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A. Mills & Son

THE HOSMER TIMES

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A. Mills & Son

VOLUME II. HOSMER, B. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1910 NUMBER 46

Closing Out Sale

Beginning Thursday, June 16 and Continuing until June 27

All our stock of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Books, Stationery, Office Supplies, Fancy Goods, Druggists Sundries, Fishing Tackle, Etc.

To Be All Sold At a Sacrifice

No Reserve, everything goes. We are leaving Hosmer. You get goods at wholesale price. We get the money and avoid the trouble and expense of packing and moving goods.

DON'T MISS THIS SALE

All accounts owing us must be paid before 27th of June.

THE HOSMER DRUG & BOOK STORE
H. F. McLEAN, Manager.

Tan - Sunburn - Freckles

We have on display this week a most exquisite line of
FACE CREAMS MASSAGE SHAMPOOS
Very little attention keeps the skin in perfect condition. Prevents Blackheads, Cleans the Pores, Removes Tan and Sunburn. Everybody should use a massage cream, its economical, its healthy.

Hed-Rub For the Hair

A. B. CAMPBELL

MARLATT'S New Goods

New Panama Skirts in Navy Brown, Green and Black, nicely trimmed and well finished, special **$6.00**
Fancy Elastic Belts, assorted colors, special **75c**
Cildren's Straw Sailor Hats, to clear at best prices.
Children's and Misses running shoes, all sizes, right prices.

Quality Store **G. H. MARLATT** **Opera House Block**

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.**

HOSMER HOTEL

MARIE SORKIE, Prop. **MIKE SORKIE, Manager**

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.

The ROYAL

The only Commercial Hotel

Sample Rooms Main St., Hosmer

Queen's Hotel

ROBT. GOURLAY, PROP.

Transient rates $1 per day, special rates by the week
Opposite C. P. R. depot, Hosmer, B. C.

Big Free Moving Picture Show
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT FROM 8:30 to 11 p. m.
New feature films each week under the operation of Joe Kuklo

AN LUMBERMAN KILLED AT FERNIE

Foreman at Elk Lumber Co. Succumbs to Injuries Received

Henry Munkwitz, foreman of the Elk Lumber Co. mill at Fernie, died in the Fernie hospital last Thursday from the effects of an injury received in the big mill last Monday evening. Mr. Munkwitz was endeavoring to put on an eight-inch belt which had jumped the pully, and in doing so the stick with which he was working was caught in the belt and hurled back at him with great force, striking him in the abdomen. He was taken to the hospital at once and an operation was performed upon him Wednesday in the hope of saving his life, but the injury was so severe that he succumbed. Mr. Munkwitz has been an employee of the Elk Co. for several years, and was a most respected citizen of West Fernie. He was born in Germany fifty years ago, from whence he came to America, bringing his family, consisting of an estimable wife and five children. The oldest daughter, Mrs. Fred Dalzell, who resides with her husband near Monarch, Alberta, and the oldest son, William, foreman in the big sawmill of the Red Deer Lumber Co., north of Winnipeg. The funeral took place Sunday from the Methodist church under the direction of Rev. H. R. Grant.

New Homestead Regulations.

Regulations for the administration and disposal of Dominion lands in the railway belt of British Columbia have been passed by the Governor-General-in-Council. The railway belt is a strip of land 40 miles in width following the main line of the C. P. R. in British Columbia, being twenty miles on each side of the railway and controlled by the government.

The regulations provide for the classification of the lands remaining undisposed of, according to their character, location and altitude. In the coast division, where the rainfall is heavy and the timber growth large, a settler is entitled to enter for 40 acres of bench land as a homestead and pre-emption. If the settler is prepared to cultivate a large area and has acquired title in connecting with the legal sub-division entered as a homestead, he is allowed to pre-empt the adjoining 20 acres in the same legal subdivision.

The same proportions will apply to the bench lands in the lower Columbia division. It is required in this case that a settler should clear a total of ten acres and cultivate a total of six acres before a patent is issued, and double that amount if a pre-emption is also taken.

In the upper Columbia division, on account of the very high altitude of the lands and the character of the country, the area of homestead is fixed at 40 acres, with a pre-emption privilege on an adjoining 40 acres, and the area to be cultivated is slightly more.

In the Kamloops division the area of homesteads is fixed at 160 acres, or a quarter section. The smaller area is applicable to lands suitable for fruit growing, which are difficult to clear.

Masonic Grand Lodge.

The Grand Lodge assembles at Cranbrook today, and last evening, the new Masonic Temple was formally dedicated by Grand Master Rich, assisted by other Grand Lodge officers. After the dedication services a reception was tendered visiting Masons and their wives, which wound up with a dance.

The committee in charge of accommodation, report that not only many Masons volunteered to accommodate visiting brethren, but that a large number of people not connected with the order, offered to place rooms at the convenience of the committee. This was a very satisfactory state of affairs which permit a large number of brethren from all over the province being accommodated comfortably.

Former Resident of Hosmer Dead.

Word was received at Hosmer Monday that J. Fred Richey, for many years connected with the C. P. R. in various capacities, died in a sanitarium at Mt. Clemens, Mich., on Friday June 17th. Mr. Richey was well and favorably known throughout the west, more especially to the railroad fraternity, among whom he had many friends. For some years, and until a few years ago, he was connected with the fuel department of the C. P. R., but he left the railway company in 1907 to become associated with the Hosmer Mines, Ltd. Mr. Richey had been sick for some time, and last March had to give up his employment at Hosmer on account of his health. Since then he had lived with a sister in Winnipeg, and a few weeks ago went to Mt. Clemens. The body was taken to Winnipeg for burial.

