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THE HOSMER TIMES

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VOLUME II. HOSMER, B. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1910 NUMBER 29

February February February

19th

February February February

—AT—

The Hosmer Drug & Book Store

H. F. McLEAN, Manager

MARLATT'S

PAY DAY

SPECIALS

Men's felt foxed boots, regular price $3, pay day price	**$2.35**
Men's carpet slippers, regular price $1.25, pay day price	**90c**
Men's heavy Stanfield's underwear, per suit, regular price $3, pay day price	**$2.40**
Boys' fleeced lined underwear, per suit, regular price 80c, pay day price	**60c**
Boys' reefer coats, regular price $5, pay day price	**$2.75**
Men's black cashmere hose, regular price 40c, pay day price	**30c**
Ladies' bed room slippers, mocassin effects regular price $1.60, pay day price	**$1.05**
Ladies' cashmere hose, regular price 40c, pay day price	**25c**
Ladies' silk blouses in black and white, regular price $4, pay day price	**$3.00**
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For some snaps in real estate call and see me. Some good houses and rooms for rent. Agent for life and accident insurance in thoroughly reliable companies.

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Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Any kind of mixed drinks that you call for will be served in First class style

Best Rooms and Meals in the Town

YOUR TRADE SOLICITED

Front St. Hosmer, B. C.

BOARD OF TRADE DOES BUSINESS

Carosella Called Upon to Make Alterations in Opera House

The monthly meeting of the Hosmer Board of Trade was held at 8 p. m., Feb. 13th in the sample room of the Pacific Hotel. There were present: E. I. Bennett, A. Mathieson, A. J. Bennett, R. W. Rodgers, W. Robson, C. H. Dunbar, S. Snell, B. F. Lester, L. Lanthier, A. McL. Fletcher; S. Lawson, C. B. Winter, J. Hixon, F. Labelle, W. T. Watson, H. L. Brown, R. J. Cole.

After the reading of the minutes of the meeting Mr. T. W. Watson, who had journeyed specially from Cranbrook, reported that in regard to the crossing at the north end of the town, that the C. P. R. had the matter under consideration and that in all probability steps would be taken in the near future to provide the same.

A letter from the Fernie Board of Trade was read by the secretary, the letter follows:

Fernie, B. C., Feb. 9, 1910.
H. L. Brown, Esq.,
Sec'y Hosmer Board of Brade
Dear Sir:—

The suggestion has been made that in view of the geographical position of West Kootenay, particularly Nelson; Rossland, and other towns in that district, that the Boards of Trade of East Kootenay were not, and could not expect to derive any great degree of benefit by continuing to be members of what is known as the Associated Boards of Eastern British Columbia.

The district of East Kootenay at the present time is attracting considerable attention at the hands of eastern capitalists and others, and with the territory expanding and a large increase in the population, it would appear that there is nothing to stand in the way of the existing Boards of East Kootenay organizing one or two new Boards, and forming all into one to be known as the "Associated Boards of East Kootenay."

We would, indeed, be glad to to hear from you at your very earliest convenience, with any suggestions you feel like making.

Yours truly,
Fernie Board of Trade,
Geo. F. STEVENSON, Sec.

Upon motion, moved by B. F. Lester, seconded by E. I. Bennett, it was resolved that the secretary be instructed to reply stating that this board would certainly affiliate in the event of the Association of the Boards being organized.

An interesting discussion then took place re the building of the culvert on Main St. and the matter was gone into very fully and steps were taken with a view of having the culvert built in the near future.

The subject of traffic over the main crossing leading to the Hosmer Mines office being stopped at frequent intervals by freight trains obstructing the right of way was next under consideration and the C. P. R. will be approached with a view of having this serious inconvenience stopped. Many of our citizens and merchants are delayed and much annoyance generally is caused by this obstruction.

Another matter that received earnest attention was in regard to the safety of the public generally in the Hosmer Opera House. This structure is a veritable fire trap and a serious menace to the town, and in the event of any accident happening at a moving picture show or at any other entertainment the audience would have a scanty opportunity of escape. In view of this the Board resolved that Mr. Carosella should be written requesting him to safeguard the public by having the doors made to open outwards and to construct another exit with staircase and without doubt he will accede to the wishes of the Board.

The meeting then adjourned.

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

Seeing Hosmer After Dark

Hosmer was regaled with a bunch of influential citizens from the Pittsburg of the West last Sunday, who evidently think this is a good place to have a good time in. The booze of this berg must be joyful as it blinded them to the fact that there was an impassable gulch across Main street.

With a considerable amount "Ki-yi-ing they navigated the gravel pile at the expense of a whiffle tree, just then they discovered that the culvert was only an imaginary one and history deponeth not as to how they got out of the hole.

We are pleased to see you at any time, boys. This berg will soon get its war paint on and we will be pleased to see you and your spare shekels.

King Edward Giving Medals for Bravery

The current issue of the Manitoba Gazette contains a notice from the London Gazette, stating that the new Edward medal is to be awarded for acts of special heroism, performed by miners, quarrymen and others, who follow similar dangerous occupations, and who may risk their lives in efforts to save the lives of comrades in peril. The medal will bear the figure of the king on the obverse side, and on the reverse will be a suitable design with the words, "For Courage." It will be presented by his majesty, who has ordained that it shall be awarded in first or second class on recommendation of the secretary of state for the home department.

Another Scrapper in Court

Thos. La Chambault was charged with assault by Mike Sorkee of the Hosmer Hotel on Feb. 15th. Mr. Sorkey in his evidence stated that Thomas behaved in a very unbecoming manner in the wee-sma-hours and was politely requested to go out into the cold world. Thomas must have had some different opinion as to the hospitality of his host for he walked around to the front of the dispensary and attacked the same with his boots and smashed in the big glass panel.

Mr. Sorkee on opening the door to ascertain the cause of the undue hilarity ontside was checked in his examination by the fist of the aforesaid Thomas connecting with his left optic'

After drawing first blood there was something like a hockey match in the bar room. Thomas in his excitment drawing a butcher knife but fortunately the next blood to be drawn was Thomas's own.

Mike was begining at this stage of the game to find it interesting and he called in the services of our gallant constable who quickly reduced considerable chaos to something like order. Of course Thomas was presented with a pair of bracelets and once more emerged into the cold world to finally get a lodgement in the neighbouring friendly bastille.

The sad sequel to Thomas's pleasant evening out was when he was arranged a few hours later in a more sober condition before Judge Brown who reviewing the worthy gentlemans previous record in our fair burgh informed him that the price would amount to $10 and costs and the value of the damage done, or to do some manual labor for 60 days in the service of the Government.

New Commissioners Appointed

Wm. Robson, president of the Hosmer Conservative Association has been appointed commissioner of affidavits to the Supreme Court of B. C. by Provincial Secretary Young.

J. R. Wallace of the Fernie Free Press, has been appointed for Fernie.

Calgary is crying aloud for cheaper coal. Hot weather will cure the trouble.

THE HOCKEY TEAM PLAYS AT FRANK

Frank Beats Hosmer and Hosmer Slaughters Michel Boys 4-1

On Wednesday of last week, the Hosmer Hockey Team went down to Frank to play a return game. On their arrival they found that they were expected to stay over and play the next day. They could not do this however, and eventually the game started about 11 p. m. The poor ice and the small rink (which was about the size of a large table cloth) were a handicap to the Hosmer team.

However, it was a good fast game, with lots of hard checking but no dirty work. The Hosmer boys played good hockey and were unlucky in losing by one goal. The game only lasted 40 minutes, the score at half time was 2-2 and at the finish Frank left the ice winners by a score of 4 3.

Frank team had the same line-up as when here while Hosmer was represented by Mathieson, Charbouneau, Cornett, Ford, Leithauser, Judge and Tower referee Mr. McLeod.

On Saturday night the boys went to Michel and rubbed it into the team of that town to the tune of 4 goals to 1. The team report a pleasant game and also a very good time after the game, thanks mainly to the efforts of Dr. Weldon. There was a fair crowd in attendance several going up from Hosmer to take in the game.

The Hosmer team was composed of Mathieson, Charbouneau, Bromley, Cornett, Ford, Judge, Gordon.

District No. 18 Convention

The following notice has been issued by District No. 18., U. M. W. of A.

Brothers:—

Referring to our communication of January 18th, regarding the change of the Annual Convention, we beg to advise you that the Convention will be held on Wednesday, February 23rd, at the same hour and place as set forth in the original call to the convention.

With best wishes for the success of our members,

We are,
Fraternally yours,
W. B. POWELL, President
CLEM STUBBS, Vice-President
A. J. CARTER, Sec-Treasurer

Slavs at the Police Court

Constable Aston was proceeding to the bastile with three festive Slavonians in charge, when his attention was attracted to an apparently dead man in the snow. However, on investigation it was found he was only dead drunk. The ever resourceful guardian of the peace made his prisoners deputy constables for the nonce and the dead man was shoved in. He proved to be a Frenchman named Frank Dion. Judge Cole classified him with the $5 and cost people.

Andrew Sadovzy, Mike Beske and Mike Banaday, three subjects of his august majesty, Francis Joseph, who are seeking their fortunes in Hosmer, were deemed fit and proper candidates to appear before Judge Cole on Monday, the 14th inst. Mike, who is a resident of Fernie, came up to discuss a keg of beer at house No. 23 and adjourning the seance there they proceeded to S. Slinn's caravanserai where things began to go fast and furious.

Mr. Slinn not caring to have the even tenour of his house disturbed, proposed that the scene of discussion be moved, whereupon M. Banaday looked ferocious and his high strung Slavish blood got the best of him and to end it, Mr. Slinn got the constable. Wnen the constable appeared on the scene order was restored and as a fitting finale to the affair, justice was satisfied with $5 and costs.

Mike Beske looked as if he had passed down a mill race and went over the water wheel, to judge from his face.

ICE CREAM IN BRICKS

FRED COX

Main Street Hosmer, B. C.

The Smile That Won't Come Off

is always worn by the purchasers of a Heintzman & Co. piano because they know that they have selected the piano with which they will ALWAYS be delighted. Call and inspect these famous instruments. Open evenings.

HEINTZMAN PIANO PARLORS

M. W. ELLEY, District Manager

Grand Theatre Block Fernie, B. C.

FRANK WOODS

PAINTER

Estimates Furnished on Application

Orders promptly attended HOSMER, B. C.

BANK OF MONTREAL

(ESTABLISHED 1817)

Capital All Paid Up $14,400,000 Rest $12,000,000

HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL

Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G. C. M. G. Hon. President.
Hon. Sir George Drummond, K. C. M. G., President.
Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., Vice President and General Manager.

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Deposits of $1 and upward received. Interest allowed at current rates and paid half yearly. The depositor is subject to no delay whatever in the withdrawal of the whole or any part of the deposit.

C. B. WINTER, Manager Hosmer Branch

P. BURNS & CO., Limited

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Meat Merchants

Fresh and Cured Meats, Fresh Fish, Game and Poultry. We supply only the best. Your trade solicited. Markets in all the principal Towns and Cities in British Columbia.

MAIN STREET HOSMER, B. C.

C. C. C. **C. C. C.**

Prime Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal Just received a nice supply of Fish, including Halibut, Salmon, Kippers, Bloaters, Finnan Haddie, Etc. Call and inspect our stock

Calgary Cattle Co. Calgary Cattle Co.

GEO. McMURREN

All kinds of Draying done on short notice

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The Celebrated Tabor Coal Dry Wood for sale

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Hosmer Livery & Transfer Co.

Livery, Cartage and Feed Stable
Rigs at all Hours at Reasonable Prices
Dealers in Coal

FRONT STREET HOSMER, B. C.

LUCKY at CARDS UNLUCKY in LOVE

Foxhall Keene, Reported as Her Latest Admirer

Striking Aptness of the Old Adage in the Case of Beautiful Muriel Wilson

AN Englishman and an American were walking along one of the famed and beautiful drives about Monte Carlo one day last spring.

There was a sound of hoof beats in the distance, and suddenly a woman on a spirited horse dashed by. In riding dress she presented a stunning appearance, with great black eyes, raven hair, some of the tresses straggling in the breeze, her cheeks aglow.

"Hello," said the Englishman, "there goes Muriel Wilson!"

"And there—well, would you believe it?" the American interjected as a tall man in riding suit followed. "That's Foxhall Keene, of New York; his wife's suing him for divorce, you know."

"Eh?" said the Englishman. "Why, it is said in London that Miss Wilson and Mr. Keene are to be married."

"Maybe—but not till Mrs. Keene gets the divorce. By the way, isn't Miss Wilson the famous beauty?"

"The famous beauty—yes," said the Englishman; "some say the fairest woman in the British Isles—but the most unlucky in love affairs. Why, here's the fifth man to whom she's been reported engaged! She undoubtedly was engaged to some of them, but he sidestepped. There's no doubt she's one of the brightest, wittiest, cleverest women in society, but you know what they say: 'Lucky at cards, unlucky in love.' That's Muriel Wilson's case in a nutshell."

Then the two friends passed on. Others saw the couple—they have been seen together constantly on the Riviera of late—and people whispered of the strange hoodoo that seems to hover over the love affairs of one often called the most beautiful girl in England.

