marie Lloyd included—whose salaries range from $500 to $750 and more per week.

Queer Claret.

A party of miners calling at an inn in Llangollen during the absence of the landlord were shown into the best room which, on his return, caused him to remonstrate. His wife, however, explained that a lot of money had been spent, and that seven bottles of claret had already been drunk.

"Claret!" said he. "Why, I sold the last bottle the other day; you've been giving 'em catsup."

Small Collections.

Percy Pink—Don't you know I have a deuce of a time collecting my thoughts?

Kitty Kidder—Gracious, Percy! Then why don't you hire a collector?—St. Louis Republic.

Quite a Problem.

Mrs Gramercy—Women shouldn't be asked to remove their hats in public places.

Gramercy—That's so, my dear. I don't see where they'd put them.—Judge.

A QUEENSLAND STATION

LADY ARBUTHNOT DESCRIBES LIFE IN AUSTRALIA.

The "Dip" Is an Indispensable Feature of Every Cattle Farm in the Antipodes, Where Animals Are Tortured by Ticks—Bush Has a Remarkable Stillness at Night—The Cry of the Dingoes.

In a recent article in The Standard of Empire, Lady Arbuthnot gives some sketches of life in the Queensland bush, in Australia. While describing the road one has to traverse, she says:

We traversed a "lane" or narrow strip of grass between fences, with movable rails, where cattle are enclosed. In some places Government has reserved and fenced in a strip of land between two properties as a public "lane," where any man driving a

LADY ARBUTHNOT.

mob of cattle may graze them undisturbed for a night. We also saw the "dip," which is a necessary accompaniment to all cattle raising. "Ticks" and "tick fever" are the curses of pastoral Queensland, and great loss of stock occurred till inoculation and dipping were invented. Nowadays all the young stock are inoculated, and old and young alike are driven through a narrow pen of hurdles and into a "dip" of evil-smelling liquid disinfectant, into which they plunge right over their heads, and emerge bellowing and snorting. This takes place every three or four weeks, and I was told that the beasts which had experienced the relief given from ticks or other pests seemed quite ready each time to undergo the ducking again.

At length we bumped down the last stony hillside leading to the last creek, and turned in at a gate which led up through a paddock to the house. It was the usual wooden bungalow of up-country Australia, but of quite unusual age, as it had been built some forty or fifty years back. Originally, the roof was composed of wooden shingles, but recently its owner had covered the shingles with iron, as they so constantly wanted renewing. A scarlet hibiscus filled the end of one verandah, a well-grown Isabella vine grown on a light trellis formed the side of another. There was a grass lawn in front of the house with some flower beds roughly fenced in with posts and wire. A vegetable garden, containing familiar beans and peas, carrots and onions, and unfamiliar orange and lemon, guava and loquat trees, was laid out on the bank above the river. The soil was rich, dark loam in places, but near the house the subsoil consisted chiefly of white pipeclay, and the ground had to be trenched deeply for roses.

I was struck by the intense stillness of the bush. Just as the sun disappeared behind a hill the Cicadas struck up, and crickets and frogs chirped and croaked in a marsh near the house, but as night settled down the silence became deeper and deeper. I was wakened from a sound sleep by a wailing sound, which seemed taken up and repeated over and over again. It was the cry of the dingoes in the scrub, the eeriest and most melancholy howl I have ever heard. Later on I was again roused, this time by a patter of velvet-shod feet on the iron roof above me: faster and faster they scampered, till suddenly came the sounds of conflict and a scuffle on the verandah Opossums and the mother of three kittens had come to blows just outside my glass door.

Even before daylight came the long whistle of the curlew. The first bird to greet the dawn was a butcher-bird, with his delicious flute-and-harp notes. Then came crows, whose harsh voices sounded like the quack of a duck with a bad cold; laughing jackasses chuckled, parrots flew noisily over the tops of the gum-trees, magpie-larks joined in the bird orchestra, with their clear notes; dingoes slunk home, leaving tracks in the sandy creek, 'possums dropped oranges from which they had neatly scooped out all the juicy contents, and another Bush day had begun."

Pianist Who Dislikes Applause.

M. Leopold Godowsky, who has lately been delighting Londoners by his pianoforte playing, is generally considered to be the greatest living master of technique. This view is held by his eccentric colleague, M. Pachmann, who also says: "Godowsky is the most modest of great musicians. I, myself am the most immodest." M. Godowsky objects to hand-clapping at concerts, which he thinks spoils the effect of a fine piece, and would prefer that good music be received in silence. He has a charming little daughter, of whom the following amusing story has been told: Once she was asked by her mother why she was packing up her toys so carefully. "I am going to save them for my children," answered the child. "But suppose you should never have any children?" said M. Godowsky. "Oh, then I shall give them to my grandchildren," was the reply.

An Infliction.

"Your tickets were complimentary, were they not?"

"Well," replied the man who had seen a painfully amateur entertainment, "I thought they were until I saw the show."—London Tit-Bits.

Contradicted.

The play was dull from start to end, and the author thus addressed a friend: "If 'twas not a hit, 'twas a miss, for I didn't hear a single hiss."

"True," said his friend, "but in such weather no man can hiss and gape together."—Detroit Free Press.

The Hosmer Times

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year.....One Dollar in Advance
Single Copies.....Five Cents Each

Published every Thursday morning at Hosmer, British Columbia.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1910

Time Tables.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE

	Arrive Hosmer
No. 213 West	9.44
No. 214 East	18. 15
No. 236 Local East	9. 27
No. 235 Local West	19.16
No. 7 West Flyer	10. 22
No. 8 East Flyer	20. 30

Change took effect Sunday Oct. 31

G. N. TIME TABLE

No, 251 leaves Michel	10;10 a. m.
Arrives at Hosmer	10;40 a. m.
No. 252 leaves Rexford	4;15 p. m.
Arrives at Hosmer	7;13 p. m.

G. R. SHEPHERD, Agent.

If there is a chance to boom business, boom it. Don't put on a long face and look as though you had a stomachache. Hold up your head, smile and look for better things. Hide your little hammer, and try to speak well of others, no matter how small you may know yourself to be.

A superstitious subscriber, who found a spider in his paper, wants to know if it is considered a bad omen. Nothing of the kind. The spider was just looking over the colums of the paper to see what merchants were not advertising so that it could spin its web across his store door, and be free from disturbance.

Talk about the advantages of your town instead of trying to figuring up the disadvantages. Speak of the bright side of your business in place of the imaginary dull side. There is nothing goes without being propelled. You injure yourself, your business and your town by getting into the dumps. When your liver is out of order go to the woods or some other hiding place until you are better. The world looks blue to a man with a bad digestion. Cure yourself first and then everything else will appear all right.

Many good people are in a state of nervousness lest a collision with the tail of Halley's comet should cause untold disaster, and columns of twaddle have been published as to the possible results of such an accident. Sir Robert Ball probably knows more about comets than any man living and his reassuring statement published in the London Times cannot be given too wide publicity. He says: "A rhinocerous in full charge would not fear collision with a cobweb, and the earth need not fear collision with a comet. In 1861 we passed through the tail of a comet. No one knew anything about it at the time. For a hundred million years life has been continuous on this earth, though we have been visited by at least five comets every year. If comets could ever have done the earth any harm they would have done it long ago and you and I would not be discussing comets or anything else. As far as I can learn, we may be in the tail of Halley's comet about May 12th. I sincerely hope we shall, and I think Sir John Herchel says somewhere that a whole comet could be squeezed into a portmanteau."—Nelson News.

Jefferies-Johnson Fight

The 45-round championship battle on July 4 between James J. Jefferies and Jack Johnson for a purse of $101,000 will be fought in San Francisco. This announcement was made last week following a conference between Tex Reckard, Eddie Graney, Superviser John L. Herget, Sam Fitzpatrick and Jim Griffin.

The fight will take place before the Broadway Athletic club, of which Griffin is the manager, and which was organized only a few weeks ago, after the union labor administration took office. The fact that this club is to be granted the fight permit for July by the board of supervisors caused Rickard and Gleason to come to an understanding with Griffin.

C. P. R. SPEND MILLIONS

Standard 85 lb. Steel Will be Laid on the Crow Line This Year

According to a statement given out at Calgary by General Superintendent Price and Engineer Brooks, of the western division of the C. P. R., the company will spend upwards of $4,000,000 in the province of Alberta during the present year, exclusive of new lines, on extensions, revision of grades, and the high level bridge between Edmonton and Strathcona. The money will be expended in the building of new stations, roundhouses, freight sheds, machine shops, improving of old roadbeds, etc., and general improvement works.

In Calgary alone there will be about $633,000 spent. Among the improvements announced for this centre is the addition of a wing to the new station building at a cost of $80,000. A new machine shop will be constructed at a cost of about $20,000. A freight car repair shop will also be provided for. Plans are prepared for a new freight yard east of the Elbow, with a 24 stall roundhouse adjacent. A coaling plant, new water service and sand tower are also included in the programme. Plans are in readiness for an additional freight shed for the handling of all outgoing freight. It will be about 600 feet in length.

As soon as the weather permits, work will be commenced on the double tracking of the line between Calgary station and Calgary Junction. A double track on this section is required to facilitate the handling of traffic which has developed wonderfully, and now demands more track room.

Throughout the province and the entire western division, which extends between Broadview Arcola, North Portal, Field and Kootenay Landing, there will be $6,000,000 spent during the year. Added to this will be whatever may be spent by the construction department of the road in building new lines and extending old ones. It is planned to build a new station at Regina, and perhaps at Moose Jaw, at each of the above places there will be $200,000 spent on such works as new railway yards, new freight sheds, etc. In fact, large sums will be spent in nearly every terminal throughout the division. An important feature of the programme is to be the completetion of the laying of new 85-pound steel along the C. & E. line from Calgary southward to Mcleod and also northward as far as Edmonton. Altogether there will be about one quarter of a million of dollars spent on new steel and ballast for these lines.

A gravity water line will be put in between Swift Current and Medicine Hat at a cost of about $117,000. Bossano is to have an engine house, Banff will have a new station costing $30,000 and Laggan will be improved. At Coleridge a roundhouse with six stalls will be constructed. The steel between Crow's Nest station and Cranbrook also between Cranbrook and Sirdar will be increased to the C. P. R. standard 85 pound rail. This work will cost approximately $200,000. Terminal facilities at Weyburn and Swift Current will be improved.

About $50,000 has been set aside for work at Medicine Hat. This will provide for, among other things, a machine shop. Red Deer is to get a $20,000 brick station.

All along the lines of the western division at various points there will be upwards of 25 section houses constructed for the section men to be used as residences. In all 15 to 20 stations will be constructed at different points.

Robert Meikle Concert Co.