K. of P. Elect Officers.

Last Thursday evening, North Star Lodge No. 41, K. of P., Hosmer, elected the following officers for the ensuing term:

C. C., T. Speers.
V. C., H. McDonald.
Prel., C. Heiltz.
M. W., H. Bell.
K. R. S., W. Balderstone.
M. F., A. J. Bennett.
M. E., R. W. Rogers.
M. A., W. Simmonds.
I. G., T. A. Cornett.
O. G., E. Noddlee.

The June Rod and Gun.

While each issue of Canada's foremost sportsmen's magazine contains some feature of special interest, the June number of Rod and Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, Ont., is notable for several of such features, each one of particular interest to all sportsmen. "Three Weeks in the Forests of Quebec," with the successful capture of a moose, will prove entrancing to all big game hunters; while the story of the success of Jack Miner in attracting wild geese in large numbers to a pond near his home cannot fail to hold the attention and secure the interest of all wild bird lovers. The latter story forms a splendid illustration of the success of protection and should encourage all engaged in the work, Mr. Minhr has demonstrated the fact that it is possible to succeed with the wary wild goose and success with such such shy birds means that efforts in other directions need not spell failure. The importance of the policy of Conservation justifies the illustrated account of the gathering at Toronto University. This policy means more to the future of Canada than the present generation can fully realize and to all interested in the great out doors it is vital. A full supply of stories appealing to all tastes is included in a number which will prove a fine companion on all vacation trips.

To Develop Iron Mines.

A despatch from Nelson B. C. says: An important railway and development deal that has been maturing for a couple of years, has just been closed by Carney Bros. and Gardner of Kaslo, B. C., turning over to a St. Paul syndicate which is said to have unlimited capital an option on coal and iron deposits near Cowley for a quarter of a million dollars. The ore is magnetite and assays 65 per cent. and the syndicate intend to build a modern steel plant for which the metal is admirably adapted.

The syndicate is said to have secured the charter for a railway into Calgary and the line said to be located from Butte across the Milk river towards Pincher creek following the Old Man river into the Livingstone range thence running west will parallel the iron and coal deposits north of Cowley. It will cross the Calgary and McLeod branch of the C. P. R. near Midnapore and have its terminal in south Calgary.

The developement of iron and coal properties is the primary object, and the project was delayed pending the closing of various deals.

THE BEST GAME OF THE SEASON

Hosmer and Bellevue Divide the Honors in Football Game

A league game between Hosmer and Bellevue took place at Hosmer before a good crowd last Saturday evening. Bellevue, according to reports, figured on disgracing the locals but they rudely suprised and more than that, very fortunate to get off with a draw. The official referee did not turn up and the teams tossed for choice which Bellevue won to our sorrow as it happened. The game started at 6:30, Bellevue kicking off, the local team facing the wind and sun. Bellevue were the more aggressive at the start, but Hosmer's defence dealt with them in determined style and they didn't do much damage. The local half-backs' soon obtained the upper hand of the visiting forwards and Hosmer began to press some good combination amongst the forwards being noticed from the breakaway. Bellevue obtained a corner, the ball being headed as the result of some deliberate fouling, but the goal was allowed in spite of McQueen's vigorous protest and the howls of the spectators.

Hosmer however lacked cold-feet and attacked like old timers on resuming, and the Bellevue goal had some narrow escapes but big Jim was there all the time.

The score at half-time stood Bellevue 1, Hosmer 000, a lead which the Hosmer people think was not deserved by the play.

Hosmer started the second half vigorously, but the Bellevue boys held their own, the goal keeper stopping some hot shots, but he was beaten at length by McQueen in a scrimmage right in the goal mouth.

There was only one team in it for a while and Hosmer looked like certain scorers, when their new centre forward broke clean through and had only the goal keeper in front of him but big Jim rushed out and then there was another disappointment for the locals.

Shortly afterward, Lindsay made another good stop, a long shot from McQueen just under the bar made big Jim extend himself.

Bellevue were well held by Hosmer's middle line this half, they seldom got far into the Hosmer end. Harry Allan stopped what looked like a sure goal with his head when the whistle blew. The score was 1 each.

NOTES

The game was fast and exciting one, not many dull moments. The locals seemed to be the best stayers which was suprising as they don't train much. Allan's judgement was in great evidence. Oakly kicks like a steer for a midget.

The half backs proved a hard working bunch, and the forwards played good combination at times.

The boys go to Coleman next Saturday and will give the Albertan's a run for their money. Hosmer's line up were Oakes, Allan, Oakley, Guist, Balderson, McQueen, Harper, Watson, Partridge, E. Partridge and Weaver.

Sequel to Montreal Fire.

With the cry "keep back the flames boys" John O'Callagan, a printer, aged 70 years, in the Herald building, fell unconscious over his case in the papers' temporary office last Friday. O'Callaghan had a narrow escape from death in Monday's holocoust, and the scene so preyed on his mind that he almost lost his reason. He kept shouting to those about him to run from the fire.

Mrs. Merriman, the mother of Irene Merriman, one of the girls burned in the fire died last Friday from the effects of the shock. Mrs. Butler, mother of May Butler, also a victim of the fire, is said to be dead from the same cause.

FOR SATURDAY

Plums	Apricots
Peaches	Cherries
Pineapples	Strawberries
Ripe Tomatoes	Apples

FRED COX
ICE CREAM ICE CREAM

SPECIALS SPECIALS

Robin Hood Flour, per sack **$3.65**
Try Libby's Chicken Loaf for your lunch, per tin ..... **.30**

L. H. LARSON & CO.

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES
Our Goods are Always Fresh. Our Prices Can't be Beat
J. A. LUND, Manager **Hosmer, B. C.**

Real Estate Bargains

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.