TRANBY CROFT. There was where Miss Muriel Wilson was born, where she budded into beautiful girlhood, where, as a young debutante, she began playing cards, always winning.

Cards, and other games, were often played at Tranby Croft, as they are played at other homes in England. But it was at Tranby Croft the terrible scandal developed which for a time made the inner fast circles of London quake like a mass of jelly.

It was unfortunate for Miss Wilson that the unhappy scandal was focused on her home. For ever thereafter people spoke of her as "Miss Wilson, of Tranby Croft." Was there a hoodoo in the name?

Now that Miss Wilson is reported engaged to the New York sportsman, people tell how she became engaged to Lord Willoughby de Eresby, who, it was reported, in deference to his parents' wishes, broke the engagement; of her subsequent reported engagement to Prince Francis of Teck, which was broken, it is said, because of the objections of King Edward. They tell, too, of the devoted attention paid her by the earl of Hardwicke and Winston Churchill. And they have asked, and still ask, why was it all these affairs of the heart were blighted in the bud? Was there a hoodoo over the beautiful girl? Was she who was lucky at cards fated to be always unlucky in love?

When Miss Wilson's engagement to Foxhall Keene was rumored, those questions reared their stubborn heads once more. Would the new love affair come to naught, as others had done, or would a happy marriage at last be her portion?

CUPID'S BAN ON HORSEMAN

Last year Mrs. Mary Lawrence Keene brought a suit for separation against her husband.

About a year previous to this action the New York sportsman was said to be in financial trouble. It was then reported that because he had failed to pay $25,000 interest on a mortgage, a life insurance company would foreclose on and seize his handsome home on Long Island.

In the days before Foxhall Keene and his wife separated, this place had been the scene of unparalleled social gaiety. It was the mecca of "horsey" folk on Long Island. Foxhall Keene, polo player, horseman, expert golfer, was one of the most popular men in society. But five years ago there were whispers that the Keenes were not as happy as they might be; it was rumored a separation was impending.

After spending some time at Colorado Springs, where he went for his health, Mr. Keene sailed for England. There he met Muriel Wilson. Many men had before fallen in love with the dark-eyed Spanish-looking girl. Foxhall Keene, reports go, at once succumbed.

Of course, Mr. Keene's financial embarrassment was only temporary; he will inherit great wealth from his father. So he might, from a financial standpoint, be considered a desirable match by many English women.

But when he began paying marked attention to Miss Wilson, so the gossips say, her parents began to object. They thought their daughter might make a better match. However, Miss Wilson continued to encourage the attentions of the dashing American. Had she really fallen in love again?

After her debut not so many years ago, Miss Wilson became engaged to Lord Willoughby de Eresby. Lord Willoughby was one of the most desirable catches among the young bachelors. He is a son of the earl of Ancaster, and a probable successor to the marquis of Cholmondeley, as hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain. Of course, the match was ideal. But then came the blow; it was whispered that Lord Willoughby had broken off the engagement because his beautiful fiancee refused to give up amateur theatricals, in which she took great delight. The engagement was really terminated, whether that was the reason or not.

Miss Muriel Wilson the Famous English Beauty Who Seems Unlucky in Love

Winston Churchill once Captive of Her Charms

In 1900 young Winston Churchill returned from South Africa. London hailed the young correspondent with acclaim. Women besieged him with attentions. Of course the great question was, Whom would he marry? London was not exactly surprised, but a great contingent was dismayed, when the report of his engagement to Muriel Wilson got abroad. What heartburnings there were, what pangs of jealousy! For a time he was absolutely devoted to Miss Wilson.

Then it was rumored the engagement was broken. And, recently, Churchill married another.

For two years Miss Wilson seemed heart free. Then the earl of Hardwicke, one of the most promising young men in business and politics, made his appearance by the beauty's side. Partner in a stock-broking firm, the young earl was also under secretary of the Board of Trade of the present government, one of the most ambitious young men in the country.

He was desirable in every way. Everybody took it for granted that the couple was engaged and a marriage would take place in the course of events. But as time waxed the couple was seen less frequently together, and finally met only on the most formal terms. The cause of the rupture? No one ever knew.

Following this, Muriel Wilson, like a gay butterfly, dazzled the men of society, favoring none, permitting especial attention from none, for several years.

Then a new suitor appeared on the scene, and it was understood that Prince Francis of Teck was an aspirant for Miss Wilson's hand.

Although poor, Prince Francis was one of London's most desirable matches from the point of birth and family connections. His sister had married the prince of Wales, so his social position was assured. Muriel Wilson has beauty and wealth. The talk of an engagement was not denied—until King Edward interfered.

King Edward acknowledged that he admired Miss Wilson; still he contended that there could be no alliance between royalty and commoners. Therefore, Prince Francis could not marry Miss Wilson. King Edward's dictum was reluctantly obeyed and the couple grew distant.

But would not Miss Wilson marry the Marquis de Soveral, Portuguese ambassador to Great Britain? King Edward declared there could be no more worthy suitor. He did all in his power to bring about an alliance between the English beauty and the Portuguese. The marquis was wealthy, witty, distinguished—but Miss Wilson shook her head. No, she must decline the king's kind assistance to matrimony.

For some unaccountable reason Miss Wilson, just as she had won the admiration of King Edward, aroused the antagonism of the queen. In amateur theatricals there is no more clever young woman in society. Indeed, so marvelous an actress is she that, some years ago, it was announced that she was going on the stage.

Probably this aroused Queen Alexandra's resentment. However, it was shortly after this announcement that an unfortunate incident happened in connection with a visit to Chatsworth, the home of the duke and duchess of Devonshire.

Both the king and queen were scheduled guests. When, as is usual, the list of guests was submitted to the king and queen, the name of Miss Muriel Wilson was noticed. Suddenly Queen Alexandra developed a chill. She could not visit the Devonshires.

Some months later another visit was planned. Among the entertainments were amateur theatricals in which Miss Wilson was to appear. This came to the ears of Queen Alexandra, and 'tis said, in a violent temper, she immediately took a train for Sandringham. The king, furious at his royal spouse's behavior, remained at Buckingham a day, then followed. For some days they were not on the most cordial terms.

Naturally the known resentment of the queen to the famous beauty causes much embarrassment to hostesses who would like to invite both. What the exact cause of the queen's coldness is can only be hazarded—some say it is a warmth of admiration on the part of the king.

It was unfortunate, perhaps, that the unhappy scandal which shook social England was focused on the home of Miss Wilson. Her name readily calls up the unsavory incidents. It happened in the days when Edward was the prince of Wales. There was a dinner at Tranby Croft, and he was among the guests. After dinner there was baccarat.

Some one told the hostess that a guest, Sir William Gordon-Cummings, had been observed cheating. It was asserted he added to his counters whenever he had won in order to be paid more than he had staked. Mrs. Wilson accordingly arranged with her son, her daughter, her son-in-law and a young officer to watch him.

The day afterward Lord Coventry and General Owen Williams informed Sir William that he had been caught cheating. This he denied, declaring he placed himself in the hands of his friends. He appealed to the prince of Wales, who replied: "Sir William, there are five witnesses against you." The result was that Sir William was persuaded to sign an agreement to the effect that if nothing be said of the matter, he bound himself never to touch a card during his lifetime.

It would have been all right, but some one talked. They said it was Lady Brooke, thereafter known as "the babbling Brooke," now the countess of Warwick. There followed the famous trial, when the courtroom, it was said, looked more like the scene of a levee than a trial for slander.

Tranby Croft, Miss Wilson's home, inevitably linked with the scandal, is one of the pleasantest homes in England. There Mrs. Arthur Wilson still entertains royally. The place is noted for its luxury and the hospitality dispensed. Tranby Croft is noted for its games. When there is a house party everybody plays. Many new games were started there; among them billiard buff, billiard fives and puff ball.

Of the players none is more proficient and clever than Miss Muriel Wilson. She has always been lucky at cards. She has won repeatedly at Monte Carlo. Is that why she has been unlucky in love? People wonder.

Prince Francis of Teck, Whose Lovemaking Was Stopped by King Edward

Lord Willoughby de Eresby, Who Broke His Engagement to the Beauty

Miss Wilson's Home, Tranby Croft, Scene of the Famous Card Scandal

Earl of Hardwicke Reported Engaged to Her at One Time

THE MOST FAMOUS SPORTING DUCHESS of EUROPE

Her Park is Her Pride

The Dowager Duchess d'Uzes, Most Famous Sporting Woman in Europe

OWING to general interest in the tense political situation in Europe, the sensational airship flights of Wilbur Wright and other matters attracting its immediate attention, the French public for a time seemed to forget one of whom it has always been proud—"the most famous sporting woman in Europe," as the Dowager Duchesse d'Uzes is generally known.

But the dashing woman was not content to remain in the background. The other day she came to the front again with a rush, and all France, together with the most of Europe, was soon laughing immoderately over a scorching pen-lashing she gave the Paris Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

It seems the society objected to the notable and thrilling stag hunts the duchess was accustomed to give on her big estate. She was a member of the society, and did not take the criticism kindly.

The society talked of expelling her unless she abandoned the hunts. The duchess did not wait to be expelled. She sent in her resignation, with a blistering letter.

"You are a society of nature fakers," she wrote, among other things. "Accept my resignation from a society which merely adds to the absurd legends of animals by making use of fables to advertise itself—such as the tears of deer, which do not exist. I have no intention of abandoning my hunts, the most famous in France."

SELDOM has there been such a stormy meeting as that of the society when the resignation and sturdy letter of the duchess were presented.

She had taken, for years, an active interest and a prominent part in the work of the organization, and had made many valuable suggestions. Recently, however, a faction, headed by Maitre Pierre Bouchez, an advocate at the Court of Appeals, demanded that the duchess be expelled because of her widely celebrated love of the chase.

"Stags," retorted the queen of sportswomen haughtily, "are game, and are meant to be hunted. Man has hunted wild game since the first days of the human race, and will continue to do so as long as there is game to be hunted. I'll have no more to do with a society of nature fakers."

So the stag hunts still continue on the vast estates of the duchess near Ramboui let; they are held in truly royal style—hunts in such fashion as those given in honor of the kings whom her ancestors served.

The immense game preserve of the sporting duchess is known to huntsmen almost the world over. In her chateau on the place she has spent most of her time of recent years, entertaining royally, engaging in the chase and caring for the animals in the great forests.

The place has come to be known as the most notable headquarters of real sport in France, as it is one of the most magnificent properties in all Europe.

Several other large establishments are maintained by the duchess, including one in the old, ultra-fashionable quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain. She is also the owner of one of the most famous vineyards and champagne plants in France, which she inherited from her maternal grandmother.

De Mortemart was the family name of the Duchesse d'Uzes—a name recorded frequently in the pages of French history. One of its best-known bearers was Athenais de Mortemart, the Marquise de Montespan of the time of Louis XIV. The duchess' grandmother was Veuve Clicquot, to whose millions the family owes much of its splendor.

DARING YACHTSWOMAN

Not only a huntswoman is the dowager duchess, but a daring yachtswoman as well. She knows how to navigate her handsome steam yacht as well as its regular captain. She faces storms with the sangfroid of an old salt, and threads tortuous channels with the skill of the experienced pilot.

Political affairs often engage her attention. It is said she spent $1,000,000 to help the cause of General Boulanger, "the man on horseback," believing that the agitation of which he was the center would lead eventually to the success of the royalists. The doughty general, however, ended his life with a pistol shot before he had ended, successfully, his campaign.

Very charitable and public spirited is the sporting duchess, and yet some of her methods are so business-like as to cause smiles. For example, once a week during the season she admits to her salon every stranger who may apply, for which honor he or she is required to pay $5. The money thus received is given to charitable objects.

During the Boer-English War considerable attention was attracted to the duchess by reports that she was financing a movement to gather recruits for the Boer forces, especially in the United States. This however, she strongly denied.

She is a woman of versatile accomplishments, among other things being a sculptress of note. As a child, she loved to play with wax, to mould and twist it into shape. Her sleeping Diana first attracted general attention to her art, and in 1887 she won a prize at the Salon with her statue of St. Hubert, which now reposes in a Paris church. Later she made a statue of the Virgin for the government. Since then she has given several greatly admired works to the world of art.

ONE AUGUST NIGHT.

She Was Told the Story of the Lady of Shalott.

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

It had been an unusually oppressive day even for August. Every one seemed sleepy or sleeping. Cobblers slept with half mended boots in their laps; Italian women slept at their fruit stands with sleeping babies at their breasts; horses trotted conscientiously along in front of sleeping drivers.

In the department store where Antona Wheaton worked the day had been difficult, especially behind the stuffy corner where she measured out ribbons. And, oh, what a godsend the loud sounding bell at 6 had been! Most of the girls in the store were city bred and they accepted the conditions of August philosophically, but Antona Wheaton had come from a fresh little country town in the west, and as she leaned from her boarding house window—the third floor hall room, back—a few minutes before going down to dinner it seemed to her that she was locked in a place of torment from which no escape was possible.