Robert Meikle, the eminent baritone, assisted by a concert company including Frank Lloyd, singing comedian; Miss Juanita Badgley, dramatic reader and Miss Nellie Malcolm, solo pianiste, will appear under the auspices of the Hosmer Orchestra, Friday, March 11th. Reserved seats on sale at Campbell's

School Report for February

The monthly report of the Hosmer public school is as follows:

	Days Present
IV	
Lawrence Wildman	15
Charles Marlatt	19 1-2
Eugene Quinn	20
George Bolduc	1-2
Edward Kennedy	0
Laughlin Kennedy	18
Grace Miller	4
III	
Annie McDonald	18 1-2
Harold Wildman	0
Harold Henderson	10 1-2
Geo. Patterson	17 1-2
Saxon Kearney	19
Sarah Spencer	18 1-2
Herbert Robson	19 1-2
Stewart Fletcher	14
Thos Miller	19
II	
Max McDougall	1 1-2
Lena Spencer	20*
Mary Henderson	20*
Lillian Cameron	0
Alberta Quinn	19 1-2
Jenny Mattieau	6
Rose McDougall	20*
Archie Courtney	18
Dave Miller	20*
Mike Maiello	4
James Millar	20*
Mary Millar	20*
I	
Maud Bolduc	10 1-2
Pearl Swanton	20
Andy Kennedy	18 1-2
Margaret McDonald	20
Doreen Kearney	20*
Joseph Tortoralli	10
Finley Patterson	19 1-2
Powell Courtney	18 1-2
Lizzie McDougall	5 1-2
Nicky Maiello	18 1-2
Earnest Beeby	13 1-2
Wilfred Beeby	17 1-2
Sr. First Primer.	
Jack Musgrove	16
Willie Spencer	20*
Rob. Henderson	0
Jacky Cameron	0
Dan McMicken	7
Lenard Ayre	18
Annie Poudelecek	18
Arthur Davis	18 1-2
Anne Hodock	17
Julia Hodock	17
John Hodock	19 1-2
Christina Krish	19
Cora De Laurier	18
Sedonia Poudelecek	18
Jr. First Primer.	
Bohus Palecek	19
Elsie Robson	15 1-2
Blanch Labelle	19 1-2
Florence Miller	19 1-2
Mike Gushook	8
Jas. McDonald	15
Laddie Krish	18 1-2
Chas. McDougall	0
Pearl Courtney	18 1-2
Ralph Tortoralli	16 1-2
Winnifred Smith	17 1-2
Fred De Laurier	6 1-2
Leslie Brown	0
Jas. Bennett	0
Geo. Hodock	20
Jas. Miller	20
July Cabara	0
Joseph Cabara	0
Louis Salvagee	0
Annie Kear	0

The 8 scholars with stars opposite their names were present every day and not late.

A. A. Davis, Principal.

Will Not Affiliate With Congress

The convention of the U. M. W. of A. in session at Lethbridge, decided that the district do not affiliate with the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada as had been suggested at the opening of the convention.

A motion was carried that the officers be stationed in subdistricts throughout the district and a committee was appointed to draft the territories where each should be stationed.

It was decided that a levy of fifty cents per month be levied on the members of the district to be used as a fund in case of a strike at Frank or other places where agreements are pending.

NOTICE

Hereafter the Hosmer opera house will be operated under the management of the owner, Phillip Carosella. For shows, concerts, etc., apply to my store in Hosmer or at the Roma Hotel, Fernie.

PHILLIP CAROSELLA.
Feb. 2, 1910.

To Advertisers

Please send in your changes of ads. no later than Tuesday night if you wish to be sure of securing a change during the current week.

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UP

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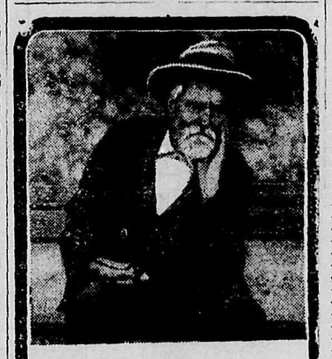

He Never Had Your Chance

In this man's day there was little chance for the chap who started out in life as a workman with no special training. He was foredoomed to work for small wages until finally disqualified by old age. With YOU it is different. If you are not getting ahead as fast as you should in your chosen occupation, the I. C. S. will help you.

A record of over 16 years of remarkable success in training thousands of ambitious wage earners for better positions and increased earnings enables us to state positively that we can help you, no matter how scant your time, money, or education may be. Don't neglect any possible chances for advancement. Send this coupon NOW.

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HAVE ARRIVED
They are bound to please you. We guarantee you comfortable and stylish foot service.
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Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Rough and Dressed
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Elk Valley Beer
Beverage of Quality
Manufactured from Canadian Malt, Bohemian Hops and the famous Crystal Spring Water
Elk Valley Brewing Co., Limited
CRYSTAL SPRINGS, B. C., (Via Michel)

TALES BY A TRAMP.

The Dilapidated Gentleman and His Many Experiences.

HISTORY REPEATED ITSELF.

How a Justice of the Peace Got What Was Coming to Him For Making a False Arrest—A Michigan Murder Mystery.

By M. QUAD.

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THE dilapidated gentleman was sitting on a park bench in the sunshine and enjoying his pipe with great gusto, and as the interviewer approached he was greeted with:

"I'm not much on old sayings, but I wish to remark that history repeats itself."

"Just how in this case?"

"Seven or eight years ago, as I was taking a saunter over the great state of Ohio and was approaching Youngstown, I was nabbed by a constable, rushed before a J. P. and sent to jail for three months as a vag. I had $25 in my pocket, had been at work for a farmer for weeks and was a vag in no sense of the term. I asked for

"FOR AN HOUR I MADE HER TASTE THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH."

a lawyer to defend me, but was refused. While I dug my way out of the old jail within a week, I've always wanted to get even with that J. P. After getting out I wrote him a letter that I would get even."

"Well?"

"Well, I've got even at last. Half an hour ago the worst looking old bum I've seen in three years came along here and struck me for a nick. We fell to talking, and hang me if he didn't turn out to be that same old J. P.! Lost his wife, lost his home and all else and has come down to tramping. Say, I got up, turned him around and gave him the boot six times, and now I feel that the matter is off my mind. Dr. Parkhurst would say that I ought to have taken him to my bosom and forgiven and sent him back to Ohio with a necklace of pearls, but I'm not doing business on that corner.

"I was telling you one time," continued the dilapidated, "about the absorbing interest farmers take in murders and robberies. It is because they seldom meet up with anything of the kind personally. I have stayed at farmhouses where such a thing as a robbery had not been known in fifty years. I told you at the same time that the general idea of a tramp is that he must have been a pretty wicked fellow at some time in his life. If he don't own up that he was and state that he has reformed he's considered as only half a tramp.

"Five years ago this summer I was touring Michigan. There's a town up in the northern part of the state named Bad Ax. Perhaps there's a Good Ax around there somewhere to match it, but I can't say. Five miles from the town I struck a farmer who offered me a certain sum and board to grub out some stumps. I went at it. After supper that night I was asked enough questions to prove that the family was curious about me, and I promised that on the next night I would relate an experience to make their hair stand up. That farmer was a thrifty man. He went among his neighbors and repeated my words, and the result was that when night came sixteen outsiders had gathered at his house, at a charge of 10 cents each, to hear me talk. Did he divvy with the undersigned? Oh, no! He knew a good thing when he saw it.

His Marriage to Lovely Girl.

"When ready to talk I began with my marriage to a lovely girl and the happiness that followed for a year. Then a fiend incarnate told her that I loved fourteen other women, and she eloped with him. I found her tracks in the mud and vowed heaven that I would never rest until I had had revenge. For eight long years I followed the guilty couple, and I was about to give up in despair when one evening I found myself seated directly behind them at a circus performance. As they ate peanuts and drank lemonade I tried to borrow a stiletto to stab them in the back. No stiletto was to be found.

"When the show was out I followed the couple. They got into a wagon and drove three miles into the country, and I followed close behind. I could have pulled a rail off the fence and killed them as they drove, but I had another plan. At this point I asked each one of my audience to take a solemn oath not to betray my secret nor take any steps whatever to bring me to justice. Not one refused to take the oath. They licked their chops and were glad to take it. It presaged something more bloody than they had hoped for.

"Well, as the story went, I hung around the farm for a couple of days, and then the wife began making soft soap. The lye in the big kettle had been boiling for five hours and midnight had come when I raised a window and crept into the house. I found the guilty parties asleep. I tapped them on the head with a club and awoke them. Then I sat down by the bedside and gloated over their fears. Oh, but I gloated! They wept and prayed and shivered and shook, but I sat there with the look of a demon on my face. I prolonged their misery for hours, and I had my audience so wrought up that no one breathed.

"I could have battered in the skulls of my victims with the club or cut off their heads with the ax, but such a death would have been too merciful. After tantalizing them to my heart's content I carried the man out to the soap kettle and held him in it, head downward, until he ceased to kick. Then came the turn of her who had been my wife. Heavens, how she shrieked and prayed, how she ran around the room, how she cried out to me that the man had hypnotized her! I was grim—grim as the death that must soon be hers. She looked for just one flicker of mercy in my eyes but she looked in vain. For an hour I made her taste the bitterness of death, and then I reached out to seize her and make soft soap of her, but heart disease had carried her off. She was dead.

"'And I'm glad of it!' shouted every soul in the room as he or she rose up

Robbed House and Fled.

"Well, there wasn't much more to tell them. I robbed the house and fled far away and had never even been suspected of the murders. I asked them to be so kind as to remember their oaths, as I had a strange prejudice against being hung, and then let the farmer lock me into the barn for the night. Next day I was arrested, of course. Every one of them had gone and given me away. Two constables came and loaded me with chains, and I was taken to the county jail. Warrants for murder were sworn out and the legal authorities at Pilot Knob, Mo., communicated with. That's where I had laid the scene of the crime.

"Say, my friend, I was in quod six weeks and during that time 245 people were admitted to gaze upon the blood stained demon. Reporters from three papers interviewed me, and I told them six different yarns. I received and entertained and confessed to five different ministers. No two confessions were alike. Seven different doctors studied and examined me I wasn't going through with all this and living like a tramp, you know. You bet I wasn't. I had the bridal chamber of the jail, and I had dainties and bouquets to beat the band. It was my harvest, and I made the most of it.

"Of course the Missouri officials were bound to write back after due investigation that I was a liar, and of course the time came when I was turned out of jail. There was general indignation that I was not a fiendish murderer instead of an innocent man, and some folks hinted at lynching. The sheriff fairly kicked me out of the jail, and the only friend I had was the farmer for whom I had started grubbing stumps. He was waiting for me at his gate, and when I came along he saluted me with:

"'Come right in and go to work again, and I'll make your board free this time.'

"'But I thought you'd be down on me,' I said.

"'Lands, no! A man that can lie like you can ought to have $30 a month and board to do nothing else! Come in. Come in.'"

Superfluous.

"When I observe the way some things go in New York, over which we make a fuss when we get them," said the Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, "and think of what we ought to have I am reminded of the poor minister who had seven children and whose family was increased to eight. He told his eldest child, a daughter, about the new baby.