R. W. ROGERS
POST OFFICE BLOCK HOSMER, B. C.

LUMBER
LUMBER
LUMBER

Fir, Spruce, Tamarac and Cedar, any quantity desired, but only one quality—the best. We can satisfy the most exacting. No matter how large or how small the order may be, it will receive the same prompt attention. A trial order means a satisfied customer. Give us a trial. For sale by

The Elk Lumber Company, Ltd.
C. H. BOMFORD, Agent 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.

BRANCHES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA
Armstrong, Chilliwack, Enderby, Greenwood, Hosmer, Kelowna, Nelson New Denver Nicola, New Westminster, Rossland, Summerland, Vancouver, Vernon, Victoria.

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
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**

GEO. McMURREN

All kinds of Draying done on short notice
AGENT FOR
The Celebrated Tabor Coal Dry Wood for sale
HOSMER ORDERS LEFT AT THE QUEEN'S HOTEL WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION **B. C.**

JOS. ASSELIN F. H. INGHAM

Hosmer Livery & Transfer Co.

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

FRONT STREET 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)

Storyettes

MARY had been greatly interested in watching the men in her grandfather's orchard putting bands around the fruit trees, and asked a great many questions.

Some weeks later, when in the city with her mother, she noticed a gentleman with a mourning band around his sleeve.

"Mamma," she asked, "what's to keep them from crawling up his other arm?"

* * *

THE woman who answered the doorbell refused to impart her age.

"I'll tell no man how old I am," she snapped.

"Quite right," replied the tactful agent. "Quite right. But there's a way out of this. Supposing you just write it down here while I look the other way, and you will thus avoid telling it to me."

And she did.

* * *

IT was a frazzled cigar that the young lawyer tendered an old one. "I observe," *said the old lawyer,* "that you are contemplating matrimony, in fact, engaged."

"How did you know that?" inquired the youngster. "It's a secret yet."

"I *observe,*" said the old fellow, "that you always resurrect your cigars from your vest pocket and I have further observed that they are invariably squashed."

* * *

AFTER John Barrymore had witnessed a performance of Pinero's "Mid-Channel" the other day in New York his sister asked him what he thought of the play. "It reminds me," said John, "of a scene in the operating room of a hospital. A group of happy surgeons is gathered around a patient who is at the point of death, and one of them is saying, 'Oh, what a lovely cancer!'"

* * *

MARK TWAIN said that he had always taken woman's part. "For instance," he related, "I once strongly reprimanded a woman out in Hannibal, Missouri. Here was the occasion: 'So this is a little girl, eh?' I said to her as she displayed her children to me. 'And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex?' 'Yassah,' the woman replied. 'Yassah, dat's a girl, too.'"

* * *

THE *American opinion* of coffee as understood in the English home is not high, and how the coffee of the English lodging-houses is esteemed may be understood from the following traveler's tale:

It was his first morning in London "apartments," and his landlady came up with the breakfast. As she set down his coffee-cup she opened a slight conversation.

"It looks like rain," she said.

"It does," agreed the American, "and it doesn't even smell unlike it."

* * *

RUFE JOHNSON blundered into a graveyard and woke up a spook. "Yessur," he said in telling about it afterwards, "it sure was ah ghost, and you ought to seen de way I run. De fust mile I *made in nuffen, and* den I burnt de wind for two or free more, and den I sit down on a rail fence to rest, and when I'd 'bout got my breff I looked over my shoulder and dere was *dat ghost agin, an'* it said: 'We sure did run, Rufe, didn't we?' And den I say, 'Yes, Mr. Ghost, we sure did, but we didn't run nuffen to what we's gwine to run.'"

* * *

A PHYSICIAN who was being entertained at dinner was enlarging upon the beauties of deduction in the detection of crime, when a lady asked *him if she could* utilize them. "My detective powers," he replied, "are at your service, madam." "Well," said the lady, "frequent and mysterious thefts have been occurring at my house for a long time. Thus there disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary, and a half-dozen tin plates." "Ridiculously easy, madam," said the physician, "somebody in the neighborhood keeps a goat."

* * *

THE little girl entered the shop with the air of a real grown-up lady and stood by the counter with her wide blue eyes on a level with it.

"Well, Sadie!" said the shopkeeper.

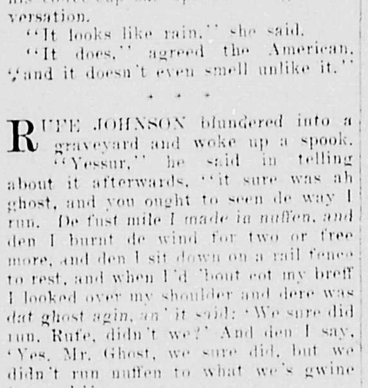
"Sarah, if you please," she corrected.

"Well, Miss Sarah," he said; "what can I do for you?"

"I want to get a mitten, if you please, an' charge it to Mother."

"You mean a pair of mittens, don't you?"