They dined at 7 in Mrs. Brown's boarding house. In the half hour that Antona had been home she had taken a sponge bath, brushed her silky, flaxen hair and changed her black alpaca dress for a simple white muslin. As she leaned out of the window from the open space beside the storage house in the rear she could see the dust carts roll down the streets. The whisking of their big rotary brooms reminded the country bred girl of large turkey gobblers sweeping the earth with disdainful, proud wings. The open space faced the west, and, resting her little oval cheeks in her hands, Antona could see that the sun was doing its best to set with some sort of rightful beauty, even in this homely downtown section.

"Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles"—

Antona was speaking to herself in a reprehensible fashion that was growing on her, trying to recall some verses which Francis Logan had quoted to her one sunset time down on the Battery. She had fancied she could remember them, they were so simple and lovely.

Just then Mrs. Brown's cracked dinner bell rang.

Across the long, narrow table Francis Logan glanced at Antona with something like a lump born of a big protective instinct rising in his throat. Every vestige of fresh country rose bloom had fled from the girl's sweet face, and in the intervals when she fancied she was not observed the young fellow's alert eye noticed that black lashes rested heavily against her cheek as would those of one who is overweary.

Antona's weariness struck home perhaps because of contrast. Francis himself was more than usually happy that night.

The big importing house where he was employed had that very morning sent a note to his desk informing him that his salary had been increased some $10 a month. His dear mother over in Devonshire, had just written him that a relative had left her an unexpected little legacy. Altogether the world was going well with Francis Logan.

"You look pleased, Mr. Logan," observed Mrs. Brown from her accustomed seat at the head of the table. "Ah, I remember—this is your favorite soup!"

For five years now young Logan had been an inmate of Mrs. Brown's establishment without having ever changed his seat at table or his room. Naturally Mrs. Brown sought to ingratiate herself with him.

"Why, my dear," she had exclaimed once to Antona in a burst of enthusiasm, "he knows all the poets by heart. He sees only the best plays, even though it may be from gallery seats. He knows all the finest pictures up in the Metropolitan. He has what they call an 'artistic' taste too. My lands, you should hear him notice the sunset at the end of a narrow city street or a tiny flower out in the park or"—

"Yes, I know," said Antona impulsively, for once coming out of her reserve. "He's pure gold—that's what he is!"

"Huh! 'Gold?'" Mrs. Brown had retorted disdainfully. "None o' your pretty, soft yellow stuff for him. He's good, solid, practical steel, if any one asked me. Don't you forget it, Miss Wheaton. And if you could be fortunate enough to tie up to him"—

Mrs. Brown had broken off abruptly at a flash from Miss Wheaton's eye. One dared not presume too far with Miss Wheaton, in spite of the silky, flaxen hair and the childish dimples, as many of the young men in the department store had found out.

"If only they could be a little more like Mr. Logan!" Antona had more than once found herself commenting as she pinned up her colored bolts. "He is the soul of honor, and I—I don't know what I'd do without him!"

"Had a stroke of luck today, little girl." Logan waylaid Antona as she was going upstairs after the scanty saucer of raspberries, made purple with milk, had been eaten. "I want you to come out tonight and help me celebrate—if you'll do me the honor."

A little later, from the basement dining room window, Mrs. Brown, who was arranging her cloth for the next morning's breakfast, watched them go up the street together. Antona, in her simple white muslin, wore a nodding spray of pink roses at her waist. As they walked toward the west the young fellow's eyes were fastened adoringly upon her.

"Guess they'll hit it off all right," commented Mrs. Brown as she went on refilling the porcelain saltcellars.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Francis as they walked toward the cars. "We'll go out to Riverside drive and sit there for awhile till the night gets cooler; then we'll go to some big uptown restaurant and order some ice cold chicken salad."

"Oh," broke in Antona in economic defense, "I'd just as lief go to a drug store and have some nice soda."

"Now, don't you bother about the expense, little one," said Francis gayly. "As I said, I've had a rare stroke of luck today, and when we get out on one of those cool benches on the drive I'm going to tell you about it." Also he determined resolutely to himself he would tell her something else. She needed to be petted and taken care of.

The car ride to the river was long. The sun glow had faded entirely out of the west and the gray veil that spread between the night and day was already beginning to be pricked by the city's innumerable lights when finally they reached the drive and leaned over the stone wall that edged it. The Palisades on the opposite shore cast huge black shadows upon the water. Near by a yacht or two were at anchor. Silently, mysteriously, their lights came up, one by one. Over on the Jersey shore a big building which by day showed itself to be an unsightly factory now took on the majesty of a mediaeval castle.

"See the turrets and spires," said Francis, calling Antona's attention to it. "Do you know the story of the Lady of Shalott?" he added. "She lived in a grand castle—we'll pretend that's it," he nodded toward the factory—"and from the highest window she watched her lover, Sir Launcelot, going by, and she drifted down the river to find him. We'll pretend this is the river, and—dear little Lady of Shalott, will you let me be your Sir Launcelot? I love you and want you to marry me and let me take care of you. Surely little one, you are so fragile and sweet you need to be taken care of. Will you?"

The girl's eyes as he spoke were distant. All the yellow lights on the yachts seemed to be swinging themselves together.

* * * * * * *

"Just look at my hair, Francis," Antona was saying twenty minutes later, with a shy note of laughter.

"I'm looking at it, dear," said Francis oddly, with something like a catch in his rich young voice. "And just to think I'm going to have it to look at all my life!"

"Nicknackitorian."

London shopkeepers' slang is a dialect in itself and one that is always changing. What, then, is a "nicknackitorian?" We know not the word today; but, looking recently through some old law cases dating about a hundred years back, I was puzzled to find it applied in all good faith to describe a plaintiff in the sheriff's court. On further search it turned out to be a piece of forgotten cockney slang for a dealer in bric-a-brac.

The evidence showed that this plaintiff kept a sort of old curiosity shop, in which he dispensed "mummies," poisoned arrows, the head of King Arthur's spear and a genuine manuscript of the "first play acted by Thespis and his company in a wagon." The defendant, a woman, had actually bought and paid for some of these rarities, but she died after having commissioned the embalming of an orang outang to add to her collection, and for this her executors refused to pay. Counsel for the defense poured contempt on the mummy of the orang outang and called it a "stuffed monkey."

But the "nicknackitorian" won his case. His profession was more taking than his name.—Manchester Guardian.

An Equal Test.

It is an interesting fact that the two studies of arithmetic and geography often seem to be opposed to each other in the affections of school children. Pupils who are particularly proficient in the one are apt to be backward in the other.

A story is told of a youngster who was slow in arithmetic and whose apparent stupidity in this field was a great source of grief to his father, a clever mathematician.

One day when the father and son were walking out they passed a place where a "learned pig" was on exhibition, and the father took the boy in to see the prodigies that the animal could perform.

"Just look at that!" said the father. "Why, there's a pig that can count and add up numbers! Don't you wish you were as smart as he?"

"Ha!" answered the boy. "Just let me ask him a few questions in geography! I reckon I could beat him at that!"

Told by Sydney Smith.

The late Lord Dudley was a most absentminded man. "One day," says Sydney Smith, "he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me today; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' I admitted the temptation held out to me, but said he was engaged to meet me elsewhere. Another time in meeting me he put his arm through mine, muttering, 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.' He very nearly overset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick as if he had been in the house of commons and, tapping the ground with it, cried out in a low but very audible whisper, 'Hear, hear!'"

Siamese Beliefs.

One of the strangest beliefs of the Siamese is that they must under no circumstances take life, and the Buddhist priest goes so far as to strain insects out of his water not because he thinks them nasty, but because it would be wrong to kill them. Another is not to bathe after dark lest he should crush insects while drying himself. Yet he does not mind eating meat which others have killed, and he has no objection to taking fish out of the sea and leaving them to die.

A Fatal Oversight.

"But your story seems to lack atmosphere," the magazine editor explained.

"Dear me," replied the young lady who desired to contribute, "how stupid of me not to have thought of that! And the hero carries the heroine away in an airship too."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Inevitable Thing.

"Did you get any stock in that balloon line project?"

"Yes, but I think I paid for it more than it was worth."

"That is what was to be expected. An air line would naturally have inflated stock."—Denver News.

THE CONTADINO IN ITALY.

His Most Eventful Hours Are Spent at the Market Place.

The typical mountain peasant of Italy, the contadino, goes to market once a week, usually on Monday, during the late spring, summer and fall months. In the winter he is snowbound for weeks at a time. At the market place are spent the most eventful hours of his life. In the open space reserved for this purpose those having fruits, vegetables, poultry, butter, cheese and eggs for sale gather with their baskets in hand. Early in the morning they arrive sometimes on foot and sometimes on horse or burros. Very often one of the women of the family will come, hatless, but with a yellow or green scarf thrown over her shoulders and bearing, in addition to the ordinary produce, a basket of wild strawberries or raspberries for sale.

In Italy there is not a settlement, no matter how small, that does not contain a principal piazza, or open square. On market days this piazza is filled with rough tables covered with cloth. Dry goods, shoes, hats, cooking utensils, trinkets and in fact almost every imaginable necessity or luxury of the contadino are sold at these tables. Here the contadino does his bargaining. To a peasant there would be no pleasure in buying an article at a fixed price. He would not be happy if he could not boast to his friends of the sharp bargains he had made. Even in cities like Florence, many of the shopkeepers have two establishments, one with fixed prices for the foreign custom and that of Italians of the better classes, and another where the contadino may go and argue for half an hour over 3 cents.

At times, a large number of cattle are brought to be sold on market days. The cows or oxen are made to show their paces like race horses and are examined minutely by the prospective purchasers. If sellers and buyers, after much talk, finally agree upon a price, they make a contract by shaking hands, all four at the same time. Sometimes three parties to a bargain may be agreed and one not; he therefore refuses to shake hands. The landlord always enters into these business matters to see that they are arranged equally. The contadino is the employe of the owner of the land surrounding his cottage, and pays no rent. He receives half of the proceeds from the grain he raises for the landlord, for the grapes, sheep and goats, and for the butter and cheese he makes.

A Traveling Hotel.

Blenheim Palace, like Strathfieldsaye House, the Duke of Wellington's seat, is held directly from the crown, and every year feudal rent, in the form of a miniature flag, has to be sent to the King. The successive flags are to be seen at Windsor Castle.

The first Duke of Marlborough was the victor of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenard, and Malplaquet, and one of the finest soldiers that England has ever had.

In 1895 the present duke married Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt, the daughter of the American millionaire. He owns about 19,685 acres, but the $2,500,000 mansion in Mayfair was part of Mr. Vanderbilt's wedding present to his daughter.

About eight years ago the duke and duchess had a large political party from different parts of the country at Blenheim, and for two hundred guests from Yorkshire and the Midlands a special train of nine corridor dining-cars was provided. It measured 170 yards long, and weighed 270 tons. It was quite a traveling hotel.

Presentiment Verified.

A remarkable story of a presentiment and its verification comes from Farnham, England. Mr. H. Harland, of Aldershot, whilst out driving in the adjoining district of Farnborough, was seized with the feeling that something serious had happened to one of his children, who was staying with its grandfather at Farnham. He immediately telephoned to the grandfather, and was informed that nothing had occurred. Mr. Harland, however, was unable to get rid of the impression, and he telephoned to his wife, who cycled off at once to Farnham. On the way she overtook a party who were taking her child to the grandfather's house from Moor Park, where it had fallen into a deep stream and had a narrow escape.

When Men Powdered Their Faces.

The use of powders for the hair and face, which began in the sixteenth century, infected the men. Henry III. had the habit of parading the streets of Paris, his face covered with white and red paste, like a faded coquette, and his hair filled with violet powder and scented with musk. Powders were made of all colors, and the infatuation was such that servant girls were afraid to be seen in public with their hair of the natural color and, not being able to buy that used by their employers, employed sawdust as a substitute.

Drip Coffee For the Nervous.

Cold drip coffee agrees best with nervous, dyspeptic people. It contains little caffeine to cause wakefulness, nervousness and insomnia and has little tannin to stop digestion and cause dyspepsia. Besides, it has all the aroma and flavor of best coffee. It is made by a slow dripping of cold distilled water through a dripper full of the finest powdered coffee. It is made highly concentrated and keeps well in a cold place. A few spoonfuls are put into a cup and boiling water added to suit the taste.—Exchange.

He Saw Double.

Mr. Lushleigh came up the stairway with his shoes in his hand and his hat hanging precariously upon one ear, singing, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" with wondrous disregard for pronunciation and melody. Mrs. Lushleigh met him with a cold stare and exclaimed:

"Well, to see you in such a condition! William Henry Lushleigh, I am beside myself with indignation!"

"Thash ri'," agreed Mr. Lushleigh, moodily watching the bureau as it waltzed about him, "thash ri'—you're beshide y'shelf. I c'n see you right zhere beshide y'shelf. Glad you tol' me. Was beginnin' to think I'sh a bigamisht."

Mr. Haldane's Walk to Brighton.

Though Mr. Haldane is not addicted to any of the usual forms of recreation—even golf has failed to claim him—he believes that he has the right to boast of being the only member of the House of Commons who has accomplished the walk from London to Brighton. This he achieved in quite recent years, and he declares himself, in spite of his arduous public duties, still able and ready to do his fifty miles with—or against anyone.