"'Well, father,' she said, 'I suppose it is all right, but there are a lot of things we needed more.'"—Saturday Evening Post.

What She Hoped.

Miss Cayenne—Why, I thought you were to sail for Europe yesterday.

Callowit—That was me—aw—intention, doucher know, but I—aw—changed me mind at the lawst moment.

Miss Cayenne—Glad to hear it, and I hope you got a better one in the exchange.—Pittsburg Post.

Her Weight of Sin.

"Mother, I've a dreadful thing to confess to you. Last night when you told me to lie down in bed I lied down, but after you turned out the gas I grounded my teeth at you in the dark!"—London Punch.

Your Gait.

Don't go such a fearful rate.
Take a slow an' stiddy gait.
Don't you think you'd better heed
Common sense an' check your speed?
Rome warn't fashioned in a day.
Hurry jobs don't never stay.
Take a gait thet's safe an' sane,
Then keep pushin' on the rein.

Better make it slow an' sure
Ef you want it to endure
Lots o' things kin hap, indeed,
When you try to overspeed.
You might git there quicker, an'
Then ag'in you mightn't land.
There's a gait thet's safe an' sane.
Take it, then push on the rein.

Quite Modern.

"What are you doing?"

"Waiting for my ship to come in."

"You are waiting a long way from the ocean."

"This is an airship."

Too Good to Keep.

"What are you promoting?"

"Just a gold mine."

"Any gold in it?"

"Think I'd be selling stock in it if there were?"

Disappointing.

"She is writing an ode to Pan."

"That sounds good. What pan?"

"Pan, the god of nature."

"Oh, shucks! I thought it was the frying pan."

Economical.

"Why does he now eat breakfast?"

"To get his money's worth."

"Don't understand."

"Boards at the hotel, American plan."

Youthful Manifestation.

"They say he is in love with his wife."

"Oh, well, give him time!"

DIAMOND HEAD.

Uncle Sam's Great Volcano Fortress in the Pacific Ocean.

Since England instituted her vast and mysterious system of defenses in the great rock of Gibraltar the world has witnessed no project of military fortification so important as that which has been undertaken by the United States in the island of Oahu of the Hawaiian group.

In the belief that the Pacific ocean is to be the theater of the next great international struggle for commercial and territorial control, the American government has entered upon a project which is destined to give it an invincible base and outpost in midocean at Hawaii. To that end it has begun to fortify what is known as Diamond head, which is a vast extinct volcano in Oahu, on which Honolulu is built, and when the works are completed the place will be justly entitled to be called "the Gibraltar of the Pacific."

Situated as it is at the lower extremity of the island, with its northern slope forming part of the city of Honolulu, says Edward P. Irwin in the World Today, Diamond head commands the seaward approach from all directions to the city, and the fire of its guns, combined with the cross fire of the Pearl harbor fortifications seven miles away on the other side of Honolulu, is sufficient to render the town safe from attack.

The crater itself is comparatively shallow, being only a couple of hundred feet deep. But the walls are steep and rugged, and it would be practically impossible for a ship at sea to drop a shell into the cavity. This is being taken advantage of to form a safe shelter for the gunners who are to man the battery.

The guns themselves, eight 12-inch mortars of the newest and most powerful type, are not located in the crater itself, but are mounted on the Leahi slope, toward Kaimuki, behind the mountain. Should there be occasion to use them in time of war the gunners would not see the vessel at which they were firing, but would direct their aim according to the telephoned instructions of the range finders stationed at various points on the circumference of the crater's rim.

Such is modern gunnery, a matter of mathematics rather than of accuracy of vision. But to such a degree of perfection has the modern science of gunnery attained that the crews of the Diamond head battery would be able to drop on to the deck of a battleship miles distant and completely out of their range of vision a projectile which would sink the vessel before ever it had a chance to get close enough to the island to use its own less powerful guns.

Through the thick rock walls of the volcano's crater grimy workmen, under the direction of United States military engineers, are driving a tunnel. This is to form a passageway to and from the batteries for the officers and range finders and, should occasion ever arise, for the crews of the mortar battery.

The sides of the volcano are very steep and cannot be scaled except in a few places where narrow paths lead up the precipitous heights. A few riflemen and machine guns could easily defend these passes against a force many times their number.

About the only way the volcanic fortress could be captured would be by starving the defenders out. Water would be the most difficult thing for a defending force to obtain, but it will be no insuperable task to provide a plentiful supply.

When this is finished Hawaii will have the most novel and at the same time one of the strongest fortresses in the world—a fortified volcano.

A Simple Trick.

Here is a magician with a new trick He takes a duck from under a man's coat collar. Now, don't say that you have seen that done a hundred times It was a rabbit that you saw taken from under a man's coat collar. This is a duck. It was time for a variation to be introduced in the rabbit trick. It be introduced in the rabbit trick. It is just as easy to do it with a duck as with a rabbit and a little funnier, because the duck can kick as hard as the rabbit and can also quack, which no rabbit can do, no matter how well trained it is. The explanation of the trick is simple The magician simply does it so quickly that you cannot see how he does it. Nothing easier. Any one who doubts it can get a duck and try it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Dear and Cheap Meat.

According to Health Commissioner Ritchie of Boston, if meat eaters are looking for nutriment only they might just as well buy the cheaper cuts as the more expensive ones. "The value of different foodstuffs," says Mr. Ritchie, "is largely a question of amount of heat units they contain. According to good authorities, one-half the weight of beef, the most nutritive kind of meat, is water About 10 per cent is waste. The remainder is fats and proteids. There is no difference between the nutritive values of the better or cheaper grades of beef. The amount of fats and proteids contained in each is about the same."

A Constitutional Monarch.

Recipe for making a constitutional monarch: Take a few thousand troops, a good general and ten or eleven machine guns. Turn the latter rapidly until a white flag appears out of the palace window. Sprinkle over the quivering ruler a few threats of what will happen to him if he isn't good. Then, when you take him out, the chances are that you will find a nice, tender, constitutional monarch fit to grace any table.—Syracuse Herald.

The Palolo.

That remarkable worm of the Polynesian islands, known as the palolo, seems to regulate its periodical appearances for the purposes of reproduction by the moon. The natives predict the annual appearance of the palolo by observing the lunar phases.

System.

"Aren't you glad that there won't be any more coal bills?"

"I didn't have any. I kept warm trying to dodge the man with last summer's ice bills."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

VIGO BAY TREASURE.

A Hundred and Fifty Millions Lie In Lost Galleons.

If one were asked to say off-hand where in the world are to be found the richest deposits of the precious minerals in the most concentrated form, one would probably name the Rand, or the Yukon, or Cobalt. But each and all of these guesses would be wrong. For if the investigations which have been carried on for years past among the archives of Spain are to be depended upon there lies in Vigo Bay, within a comparatively small area, minted gold and silver to the value of between $100,000,000 and $150,000,000.

In the golden age of Spain's history she drew from her mines in the West Indies gold and silver worth more than $45,000,000 a year. In 1702 a fleet of galleons brought home the accumulated treasure of three years amounting to some $140,000,000, together with precious merchandise almost equally valuable. Arrived safely at Vigo, the seventeen Spanish galleons were attacked by the combined British and Dutch fleets under Admiral Sir George Rooke. The galleons, which were men-of-war, carrying from twenty to forty guns apiece, were assisted in the engagement by twenty-one French ships of the line. The others were much stronger, and gained an overwhelming victory. It was to save the treasure falling into their hands that the galleons were sunk. It is proved beyond doubt that only a very small part of the treasure belonging to the King was landed before the battle; contemporary official documents show it to have been $10,407,000, and the allies secured as booty no more than $2,174,000. Some of this gold and silver was adapted to the national currency in England, and a number of commemorative medals also were struck from the captured gold by order of Queen Anne.

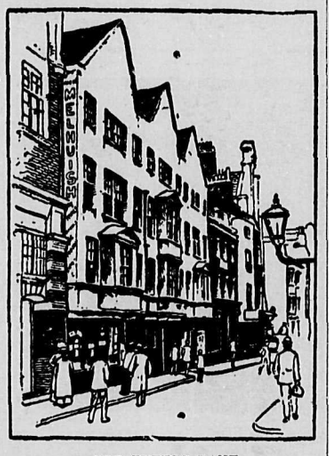
Almost as soon as the battle ended, attempts were made by the Spanish Government to recover the treasure. They were unsuccessful, and later the Government began to grant special charters to private companies. A succession of attempts were made, the Government at first demanding as much as 95 per cent. of all treasure that might be raised from the Bay. In 1728, a wealthy Frenchman, Alexandre Goubert, almost succeeded in bringing one of the sunken vessels on shore, but it proved to be a French warship that had been sunk during the Battle of Vigo. An English expedition, under William Evans, worked for a year from the end of 1825, and succeeded with a primitive diving-bell in rescuing small amounts of silver, cannons, balls and other objects. The American Vigo Bay Treasure Co. which, at an interval of several years, followed. The latter expedition succeeded in lifting one of the ships, which, however, went to pieces before it was raised, since it had not been properly strengthened.

OLD FETTER LANE.

Last House on Famous Street Must Be Replaced.

Another link with Old London town is about to be snapped. The ancient gabled house in Fetter lane, near Holborn, tenanted for many years by Messrs. Melhuish, has been given over to the housebreaker, who will begin forthwith the process of demolition. The spirit of modernism, like the march of intellect, cannot be stayed: necessity is the strongest thing in the world.

Fetter lane is a relic of the days of Stow, who discovers the origin of the word in the fact that it was the old haunt of "fewters"—that is to say,



OLD FETTER LANE.

loafers; "and," he continues, "it is now built through with many fair houses." No doubt this very building, which is about to be replaced by a modern one, was once a part of those "fair houses."

The street has many historic associations. It was here in a passage, or "entry," leading to Bartlett's Buildings, that the boy, Charles Lamb, went for his daily schooling—before he became a Bluecoat boy. At No. 77 in the street lived Tom Paine, the revolutionary, the centenary of whose death was celebrated on June 8. A less happy memory is that of Mrs. Brownrigg, who lived at No. 17, where, in a fit of passion, she whipped to death an apprentice girl. Here, also, at No. 32, the Moravian Brethren had their chapel for many years.

So the human interest, as well as the historic, surrounding this street and neighborhood is great indeed, and that is why there is just one slight feeling of regret at the news of another link sundered. Herewith is a picture of the house.

Turbulent Chief Deposed.

After careful consideration of the case the Government has deposed Silwane, chief of the largest tribe in Natal, owing to his turbulent behaviour. Silwane has been repeatedly threatening to advance against his neighbors.

No trouble is anticipated as the result of the Government's action. It had been originally intended to surround Silwane after the Dinizulu expedition, but the authorities dreaded an extension of the rebellion area at that time of unrest.

A Long Memory.

"Mrs. Brown says she has a good memory for faces since she belongs to so many clubs."

"She has, even when they are changing all the time."

"Has she?"

"Yes; she always knows her baby when they meet outside."