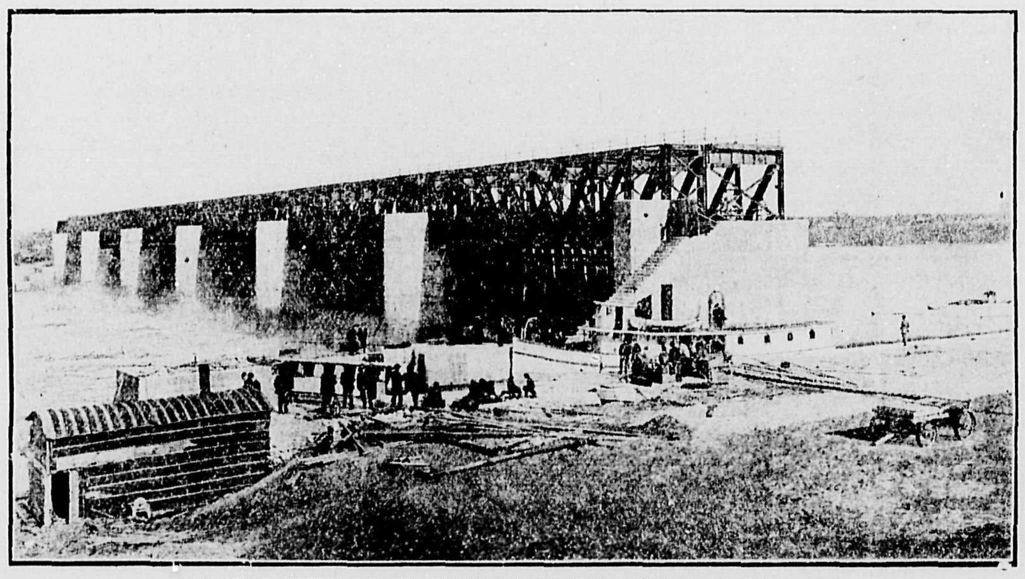
"No," she said, with an impatient toss of her head; "I mean jus' on'y one; one that's suitable to give to a young man that's going to propose an' be rejected."



INDIANANS tell a story of Senator Beveridge's entrance into politics when he was little more than a boy. He won the liking of the governor of the State by a quaint little speech he made during the presentation of a petition by a delegation whose spokesman was *insufferably long-winded and tedious.* The man talked to the governor for nearly an hour, during which every one stood. To all it seemed that it would never end. When, however, it finally did, the governor asked wearily if the delegates wished to offer any further reasons for the granting of the petition. Whereupon Beveridge remarked quietly, "If you don't grant it, governor, we'll have that speech repeated to you."

* * *

TIM HORNADAY, one of the Washington newspaper correspondents, has the fortune, good or bad, to bear a very strong resemblance to Attorney-General Wickersham. The other evening about dusk he was stopped by a stranger of distinguished appearance, *who saluted him with, "Good evening,* Mr. Attorney-General." "You have made a mistake; I'm not the Attorney-General," said Mr. Hornaday. The distinguished looking gentleman drew himself up and appeared to be offended. "You don't have to deny your identity to me, Mr. Attorney-General," he said. "I'm not one of those darned newspaper men; I'm Senator Raynor of Maryland." "Well, Senator Raynor," was the reply, "I am one of those darned newspaper men, and I'm not the Attorney-General."



GENERAL VIEW OF ST. ANDREWS LOCKS, OPENED MAY 2, 1910

THE FIRST REPEATER

IT may not be generally known that the first repeating shotgun was invented by a young man in Vermont. This is a fact, however, and as I know the particulars I will relate them for the benefit of the readers.

I made my first deer-hunting trip to the Adirondack Forest, in the State of New York, in the fall of 1889. The party consisted of an old deer hunter by the name of Jackson Miller, an old fox hunter by the name of Abe Comstock, and two young men on their first hunting trips, Chester Brownell, and the writer. This was also Abe's first deer-hunting trip. This was before any railroads were built in that region, and the trip had to be made by team, over rough roads through the primitive forest, where settlers' houses were far between.

As some of the particulars of the trip *might be of some interest to the young*er readers, I will relate them. Mr. Miller furnished the team, a regular farm wagon with a pair of good horses. The outfit consisted of a tent, blankets, tin *baker and such other things as are* usually taken on such trips.

We crossed Lake Champlain from Burlington, Vt., on one of the large steamers that ply the lake, and arrived *at Port Kent, N.Y., about noon.* After lunch we started out on our journey to Saranac Lakes, a distance of fifty-two miles, camping by the roadside where night overtook us. This part of the trip was made without any incident worthy of notice, and we arrived at the home of our guide, Mr. Moody, at sundown on the second day out from home. As Ben, our guide, had already made arrangements for our boats and other articles necessary for camp comfort, we were able to get a fairly early start the next morning, for the last part of our trip, which was through the chain of Saranac Lakes, and over the carry in to Raquett River, and down that river about twenty miles to Tupper's Lake, where we were to camp and hunt.

In going this distance of about fifty miles, the only buildings of any kind that we passed were three small buildings used as hotels to accomodate hunters. The first was Bartlett's, situated on the carry between Round Lake and Upper Saranac Lake; the second was Corey's, at the foot of the latter lake, and the third was Ducatt's, on the carry over to Raquett River. We also camped near a log house owned by Mart Moody, which was also built to accomodate *hunters. The Moodys were among* the first settlers of this great wilderness, and were worthy, and well qualified as guides. Mart was a noted bear hunter, and among the attractions at his place was a cub bear that was very tame and quite playful.

Our stay here lasted ten days. The whole trip was very pleasant and successful. As deer were plentiful and dogs were used to hunt them with, we soon had all we could use. Mr. Miller proved himself worthy of the name "Old Bear Slayer," and Abe proved a foxy old hunter. Abe was a character himself, a farmer by trade, and a brag by nature, but it's only fair to say that most of his brag was spent on his gun, and what he could do with it.