A BUILDER OF SUBURBS

MRS. BARNETT HAS SOLVED ONE OF LONDON'S PROBLEMS.

Englishwoman Who Established the Metropolis' First Garden Suburb Is Still Keenly Interested In Her Work—Built Houses Near Hampstead Heath Where Working Classes Could Get Good Homes.

It is only a little more than two years since Mrs. Barnett cut the first sod of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, out of London, Eng., writes Mrs. Sarah A. Tooley in The Toronto Globe, and this summer sees it a flower-decked, smiling reality. Several successful attempts had been made to form garden cities and industrial villages in different parts of the country, but to Mrs. Barnett belongs the honor of originating the idea of making a garden suburb for London. Circumstances guided her to "'Appy 'Ampstead," the cockney's paradise, and truly no more invigorating spot could have been selected than the fine, open tract of country abutting on the north of the famous heath. Two years ago the building began, and now, as though a fairy wand had been at work, cottages, villas and larger houses smile amid bowers of roses, jasmine and sweet peas, and revel in glorious views and open spaces in a suburb which is only a threepenny "Tube" ride from Charing Cross.

I found "the mother of London's first garden suburb" most appropriately engaged in the garden of her own home, St. Jude's cottage, standing on a high and sunny spot at an angle of the Heath facing the Spaniard's road, and about a mile from

MRS. BARNETT

the garden suburb. On my way there I had been reading an article by a colonial journalist, who, in roaming about London and through the provinces, had been astonished to find that "the Englishman is at heart aesthetic." He had observed that almost everyone aspires to come into touch with a bit of plant life, whether it be the window garden in an east end slum or "the pocket-handkerchief of lawn and shrubs" of the London villa.

"How true that is," said Mrs. Barnett, and few indeed know better than Canon and Mrs Barnett how strong is the aesthetic feeling even in the most unlikely of our toiling people. To develop and give food to that craving has been the keynote of their long years of labor at the Toynbee Hall Settlement, Whitechapel. In her latest scheme Mrs. Barnett has had thought not only for the industrial class, but for those in more prosperous stations in life who have endured too long the depressing, isolated atmosphere and unlovely appearance of the ordinary London suburb, and have paid extortionate rents for jerry-built houses.

Leaving her gardening, Mrs. Barnett led the way to a cool retreat for conversation, and I learned something of the deeper motive which lies at the back of the Hampstead experiment. It is not merely a garden of bricks and mortar well put together in beautiful surroundings, but the idea for which she is working is the founding of a community of interests, and the bringing together of the poor and the well-off, the uneducated and the cultured, the artisan and the brain-worker, who by getting an intimate knowledge of each other's point of view will learn the lesson of brotherhood. The poorer people will be influenced to an appreciation of the amenities by contact with those more favorably placed in life, and the richer people will profit by the inspiration which the knowledge of strenuous lives and patient endurance gives. "Society," said Mrs. Barnett, "is impoverished by class divisions, and each class loves more than it realizes." In the garden suburb the classes are drawn together by a common interest in the enjoyment of refined and beautiful homes, and in the various educational and recreative agencies which are springing up.

The influence upon child-life is one of the chief objects which Mrs. Barnett has at heart in her scheme. How few children in London, even of the richer classes, she pointed out, know the joy of the spring morning, the intoxication of noontide under blue, open skies, or the ecstasy of the clouds racing across a wide, moonlit sky. They get excitements instead of joy; parties instead of rambles; theatres instead of picnics; entertainments instead of games. Canon and Mrs. Barnett are familiar with the pathetic joy of the children of such homes when by happy chance they get a country holiday given to them, but, alas, it is only for two short weeks, then back again to the squalor and overcrowding which make for crime and a high death rate.

Changes Since Then.

Lord Strathcona remembers when the three prosperous cities of Regina, Calgary and Vancouver were respectively Pile-o'-Bones creek, Whisky Point, and an unnamed barren patch of ground.—Saturday Sunset, Vancouver.

"Prisoner at the Bar," said the portly, pompous and florid magistrate. "You are charged with stealing a pig, a very serious offence in this district. There has been a great deal of pig-stealing, and I shall make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."

She—"I hear that you lost your valuable little dog, Mr. Dudley."

He—"Ya'as, in a railway accident. I was saved, but the dawg was killed."

She (shocked)—"What a pity."

Glass bricks inserted in the wall now take the place of windows.

LABOR IN AFRICA.

Recruiting Workers Among Natives a Hazardous Position.

The labor agent—the recruiting sergeant of commercialism—leads an ordinary enough life in other cities, but in Africa the work takes on the charm of adventure. For on the "dark continent," the labor agent's work, which consists of recruiting natives for work in the mines, has to be done in the remote districts often hundreds of miles away from any white settlement. Then it is that the agent has to literally take his life in his own hands.

"Up to 10 years ago," says Stanley P. Hyatt, who has served many years as labor agent for the big diamond mines of Kimberley and elsewhere, "a good many labor agents, even in nominally British territories, were little more than slave raiders. I have met them going out with a dozen armed 'police,' whose business it was to surprise a village after nightfall and capture all the likely looking men. In the Portuguese colonies the raids were carried out on an even larger scale by regular uniformed troops, though latterly the ugly temper of the natives themselves has made the business a risky one. I remember well an alarm in one of the big vilages, when within a couple of minutes there were over a hundred sturdy savages, armed with long bows and poisoned arrows, crouching in the jungle just beyond the huts, waiting for the raiders.

"On another occasion some Portuguese native soldiers tried to exploit what was to them a new district. I saw them going down, but never heard of their coming back, although I had a camp a few miles away. Months after I learned the story of their fate. They passed through a number of tiny, poverty stricken villages, where they found no one but women, though everywhere they were told of the big kralls on ahead down to the southwest, and so they tramped on, right into the deadly thorn jungle, where the m'chopi, the 'archers,' or 'bushman,' are, and the archers killed them to the last man. It was a grim trick to play, but the old chief who told me the story chuckled over it. To him it evidently had a humorous side."

SUFFRAGETTES LOSING.

English Editor Declares It Is Mainly Due to Lack of Decency.

Thousands of supporters of the cause of woman suffrage have been lost, says Mowbray Bell, editor of The London Times, because of the militant tactics of the suffragettes.

"They have displayed a shocking lack of decency," he declares. "Why, look at the time when they forced themselves into Asquith's house uninvited and while they were holding his hand demanded 'votes for women.'

"A friend of mine from New Zealand was at the press conference some time ago. Both of us had been long champions of the woman's right to vote. 'Women suffrage in New Zealand is a good thing,' he told me, 'but I never could support it here. We do not have this kind of woman in New Zealand.'

"It is the militant tactics of the English leaders that have hurt the cause, there is no doubt of that. Those women have labored unceasingly to prove that woman is unfit to be trusted with the suffrage. All the men who were friendly to their cause at first have become disgusted and the suffrage movement in Great Britain to-day has lost greatly in numbers and is not anywhere near as strong as it was a year ago.

"I don't know how a scheme of limited franchise could be worked out, but if I could have my way I think I would let only the women who did not want to vote have the franchise, and those who were insisting on it would have to go without. I think that would limit the franchise to the sensible women all right.

"Then there are the troubles of the poor policemen in protecting anti-suffragette windows from suffragette bricks and flatirons and the difficulty the Government had in treating suffragette prisoners. It has been suggested that it would be a good thing to shave their heads, the way they shave men prisoners, for a woman would sooner part with most anything than her hair. That would be depriving them of one of their chief assets, but I don't know — I don't know — I fear they would find a shaven head just right to fit a halo."

Dainties For the King.

King Edward has recently enjoyed the delights of a lamprey-pie, which is what very few people have the opportunity of doing.

No one knows when the custom started, but for many, many years Gloucester has annually contributed a lamprey-pie to His Majesty's table. The custom was temporarily dropped in 1836, when the old corporation was abolished, but it was revived by permission of Queen Victoria in 1893.

Another epicurean dainty which the King enjoys are the first plovers' eggs of the season. There is keen competition among all searchers to be the first to send these eggs for the King's table.

If His Majesty is in London they are sent to Buckingham Palace; but at times they have been sent by special messenger to Biarritz when he was staying there. At the beginning of the season plovers' eggs fetch three shillings or four shillings apiece.

One of "The Devil's Own."

Sir Lees Knowles, who is retiring from the 7th Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers, has divided most of his enthusiasm between volunteering and sport. There is hardly a game or sport in which Sir Lees does not excel, and at Rugby and Cambridge he was distinguished by his brilliancy in athletics. He was called to the Bar twenty-seven years ago, and on entering Lincoln's Inn at once joined the Inns of Court Corps, commonly known as "The Devil's Own"—a title given to them by one of the Georges, who, during a review, asked what the men were. "Lawyers, your Majesty," was the reply. "Then," said the genial monarch, "call them 'The Devil's Own'!"

In the Seventeenth Century

A fatalistic excuse for drinking is to be found in the "Manuscripts of Sir Henry Ingilby," published by the Historical Manuscripts commission. In a letter dated August 21, 1669, announcing that a hard-drinking friend of his is on his deathbed, Sir Robert Paston remarks: "I have been taught that Jupiter allows every man who comes into the world a different proportion of drink, which, when he has despatched, there remains nothing for him to do but die; and that the proportion and expedition makes great differences in men's ages."

THE SQUARE-JAWED MAN.

He's That Way Because He Was Made to "Chew His Food."

Do you wish your little Freddie or Willie to grow up with a handsome, square jaw and an equally square character? Well, then it's up to you to teach him to use his teeth on tough, solid food and to avoid "slops"—for Dr. Cole Newton of London holds that the proper development of the lower part of the face depends very largely upon the condition of one's teeth. Of course everyone knows that the strong reliable business man is supposed to be the proud possessor of a jaw which a prize-fighter might envy but up to lately folks had rather imagined that the strong man, or rather, the man of strong chin, was born that way. Apply the scientist's theory, however, and you see that square jaws and determined minds in men are no capricious gifts of nature, but simply the result of proper feeding and a consequently healthy set of teeth.

It need scarcely be added that what is meant by "proper feeding" in this connection is the constant use of hard, solid food that develops the teeth by the steady mastication needed to consume it and thus permits the teeth to develop the jaw. When you have the jaw the rest follows.

It must be understood, however, that the teeth must be looked to in more or less early youth if they are to bring about anything in the nature of a square jaw and all the strength of mind that it implies. A change can hardly be expected once the "teens" are through.

In support of Dr. Newton's theory it may be remarked that ill-fed boys who are taken off the London streets and sent to a training ship emerge with a well-developed jaw—not the least remarkable of the improvements that the curriculum has wrought in their physique; a change that may very well have been brought about by the diet of hard beef that constitutes the chief item.

To those of us who may ourselves be past the age of salvation in this matter the thought that, but for the inconsiderate actions of our parents, we might have been Buelows, or Alexanders the Great, or Napoleons, instead of the quiet fellows we are, may be a little exasperating. We must continue to take heart of grace in the thought that, so far, at least, as appearances and strength of mind and form are concerned, our sons and daughters may be anything that we like to make them.

Match-Making Barber.

The ship's barber of the Orient liner Orsova is a man with a curious record. "I have," he said recently, "made sixty-seven round trips to Australia, and I can hardly recall a voyage upon which some young man, who has met his 'fate' in the ship, has not come to me to buy the ring with which to plight his troth. I do not keep wedding rings in stock, but I often get them made for passengers. A boilerfitter will make a plain gold ring out of an ordinary sovereign as fine as any ring can be bought at a jeweller's shop, and at a cost of only two shillings. Many couples who get engaged on the voyage like to have these rings as a memento and a novelty. I often tell the couples who come to me that I can provide them with everything except a parson. I should say I have helped in at least one hundred engagements."

Gave Napoleon Advice.

Napoleon Bonaparte had no more devoted and disinterested friend than Gaspard Monge, the illustrious academician and founder of L'Ecole Polytechnique. On one occasion he demonstrated his regard by giving the great general some unwelcome advice.

Napoleon announced his intention of reading a paper to the French institute. Monge frankly expressed his disapproval of the plan.

"You have not time to write a good paper, and you cannot afford to write a poor one. The eyes of the world are upon you. Whatever you write will be severely criticized."

Napoleon was astonished and indignant at this plain speaking, but he never wrote the paper.

The Beauty Spot Patch.

The custom of wearing black patches to make the skin seem fairer came from the habit of applying in the sixteenth century pieces of black velvet or other dark stuff to the temples for the headache. A fashionable coquette discovered that these were becoming and brought them into use in France, whence the custom spread into Europe. They were worn not only by women, but by exquisites, though their use was not general among men. They were called mouches and were made round, square, oval and in the shape of stars, hearts, crescents and animals of all sorts, so that a lady's face sometimes had the appearance of a menagerie.

Pickled Tea as Relish.

Pickled tea, "letpetso," is a rare delicacy in Burma and Siam. The leaves are thrown into boiling water and there remain until they become soft, when they are rolled by hand on mats and allowed to cool. They are then rammed down tight into the internode of a bamboo, a stopper is made of guava leaves, and the bamboo is suspended two days, with stopper down, to drain off the water, and then buried in the ground till the letpet has matured, when it is ready for sale and use. If not buried the letput becomes black and spoiled instead of yellowish, as it should be. The letpet is rarely made into a drink, but is eaten, generally with oil and garlic.