Homemade Pie.

"That man has an adamantine jaw."

"Sure enough."

"Wonder where he got it."

"Probably his wife does her own cooking."

PAUL JONES' PROMISE.

Our Great Naval Hero and the Duchess of Chartres.

The Duchess of Chartres was an enthusiast in the cause of American liberty and a warm friend of its great naval champion, Paul Jones, whom she nicknamed the "Untitled Knight of the Sea." The duchess was a royal princess and a very great lady, and Captain Jones was a sailor, self educated and the son of a Scotch gardener, but in the exchange of gifts and compliments which, according to the custom of the day in France attended their friendship, he was not to be outshone.

At a luncheon which she gave just before he sailed from France in the Ranger on that famous cruise of his which carried the war to the very shore of Britain it was the good fortune of Paul Jones to share in a conversation touching a French naval engagement in which the grandfather of the duchess had borne a conspicuous part and to defend and explain his maneuvers on that occasion, showing a knowledge of every ship and every captain engaged and winning on the spot the ardent personal adherence of Mme. de Chartres.

At the close of the feast she presented him a valuable watch which had been her grandfather's. Taken by surprise, the American captain nevertheless accepted it with a grace that charmed the courtly company, promising that in return, if fortune favored him, he would some day "lay an English frigate at her feet."

It was a daring boast, but in A. C. Buell's biography of Paul Jones it is related how he kept it. Within two years occurred the marvelous victory of the Bonhomme Richard over the Serapis, concerning which the victor wrote the duchess a letter, ending, "The enemy surrendered at thirty five minutes past 10 p. m. by your watch, which I consult only to fix the moment of victory."

That was a phrase to delight a society that reveled in pretty phrases, and the duchess was amply satisfied When Paul Jones reached Paris she gave a grand banquet in his honor. Just before it ended he reminded her of her gift and his promise. A servant was sent to his room and returned with a long leather case, which the duchess took amid the exclamations and eager curiosity of the company.

"Your royal highness perceives the impossibility of keeping my promise in kind," explained the knight of the sea, smiling. "The English frigate proved to be a forty-four on two decks, and she is now at Lorient with French colors flying. The best I can do toward keeping my word of two years ago is to place in your dainty hands the sword of the brave officer who commanded her. I have the honor to surrender to the loveliest of women the sword surrendered to me by one of the bravest of men—the sword of Captain the Hon. Richard Pearson of his Britannic majesty's late ship the Serapis."

Fooled.

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient.

Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out."

He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers.

"Here's a chance!" said he and followed him home.

Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours, and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps.

He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly:

"Do you want a doctor?"

"No!" replied the man roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"—London Answers.

The Bride's Linen Room.

If a groom elect has not provided an extra room to his house for storing his bride's linen he should build it in time for in these days whenever a girl marries her mother closes her lips grimly, goes after pa's pocketbook and does the right thing with nine dozen towels, fifteen dozen napkins, eighty four pairs of sheets, etc. She doesn't expect her daughter to open a boarding house, but she has proper pride and intends to do the right thing by the girl even if it breaks pa.—Atchison Globe.

Couldn't Forget It.

"Saturday night some miscreant lugged off a whole cord of my wood, and somehow I can't forget about it!" declared Silas.

"Have you tried to forget it?" inquired his friend.

"Yes. Sunday morning I went to church hoping I could get it off my mind, and before I had been there five minutes the choir started in singing 'The Lost Chord,' so I got out!"—Judge.

Lunch and Luncheon.

"We don't have dinner in the middle of the day at our boarding house any more."

"You have lunch, I suppose?"

"No, luncheon."

"Well, that's the same thing."

"Oh, no, it isn't! Lunch is a light dinner, and luncheon is a light lunch."—Puck.

Cure For Lonesomeness.

The redheaded girl is a winner—and the man who gets one will not be lonesome. He will soon find out whether he has drawn a Titian haired angel or a combination of a cyclone and a sunset.—Baltimore Sun.

The learned man conceals his erudition, the silly man clothes himself with it.—Houssaye.

Relief.

Sing a song of sixpence,
Bottle full of rye
For a fellow in the south
Feeling extra dry.
No saloons are open,
But he doesn't care
If he has a pocket
With a bottle there.

Magnesium.

When exposed to an open flame, magnesium in its powdered metallic state will instantly combine with the oxygen of the air and form an explosive flash of intense white flame and change into a dense white smoke of oxide of magnesium.

SUBSTITUTES FOR SILAGE.

Sugar Beets and Mangels Excellent For Cows In Winter.

When the dairyman is unable to provide silage for his cows the balanced ration should include something besides hay, bran, mill feed and occasionally oil cake. This is imperative for the dairyman and desirable for growing and fattening stock.

For this purpose pumpkins are largely grown for late fall feed, but they cannot be kept far into the winter. Following these there is no vegetable that equals the sugar beet, especially in the delightful flavor and richness that it imparts to milk, and an allowance of even three or four a day to each cow, chopped into convenient bits and fed in connection with hay, is eaten with avidity and conduces to health as well as enjoyment for the animals.

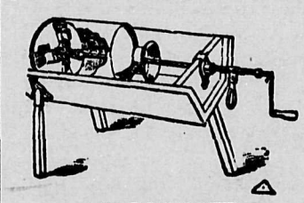
Next to the sugar beets and even easier to grow are the mangels, raised exclusively for stock, and in European countries forming a large part of the food, a practice that might be most profitably imitated in America, where the grain feeds have lately greatly advanced in price.

Scours In Pigs.

For two or three years we had some trouble with our young Berkshire pigs at weaning time, says a breeder. Frequently the best of each litter would have white scours. For several years we have had no trouble along this line, as we began feeding a side dish of wheat middlings, fed dry in a creep while the young pigs were still on the dam. Since we began this dry feed we have had no trouble. I think that the difficulty comes in most cases by giving a wet feed, but where dry feed is used no trouble occurs. We always feed warm, soaked corn at the same time. After they are weaned they are fed twice a day just what they will clean up nicely.

Cleaning Dairy Utensils.

The proper way of washing milk utensils is something that is often neglected. All milk should be rinsed from the surface of the tin before it comes in contact with the boiling water, as the heat will cook the milk on to the surface, forming a coating very difficult to remove. If this coating is not removed it furnishes food and a place for bacterial growth. This is especially true in localities that are damp. After rinsing the vessels free from milk they may be washed in hot water. There should be added to the water some good cleansing compound. Some of the so called washing powders are not good, for a grease of some kind is used in their makeup. If a good powder cannot be obtained ordi-



A MILK CAN WASHER.

nary commercial sal soda and a little borax can be used. It is always important to wash milk utensils as soon as possible after their contents are emptied. If left to stand two or three hours some of the milk dries, and then the more hot water is put on it the closer it sticks. Always wash milk pails and cans first with cold water.

THE DAIRYMAN.

Provide good milk pails. There are a great number of patent milk pails on the market that prevent filth from falling into the milk. Strainer top pails are quite extensively used and are very effective in keeping out foreign matter.

Regularity in Work of Dairy.

Too much importance cannot be attached to the regularity in all dairy work. The cow is a creature of habits. The more regular the attention given her the better work she will do in the dairy. Teach the boys to be kind and gentle to the cows, to feed them properly and with regularity Try to make the cows contented as possible. Gentle treatment, good feeding and regularity are the three requirements in handling dairy cows.

Remedy For Cowpox.

Oxide of zinc ointment rubbed on the cow's bag morning and night is a very good remedy for cowpox. The disease is carried from cow to cow on the hands of the milker. So when the disease is in the herd the milkers should wash their hands carefully after milking each cow. Do not use the milk from affected cows until they are cured.

For Kicking Cows.

To cure cows of kicking when being milked a dairyman says a remedy which has proved effectual without a single exception is simply clean lard About fifteen or twenty minutes before the cow is milked the first time the lard should be applied to the teats, and when through milking wipe the teats perfectly dry with a soft, dry cloth and apply the lard again. This was usually found necessary for about five or six milkings. Many milkers have a bad habit of wetting their fingers when milking, and when the teats of young cows are left in this condition, especially in winter time, they get sore. On the other hand, lard heals or takes away the soreness that is so natural, caused by the action of rough, hard hands upon the teats that are not accustomed to the milking process.

Not Quite the Same.

"Is he looked up to as a man of mark?"

"No; merely as a man of dollar mark."

Apologies to the Purple Cow.

Although it's bound to raise our ire
Each time we hear or see one,
There's this about the poor umpire—
We'd rather see than be one.

Willing To.

"Have you forgotten you owe me $5?"

"No, not yet. Give me time and I will."

Selections

AN EARTHQUAKE MIRACLE.

One of Many Strange Stories Told by the Survivors at Messina.

Many curious and improbable stories were told in Messina after its disaster, according to Robert Hichens, who has written for the Century Magazine of his experiences and observations "After the Earthquake." One of the strangest of the stories he heard he tells as follows:

"A woman after the shock was buried alone in her room. The door was blocked by fallen masonry. There was no means of ingress or egress, and the rest of the house had fallen in ruins. She was uninjured, but she was imprisoned. In this room she remained for eight days. It was a bedroom and contained no food. During the eight days she gave birth to twins. When searchers, with picks and spades, dug down to where she was they found her and the twins strong and well. They took them out and questioned her as to how she had managed to live—why she had not starved.

"'Every day a woman came and brought me food,' she answered.

"They pointed out that this was impossible, as there was no means of getting into or out of the room and the rest of the house had fallen.

"'I know,' she said. 'Nevertheless it is true. I do not know how she came or went. She never spoke to me or looked at me. She was there each day, put food for me on the table and disappeared. I had never seen her before and do not know who she was.'

"They asked for some description of the visitor, but could obtain no details.

"This woman was not raving. She was in good health, well nourished and had nursed the twins, who are thriving. She persists in her story.

"I told it to a Sicilian.

"'It was the Madonna who brought her food,' he said. 'She often does such things.'"

A Three Legged Capital.

The only apology for the decision of the South African convention about the capital is that any other would have wrecked the scheme of union. But the fact that it was an unavoidable sacrifice to local jealousies does not make the arrangement desirable or even save it from ridicule. The legislative assembly or federal parliament is to sit at Cape Town, while the executive—i. e., the government offices—are to be at Pretoria. As a crowning absurdity the legal or supreme court of appeal is to be at Bloemfontein Thus the provincial pride, not untinged with cupidity, of the Cape Colony, the Orange Colony and the Transvaal has each in its turn been provided for with the result that South Africa has no capital, or, rather, has three capitals.—Saturday Review.

From Gold to Copper.

There is no clearer example of the mining of the new day than these great copper camps set down in the heart of the old time gold country. Gold mining meant fortunes to the few. The argonauts came and gathered their millions and left the land almost as wild and unconquered as they found it. Few permanent towns and cities mark their trail. But copper enlists an army in its service. It sets big buildings rocking with the roar of machinery where the gold hunter pitched his tent and builds its railroads where he packed his mule trains. Science steps down from a Pullman now where romance tramped with blanket roll and rifle and gold pan, and telephone and telegraph wires follow the trails of the express riders.—Out West.