Abe, with his bushy beard and heavy gruff voice, seemed to me a great and mighty hunter. I was thrilled by his wonderful stories, and always happy when he would allow me to be his companion for the day. As I did not know much about guns, after hearing Abe's tales I decided that his was the only gun to be desired. This gun was called "Old Long Tom." It was a single barreled muzzle-loader, of about six gauge, the barrel being nearly five feet long. It was a well-made gun and in fair condition. He claimed that if he ever made a miss with it, it was simply because the muzzle extended beyond the mark. He told of brushing partridges off the top branches of tall trees with the gun and shooting them on the wing *as they flew away.*

But what took me most was what he said he intended to do to the bear when he had a chance. He declared that he did not need a gun to kill a bear with, *as he could do that with a jack-knife all* right. He simply wanted to use the gun to see how much daylight he could let through them. One day while Abe and myself were out we heard a strange noise, and I said, "Abe, what is that?" He said, "I am not sure, but I think it's a bear." I was very much delighted and said, "Come on, Abe, let's go get him." But Abe said, "No, this is not the right kind of day for bears." As the noise came nearer I tried hard to get him to go with me after the bear, but it was of no use; he had changed his mind and did not want any bears. This affair changed my opinion of Abe somewhat, and I resolved to have some fun at his expense.

This led to the invention of the first repeating shotgun. I laid in with Chester and we got some punk, and one evening while we were all sitting round the camp-fire. Chester and I sneaked out and got Old Long Tom, and after taking it to a secluded place, we loaded it for bear. First we put in a big charge of powder, with some punk on top for a wad, then more powder, and more punk, and continued in this way until the gun barrel was nearly full. Each charge was rammed down hard: *the gun was then fastened to a tree* some distance back of our camp

About midnight Chett stole out of the tent, and taking a live coal from the ashes of the camp-fire, he dropped it into *the muzzle of the gun and returned* to his blankets. The fire soon burned through the punk, and the still night air of the forest was rent by a terrible explosion. All of the sleepers except Chett and myself were awakened in an instant. Miller says, "Boys, it's an earthquake! I don't intend to be under these big trees when they fall." So saying, he took the rapid-transit line for the clearing nearby. Poor old Abe was so badly frightened that he could not move.

In the meantime, the burning of the powder had ignited the second wad of punk which soon burned through to the powder under it and there was a second *explosion. This caused Abe to collapse,* and he called for stimulants; he was given a liberal dose of whisky and soon revived. About this time Miller came back and reported that he had seen a *meteor fall somewhere back of the* camp. This was too much for Chett and he had a fit and fell into it. During the confusion the guide, Ben, disappeared, and soon after the third charge went off he returned with the captured cannon. As soon as we saw the muzzle of the gun coming through the door of the tent, Chett and I decided that we had urgent business somewhere else; we got out none too soon, as the fourth charge went off in the tent. Little damage was done, however, and after the shouting of men and howling of dogs had subsided we took the gun and placed it on the ground between two logs where it continued to repeat for over an hour, and after each report Abe could be heard to mutter, "Gad, I wish it was pointed at a bear!"

A TEST FOR INTELLIGENCE

A GOOD test for intelligence would be much appreciated by the comparative psychologist, since, in spite of equal standing in such rudimentary matters as the senses and bodily movement, attention and the simpler sorts of judgment, it might still be that great differences in mental efficiency existed between different groups of men. Probably no single test could do justice to so complex a trait as intelligence. Two important features of intel*ligent action are quickness in seizing* the key to a novel situation, and firmness in pressing acts which are obviously useless for the purpose in hand. A simple test which calls for these qualities is the so-called "form test." There are a number of blocks of different the blocks. The blocks and board are placed before a person, and he is told to put the blocks in the holes in the shortest possible time. The key to the situation is here the matching of blocks and holes by their shape; and the part of intelligence is to hold firmly to this obvious necessity, wasting no time in trying to force a round block into a square hole. The demand on intelligence certainly seems slight enough; and the test would probably not differentiate between a Newton and you or me; but it does suffice to catch the feeble-minded, the young child, or the chimpanzee, as any of these is likely to fail altogether, or at least to waste much time in random moves and waste efforts. This test was tried on representatives *of several races, and considerable dif*ferences appeared. As between whites, Indians, Eskimos, Ainus, Filipinos, and Singhalese, the average differences were small, and much overlapping occurred. As between these groups, however, and pines and a few reputed Pygmies from the Igorot and Negrito from the Philip- the Congo, the average differences were great, and the overlapping was small. Another rather similar test for intelligence, which was tried on some of these groups, gave them the same relative rank. The results of the test agreed closely with the general impression left on the minds of the experimenters by considerable association with the people tested. And, finally, the relative size of the cranium, as indicated, roughly by the product of its three external dimensions, agreed closely in these groups with their appearance of intelligence, and with their standing in the *form test. If the results could be taken* at their face value, they would indicate differences of intelligence between races, giving such groups as the Pygmy and Negrito a low station as compared with *most mankind.* The fairness of the test is not, however, beyond question; it may have been of a more unfamiliar sort to these wild hunting folk than to more settled groups. This crumb is, at any rate, about all the testing psychologist has yet to offer on the question of racial differences in intelligence.

MAGRATH, OF MEDICINE HAT

IN business an employer generally wants his employees to keep their mouths shut, and do little or no talking; in politics, which is the country's *business, we are all expected to* talk."