Hissing.

The hiss does not always mean disgust and reprobation. In Japan it means delight. A Japanese in greeting one hisses. In West Africa the hiss denotes astonishment. In the New Hebrides they hiss before anything beautiful. The Basutos hiss in sign of cordial agreement. Among the Kabyles of northern Africa the hiss denotes satisfaction. In mills and factories, where the machinery makes so much noise that spoken words cannot be heard, workmen hiss to one another to attract attention.

She—"Why did he marry her at all if he intended getting a divorce so speedily?"

He—"Because he didn't think it would be honorable to break their engagement."

First Fair Invalid—"Which kind of doctor do you prefer—the allopathic or the homoeopathic?"

Second Fair Individual—"I prefer the sympathetic."

"You might as well say two and two make five is right."

"Well, it's four-fifths right, ain't it?"—Life.

STEAD'S SPOOK BUREAU

ENGLISH JOURNALIST TELLS OF AMAZING MESSAGE.

Dead Aviator Named Lefebvre Comes to Him and Tells Him to Warn M. Bolotoff Not to Use a Defective Motor—Relatives of Dead Man Are Incensed at Stead For Hurting Their Feelings.

A widespread sensation, not limited to spiritualistic circles, has been caused by the extraordinary story told to The Paris Matin by W. T. Stead, the well-known London journalist, in which he reports a conversation he held on Sept. 16 with the spirit of the French aviator, Lefebvre, who was killed recently in an aeroplane accident. The practical outcome of the spirit's communication was to prevent the Russian aviator, M. Bolotoff, to whom Mr. Stead conveyed Lefebvre's warning, from making an aeroplane ascent at Chalons with a motor which, according to the spirit, would fail to work at the critical moment.

The relatives of Lefebvre, through the mouthpiece of Lefebvre's former employer, the engineer, Lambert, are protesting against the publication of Mr. Stead's article as unfair to the memory of the late aviator and "the outrage by a tactless Englishman upon the feelings of mourners."

Altogether, the elements of a very pretty quarrel have been created by Mr. Stead's amazing tale, which is being discussed with equal passion by aviators, spiritualists and critics of manners.

Mr. Stead, it must be explained, founded some months ago at Torbray House, in the Strand, London, a kind of spiritualistic exchange presided over by a spirit named Julia, who is as eager as is Mr. Stead himself to bring living persons into communication with their departed friends and relatives and build a bridge across the borderland between this world and the next.

The members of this spirit exchange meet every morning at 10 o'clock, with "Julia" in the chair, but she is visible only to the mediums present.

Mr. Stead relates that on Sept. 15 last he had been asked by the Princess Wiassemily to accompany her on a tour to Melon Le Grand, near Chalons, to witness the experiments which her son was going to make with an aeroplane on the following Monday. On Sept. 16, after receiving two brief communications from "Julia," the clairvoyant employed at the exchange said he heard another voice speaking. Mr. Stead enquired who it was, and the answer came:

"I have been dead for some time, Mr. name is Lefebvre."

Mr. Stead, who had been abroad at the time of the fatal accident to Lefebvre, did not recognize the name, which was equally unknown to all the others members of the circle.

Mr. Stead then enquired of the spirit whether it knew Bolotoff's aeroplane.

"Yes," was the reply, "and tell the young man not to be too rash. I do not think there will be an accident, but the motor should be carefully tested. Do not go up yourself. I shall be at Chalons with you, for I write on the subject through your interceding spirit."

In reply to Mr. Stead's questions he said he did not know Bolotoff, but had met him and gave his former profession as a mechanician. On the following day Lefebvre's spirit, with the assistance of "Julia," described to Mr. Stead the accident, which had proved fatal to him. He experienced, he said, a sense of falling, but lost consciousness before reaching the ground. He felt no pain or physical discomfort, but it seemed to him that his spirit was projected outward. He had the sensation of rapid rotation, then something seemed to yield, and he found himself in the air looking down upon his own corpse and the smashed aeroplane lying on the ground below. It was not disagreeable. He was aware of the presence of a very powerful being, who calmed him and who desired to write by Stead's hand.

Mr. Stead telephoned the spirit's warning to Bolotoff, who promised to be cautious. The motor which Bolotoff was using was well tried. It was a four-cylinder Panhard, which seemed incapable of breaking down, he thought. But when he mounted in the machine the motor absolutely refused to work. The starting crank broke and the experiments had to be abandoned.

"The Matin" publishes a telegram from M. Colliex, at Chalons, who was Bolotoff's assistant during the abovementioned experiments, and he declares that not only did the crank refuse to work, but the magneto suddenly returned to its position of maximum advance, with the result that he narrowly escaped serious injury to his arm. He tested the apparatus and discovered that it could not have done this by itself. Lefebvre's family question the truth of Stead's story on the ground that a spirit would certainly have sent messages to relatives rather than to Bolotoff, whom he had hardly known; that in life Lefebvre was not a mere mechanician, but a qualified engineer; that he could not have said he spoke very little English, for he spoke none at all, and furthermore, Lefebvre being "incapable of fear," could not have lost consciousness at the beginning of his fall.

To this excited controversy the Parisian public is listening with open mouthed bewilderment and great amusement.

A Losing Business.

"He sold the mules to buy the automobile."

"Oh, yes."

"And it proved a losing business, for every day or two he has to hire the mules to pull the automobile out of the ditch."

Oak Trees.

Oak trees live 1,500 years, and the wood and bark of a single tree at times sell for as much as $3,000.

"I suppose your house is getting an enormously big establishment?" a commercial traveller was asked by a customer. "Big?" you can't have any idea of its dimensions!" responded the "commercial" "Last week we went through our wages book and found out for the first time that three cashiers and four bookkeepers were missing."

"I would like mightily to enjoy riches"

"Then why don't you try to marry 'em?"

"As I said, I want to enjoy 'em"—Kansas City Times.

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, FEBRUARY 17, 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.

OBJECT TO SUNDAY CLOSING

About 2,000 knights of the grip are up in arms against the closing of the post office on Sundays. The notice issued by the deputy postmaster general is to the effect that the Winnipeg post office will be closed to the public on Sundays after February 1. This means that many commercial travellers who arrive in the city late on Saturday night or on Sunday morning will be unable to get the previous week's mail on Sunday. The usual custom of the majority of travelling salesmen has been to stay in the city on Sunday and go on the road again on the early Monday morning trains but under the new order many of them will be compelled to wait over for Monday morning for their mail. This will be absolutely necessary as their mail contains instructions and expenses from headquarters.

The travellers state that the post offiice department would be justified in closing if it necessitated the employees working on Sunday but they point out that all they require is access to take out the mail which has accumulated during the previous week. It is expected that the travellers will consider a plan of action to show their strong disapproval of the action of the department.

PROVINCIAL NEWS

A masonic hall will be built at Nakusp.

Armstrong pays its fire chief $15 per year.

Laurier expects to visit B. C. next September.

Ric Fraser, a journalist, died last week in Victoria.

A new steam laundry is being started in Oroville.

Winnipeg claims to have a population of 172,000.

A Liberal party has been organized at Fort George.

A Caledonian Society will be organized at Pincher Creek.

Last week 17 agents were in Blairmore selling mining stock.

The 41 meat concern of Blairmore have sold to Griffin & Co.

A church, hospital and brewery will be built at Quesnel this year.

Forbes, the negro and his wife have vamoosed from Pincher Creek.

A. Vlassak of Michel, has sold his ranch and will start a meat market.

T. Truran of Michel, has been appointed commissioner for taking oaths.

The Chinaman of Victoria are engaged in the business of house breaking.

At Hazelton 100 men and 800 horses are engaged in the pack train business.

Vancouver is agitating for a home for the aged who are broke and cannot work.

The Pincher Creek seed grain and poultry show will be held Wednesday, March 2nd.

Mark Drumm has resigned from the Frank council and will start in the egg business.

The dog poisoner is busy in Cranbrook. Last week over a dozen dogs were poisoned.

Arthur Blumet of Victoria, was killed last week while thawing out dynamite in a oven.

The Princeton Star states that the G. N. R. has purchased Rabbitt's ranch, above Granite creek and that coke ovens will be located on the ranch for the treatment of North Fork coal.

Land surveyors in the interior of B. C. have raised their wages from $15 to $20 per day.

Creston now has a small debts court. J. K. Johnson, proprietor of Creston Review, is the judge.

Arthur E. Mackenzie, the woman beater, who broke jail, was given six months in the Nelson jail.

In the Telkwa and Bulkley 42 coal mining claims have been jumped owing to non-compliance with mining regulations

Celebration in China Town

"A sound of revelry was heard by night" then some. The local Confucians celebrated their New Year in great style and Scots must now take second place in that line. You see a Scotsman's idea of celebrating is usually haggis and Mountain Dew" to make up for it but at the banquet given in Wah Lee's building on Saturday night every kind of eatable and drinkable that was ever thought of was displayed and many that had never been seen even in our dreams.

There was chop and sam suey, and in fact the whole suey family. Under the careful attention of One Lung the chef, everybody ate (and drank) more than they like to acknowledge and had the time of their lives.

A gramophone with Chinese selections enlivened an hour or two after supper. One of the selections was reminiscent of a bagpipe quartet with kicked pup obligato and reminded one very much of the ——orchestra.

At about 10:30 g. m. the revellers dispersed after assuring the Chinese host that they were jolly good fellows. And so say all of the party.

An attack of the grip is often followed by a persistent cough, which to many proves a great annoyance. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been extensively used and with good success for the relief and cure of this cough. Many cases have been cured after all other remedies had failed. Sold by all druggists.

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Barrister
Solicitor
and Notary Public
HOSMER - - B. C.

C. F. LAWE ALEX I. FISHER, B. A.
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Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
FERNIE B. C.

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Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Jewelry and Watches
Dress Swell You Might as well
HOSMER, B. C.

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G. M. REDLEY, Prop.
Fresh Milk and Cream delivered to all parts of the town.
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Accommodation for Maternity Cases
For rates, etc. apply to
THE MATRON
HOSMER, B. C.

Mrs. Louisa Pitblado
HAS OPENED
A Ladies' and Children's Emporium
and will carry a full line of
Ladies' and Childrens' Underwear, Waists and Fancy Goods of Every Description
Royal Hotel Block Hosmer

Bath Rooms
Up-to-date. You are all welcome at
Pete's Barber Shop
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All Kinds of Carriage and Wagon Repairing done on Short Notice.
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Kootenay Restaurant
M. D. HONG, PROP.
MEALS 25 CTS. AND UP
Short Orders a Specialty
Board at reasonable rates
A trial solicited
FRONT ST. HOSMER, B. C.

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General Merchandise
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CITY
Meat Market
Best line of Steaks, Chops, Roasts, Sausage, Bacon, Butter, Eggs, Lard, Etc. in Hosmer. Come in and see the new market.
NOT IN THE TRUST
GABARA BROS., Props
Front St., near Queen's Hotel

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LIMITED
Owners of HOSMER TOWNSITE
A number of very desirable Lots for Sale
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MINERS AND SHIPPERS
Hosmer Steam Coal and Coke
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LEWIS STOCKETT, General Manager
D. G. WILSON, Superintendent

Rubber Stamps at Hosmer Times Office

A MONSTROUS MASSACRE

The greatest monstrous massacre sale that Hosmer or any part of the west has ever witnessed. This slaughter of prices is unprecedented, the values are marvellous, prices are in many cases away below the cost of production, in short this is a sale that is a sale

Compare Our Prices Compare Our Values

And you will decide that this is an opportunity of a life time. This chance will last only five days, commencing from 10 a. m. on

Saturday, Feb. 19th to Thursday, Feb. 24

CLOTHING

Our clothing has earned for itself a reputation. Suits that fit, that are shapely, that have "tone" They will give satisfaction from the time you buy them until they are threadbare. If you ever buy a garment here that isn't right, we'll make it right and the price is right.

SHIRTS—All the various grades in fancy colorings and styles. If you wish something swell in shirtwear do not pass up this sale.

GLOVES AND MITTS—We have a large variety of those goods that must pass from us to you at your own price.

UNDERWEAR—We are offering phenomenal reductions in underwear. We have just received 500 suits of underwear in all grades and the prices are 15 per cent below the actual cost of production.

NECKWEAR—Our neckwear is distinctive and is made by union labor and must be sold to make room for summer stock.

TROUSERS—We have a large line of odd trousers that will go by the board. Call early and get your choice.

BOOTS AND SHOES—Our boots and shoes are too well known in Hosmer to need any comment and the bargains extend to all lines in this general slaughter of prices.

HOSIERY—From the heavy German sock worn by the worker of the woods to the fancy kind for dress wear. We have many values that will startle you. All goods will be marked in plain figures.

Remember the Time Remember the Place

If money saving is an object to you, come to this sale and you will not be disappointed

The Store of Satisfaction

A. Mathieson

The Store of Satisfaction

Main Street Hosmer, B. C.

CURSE FOLLOWS JEWEL

ABDUL HAMID LAST VICTIM OF HOPE DIAMOND.