Woman's Courage.

"It is not unusual," said the observant man, "for women to die with the stoicism of Mrs. Farmer. Women at the hour of death have always had more strength and calmness and power of endurance than men. I don't know why, unless it is that they have more religion and greater faith in the betterment of their condition in the hereafter. The few women who have been executed here in America have been remarkable for their calmness, while it is a historical fact that during the French revolution it was the women who exhibited the greatest courage and strength of character upon the guillotine."—New York Press.

A Job For the Armies.

Camille Flammarion has revived his old scheme of digging a geothermic well 200 meters in diameter to ascertain the internal constitution of the earth. The imaginative Flammarion proposes to find an economic and almost inexhaustible source of heat to verify the rate of caloric increase to find out if the materials constituting the terrestrial globe are in a state of fusion—in a word, to do rationally and directly what has been done slightly and a little by chance up to the present time in mines. To carry out the work the standing armies of the world are to be called into requisition.—Scientific American.

"S O S" Supplants "C Q D."

The first distress signal used when the wireless became popular on ships was C Q D. It has been changed to S O S. In the continental code it is made with three dots, three short dashes and three dots, while in the Morse it is three dots, dot, space and dot, three dots. The new distress signal has been adopted by the Berlin treaty and is now official all over the world.—Exchange.

The thing that most of us don't want brought home to us is the truth about ourselves.

Sometimes the difference between reputation and character is untellable.

As long as you are not running the universe why worry about the schedule?

Getting out of life what there is in it without the bitter rind is what might be called the measure of success.

BOWSER HAS GARDEN

Buys Onion Bed and Proceeds to Cultivate Immediately.

REFUSES ADVICE OF MRS. B.

Is Well Satisfied With His Picturesque Work, Which Is Destroyed by Fighting Dogs—Temper Gets Better of Him Again.

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AT breakfast time Mr. Bowser informed Mrs. Bowser that, it being Saturday, he should take a half day off and be home shortly after 12 o'clock. He was asked if he intended to go fishing or take a walk out into the country to pass the afternoon, but he was noncommittal. If he had a dark, deep design he intended to keep it a secret until the proper time to spring it. That he would be content to sit on the steps and smoke all the afternoon could not for a moment be imagined. The cook had overheard his remark, and he had not been gone ten minutes when she came to Mrs. Bowser to ask:

"Does it mean that he is coming home to tinker with the gas meter, mum?"

"I don't think so."

"Then is it to try a new fuel and blow up the range again?"

"I think he will just sit around."

"Never, never, mum! If he's coming home in the afternoon it's never to sit down for five minutes at a time. You are a real lady and have used me kindly, and I'm willing to run some risks for you, but if you don't promise to have your eye on him all the afternoon out I go at noon."

FARMER BOWSER WAS AT WORK IN THE BACK YARD.

Mrs. Bowser promised and put her trust where the American gold coins do. At half past 12 Mr. Bowser arrived and brought something in a paper bag with him. The mystery was soon solved. As he sat down to lunch he said:

"If you are wondering what is in that bag let me tell you that I have brought home some onion setts."

"And for what reason?"

"There can be but one reason. I am going to make a bed in the back yard and set them out."

"But—but"—

"There are no buts about it. As you know, I am a lover of young onions. There is nothing better for the system. I don't propose to eat onions that have laid around the grocery for a week. And in connection with this onion bed I want to give you a word of warning. Two years ago this spring I got onion setts and made an onion bed. Inside of a week it was destroyed."

"But what had I to do with that?" protested Mrs. Bowser.

"Never you mind. I have always had my theory about it. I hadn't the proofs to convict you, but take a tip from me this time. If the onion bed I am to make this afternoon is not held as sacred as the family Bible there's going to be the biggest kind of a row in this family."

"Your onions never came up, and you know it."

"I know nothing of the kind."

"And the cats came and rolled over the bed."

"Lay it to the cats, but take my tip."

Mr. Bowser Begins Spading.

Half an hour later Farmer Bowser was at work in the back yard. The cook was still a little shy when she was told that it was only onions, but she didn't quit her job. To make an onion bed you have got to spade up the ground. Mr. Bowser spaded. He met with beer bottles, clothespins, brickbats, tomato cans and knives and forks and spoons and pieces of crockery, but he was not discouraged. His back ached and the sweat started, but he remembered how refreshing young onions tasted. He had finished his spading when Mrs. Bowser came out to say:

"I don't want to interfere with your work, but don't you see you have dug your bed in the shade. I should think it needed the sun to grow onions."

"Oh, you should?" he replied. "Mrs. Bowser, perhaps at some time in your life you have served as president of an agricultural college?"

"No, I never have. I simply know that growing vegetables need the sun."

"Then I will excuse you, and you can retire into the house. I am running this onion bed. Indeed, I was running onion beds when you were playing with rag dolls, and I have never made a mistake yet in placing them."

Mrs. Bowser retired, and he got the rake to smooth the bed over and give it the appearance of a hair mattress. That bed was not laid out by the compass points. It pointed in any old direction. It was not a square bed. Its width was not proportioned to its length. It was simply a Bowser onion bed. Some folks might have considered it a blot on the landscape of the back yard, but he didn't.

When the surface had been combed sufficiently the bed was ready for the onions. They were old onions with sprouts all ready to grow and give a farmer a full heart. In setting them out Mr. Bowser didn't follow any arbitrary rule and set them in rows. He simply followed his eye, with the result that when the bed was finished all the rows had beautiful bulges in them. Some bulged to the right and some to the left, and some started across the yard and then headed for the alley fence. Mrs. Bowser came out and looked at them and asked:

"Did you take picturesqueness into account in setting out your sprouts?"

"Have you any fault to find?" he replied.

"Why, no, but it seems to me"—

"Never mind how it seems to you. If you have any stockings to darn, now is the time to do it."

The work was now completed, but Mr. Bowser lingered to feast his eyes on that bed. He had done it all himself. He had done it without any of Mrs. Bowser's advice. Without doubt it was the only onion bed on the block. There might be others, but they were far, far away. Even at that they were onion beds without picturesqueness or bulges. He was called to dinner, but he could not tear himself away. He was called again, but still, like Mary's little lamb, he lingered near. By a heroic effort, however, he finally tore himself away and entered the house and made ready for the meal.

"Well, *is it done?*" asked Mrs. Bowser as they sat down to the table.

"Yes, it is finished, and it now only remains for the onions to thrive and grow. I doubt if any farmer in the country will have a better onion bed to show."

"Well, I hope they will be a success."

"They can't help but be unless you interfere, and I want you to remember what I said. The person that interferes with that onion bed interferes with me."

"I won't even look at it."

Destroyed by Dogs.

Just then was heard the barking and growling of dogs on the street outside. It seemed to be a fight between half a dozen canines, but the noise presently receded. Then it was heard again at the back of the house, but only by the cook, and she took no particular note of it for a minute. Then as she went to the open kitchen door she uttered a yell.

"What in thunder ails that woman now?" demanded Mr. Bowser as he half rose up.

"She must have burned her hand."

The words were still on Mrs. Bowser's lips when the cook burst into the dining room with the cry of:

"Oh, sir, dogs, dogs, dogs!"

"Where? What? What dogs?"

The terrified woman pointed to the back yard and could make no reply. Mr. Bowser ran out to see for himself, and he saw. There were seven or eight dogs fighting on his onion bed. They had already scattered the onions to the four or five winds of heaven or that other place and were now throwing the loose dirt after them. He rushed into their midst with the rake, but the deed had been done. The spring sun was just going down on the scene of desolation.

"Did I do it this time?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she followed him out.

He turned and glared at her for a moment and then replied:

"Woman, this is the deadline! You leave for your mother's at 10:10 in the morning." M. QUAD.

The Ready Explainer.

"Why," asked the customer suspiciously, "do you put so many little berries under the top layer of big ones?"

"That," answered the affable grocer, "is done so that we can get more of them into a box."—Minneapolis Journal.

A Strange Creature.

"The gnu always puzzles me," said the man with the magazine.

"In what way?"

"I invariably have a momentary doubt as to whether it is an animal or a misprint."—Smart Set.

Plain Evidence.

"Jenks is a pushing sort of fellow, isn't he?"

"I should judge so by his performances with the baby carriage and the lawn mower."—Houston Post.

Down and Out.

He—I guess I have lost the case.

She—Is that so? Has your lawyer exhausted all the means at his disposal?

He—No, but he has exhausted all the means at my disposal.—Baltimore American.

Just as Well!

Palmist (to man and his wife passing)—Have your fortune told, sir?

The Man (whispering)—I'll be around later. I don't want my wife to know it.—New York Life.

Almost a Walkover.

"Tell me, is there anything on earth that new yacht of yours can't overtake and pass?"

"I should say there is."

"What's that?"

"Its running expenses."—Puck.

The Damper.

We love the game! We love to go
And hear the crowded bleachers shriek
In joyous victory, but—oh,
You losing streak!
—Indianapolis News.

A Distinction of Terms.

"So Uncle Jasper has gone to raisin' chickens!"

"I didn't say he were raisin' 'em," replied Erastus Pinkly. "I said he were liftin' 'em."—Washington Star.

The Vain Mosquito.

Said the July mad mosquito
As he hummed the way along:
"I wonder why the mocking birds
Don't imitate my song.
I sing all night, and so do they,
And I can beat them night or day!

"But the man there 'neath the coverlet
My music understands.
He's giving me an encore,
Just hear him clap his hands!
It's music I was born to teach,
But keep me from my pupils' reach!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

SUN PRANKS.

Irregularities For Which Science Cannot Altogether Account.

The sun is generally looked upon as a model of regularity which never fails in its duty, but the ancient historians mention several instances when it failed to give forth its usual amount of heat and light for periods varying from three hours to several months. Data on the subject have been compiled by the St. Louis Republic.

According to Plutarch, the year 44 B. C. was one in which the sun was "weak and pale" for a period approximating eleven months.

The Portuguese historians record several months of diminished sunlight in the year 934 A. D., and, according to Humboldt, this uncanny period ended with "strange and startling sky phenomena, such as loud atmospheric explosions, rifts in the vaulted canopy of blue above and in divers other rare and unaccountable freaks."

In the year 1091, on Sept. 29 (see Humboldt's "Cosmos"), the sun turned suddenly black and remained so for three hours and did not regain its normal condition for several days.

According to the noted Helmuth's "Solar Energy," the days of seeming inactivity on the part of the sun (the days following the sudden blackening of the great orb) were noted for a peculiar greenish tinge and are marked in old Spanish, French and Italian records as "the days of the green sun."

February, 1106 A. D., is noted in the annals of marvelous phenomena as a month in which there were several days that "the sun appeared dead and black, like a great circular cinder floating in the sky."