C. A. Magrath, M.P. for Medicine Hat, hasn't been in politics very long, but he has been unable to find out the why *of the foregoing statement which* he made the other day. He has been in business for thirty years in the west and in politics for two or three years, and he hasn't become reconciled to the *change. Some of his friends in the Com*mons say he doesn't care for politics. Mr. Magrath himself won't admit that he would sooner be doing a political turn than eating a dinner, but at the same time he is one of those men that politicians are looking up to these days. He was sent to Ottawa in the general election of 1908. Of course, every politician claims to have been "sent" or "sent for," but Charlie Magrath, of Medicine Hat, is one of the really and truly "sents." So far he hasn't made more than two or three speeches in the House. Yet he looms as a big man on the Opposition benches.

Out west they have said for years that Charlie Magrath was a good square fellow—a chap who was business from the drop of the hat. Thirty years ago he went west from Pontiac County in Quebec, and he landed in Alberta about '78, or about the same time Hon. Frank Oliver was getting out the smallest paper in the world at the biggest price somewhere in the west. Magrath did *survey work, became connected with ir*rigation and railway interests, and made a little money, being for years manager of the Alberta Coal and Railway Company at Lethbridge. No, he is not a millionaire, far from it; but he has made enough to keep him from asking for an old age annuity. Anyway, he mixed with the toughest of the tough in the woolly days of the west, and came through it all a tested man, clean and square.

Physically Mr. Magrath is a big man, a little stooped from the weight of an overly heavy share of the burden of Canada's west. He's got a heavy handshake. His hair and moustache are quite grey, but his eyes are clear, and his face is free from those north and south wrinkles; all of which denote that he never let his work get on his nerves. He quit making money because he did not want to be wealthy, and did not want to bother with a distribution bureau if his conscience troubled him. Of course, a man of his energy couldn't live in southern Alberta doing nothing, so they sent him to Parliament. He has *not done anything very sensational on* Parliament Hill. He is not likely to, but somehow or other when you look at him you know he's going to count for more than his vote.

If Mr. Magrath hadn't been fortunate enough to receive a mathematical training in his youth he might have been a poet. He has a streak of poetry somewhere, even though he keeps it bottled up, because the busy west is not very strong on poetry. However far the poetry idea may be from the facts, it is very true that Mr. Magrath is an idealist. He can picture the greatest of pictures for Canada, but his mind's picture of the coming Canada does not consist altogether of a money-making and a money-mad people, but a nation strong in all the virtues.

"I am an Imperialist," he told the writer in a burst of confidence when that subject was broached one day, but he added, "Not of that sword-waving, flag-flapping kind. It seems to me that a united British Empire can do much toward preserving the peace of the world. That is something worth striving for. Therefore, if for no other reason, Canadians should do all in their power to strengthen Imperial ties. If we *Canadians want to help the coming* of the world's peace we can do it by being ardent Imperialists."

Mr. Magrath has dipped in business and in politics, and his next venture *will be in the role of an author. His* publication hardly promises to be a classic, but it does promise to do some good work for the west. It will be a pamphlet dealing with some phases of western *Canada, together with a hand*out of advice gathered from thirty years' experience.

A *collection of Imperial and Royal* autographs on a pane of glass has been given by King Haakon to the museum at Copenhagen. The pane originally belonged to a window of the Royal Danish express, *and a great many years ago* the Emperor Alexander III. engraved his name on it with his diamond ring. His example was followed by the present Czar, the late King Christian, King Edward, Queen Alexandra, King Haakon, King George of Greece, and Queen Victoria of Spain.

The Horseman

IT is a tidal law of nature that everything goes forward or recedes, progresses or goes back, grows or fades. Nothing stands absolutely still. The great sport of trotting and the vast breeding industry upon which it depends, in spite of panics, hostile legislation and other drawbacks, has shown a steady and persistent growth. Great stock farms have ceased to be, but, like magic, others have taken their place. Even sections once famous the world over as great nurseries for trotters have passed away. Even towns and counties once celebrated as centres of equine de*velopment have gone into other pur*suits, but the stock was not lost, it has simply gone to other and more favorable localities where the surroundings were more adapted for progress and development. In Kentucky historic Woodburn and Glenview are but glorious memories, but Walnut Hall and Patchen Wilkes Farm have taken their place. Magnificent Palo Alto is no longer the palatial home of equine kings, queens and champions, but the sons and daughters of Electioneer and their descendants are scattered through a hundred breeding farms and doing better work than Palo Alto could possibly do. Stony Ford and famous Orange County, N.Y., the birthplace and cradle of the American trotter, is no longer a breeding centre on the map, but the descendants of the horses bred there can be found in every *section of the continent.*

The great breeding business has become to a large extent decentralized, and while there are a few big farms left, the vast majority of our trotters *and pacers today are produced* by the small breeders. Instead of going to the extreme west or the extreme east for foundation stock, it is now found in the great central and middle western states, and it is the hundreds of small stock farms which supply the constantly increasing demand for the trotter. With the vast increase of small stock farms there naturally grew a local interest in trotting sport; every owner of a trotting stallion was a missionary, and associations grew and multiplied. The opening up of Oklahoma and other sections of the southwest stimulated both breeding and sport, and now there are high class breeding farms and strong trotting associations where a few years ago the Indians had their pony races. In the great new northwest of Canada, to which thousands of American farmers have gone, new trotting tracks are springing up each season and prosperous towns are growing in what was formerly called the great lone land. Wherever the American farmer goes, the trotter *follows; he is the national horse, and a* race track is a natural sequence.

Looking over the modest little Year Book of 1889 and compairing it with the plethoric Year Book of 1909, offers so many startling contrasts that even if only lightly touched upon, they give a bird's-eye view of the prodigious progress in the sport during the last twenty years, and must change the most pronounced pessimist to a cheerful view of the situation.