Famous Gem Which Belonged to the Hope Family Has Brought Trouble Since the Seventeenth Century and Is Still at It—Was Brought From India and Belonged to the Hopes Until About 1894.

Will the hoodoo attached to the famous blue Hope diamond never come to an end? The latest victim is the ex-Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid. Less than a year ago he bought the diamond and a few months afterward he lost his throne and came perilously near forfeiting his life.

This last incident gives the gem a record of two dynasties destroyed in which its spell was interwoven—that of Abdul Hamid and that of the old French monarchy. Marie Antoinette wore it gleaming on her white neck not many months before the guillotine fell upon its slenderness. Between the fall of the old regime and

LORD FRANCIS HOPE.

that of the Sultan it has left a trail of madness, murder, suicides, bankruptcy and misfortune.

Its attested history begins in the middle of the 17th century, when Andreas Tavernier, a French traveler and merchant, bought or stole it in India, where it had been part of a temple treasure, and brought it to France. Tavernier sold it to Louis XIV. Soon afterward he was torn to pieces by wild dogs in Spain.

Its successive owners and their fates were as follows: Marquise de Montespan, lost his influence with King Louis; Finance Minister Jouquet, guillotined; Marie Antoinette, guillotined; Princess de Lamballes, torn to pieces by mob; Hendick Fals, committed suicide; Frances Beaulieu, starved to death in London.

Daniel Eliason, an English broker, bought it from the dying Beaulieu. It soon became known that the crown jewel had reappeared, but, strangely enough, the French Government refused to make any effort to recover it.

Eliason sold the stone to an English banker, Henry Thomas Hope, grandfather of the present Lord Francis Hope. Almost from the first succession of family misfortunes came. His son died, and when the old man passed away the gem went into the hands of the wild grandson whose marriage with May Yohe, the actress, in 1894, was one of the sensations of American and English society. Soon after he became heir his wife eloped with Putnam Bradlee Strong, and the scandal was immense. Lord Francis was fast running to the verge of bankruptcy. At last he reached there. Then the court relented and allowed Hope to sell the diamond.

At once the spell seemed removed from Hope. He secured his divorce from May Yohe, his finances improved, he married a charming English girl, and now, reformed, has an heir to the title and the estates, from which a ban seems to have been removed.

Almost at once it was sold to Simon Frankel of New York. From this time on the hoodoo in the diamond seems to have spared neither high nor low. Frankel bought it in 1901, believing he would have little trouble in disposing of it to some millionaire. No one would buy it. There came a blight over financial difficulties. In 1908 it was sold to a French broker, Jacques Colot, for $300,000, and with its passing the firm of Frankel revived.

Colot sold it to the Russian prince, Ivan Kanitovski. He loaned it to an actress who was shot by her lover, and the prince himself was stabbed by Nihilists. To complete the cycle Colot, the broker, went insane and killed himself within a week after these tragic happenings.

To these series of tragedies, incredible as they seem, more were to come. Abdul Hamid secured possession of the jewel, through a Greek jeweler, Simon Montharides. Montharides, driving with his wife and two children, was thrown over a precipice, and all were killed.

The Sultan had given it to Abu Sabir, a jeweler, to be polished. Abu Sabir broke a valuable pearl and was bastinadoed to the point of death and thrown into a dungeon, from which he was rescued by the Young Turks.

It was found that even the keeper of the jewel vault had been strangled beside the door. Kulub Bey, to whom the Sultan afterward committed the stone, was one of those hanged in the streets by the Turkish mob.

The Safest Place.

A British railway train is still the safest place on earth, as only one passenger in seventy millions is killed, and one in every 2,300,000 injured. This deduction is based upon a careful survey of the Board of Trade report on railway accidents during the year 1907. Last year the number of fires in trains amounted to 170, but it should be explained that many of these were of the most trifling description. It is a significant fact that of the number of fires reported, not a solitary one occurred either directly or indirectly through a lightning flash. It would appear that for some reason, railway trains are practically immune from the disastrous effects which usually mark the track of a violent thunderstorm.—Railway Magazine.

Walking.

The average walking pace of a healthy man or woman is said to be seventy-five steps a minute.

WHY GIRLS SUCCEED.

The Business Maiden Must Be Careful With Her Pennies.

One of the hardest lessons the business girl has to learn is to save, says Barbara Boyd.

It is difficult for youth, with its enthusiasm and ambitions and rose colored view of life, to anticipate want. Whereas for age—isn't there a Prince Charming coming some day who will take care of her?

It is difficult to save on $6 a week. Try it.

But nevertheless a girl should resolutely make herself save. And if she once gets the habit, if she acquires ever so small a bank account, this in itself helps. It pays to start a saving fund, if only with $1, just for the little niche it makes in the memory and the insistent voice with which it asks for more.

Many schemes are devised by business girls to help them save. One girl has a number of little envelopes labeled with her various needs—"luncheon," "car fare," "church," "board," "laundry," and so on. Each week when she gets her salary she slips into each envelope its requisite amount, and when it is due the money is there for it. She is not the girl who must run and borrow of her landlady when the laundry comes or who must ask her friends at the office to loan her enough for her lunch the day before salary is due. This method of planning leisurely and calmly how she will spend her money enables her each week to set aside a little for saving.

Another girl puts away a certain amount when she gets her salary, saying laughingly, "If I don't have it I can't spend it." But though she saves by this method, she probably doesn't get as much out of what she spends as though she planned more carefully.

Planning in one form or another is the keynote to saving. Hasty buying and thoughtless spending are its deathknell. The girl who wants to save should plan carefully her expenditures, her regular weekly expenses as well as the twice a year expenditure for clothes.

The girl who wants to save should not buy her clothes thoughtlessly. She should not buy on impulse. She should deliberately plan her clothes campaign, know beforehand what she wants, buy that and that only. She will be dressed with better taste and better get the worth of her money.

This all may be tiresome and boresome to do. But it will pay a girl to set herself to the task resolutely. It puts a different aspect on life to have a few hundred dollars in bank. And it may put you in a position to grasp opportunities which will mean much to a happy and useful future, but which you might be afraid to venture without some money to your credit to fall back upon.

HOUSEWIFE HINTS.

Use strips of shoe leather to tack heavy roses to the house or trellis, since it outlasts twine or strips of goods.

Cut out the corners from all heavy envelopes, for they are excellent for holding coins sent by mail. They also make good book corner protectors.

Knitted underwear makes the softest and best ironing holders. Put several thicknesses together and quilt on the machine. Make a tape loop to hang the holder to a nail.

A box of sardines and a can of shrimp, both prepared for eating and served together on lettuce leaves with a dressing of oil, vinegar, onion juice, salt and pepper, make a delicious salad. Mayonnaise dressing may be used.

Be careful where you place your dressing tables and mirrors. Sunlight will destroy the finest bevel French plate, and it is impossible to restore the backing without considerable expense. Dampness will destroy it in the same manner.

When scraping new potatoes they will invariably blacken the hands. There is nothing better than a piece of lemon for removing the blemish, and when obstinate if a pinch of powdered pumice is placed on the lemon it will instantly remove the stain.

To quickly prepare cocoanut or horseradish pare for scraping and lessen the task and the usual "crying" when grating the horseradish by running the roots through the chopping machine. All hard and fibrous pieces of horseradish should be pared before running the roots through the machine.

To have a hardy scarlet rambler make a good showing plant it with the rack extending north and south. In this way the rose gets all of the eastern and western sun and will bloom profusely on both sides. This is one of the most luxuriant roses one can cultivate, and it delights in the entire sunshine of the day. If the long branches of this rose are turned down and covered with earth it will make a new branch, and in this way one can soon have an arbor of scarlet roses.

Where Extremes Meet.

"Skip the gutter, mister, or you'll get your cuffs muddy!"—Browning's Magazine.

No Idle Boast.

Clancy—Flannery likes folks to know now that he's wan iv the min higher up in the polace department.

Casey—Arrah, what ilivated him?

Clancy—A horse! He's bin app'inted a mimber iv the thraffic squad.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

LORD SELKIRK'S COLONISTS.

They Made Up the Only Utopia Britain Has Ever Had.

"Britain's one Utopia—Selkirkia"—is the theme of Dr. George Bryce's spirited new book, "The Romantic Settlement of Lord Selkirk's Colonists." He has connected the writing of the story with the proposed centenary in 1912. Everyone who reads his history must have a livelier impression of the founding and settlement of Winnipeg. Dr. Bryce's style is particularly graphic, and he has been at pains to make his history attractive to the average reader. Whenever possible he sets down the recollections of an eye-witness of any event connected with the history of the Selkirk settlement. At the present time he says no one is living who saw Lord Selkirk, but he has conversed with men who remembered him very well and from their description he gives a convincing picture of the Scottish nobleman who could not see his countrymen sent away from their native land without founding a new home for them where they would be as happy as they had been in Scotland, and more prosperous. "He was tall in stature, thin and refined in appearance. He had a benignant face, his manner was easy and polite. To the Indians he was specially interesting. They caught the idea that being a man of title he was in some way closely connected with their Great Father the King. Because of his generosity to them in making a treaty, they called him the Silver Chief. He was the source of their treaty money."

The writer's powers of description are well-known. There is as well in the book a great deal of vivid Celtic imagination. The Assiniboine is likened to the Tiber and the sufferings of the band of Selkirk settlers, who were dispossessed by the North-West fur traders, are said to be out of all comparison greater than those endured either by the Acadians or the U. E. Loyalists. When the historian writes of a buffalo hunt, or the gathering of the fur traders in spring, of Seven Oaks, the grasshopper plague, the floods on the Red River, and the long journey of the settlers from Hudson Bay to Winnipeg, he carries his readers along with him as only a writer of imagination and apt phraseology can.

He claims for the Selkirk settlement that it held the West for Canada and that no other American colony had such a continuous distressing struggle for existence as these Scottish settlers. It is a heroic story of suffering, conflict and rivalry, of slow adaptation to circumstances which no one had yet learned to conquer, and it is a story which everyone should know.

The Birch Canoe.

"I am dying," sighed the Birch Tree, "my life is nearly done, and of what use have I been to the world? Here have I stood for years, warmed by the sun, bathed in the rain, buffeted by the winds of heaven. What good has it all been—now I am dying?"

Through the woods strode a young Indian chief, stalwart and swift of foot, capable and keen-eyed; his gaze wandered from tree to tree as if in search of something, but anon he shook his head; as he came out of the forest he espied the old Birch Tree close to the water's edge. A glad light came into his face, and he cried, "Of the bark of this tree will I make a boat for my True Love."

He cut the tree down and stripped off the beautiful brown and white bark and skillfully shaped it into a little craft the like of which no man had ever seen before. A paddle he fashioned out of a bit of the wood of the tree; when the tiny boat floated like a lily upon the water, he clapped his hands for joy.

Then he paddled across the lake to where his True Love dwelt.

"See," said he, "other chiefs take squaws to carry burdens, but I have made a boat to carry you." And he lifted her in and they went back together to the root of the old Birch Tree and there they pitched their tent, that every day the spirit of the old tree might see itself in its beautiful new life upon the water.

An Indian Proverb.

A veteran hunter who has spent many years among the Indian tribes in the far Canadian West, speaks interestingly of some wise sayings current among the dusky dwellers in the woodland. One of their proverbs is particularly valuable, because it corrects an ungenerous and too-often quoted proverb among civilized white people. When cruel gossip has caused a lot of talk about some person, we have heard the speech, "There is no smoke without fire." This has been the crutch on which many untrue statements have gone on their blighting way. An ill-report against an innocent person has frequently been kept alive by this proverb.

Now the Indians, who keep a keen eye on the forest and possess much knowledge about the elements that town dwellers never acquire, say, in their own terse manner, "Little fire, big smoke," and then apply this in their dealings with one another. It is a physical fact that slow burning green or wet wood produces volumes of dense smoke, while dry wood burning with a large blaze emits very little smoke. Would not the Indian use of this fact in making a proverb be a wiser and kinder one for us to adopt?

Daring Naturalists.

Among naturalists who have risked their lives to secure a photograph of a charging wild beast are Mr. Edward Preble and Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, who recently journeyed to the Great Slave Lake. The party sighted a musk ox, a big, shaggy brute, with wicked red eyes.

"Now," said Mr. Preble to Mr. Seton, "if you'll touch the button, I'll do the rest. He stepped forward, rifle in hand, and Mr. Seton followed with the camera. The moment the musk ox saw them, down he came.

The plucky men waited till he was within fifty yards. Then the camera began to click. At twenty yards Mr. Preble's rifle spoke.

The fierce brute crashed dead at Mr. Seton's very feet.

Our First Gold Pens.

The first gold pens made in this country were all manufactured by hand, the gold being cut from strips of the metal by scissors and every subsequent operation being performed by hand. These handmade gold pens cost from $5 to $20 and were far inferior to the machine made article of the present day.

Turkish Ballot Box.

At a Turkish election the ballot box is carried about on a triumphal car and is guarded by little girls dressed in white. On great occasions it is perched on the hump of a camel.

SIXTY YEARS A HARPIST.

Rosalie Spohr a Figure in Berlin's Musical and Social Life.