"On the last day of February, 1206," says an old Spanish writer on astronomy, astrology and kindred subjects, "the sun appeared suddenly to go out, causing a darkness over the country for about six hours." In 1241 the European countries experienced another siege of supernatural darkness, which the superstitious writers of that time attributed to God's displeasure over the result of the great battle of Liegnitz.

Even today there are certain irregularities of the sun that science cannot altogether account for. These are the so called sun spots—enormous dark splotches which appear from time to time on the solar disk and which are supposed to have great influence on the atmospheric conditions of the earth. Scientists have long studied these phenomena, but neither their extent nor periodicity has ever been determined.

MEXICAN HOTELS.

They Close Early, and Guests Out Late Must Tip the Porter.

"I'm glad to be back in the land of the latchkey," said a mining engineer who had been in Mexico for the past year. "In France, Spain, Italy and throughout Latin America there is a servant in every house and hotel whose business it is to open the door. In Mexico you would think, being so near this country, that the American latchkey would be common. But even in the finest hotels in the capital the big doors are closed at 11 o'clock, and to gain admittance after that hour you have to pound on them with the great knockers that hang outside. After five minutes you hear a sleepy grunt within, then some mutterings and the Spanish word which means 'I'm coming.' Finally the small door in the center of the big one will be unbarred, and you step inside. Then if you don't want to sleep in the park the next night you are kept out late you give the 'portero,' as the keeper of the gate is called, a piece of silver. Between 11 and midnight the fee is 10 cents. From 1 on until morning the gratuity, regulated by custom, steadily increases. Between 1 and 3 it is from 25 to 40 cents, and after 3 it is half a dollar.

"Many a night I have been awakened by the pounding of the knockers in the neighborhood of my hotel. I timed one man for ten minutes before I fell asleep. Probably he had neglected to fee the 'portero' or else the keeper of the gate was drunk, as he frequently is. These 'porteros' usually sleep curled up in blankets just inside the door on the stones with which every interior courtyard and entrance is paved, and all of them have colds. Yet it is a position much sought after, and the gatekeeper ranks highest among the servants."—New York Press.

The Honeymoon.

The honeymoon has no definite duration, but is longer or shorter according as the temper of the high contracting parties determines, or their relatives, or the weather, or the mode or the comparative cost of traveling and staying at home. Briefly, it is that interval during which the man, going out in the morning, remembers his kiss and forgets his overshoes as distinguished from the interval during which he remembers his overshoes and forgets his kiss.—New York Life.

Pluck.

"Pluck," *said the financier*, "is the secret of success."

"Well," interrupted the shabby man, "I'll give you £10 if you'll teach me your method of plucking."

Slow to Laugh.

The Briton—As the old proverb says, y' know, "He lawfs best who lawfs labst." The Yankee—If that's so, what good laughers you English must be!—Cleveland Leader.

To deal honestly with others is not so difficult. To compel others to deal honestly with you—that is power.—Smart Set.

Reason For It.

"Why is Maude so angry with the photographer?"

"She found a label on the back of her picture saying, 'The original of this photograph is carefully preserved.'"—Boston Transcript.

New Scheme.

Jimmy—What yer looking so gay about, kiddo? Yer'll get a licking when yer get home for going in swimming.

Petey—Oh, no. I told dad I had been in swimming and got the licking before I left home. Now I can swim without anything on my mind.

HANS THE COBBLER,

He Tells of Things That Take Place In His Shop.

PUZZLES THE OLD FELLOW.

Can't Understand Why It Is That People Always Get Something For Nothing In His Establishment—Sings Like a Ladybird.

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IF you go by the dry goods store, do you expect dot merchant is going to ask you to have some strawberries and cream? If you go by a blacksmith shop, do you believe dot blacksmith hands you out a dish of ice cream? If you go by some undertaker, does he present you mit a Teddy bear for der childers? If you go by the coal yard, does dot man let you draw for a prize package? Of course no sooch thing happens. It is only vhen people call in at a cobbler's shop dot dey vhant something for nottings, und I can't make her out.

I am on my bench putting a lift on a heel for an old customer vhen my old frendt Mr. Hammerdinger comes in. He has some smiles on his face. He makes me a bow und says good morning und den vhalks over to der tin water pail und looks into it und sniffs und smells. It vhas all water in dere. His smile goes avhay like rapid transit, und he don't say anything for two minutes. I don't look up nor ask if his wife is dead. I shush hum to myself:

Oh, der cat's in der cream, und der cow's in der corn,
Und der wife in der well, und der husband forlorn.

"Say, Hans," says Mr. Hammerdinger as he looks mad, "vhat you got in dot pail?"

"Water."

"Vhy you got water? You vhas a nice man to have water when a customer comes in. No vonder you vhas so near der poorhouse all der time. I come in here to ask you about a new pair of shoes, but instead of beer I find water in der growler—shust plain water! Do you believe I stand dot? No, sir. I vhas no sooch mans. I knows vhen insoolted. I go oudt. Do you hear—I go oudt!"

Vhell, he goes oudt. If Mr. Hammerdinger goes by der tax office to pay his taxes, does he expect some cocktails? Certainly not, but he ox-

"I BELIEVE SHE WAS SOME ANGELS."

pects beer in a cobbler's shop shust der same. He goes oudt und a tall man mit spectacles on his eyes comes in. I never see him before. Maybe he has a pair of shoes in a paper to be fixed up. I smile at him und say it vhas good weather. He says der weather vhas good nuff for him und goes over to der growler. One sniff und he turns avhay. I don't look up, but hum to myself:

In der good old summer time—
In der good old summer time.

"Cobbler," says dot man, "do you see me?"

"Of course," I says.

"Do I look like some guy from der country?"

"No, sir."

"Den don't try any of your con games on me. You have got water in dot growler instead of beer."

"Vhell?"

"Vhell nottings! Do you suppose I bring my repairs in here shust to drink water? You may play dot game on innocent childers, but don't try it on me. You shall find oudt dot I vhas no man to fool mit. Water—water for customers! You vhas der meanest man in town, und oudt I go. If you starve to death I vhas glad of it."

Vhell, I can't say nottings. If dot man goes by a photographer to get his picture took he don't expect a mint julep, does he? Den vhy must he expect beer in a cobbler's shop? I try to puzzle him oudt vhen a woman comes in. She vhas as tall ash a tree und ash slim ash a pole, und she stands mit her hands folded on her breast und her eyes rolled up. I believe she vhas some angels until she softly steps over to der growler und looks into it. Den I softly sing:

Sam Perkins he did go to town,
'Twas on a summer day.
A yoke of oxen he did drive,
Und he had a load of hay.

"Shut up!" yells dot female angel ash she turns on me.

"Yes'm."

"It's nothing but water in dis growler."

"I know it."

"But vhere's der beer?"

"Across der street in der saloon."

"Oh, it is, and when a lady customer who is nearly dead with fatigue comes in she can drink water or nothing!"

"Madam, if you go by some dressmaker, does she have a bottle of champagne for you?" I asks.

"None of your business whether she does or not! It vhas a deeferent case. You vhas no dressmaker, but a stingy old cobbler. I hear you vhas almost in der poorhouse, und I come mit my custom to help you. I walk four blocks to find water in your growler—nothing but water. You may think I vhas some chorus girl to be made a fool of by a broker, but you vhas mistook. Never, never again do I come into dis shop, und if you raise your hat und bow to me on der street your wicked old head vhas punched in two minutes!"

It vhas no use to talk back. I finish der heel und den take oop another shoe to put on a cement patch und a fat man comes in. He vhas fat und jolly, und he smiles und says Roosevelt vhas sure to run again four years from now, und we vhas getting along like two cats in a barrel vhen he slips along to where he can look into dot growler. He gives one look und shumps back. I don't look up. I shust sit on my bench and sing in a low, sweet voice:

Dere vhas an old parrot—her name it vhas Poll—
Her English vhas good and so vhas her gall.
A lady went by—a descendant of Tam—
And the eyes of that lady old Polly did dam.

"Stop, stop!" yells dot fat man ash he waves his arms around and grows red in der face.

"Vhell, vhat vhas it?" I says.

"Do you know vhat vhas in dis pail?"

"Sure, Mike."

"Don't attempt to be frivolous mit me. You know it's water, do you—plain water?"

"Of course."

"And you are a man who puts your customers off with plain water!"

"If you go by a law office to get some law on a feller, does dot lawyer hand you out a Scotch highball?"

Too Much Water.

"Dot vhas deeferent—dot vhas deeferent!" he shouts ash he shumps around. "You vhas no law office, but a cobbler shop. Here I have walked half a mile to see about a cement patch on my shoe und my heart beating some triphammers, und vhat do I find? Vhas dere some creamy beer in your growler to save my life, or vhas it some water maype three days old? Don't answer me! Don't urge any excuses! I vhas humiliated and insulted. I feel dot I should tear down your shop. Sir, I go oudt. I go oudt never to come back. I go oudt to patronize a dago cobbler und to hope you vhas found dead in your bed tomorrow morning. Water—water for me! Plain water! Old water! River water! Water without even shoemaker's wax in it to color it! Villain, farewell!"

Vhas it any good for me to feel bad? If I can't make him oudt I can't, und so I sit on my bench und sing like some ladybird:

Oh, Hezekiah Johnson, he treed a coon oop a tree,
Und der coon looked down und chuckled he-he,
Und Hezekiah waited a shot for to get,
Und if he don't be tired he's waiting dere yet.

M. QUAD.

Great Curiosity.

"Why are all those people flocking down to Hiram Hardapple's barn?" asked the old farmer on the hay wagon.

"Hi's got a curiosity down thar," chuckled the village constable.

"That so? What kind of a curiosity is it?"

"Why, Hi's old red and white Jersey cow. The other night the old critter had the colic, and Hi went down with his lantern to give her a dose of cow medicine. Blamed if he didn't make a mistake and give her a pint of gasoline."

"Do tell! Didn't kill her, did it?"

"No; but, by heck, it had a funny effect. Now instead of going 'Moo, moo!' like any other sensible cow, she goes 'Honk, honk!' like one of them thar blamed automobiles."—Chicago News.

Unconscious Innocence.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," said the haughty lady.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Cumrox, with interest. "Mine didn't. None of my family ever cared for those big excursions."—Washington Star.

Not In It.

Mosquito—This is what I call hard luck. I have bored through this in seventeen places, and there isn't a man inside, after all.

Couldn't Whisper.

"I never whisper soft nothings to my wife."

"What! Never?"

"No. She was a bit deaf even when I first met her."—Kansas City Times.

Regular Free Press.

Belinda—I never was so embarrassed in my life. How in the world did every one find out that you kissed me?

Billy—Why, dear, wasn't it printed?—Detroit Free Press.

Mathematics Made Easy.

Little Doris could not count beyond four. One day, when she was showing me five berries that she had picked, I asked, "How many have you, Doris?"

Her brows puckered a moment. Then, dimpling with smiles, she answered, "Wait till I eat one; then I'll tell you!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Heard in the Market.

The little green cucumber and the big red strawberry met at a market stall.

"How are you this morning?" queried the cucumber.

"Oh, I'm ripe for anything," replied the strawberry. "And you?"

"Rather seedy," answered the cucumber sadly.—Chicago News.

True Candor.

Sapleigh—Miss Hitts, pway don't let my—er—call intahfere with any arwangements you may have, doncher know. Just act as if I—er—wasn't heah.

Miss Hitts—Oh, thank you, Mr. Sapleigh. Then I'll proceed to enjoy myself.—Minneapolis Journal.

QUAINT KISSING CUSTOMS.

Which Are Still Observed In England—A Newcastle Festival.

Among the quaint old kissing customs which England still retains is the one connected with an April festival that takes place at Hungerford. A penny tax is collected on that day by two well known residents of Hungerford, who are termed "tuttymen," and who go from door to door, each carrying a stave trimmed with gay ribbons. There is one very valuable perquisite attached to the office—a kiss from at least one lady in each family visited.

"Beating the bounds" is often associated with other remarkable customs, and at Maidenhead kissing is immemorially associated with it. Any lady, old or young, rich or poor, who is encountered on the road must have the alternative submitted to her of being either "bumped" or kissed.

Barge day is a festival which appears to be peculiar to Newcastle-on-Tyne. It seems to be akin to the practice of boundary beating, for the mayor and corporation, who, doubtless, in olden times used all to sail in barges, now embark upon four beflagged steamers and, followed by two old state barges, steam up the river, to claim the soil of the Tyne. But the piece de resistance is reserved for the landing. A big crowd is always waiting on the landing stage for the arrival of the "grave and reverend seignors," and from the assembled multitude the mayor has the very delightful, but extremely invidious, privilege of selecting any young lady he pleases and giving her a kiss. For this osculatory performance she receives a golden sovereign.

It is said that there has never been a mayor of Newcastle who has not deemed this privilege cheap at the price. Nor is that all. No sooner has the mayor received his kiss and presented his sovereign than the sheriff, not to be outdone, also chooses a fair lady, kisses her and presents her with a sovereign. But the fair maid whom *the mayor* has kissed has still another gift to receive, and this time from the mayoress, who is bound by custom, whatever her feelings on the matter may be, to present with some useful gift the lady whom her husband has kissed.

A BELATED APOLOGY.

It Came After the Positive Man Discovered His Mistake.

An Irish officer who had served in Malta was one day at a public dinner. Expatiating on the luxurious living at Malta, he spoke particularly of the excellent quality of the anchovies. He had never seen any like them anywhere else. He told of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the governor's garden upon the esplanade.

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. The wine was flowing and the lie passed. A challenge was given and accepted.

On the following day the parties met, attended by their seconds. At the first fire the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone and causing such a shock that the latter fell upon his back and in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously.

"I faith, major," said our hero's second, "you've hit your man, but I think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he is cutting."

"Capers! Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman, with a start. "Oh, by the powers, what have I done? Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake!" And, hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, gushing forth as he did so, "My dear friend, I hope you're not killed. And if I've harmed you seriously I'll ask your pardon forever, for I made a murderin' mistake! It was capers that I saw growing upon that tree at Malta and not anchovies at all!"

Acting and Overacting.

"It is a much simpler thing to overact than to act," declares a writer in The Yorkshire Post on "The Amateur on the Stage." In this connection, he adds, there is a good story told of Sir W. S. Gilbert's rehearsal of "The Yeomen of the Guard" at the Savoy. A gentleman of the chorus who had a very minor part made his entrance in a most exaggerated manner, much to the author's disgust.

"Please don't enter like that," said Gilbert. "We don't want any 'comic man business' here."

"I beg your pardon," replied the abashed chorus gentleman. "I thought you meant the part to be funny."

"Yes, so I do, but I don't want you to tell the audience you're the funny man. They'll find it out, if you are, quickly enough."

"Valley of Dried Bones."

The island of Jamaica possesses a "valley of dried bones." It is near the Cunacuna gap, in the Maroon county. This valley, though in the heart of the "wet country," is bare of leaf and life. The limestone rock is hot. Giant trees, which seem to have been blighted suddenly, stand up gaunt and dead. Although vegetation seems to have been dense here in former years, nothing will grow now. During the hot season the temperature is almost unbearable. It is visited by seismic disturbances, which cause the dead trees and hot stones to rattle like dry bones.

Founder of Empire Day.

"If Meath had his way he would pull down the whole of London to make a garden of it for its inhabitants." It was in these words that Lord Rosebery once referred to the invaluable work which Lord Meath, founder of Empire Day, had done in the way of giving London new open spaces and recreation grounds. He was also the founder of the Hospital Saturday Fund and the organizer of many other schemes for the well-being of the masses. Lord Meath began life as a clerk in the Foreign Office, and had five years of diplomatic service.

Cruel Woman.

"My wife is one of the most inconsiderate women in the world."

"Why do you think so?"

"She put a net over the baby's bed last night, and consequently the mosquitoes hardly gave me a chance to get a wink of sleep."—Browning's Magazine.

Unkind.

Author—Don't you think my latest article exhaustive?

Editor—I certainly hope it has exhausted you sufficiently to prevent your writing anything more for some time.—Houston Post.

A NOTABLE STATESMAN

LATE LORD RIPON IN HARNESS NEARLY 60 YEARS.

Was One of the Commissioners on the Alabama and Canadian Fisheries Disputes With the United States—His Conversion to Roman Catholicism—Was Formerly Viceroy of India.

To have been one of England's leading statesmen for a period of nearly 60 years was the experience of George Frederick Samuel Robinson, first Marquis of Ripon, who died recently in London, at the age of 82. Apart from his long and useful public career, his life in some of its phases is not without interest to Americans.

The marquis, who was born in 1827, entered public life in 1852, his first office being that of a member of Parliament from Hull. In 1859 he entered the House of Lords, succeeding in that year to the title of his father, the Earl of Ripon; and ever since he had been a prominent figure and potent influence in the service of his country.

In 1871 the marquis spent several months in the United States, being

LATE MARQUIS OF RIPON.

chairman of the joint commission which was appointed to draw up the treaty of Washington. This treaty settled the Alabama claims growing out of the civil war and also the Canadian fishery dispute. For his services with this commission he was promoted from an earldom to a marquisate.

One of the most dramatic incidents of his life was his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. He had been brought up in the Church of England, and when Pope Pius IX issued his denunciations of the order Lord Ripon was the grand master of the English Free Masons. He was asked to associate himself with a Masonic decree aimed by the craft throughout the world against the Pope. He instituted a searching inquiry into the position of the Vatican and became a Catholic. The Prince of Wales, now Edward VII., succeeded him as grand master. None of Lord Ripon's family embraced his new faith, but this did not cause any estrangement. To that faith he afterward remained steadfastly true, and his retirement from the present Cabinet last year and from his place as keeper of the Privy Seal was due to his disagreement with his colleagues because at the last moment permission was refused for the eucharistic procession after all arrangements for its route had been made with the police authorities in London.

His change of religious belief took place shortly before Mr. Gladstone issued his famous pamphlet against the Vatican Council, in which he declared allegiance to the spiritual supremacy of the Pope incompatible with civil allegiance to the British crown. The Marquis of Ripon, with Cardinals Manning and Newman, took a decided stand against Mr. Gladstone in the controversy which followed, and some surprise was created a few years later when Gladstone appointed the marquis viceroy of India. But it was at the instance of Queen Victoria, who had a high admiration for the marquis' abilities, that he was named. The appointment was severely criticized by his political enemies and in the early months of his occupancy of the office it was declared that he was entirely too democratic for India, for when he was greeted by the natives he invariably returned their salutes.

But the criticism did not affect the attitude of the marquis, and his innate courtesy and sense of justice made him one of the best viceroys that India has known. It is to his credit that he entered Parliament as a Liberal, although by descent and family connections he was an aristocrat, and it is even more to his credit that he adhered all his life to Liberal principles.

Other positions held by him included the offices of Secretary of War, Secretary of State for India, First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary of State for the Colonies and Lord President of the Privy Council.

French Garden In Britain.

For the first time at any agricultural show a French garden was exhibited a short time ago at the Royal Counties show at Reading, says The London Daily Mail.

The French garden was set up and exhibited by Messrs. Sutton, who are firm believers in the system and have at their command detailed accounts showing the attractiveness of the profit and loss account. In this model garden, 25 feet by 5 feet, were growing about 250 lettuces and a mass of carrots and a whole crop of radishes had just been cleared of. A great number of enquiries were made.

The British Museum.

There are 39 miles of books on the shelves of the British Museum.

—

Lots of folks are aching for a scrap who are afraid to begin it.

—

What we know about others and don't tell sometimes makes us feel very superior and virtuous.

—

Hot air often proves cold comfort.

—

A good cook in the kitchen is much more to be desired than a pianola in the parlor.

—

A girl who can make fudge thinks she can claim to be an experienced cook.

Spring Talk

¶ Its going to be an easy matter for you to satisfy yourself in clothing this spring if you come here to do it. If you have any pet ideas about what you want you'll find us able to meet them.

¶ Generous values, more than your moneys worth, thats the idea we're working on here. You'll learn if you hav'nt already, that we make good along that line.

¶ Our clothes, whatever their price, are a full fifth better than the clothes that come nearest to them in intrinsic value at other stores.

A. MILLS & SON

"The Home of Swell Clothes"

MILLS BLOCK HOSMER, B. C.

TALK OF THE TOWN

Easter cards at Campbell's.

March 27th is Easter Sunday.

Beattie Mills in Fernie on Tuesday.

Bob Gourlay, Jr., was in Fernie last Monday.

17th of March St. Patrick post cards at Campbell's.

John Bossio was visiting friends in Fernie, Sunday.

Jno. Kempster left last night for the state of Michigan.

Fred Sowchuk leaves today for a trip to Prince Rupert.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Gordon, today.

Do you enjoy a pool game? Drop in on Sam Snell. 51

Don't forget the meeting on Monday evening at school house

K. Syroid left yesterday for a trip to the land of his fathers.

Miss Jessie Mills was visiting friends in Fernie last Saturday.

D. R. McDonald, of Fernie, spent Sunday in Hosmer with his family.

Joe Weiner has returned from Corbin and will remain in Hosmer.

H. B. Fletcher, the merchant prince of Crow's Nest, was in town today.

Harry Carruthers has disposed of his mansion. J. Bright is the buyer.

J. L. Gusty, district manager for the P. Burns Co., was in town Tuesday.

John Patterson, a Coal Creek resident, spent Saturday and Sunday in town.

The season's musical event at the Hosmer opera house, Friday evening, March 11th.

A. Mathieson's idea regarding a competition among the ladies to show who are the prize bakers of the town is a good one. See ad in this issue.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Roleau, of Fernie, spent a few days in town this week visiting friends.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets invariably bring relief to women suffering from chronic constipation, headache, biliousness, dizziness, sallowness of the skin and dyspepsia. Sold by all druggists.