One of the most interesting characters in the musical life of Berlin is Rosalie Spohr the harpist, who is a niece of the great violinist Louis Spohr. She made her first appearance in public on Dec. 13, 1849, at a concert given by Jenny Lind. She attracted attention first because of her distinguished musical descent, but after the world had once heard her her art made her famous.

There are few women before the public today who play the harp as virtuosa, although one sees them occasionally in the opera orchestras. So it is difficult nowadays to realize that Rosalie Spohr toured Europe in triumph. She found in Franz Liszt a devoted friend and enthusiastic admirer, and he was proud to play with her at Weimar as well as give her the benefit of his artistic advice. Her career as a public performer ended after about six years. Then she became the wife of Count Sauerma, and the stage knew her no more. She still lives in Berlin, more than eighty years old, but enthusiastic in her devotion to the instrument with which she won the triumphs of her brief professional career. For three hours every day she practices the harp, and her technique has for that reason remained very complete for one of her age. Her talent was in a measure hereditary, since her aunt was a well known harpist in her day. It was through her playing that Rosalie Spohr, who had begun her musical life as a pianist, turned her attention to the harp.

A widow for more than twenty years, it has been her devotion to her art that has made life interesting to her during all that time. Her education was sound in the first place, for she studied for two years under the harpist Grimm, who allowed her to play in public at the end of that period, although it was one of his principles that a harpist should study for ten years. Countess Rosalie has been an intimate friend of the German royal family, and both Friedrich and the empress were delighted to hear her play. Nowadays she is a unique figure in the musical and social life of Berlin and an inspiration to the younger students, who see what a joy and consolation an art may be to one who has acquired it faithfully.

COOKING RULES.

Green Vegetables Should Be Dropped Into Salted Water.

If vegetables appear wilted they may be freshened by soaking them in cold water.

Perfectly fresh vegetables, however, may be cooked as soon as prepared.

Green vegetables should be dropped into salted boiling water and cooked very rapidly, but such vegetables as asparagus, spinach, beans, peas and corn should be cooked in as little water as possible, just enough to keep them from burning. Other vegetables, such as cabbage and cauliflower, should be covered with water and a pinch of soda added. In cooking onions they should first be scalded and the water changed twice during the course of cooking.

Spinach, if it is to be cooked immediately, may be washed in scalding water, which will remove the sand clinging to the stems much more thoroughly than cold water.

Green corn should not be washed. Some people prefer to boil it with the husks on.

Cabbage and cauliflower should be thoroughly washed and soaked head downward so as to remove any insects lurking inside them.

Every kitchen should have a scrubbing brush to be used exclusively for scrubbing vegetables. Potatoes, for instance, should be scrubbed thoroughly before they are pared; also parsnips and carrots.

In preparing beets do not break the skin before cooking them or all the juice will be lost.

In baking potatoes first scrub them well. Then grease them with a little butter applied on a piece of brown paper. Bake for an hour, testing one when they seem to be done by bursting it slightly with the fist. If the potato is soft and mealy they are ready to be served.

A little chopped parsley tied up in a small muslin bag will greatly improve the flavor of string beans.

Stewed tomatoes are improved by adding a little finely chopped meat and meat gravy; also a sliced onion fried in butter until brown. Stewed tomatoes are seldom cooked long enough and invariably have a raw taste. They should be cooked down until quite thick.

Torn Buttonholes.

If a buttonhole tears out lay a piece of closely woven tape back of it, stitch firmly in place, hem the old buttonhole to it neatly and then cut and work in the tape a new buttonhole of the proper size. An extra fine way is to rip the band apart and take out the threads of the old buttonhole, stitch the tape on the inside of the back fold of the band, stitch up the latter in its original shape and proceed as before. When buttons have torn out it is comparatively easy to squeeze a small square of good tape through the hole, lay it flat in the proper position between the two folds of the band and stitch it in place. Hem down the ragged edges on both sides and sew the buttons to the tape. Any button or buttonhole that is to bear the strain should be stayed with tape when the garment is being made, the stay tape for both buttons and buttonholes being placed in the band before it is stitched.

Lizards.

There are no fewer than 1,800 known sorts of lizards in the world.

Lithograph Stones.

Stones which are used by the lithographers all over the world in making pictures are found in a little district not more than four or five miles long by two or three broad near Nuremberg.

Microbes.

It takes 640,000,000,000 microbes to make a cubic inch.

SWALLOWS.

When daylight fades, and sunset colors dim,
The meadow-land is sweet with evening scent;
And there where flows the brook in calm content,
The cattle wander, grazing by the brim.
Then, joyously the swallows lightly skim.
No longer far up in the firmament,
But, low along the brook, with one consent
Fly back and forth, and oft beneath the rim
Bend darting wing. With twitter soft and sweet,
Up stream and down they go in sheer delight.
So late they linger, dipping thus below
The gleaming surface, they would fain repeat
The joy of that day's gladness in their flight
By bathing in the very sunset glow.
—Blanche Elizabeth Wade, in The Canadian Magazine.

NORTHCLIFFE IN THE WEST.

How Harmsworth Conducted an Interrogatory Regarding Canada.

Western newspapers and western railwaymen have an idea that they are hustlers, but they readily yield the palm to the great English journalist who is now touring the West, and whom they admit is the livest wire that ever struck the prairie provinces. He is making a flying trip through the West and it is safe to say when he has returned he will know more about Western Canada from a social, economic, political, or any other old standpoint than the oldest old-timer west of the great lakes. No reporter was ever more of a walking interrogation point than Lord Northcliffe. He can interview more people and secure more information in the shortest possible time than any other man the West has ever seen. The West takes off its hat to Lord Northcliffe. He can beat it at its own game.

Many are the stories which are drifting in from the West of Lord Northcliffe's methods of securing first-hand information, and of his keen powers of observation. W. P. Hinton, general passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific, accompanied Lord Northcliffe over the new road as far as Edmonton.

"There was no chance to point out or explain anything to Lord Northcliffe," said Mr. Hinton in recounting his experiences. "Why he saw a thing and had it all sized up before you realized that he had noticed it at all. He wanted his information at first hand and he got it. Wherever he stopped he walked right up to the nearest man and pumped him full of questions that soon emptied him of everything that he knew about the country. He walked right into stores and talked to the men behind the counter as well as to the proprietors.

"In one town he walked into the newspaper office, shook hands with the editor and then walked into the composing room. One glance at the printer and he hailed him: 'What part of Kent are you from?' And before the printer had recovered from his astonishment he had told all about himself and his family and their experiences in the world."

During his trip to Edmonton Lord Northcliffe made several short excursions out into the country. He visited the farms, talked with the farmers and their wives, and in a brief few minutes had their whole life's story.

Canada's Foreign Trade.

The foreign trade of Canada is expanding, there being another increase in both exports and imports for the month of August. Imports, however, are increasing much faster than exports. This is also true of the trade of the United States. It is argued there that the excessive imports mean that the trade is heavily discounting a return of enormous buying from the public. They did the same in 1895, also two years ago from the panic, and they over-discounted. Here, the large imports are no doubt being greatly encouraged by the flotation of so many Canadian securities in London, as well as the assurance that the future commerce of this country will be the greatest in its history. Usually the countries that have no occasion to rely on foreign capital for their industries, show excessive imports over exports. Great Britain in fact never has an export excess, while France in 1908 imported $165,000,000 more than it exported. The growth in Canada's exports are attributable in a large measure to increased production of wheat with an accompanying export supply. For instance, from the harvest of 1900 the Dominion exported 9,359,000 bushels of wheat, from the 1905 harvest 41,906,000 bushels, and of last year's harvest 45,879,000 bushels. Exports of last year's harvest included also ten millions of bushels of wheat in the shape of flour, making a total for the year of about 56,000,000 bushels, or about 18,000,000 bushels less than the total quantity of wheat inspected for sale in the three prairie provinces.

Old Tree Gone.

Vancouver's historic old Balm of Gilead tree, to which Lewis and Clark are said to have tied their canoe in 1805, and which marked the landing point of the Hudson Bay Co. of fur traders in 1824, has fallen a victim to the waters of the Columbia River. This old tree, which stood on the bank of the river at the foot of Main street, was the starting point for all early surveys in Clark county and the western portions of Washington state. It marked the point where the city limits joined the military reservation. The tree was held in veneration by Vancouver people and people all over the Pacific Northwest who took an interest in matters of historic interest. The tree was about five feet in diameter at its base and was 75 feet high, being fully 50 feet across at its crown. A copper railroad spike is said to have been driven into the tree, and it was from this point all surveys began. This spike is now grown over, but it is likely that it will be chopped out and kept in the archives of the city.

The Rotation of Trouble.

As old cares take their leave we learn
Of new which call for patience skilled.
Soon from the ice chest we will turn
And try to keep the coal bin filled.
—Washington Star.

Tasmania.

Summer in Tasmania commences in December.

The Gray Kangaroo.

The big gray kangaroo of Australia measures about seven feet from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail. He can run faster than a horse and clear thirty feet at a jump.

SHAUGHNESSY'S LONDON MAN.

Mr. Archer Baker Represents C.P.R Across the Big Pond.

Not all Canadians are aware of the magnitude of the business done in Europe by Canadian financial concerns—banks, railways, etc. The London office of the C.P.R., for example, is a very bustling place indeed, and it is interesting to note how this company's business has expanded in twenty-four years, and to learn something of the man who overlooks it.

In 1885 Mr. Archer Baker, then general superintendent of the eastern division of the C.P.R., was sent to England to open up business for the road in Great Britain and Europe. An office was rented in Liverpool, and its staff consisted of one clerk and an office boy. Now Mr. Baker is European manager of the company, which has its own Atlantic steamers running from Liverpool, Antwerp, Bristol and London to Canadian ports. He is chief of a palatial establishment in Trafalgar Square, London, with an army of clerks, and headquarters for an organization of 2,000 offices and agencies all over the British Isles and Europe. Mr. Baker was born in the English city of York in 1845, and commenced railroad work in London in 1860. But a short experience there satisfied him, and he resolved to try his fortune in Canada. As to how he prospered we may take his own words, as they are quoted by a writer in The Idler:

"I borrowed the money to pay my second-class passage; I promptly sailed from Liverpool in the paddle steamer Scotia for New York. From that place I made my way to Montreal, finding the ice just broken up in the St. Lawrence, the only means of transit from the south being by ferry, which I took. Up to this point I had clung faithfully to the symbol of civilization, as exemplified in the ordinary top hat, which I quickly discarded, finding it somewhat unsuited to the only occupation which presented itself at the moment—a job where, for $16 a month, I had to be 'handy man' in general, sweeping out the store and cleaning the windows being two of the lightest of my tasks. Inside of a year, 1864, I was fortunate enough to obtain a position in the Allan Steamship Co., where I remained until 1869. During this time there was the attempted invasion of Canada by the Fenians and the trial of the St. Albans raiders; the latter, a party of Southerners who raided the St. Albans Bank, fled to Canada, and were subsequently arrested and brought to trial. My duties took me to Portland, Maine, U.S.A., in the winter, which the Allan steamers made their port of call during that period of the year. At that time, 1862 to 1866, the Civil War was in progress. I was there when it finished, at the time of President Lincoln's assassination, and had the pleasure of meeting many of the prominent men of the day, Generals Grant and Sherman, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and others; and had the good fortune to hear Charles Dickens give his last readings in America. I have reason to remember the Civil War, because I found it necessary at Montreal to get my certificate of nationality signed by the then Governor-General, Lord Monck, to avoid the conscription, which was draining the best of the young men of the country away to take part in the struggle."

In 1870 he returned to Canada and became superintendent's clerk on the Brockville and Ontario Railway. In 1878 he had risen to the position of general manager of this road and of the Canada Central Railway. In 1881 he went to the C.P.R. as eastern superintendent, with the result already stated.

A Roof-Top Dog.

There is a dog in the city of Toronto that lives on a roof. The roof is two storeys above the ground. When he wants to get any exercise he just steps out of his window, which is on the third storey of a certain building on Yonge street, close to the corner of King and Yonge streets, and takes a walk across the roof of the next building, which happens to be only two storeys high.

It so happens that the people who own this dog occupy the rooms on the top storey above a candy store, and a billiard parlor. Up there they cook their meals, wash and iron, and sleep. In fact, it is home for them, and home for the dog. The trouble is that they can't very well take him out for a walk at the adjacent corner, because it is not a healthy place for dogs owing to street cars and bicycles and other troublesome things that were made without any reference to dogs at all. So this dog seldom gets out. Once in a while he is led down the two flights of stairs to the ground floor and taken out for a walk, but that is usually on Sundays. Other times when he wants the air he climbs out the window on to the roof and parades around in solitary glory among the chimney pots.

From his roof garden he is able to see down into the backs of shops where the packing cases are put and whence the waste paper of the stores is taken by the garbage men. He can see also the back windows of a billiard parlor. He stays out quite a length of time some days, and seems to enjoy the situation without the slightest annoyance from vertigo when he looks over the edge of his promenade. All he wants is more dogs; he's fond of company.

Absentminded Traveler.