Fred Waters was transacting business in Fernie on Monday.

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. M. Quinn, yesterday.

Everybody come to the public meeting at the old school house next Monday evening, March 7.

Fred McDonald was a welcome visitor to Hosmer on Sunday last. He was registered at the Hosmer Hotel.

Go to old, reliable Pete for a good shave, hair-cut or bath. Pete's Barber Shop. 11tf

A social dance will be given under the auspices of the Hosmer Orchestra at the opera house, Friday evening, March 4.

Mrs. J. F. Jarvis has kindly offered to hold the next Church of England tea at the Royal Hotel on Tuesday afternoon, March 8th.

The Elk Lumber Co. have closed camps 3, 4 and 7 on account of the deep snow. It is scarcely probable that they will open before the spring force is put on.

Fernie Lumber Co's camp No. 4, tried to open up, but on account of the weather it was impossible to make much headway so were compelled to lay the men off again.

For Sale—Three head of delivery horses and harness. Apply to P. Burns & Co., Hosmer, B. C. 30-tf

Joe Burgilus is in the hospital for repairs. Joseph is an expert man with the saw. He made a cut into the board he was standing on and disappeared down the coal chute for 50 feet.

When a stranger drops in town, jolly him. Tell him this is a great little city—and so it is. Don't discourage him by speaking ill of your neighbors. Lead him to believe he has struck a place where good people live.

For a comfortable shave or a neat, artistic hair-trim visit the shop of Sam Snell. 51tf

Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling in your throat? Does your cough annoy you at night, and do you raise mucus in the morning? Do you want relief? If so, take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and you will be pleased. Sold by all druggists.

Joe Crooks has left the world of business and thinks that business in the old country is different to business in Hosmer.

A clean stock, a clean store, with clean attendants is what makes Mathieson's the premier grocery in Hosmer.

Mrs. H. Allan, who has been living in Fernie for the last few months, will open up the boarding house belonging to D. J. Thomas. Mrs. Allan is well-known in Hosmer and we predict she will have a full house as she keeps a first class table.

On Sunday morning at 11 a. m., a special service will be held in the Methodist church, when Dr. White will preach. In the evening at 7:30, the pastor, Rev. R. W. Lee, will preach, his subject being "Ideas Conceived at a Hosmer Hockey Match."

The Women's Auxiliary of the English church will hold a dance at the Hosmer opera house on Easter Tuesday, March 29th. Music will be furnished bo the Hosmer Orchestra. Supper will be served. As this is the first dance after Lent, it is hoped the lovers of the willowly glide and fascinating two step will be present in large numbers.

A store of good things is in store for Hosmer people at the Methodist church, Saturday evening, March 5th. Rev. J. H. White, Doctor of Divinity, will give an account of his journey from the Yukon to Victoria, illustrating the same by over 120 beautiful limelight pictures. The doctor has been giving this lecture at the coast towns, where he has crowded audiences, so Hosmer people should leave no stone unturned to hear and see this treat on Saturday night.

Fully nine out of every ten cases of rheumatism is simply rheumatism of the muscles due to cold or damp, or chronic rheumatism, neither of which require any internal treatment. All that is needed to afford relief is the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. Give it a trial. You are certain to be pleased with the quick relief which it affords. Sold by all druggists.

Jim Peach was an indignant applicant at the police court last week. Mrs. Jim, it seems, peddles milk to some Slavonians, and a little altercation occurred in which the lady alleged that the Slav said her mother was no lady. Of course the Slav had another side to the story and Judge Cole dismissed the case.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce entertained a number of their friends at a whist party, Wednesday evening, March 2nd. The pretty prizes being awarded to Mrs. Swanton and Robt. McTaggert. A dainty supper was served and all went home well pleased with the enjoyable evening they had spent

The snowstorm of Friday, Saturday and Sunday, was a sure enough bad one and the result was a paralysis of traffic, both railroads suffering heavily. There was a bad slide on the C. P. R. about two miles west, the snow was said to be 30 feet deep on the track. In a few hours it was cleared off and traffic was resumed.

Dr. White, who lectures on Saturday night and preaches on Sunday morning is probably the best known Methodist minister in B. C. He is eloquent, and his warm hearty generous disposition in his capacity as Superintendent of Missions, has gained for him friends in all parts of the Dominion. His genius and ability was so highly appreciated that the University of Toronto, confered upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The pastor of the church invites the friends of all denominations at the services on Sunday morning.

School Meeting

Last Saturday night, on account of the recent fall of snow, not as many as was expected attended the meeting, which was called by the school trustees and the teacher, for the purpose of arranging the program for the new school opening, also to raise funds for the commencement of a school library. There was only ten present and all were unanimously in favor with the scheme in view and convinced that the town in general would give their heartiest support. Under the circumstances it was decided to call a meeting later for the purpose of forming committees and arranging details, hoping to have a fuller representation of the people, believing there is nothing like co-operation for success. The books would be selected from the list authorized by the government and are classified as science, fiction, geographs and myth. The parents and other grown up people generally use these books as much as the senior classes, therefore the help of everybody is wanted. Come to the meeting next Monday night at 8 o'clock in the old school house, so that the meeting may be the means of commencing a library that will be a credit to Hosmer.

Snowslides in the Kootenay

The sudden thaw which commenced on Saturday following a heavy rain fall of snow has started inumerable snow slides all over Kootenay. The Great Northern line just out of Nelson on the summit was buried under four slides. No train has passed over the line since Saturday afternoon and it will be some days before the line is open for traffic. In the Sheep Creek camp a slide carried away the Kootenay Bell bunk house, but no one was injured. Other slides are reported from Sandon and points further north but no fatalities are mentioned.

The news was received at Slocan City a few days ago of the death of Frank Griffin, owner and locator of the Westmount mine at Ten-Mile. Deceased had been in ill health for some months and went to Toronto last November for treatment.

Medicines that aid nature are always most successful. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It loosens the cough, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by all druggists.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE

Two Trains Swept Down by Snowslide Near Everett, Wash, Tuesday

A dispatch from Everett, Wash. to the Lethbridge Herald of March 1st., says that details of the disaster that overwhelmed the Great Northern passenger trains when an avalanche swept the trains and a portion of the town of Wellington at the west part of the Cascade tunnel down the mountain side are received and the horror grows.

Twenty-three lives are known to have been lost when the mass of snow, loose stones and uprooted trees hurled the cars containing seventy sleeping persons over the narrow ledge of the high line down to the bottom of the canyon, 200 feet below.

A partial list of the dead and injured follows:

Dead—Trainmaster Blackburn, of Everett; A. E. Longkoyo secretary to Supt. O'Neill; Louis Walker, Everett, cook on Supt. O'Neill's car. Seriously injured: J. D. Kurde, fireman.

The two trains that were carried by the great wave of ice and snow were the westbound Spokane Limited and the westbound transcontinental fast mail. The list of the dead and injured are believed to have been passengers on the Spokane express, forty of whom were on the train at the time of the disaster.

Besides these, thirty workmen, were sleeping in the ill fated coaches, which had been imprisoned in the mountains since Feb. 24th.

The avalanche rolled down the mountain at 4.20 a. m. The two trains with their locomotives, four powerful electric motors, the depot, a water tank were swept off the ledge and deposited in a twisted mass of wreckage at the foot of the mountain.

The noise from the slide, which was a mile long, could be heard throughout the valley.

D. Cilea Valentine, a driver in the Maple Leaf Mine at Blairmore, was killed by being crushed between two cars at Blairmore, Feb. 27th.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are safe, sure and reliable, and have been praised by thousands of women who have been restored to health through their gentle aid and curative properties. Sold by all druggists.

LOST—on Tuesday afternoon Feb. 8th. a Waltham watch in gold case. A reward will be paid if returned to this office.

A steam laundry will soon be in operation at Blairmore.

Wanted—Waitress and a cook. Apply to Hosmer Hotel.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

CATHOLIC CHURCH—Mass every fortnight at Leithauser's basement, 10:30 o'clock, a. m. Rosary and Benediction at 7:30 p. m. J. Salles, O. M. I., Ph. D.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Divine service in Odd Fellows Hall on Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Choir practice every Friday at 8 o'clock p. m. C. K. Nicoll, Missionary.

ENGLISH CHURCH SERVICES—Held fortnightly at the Hosmer Opera House. Second Sunday, Evensong at 7:30 p. m. Fourth Sunday, Holy Communion at 11 a. m., Evensong at 7:30 p. m. Fifth Sunday, Evensong at 7:30 p. m. Briant N. Crowther, M. A., Curate in Charge.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. R. W. Lee, Pastor. Sunday School 2:30; afternoon class for adults, 3:30; Divine service, 7:30; choir practice Wednesdays, 8 p. m. The pastor's residence adjoins the church, and he will always welcome any one who calls upon him for advice or help in any direction. He will be glad to be notified of any case of sickness. Strangers will be always welcome.

HORSES FOR SALE

Twenty head work horses for sale, 1200 to 1500, all in good working condition

Apply to
West Canadian Collieries, Ltd.
BLAIRMORE, ALBERTA

Italian Store

CUSANO & JIOIA, Props.

Groceries, Fruits, Tobaccos and Confectionery

Front Street Hosmer, B. C.

THE HOSMER DAIRY

G. M. HEDLEY, Prop.

Fresh Milk and Cream delivered to all parts of the town.

HOSMER, B. C.

—THE—
Hosmer Hospital

Accommodation for Maternity Cases

For rates, etc. apply to
THE MATRON
HOSMER, B. C.

HIXON & FERGUSON

Plumbers
Tinsmiths, Steamfitters

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON ALL KINDS OF WORK

Shop: Rear Bennett Bros. Hardware Store
HOSMER, B. C.

If it is PORTRAITS in Oil, Water Color or Crayon that you want, see

ROBSON

The PHOTOGRAPHER

All kinds of Fancy Painting or Decoration
Work done on short notice

Read and Inwardly Digest

IN ORDER TO INTRODUCE

SEAL of ALBERTA
"The Faultless Flour"

To the ladies of Hosmer, we have decided to give the following prizes every week for the next four weeks, for the BEST BREAD made from "SEAL OF ALBERTA," bought from us:

First Prize---One 98 lb. sack of Seal of Alberta, "The Faultless Flour"

Second Prize---One 49 lb. sack of Seal of Alberta, "The Faultless Flour"

Third Prize---One 24 lb. sack of Seal of Alberta, "The Faultless Flour"

The prizes will be distributed in our store on Saturday, March 5th; Saturday, March 12th; Saturday, March 19th and Saturday, March 26th at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Judges will be selected by R. W. Rogers. No person will be allowed prizes twice.

WE GIVE THESE PRIZES for the reason that we are certain that the slogan the Calgary Milling Company are so fond of applying to their Seal of Alberta, viz: "The Faultless Flour," is fully upheld by the product.

The STORE of SATISFACTION

A. MATHIESON

We are the sole agents for this Flour in Hosmer

Main Street Hosmer, B. C.