A well-known Toronto cigar traveler, one of the best known in the trade, got on a Belt line car, Toronto, and on paying his fare asked for a transfer to a Bloor west car. At the corner of Spadina and Bloor he folded his paper and got off the car via the front door. At the time he was thinking of something else and having got off the car in the front he walked to the rear and got on again.

As soon as he was seated he unfolded his paper again and began reading. By the time the car got to St. George street the conductor came around and having looked at the transfer refused to take it. The traveler was up in the air, with the conductor, and with the railway in general, until he found out his error and meekly got off.

Incense.

Incense is mentioned in A. D. 496 as used in Christian churches, the occasion being the baptism of Clovis of France.

Fish That Change Color.

Curious color changes of various tropical fishes from the Bermudas have been made in the New York aquarium. Under excitement some of them can pass instantly from a uniformly dark color to a banded dark and white aspect, then to four other phases of change, including a uniformly creamy white one.

Woman's World

GLORIES OF MARBLE HOUSE.

Suffragist Audiences See Mrs. Belmont's Newport Mansion.

From all parts of the country came the suffragist faithful, architects and art lovers to attend the lectures given recently at Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont's palatial Newport mansion. Interest was doubtless rife in the cause of woman's rights upon these occasions, but curiosity to see the interior of this beautiful home was the motive which led many of the audience to part with $5 in return for a card of admittance.

Marble House is one of the show houses of this country and faces on one side Bellevue avenue and on the other the famous Cliff walk. It was built by the late Richard M. Hunt, who also designed The Breakers and Belcourt, and is famous throughout the world as a work of art. Mrs. Belmont has been asked many times to permit its interior to be photographed, but has never consented and has kept close guard over the rare antiques she collected when she made a trip around the world in her late husband's yacht.

The lectures, the first one by Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Suffrage association, on "Why Women Should Vote," and the second by Professor Charles Zueblin of Chicago university on "Woman's Place In Public Life," were given in a large tent erected on the lawn beneath the marble terrace at the rear of the mansion. Several hundred auditors were accommodated in this way, and the lecturers spoke for about an hour. Governor Pothier of Rhode Island introduced Professor Zueblin, and Mayor Boyle acted in the same capacity for Dr. Anna Shaw.

Mrs. Belmont occupied a seat on the platform at both lectures and made

THE TERRACE AT MARBLE HOUSE.

short speeches on woman's suffrage. Suffragist literature was sold by young girls at tables scattered over the lawn.

The lectures were given by Mrs. Belmont for the purpose of arousing interest in the suffrage cause and in order to raise funds for the suffragists. All the money received for entrance fees was turned over to the National Suffrage association.

For one hour before the lectures the lower floor of Marble House was open to the inspection of ticket holders. They entered by the front door the large hallway, from which the house takes its name. It extends upward for two stories and is built throughout of yellow African marble. Statuary and valuable bronzes stand about, and through the marble arches and massive bronze doors in the rear one looks out across the lawn and high hedge guarding it from the strollers on Cliff walk to the wide expanse of ocean.

On the right of the hall is a Gothic museum, said to be the most beautiful Gothic room in the world. It contains a collection of priceless antiques which Mrs. Belmont has collected from churches, cathedrals and monasteries in her travels abroad. Next to the museum is a Louis XVI. drawing room, which is used as a ballroom when the occasion requires. It is hung with tapestries and valuable paintings, and over the fireplace at one end is a large clock, which, like all others in the house, was especially built for the room in which it stands.

An immense dining room is on the left of the hall. The carpet for this room was especially woven, and the figures in the border are worked out in threads of pure copper. The chairs are of solid bronze, and the whole room is paneled, the color scheme being a dark, rich red. Behind the dining room is a library, which is styled the morning room. Blue is the color followed here, and a view of the ocean may be had from its windows. The walls are lined from floor to ceiling with valuable editions of books, and there is also a handsome collection of rare bindings.

Outside at the rear of the house which is pure Grecian in style, a white marble terrace stretches away 100 feet to the balustrade at the edge of the lawn. This is surrounded on each side by a thick grove of trees giving absolute seclusion from the public eye to Marble House.

Expensive Literature.

"That was the dearest poem you printed yesterday!"

"Yes, just about. I've spent $22 in stamps sending it around to different magazines."—Los Angeles Express.

Another Variety.

"I wish Lucy hadn't gone rowing with that young Pliffers," says Lucy's mamma. "He is such a fool in a boat."

"Rock the boat idiot?" smiles the listener.

"No, not that kind. He is one of the sort that proposes."—New York Life.

A Gigantic-Colossal Sale

Beginning Promptly at 9 O'clock

Saturday Morning Feb. 19th, 1910

The most magnificent stupendous spectacle the world has ever witnessed. $15,000 worth of bright new high grade merchandise to be distributed throughout the homes of Hosmer and the country surrounding

at Prices That Will Startle the Whole Country

We know we will attract thousands of people to this great sale and at the prices which the entire stock will be marked they are going to go quickly. This store has been recognized since the first day they opened for business as the store of high quality and now that they will open a tremendous reduction sale on every article in the store makes it an opportunity one can't afford to miss without doing an injustice to themselves, their family and their bank account.

A Few Prices That You May Know This is Sale is Without a Parallel or Counterpart

100 pairs pure wool blankets, regular $4.50 value on sale now at **$3.25**	Eight dozen soft felt hats worth $3.00 on sale here at **$1.45**	$15 pure wool serge and $18 suit of clothes will go, and go quickly now, for **$12.95**	$15 suits on sale for only **$9.95** A wonderful bargain indeed
100 men's fancy $18 worsted suits, assorted sizes, extra quality on sale at **$9.95**	Men's underwear on sale at exactly **Half Price**	Men's hard and soft felt hats worth $3 sale price **$1.45**	Men's fancy vests, worth from $1.75 to $5, sale price **$1.00**

An Opportunity Which Comes But Once

There has never been such a sale in Hosmer before and there cannot be another like it. Over ten extra sales people will be employed and everything marked in plain figures with arrangement to make your buying pleasant, shopping quick and easy, and altogether this sale has been arranged and placed before the public in such a manner that complete satisfaction must and will prevail. Come, people, come! It's a mammoth merchandise massacre! Wait and watch for it!

Remember 9 O'clock is the Hour and February Nineteenth, 1910 is the Date

of the beginning of the most Monumental Massacre of Merchandise ever witnessed in Hosmer! **Sale continues 10 days and new features will be added each day!**

300 Men's and Boys' fancy Silk Ties, sold for 50c and 60c world over on sale now at **25c**

Doors Open at at 9 a. m., Feb. 19th, 1910

Sale Continues Ten Days

500 Regular $1.25 Values in Men's Shirts on sale for only **50c**

A. MILLS & SON

Mills Block **Hosmer, B. C.**

TALK OF THE TOWN

Earnest Cox was a Sunday visitor to Fernie.

Rev. Father Salles was in Fernie on Tuesday.

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

G. B. Racicot spent a few days in Coleman this week.

Mrs. Dalley is going to Michel to undergo an operation.

A. B. Trites of Fernie was a visitor in town on Wednesday.

Three shacks in Turnies old camp burned down last night.

Joe Weiner, of Corbin, was visiting friends in town last Sunday.

G. B. Stedman of Michel was in Hosmer taking in the sights on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cameron were visiting friends in Fernie Tuesday.

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

J. S. Gustie and James Miller of the P. Burns Co., were in town last night.

Mrs. W. H. Whimster, of Fernie, was the guest of Mrs. G. H. Marlatt last week.

James L. Laurie, of Bellvue, paid a visit to his brother, Andrew Lawrie, last week.

W. B. Moffatt, representing a patent axle, unloaded a bunch of stock in town last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron visited with Mr. and Mrs. D. Burton, of Cranbrook on Tuesday.

For one whole week the town has not been visited by a single real estate or a free picture man.

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

Mrs. Hughie Bell and Mrs. Fred Wildman were the guests of Mrs. Conn, on Tuesday, Feb. 15th.

Thos Thomashavesky, special organizer of the Ukrainian Society is in town for a few days.

Geo. F. Stevenson, J. S. T. Alexander, R. Reading and Walter Harwood were Hosmer visitors last Friday.

Wanted—A small set of books to keep in spare time. Address box 4, Times office.

Frank Howard, who has been confined to the hospital with fever for the past five weeks, has gone down to Blairmore.

Louie Lanthier once more sheds his radient-smile upon us. He looks like he has gained lots of weight by his stay up in Banff.

Fred Waters, superintendent of the Elk Lumber Co., Ltd., left Monday for Spokane. He may take a trip to the coast before returning to Hosmer.

Mrs. Louise Pitblado has opened a Ladies' and Children's emporium. Mrs. Pitblado will be glad to see her many friends call around and examine her stock.

Mrs. L. Gregory entertained a party of friends to tea on Tuesday, Feb. 15th,. Amongst those present were Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Partridge and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bean, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bean, of Fernie, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cameron on Sunday last.

Pay Day in Hosmer this week will be a sort of a red letter day according to the number of sales that will startle this giddy burg.

The Ukrainean Society will give a concert and dance at the Queens Hotel Tuesday, Feb., 22nd, Jacob Zarisky, Steve Pelich and John Boychuk are the executive committee.

W. C. B. Manson, for the past two years manager of the Home Bank, Fernie, has resign his position and was given a banquet last Thursday evening at Fernie. C. B. Winter and Dr. C. P. Higgins of Hosmer, participated in the festivities.

Do you know that croup can be prevented? Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the croupy cough appears and it will prevent the attack. It is also a certain cure for croup and has never been known to fail. Sold by all druggists.

C. W. Sheppard, formerly of Hosmer, but now a resident of Fernie, has formed a partnership with A. A. Gillespie and C. C. Wright under the name of the East Kootenay Realty Co.

W. T. Watson, the president of the board of trade, was up from Cranbrook Monday evening for the meeting. Billy says he will be back in three or four weeks.

A grand Calico Ball and supper will be given at the Scotia Hotel on Friday, Feb. 18th,. Mrs. D. R. McDonald is an exceptionally good hostess, and promises every one a good time.

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

The fortnightly meeting of the Woman's Auxilary of the Church of England, was held on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Lewis Stockett. It was decided that during Lent sewing meetings would be held weekly, the next meeting will be held on Tuesday, Feb. 22nd at the residence of Mrs. McLean.

If troubled with indigestion, constipation, no appetite or feel bilious, give Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets a trial and you will be pleased with the result. These tablets invigorate the stomach and liver and strengthen the digestion. Sold by all druggists.

T. B. Brandon has purchased the businesss known as the Foothills Job Print and News Co., publishers of the Coleman Miner and several other papers, from J. S. D. Barrett, who will attend college at New Westminister. On the eve of his departure, Mr. Brandon was tendered a banquet by the citizens of that town.

A few minutes delay in treating some cases of croup. even the length of time it takes to go for a docter often proves dangerous. The safest way is to keep Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, and at the first indication of croup give the child a dose. Pleasant to take and always cures. Sold by all druggists.

When you want any article of merchandise buy it of a reputable home dealer, that the profit may remain to enrich the community. Send your money abroad only for what you cannot purchase at home. Home talent, home labor, home industry, home capital, and home pleasures are things to be fostered, encouraged and patronized.

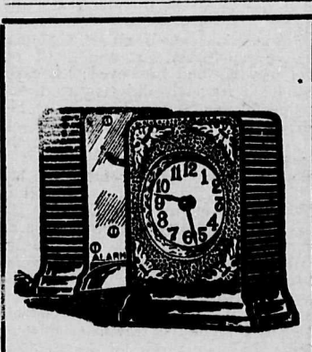
While it is often impossible to prevent an accident, it is never impossible to be prepared—it is not beyond any one's purse. Invest 25 cents in a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and you are prepared for sprains, bruises and like injuries. Sold by all druggists.

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.



It was a mistake to name this clock the

Ironclad

It should have been called the

Dreadnought

—it's so strong and massive. We don't believe it can ever get hurt.

"It Rings to Beat the Band"

ONLY

$2.50

Bennett Brothers

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE

Near C. P. R. Depot Hosmer, B. C.

—FOR—
Millinery
Fancy Goods
Children's Wear
Dry Goods
—SEE—

MRS. McMEEKIN

Dressmaking in Connection

Main Street Hosmer, B. C.

When you order

Clothes to Your Measure

Order Hobberlin's. Call and see samples. Satisfaction guaranteed. We are the sole agents

FOUR Lines of Men's Blucher Laced Boots, Patent Leather in Vicikid Calf and Tan.

Clearance price

$4.00

Aiello & Bossio

Main St., Hosmer

ELK LUMBER CO., Ltd.

Manufacturers and Dealers in all kinds of Rough and Dressed

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Windows, Mouldings, Etc.

W. B. BROWN, Manager Hosmer Yards.

HIXON & FERGUSON

Plumbers
Tinsmiths, Steamfitters

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON ALL KINDS OF WORK

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

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)

The ROYAL

The only Commercial Hotel

Sample Rooms Main St., Hosmer

Queen's Hotel

The Workingman's Home

Is now under the management of Robert Gourlay and will be run for the accommodation of the working class. All modern improvements. Transent rates $1 per day, special rates by the week

Front St. Hosmer, B. C.