The Year Book of 1889 was a neat volume of 505 pages, less than half the size of the present edition. A glance at the index shows that six hundred and fifteen associations held 1,071 meetings. At that time the American Trotting Association was in the second year of its existence and the membership of both associations was a little over six hundred; now it is more than double that amount. As all the associations are members of one or other of the parent bodies, and as with very few exceptions they all have tracks, it means that *during the past twenty years the num*ber of trotting tracks have more than doubled. There have been many changes in localities; for instance, in 1889 Poughkeepsie had six meetings of more or less magnitude; last year she had one. That year Columbus had a small meeting with $300 and $400 purses; last year its mammoth two weeks' card footed up close to $100,000 and was the leader of the year.

But the quickest way to get at the genuine state of affairs, then, is to give a brief resume of the leading championships, which, compared with the records of today, will show conclusively the marvelous progress made. At that time Maud S. still held the race record of 2.13¼, which she had held since 880, and Phallas the stallion race record of 2.13¾, made in 1884. Maud S. was still the trotting champion with her record of 2.08¾, made in 1885. Jay-Eye-See was the champion gelding with a record of 2.10. Johnston was the champion pacer with a mark of 2.06¼, and Little *Brown Jug held the race record of* 2.11¾. The best team record was that of Maxie Cobb and Neta Medium, in 2.15¾, and the best race record by the same pair in 2.18¼. Axtell, 2.12, was the fastest stallion on time and also the champion three-year-old colt. Norlaine was the champion yearling with a record of 2.31½. She was by Norval, dam Elaine, 2.20, by Messenger Duroc. Sunol was by Electioneer, dam Waxana, by General Benton, was the two-year-old champion with the record of 2.18, and she made good as a three-year-old when she won the three-year-old championship in 2.10½. At this time the four-year-olds did not show up well, for the champion records were 2.16, held *jointly by Manzanita, by Electioneer,* dam Mayflower, by St. Clair, and Edgemark, by Victor Bismark, dam Edgewater Belle, by Edgewater. The fastest five-year-old was the famous Jay-Eye-See, with a record of 2.10¾. All these records look slow to the reader of today, yet twenty years ago they were looked upon by many good judges as close to the limits of light harness speed, and a mile in two minutes was looked upon by the majority of practical horsemen as an idle and foolish dream. New York was then on the trotting map and gave a small spring meeting and a big meeting in the autumn. It is worthy of note that in these days when trainers grumble at getting their charges ready by the beginning of July, that this meeting began on May 22, and that the purses were $500 each. Stanford won the 3.00 trot in straight heats, best time 2.36½, and later in the week the 2.45 class in a race of five heats, best time 2.30. The fastest heat of the week was in the 2.25 pace, and that was *won in 2.22½. The meeting in Septem*ber was a memorable one and several very notable horses won races. That royal young campaigner, Prince Regent, won the $5,000 purse for the 2.30 class in a hotly contested race of seven heats. In the seven heats he was three times second and his winning time was 2.23½, 2.26, 2.29. This time looks slow to us now, yet it was a great race and won by a great horse. Another celebrated horse which won at that meeting was Hal Pointer, who in a race of five heats won the last three in 2.20¾, 2.21¼ and 2.24. The famous Harry Wilkes, for a match for $5,000, defeated Gean Smith. That same year, October 11, there was a match of $5,000 between Belle Hamlin and Harry Wilkes, which drew a crowd of eight thousand people to old Fleetwood Park, and the mare won in 2.16¾ and 2.19¼. That season, 1889, witnessed the coming to the front of those celebrated stallions, Alcyon and Nelson, the former winning the Charter Oaks $10,000 purse, and the latter the *$10,000 purse for stallions.* But it is not the purpose of this article to go into details of that year, but to rely on the general figures already given as to the volume of sport of that year. We will now take the jump to 1909 and see what the Year Book tells us as to the progress of the sport, for figures are more eloquent than words.

SORE FEET AND CHAFED PLACES

"Zam-Buk" is best for chafed places, sore feet, or inflamed patches, caused by friction. For babies' sensitive skins it is especially adapted, because it is of purely herbal composition. Don't apply to the delicate skin of your children, either for cuts, sores or skin diseases, the crude salves made up from rancid animal oils and fats, with mineral coloring and scented matter to hide their unpleasant appearance and odor! Remember that whatever gets into the pores, gets into the blood. Stick to nature, and pure natural products. Zam-Buk is nature's own healer, and is, therefore, not only superior in purity, but also in strength. Cures where other things fail. Use it, also, for piles, fes*tering sores, varicose ulcers, cuts, burns,* and every-day injuries. Every home needs it!

SHE POURED THE TEA

She poured the tea. Ah, she was fair
As, urn in hand, she neared my chair
And stooped my waiting cup to fill,
The while I sensed a wond'rous thrill—
For such a fragrance filled the air.

'Twas not the tea; her wayward hair
Just brushed my cheek, and lingered there—
How could I calmly wait until
She poured the tea?

To steal a kiss who would not dare?
If one, who would not steal a pair?
I stole them, as a fellow will,
And sensed a warmer feeling still,
Tho' not of heart, for that's not where
She poured the tea!

Your Druggist Will Tell You
Murine Eye Remedy Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes. Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and Sells for 50c. Try Murine in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

Bog Spavin

Cure the lameness and remove the bunch without scarring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.

Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid)

is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't imitate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes, and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
83 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

Brass Band This is Time to Organize.
Instruments, Drums, Band Music, Etc.
EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND
Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue over 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for anything in Music or Musical Instruments.
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FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

$122,000.00 FOR A SECRET

The Carbon Oil Works, Limited, are not in the Petroleum Oil business as some people think, but are manufacturers of oils derived from Coal-Tar. These oils are extracted from tar by a secret process without distillation, and the oils thus extracted have been proved by scientists to be of great medicinal value. Physicians thoroughly tested these Basic Oils and pronounced them to be a positive cure for Eczema, Psoriasis, and a number of other skin diseases. We succeeded in adapting these oils for ordinary use by producing "**Tarolema,**" which is put up in ointment form in fancy white jars and sold by all reliable druggists at 50 cents per pot. The Carbon Oil Works, Limited, which is composed of a number of representative western business men, purchased the right to make their oils by the secret process above mentioned for the sum of $122,000, and they beg respectfully to suggest that they are willing to stake the Company's reputation on the statements made herein.

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 | WEEKLY EDITION | NO. 30

All Western Canada Loves a Buck-Eye

There was a young girl in Waskada
Who made up her mind that it paid her
To sell a good smoke
That would please the men folk,
So she shipped some BUCK-EYES to Waskada.

* * *

There was a bar tender in Watrous
Whose cigars were sufficient to slaughter us;
So we boarded the train,
Vowing, "Never again,"
For they hadn't a BUCK-EYE in Watrous.

* * *

Said a newspaper man of Lacombe,
"It's like getting money from home.
When you buy a cigar,
Get a BUCK-EYE, it's far
And away the best smoke in Lacombe."

* * *

A miser there was in Wadena,
Than whom there was nobody meaner.
When a stub—a BUCK-EYE'd
Catch his eye, he would cry,
"That's a real, Simon-pure Peacherina."

P.S.--And everywhere you go, the burden of their song is that the BUCK-EYE is the best Ten Cent Cigar on the market.

A Husband by Proxy

By JACK STEELE

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HAPTER IX.—(continued)

A Summons

amper with a well-made cigar
e this required that one should
ftly remove or unroll the wrap-
ow out a cavity, stuff in the poi-
l then rewrap the whole with
he skill and art of a well-train-
r of cigars. To Garrison's way
ing, this rendered the task im-
for such a girl as Dorothy.

d felt from the first that any
he inventive, mechanical attri-
ubtless possessed by Scott could
y of working out this scheme.
too, possessed a motive. He
honey. The victim was insured
avor for a snug little fortune.
ott had returned to Hardy's
cording to Mrs. Wilson, while
as away, and could readily have
he box, extracted one or two
d prepared them for Hardy to
(He, too, would have known of
habit of biting the end from

was still the third possibility
before Dorothy's visit to her
cigars could have been prepar-
ue supplied with the knowledge
had purchased the present, with
to take it to her uncle, might
ave conceived and executed the
be doubly hidden from detec-
e suspicion would fall upon

of the great importance of
examining the dead man's ef-
the coroner's office, Garrison
his pace. It still lacked near-
ur of noon when he re-entered
lic. The office he sought was a
k away from his hotel; never-
efore he reached the door a
boy discerned him, waved his
n abruptly disappeared inside
ry.
roner was emerging from his
usiness up the street. Garrison
im.
r. Pike," he said, "I've re-
u see. I've nearly concluded
on the Hardy case; but I'd
matter of form, to look again
e few trifling articles in your

certainly," said Mr. Pike.
ht in. I've got to be away
minutes, but I guess I can
in the shop."
ned good-naturedly, opened
r, and hurriedly departed.
drew up a chair before the

door the hotel-boy appeared

m for you, Mr. Garrison,"
"Been at the office about an
obody knew where you was."
took it and tore it open. It

as soon as possible. Import-
"DOROTHY."

nswer?" inquired the boy.
said Garrison. "What's the
for New York?"
-forty-five," answered the
es in fifteen minutes."
ght. Have my suit-case down
ice."
ned to his work.
g the few piled-up papers in
er, he took up the three cigars
e box, the ones which had come
rdy's pocket, and scrutinized
h the most minute attention.
as he could possibly detect, not
en altered or repasted on the
did not dare to cut them up,
he longed to examine them
y. He opened the box from
ey had come.
moment his eye was attracted
by the birthday greeting-card
orothy had written. The pres-
he card showed a somewhat im-
act—the box had been opened
re John Hardy forced up the
der that the card might be de-
within.
aze went traveling from one
ely finished cigar-end to the
his hope to discover signs of
It was not until he came to
cigar that he caught at the
irregularity. Here, at last,
nce.
the cigar out carefully and
There could be no doubt it
"mended" on the end. The
as not only slightly discolor-
oulged a trifle; it was not so
turned as all the others, and
as corkscrewed the merest
eas, none of the others had
d to bring them to a point.
heeded that cigar. He was
another one in all the box
us. The perpetrator of the
had evidently known that
abit was to take his cigars
nd of the row and not the
o chance for mistake had
tted. The two end cigars
aded, and no more.
purloin this cigar without
missed by Mr. Pike was a
moment.
managed it simply. He took
n cigars in the layer on top
m the layer next the bottom;
anging the underlying layer
ll in the empty space, he re-
others in perfect order in
t row, and thus had one cigar
to substitute for the one he
from the end.
mped the suspicious-looking
his pocket and closed the box.
glancing at the letters found
e dead man's possessions, he
ote from Dorothy. It had
a town in Massachusetts.
was over six weeks old.
addressed, "Dear Uncle
, in a girlish way, informed
ad recently been married to
id, brilliant young man, nam-
x," whim she trusted her
ld admire. They were off on
ymoon, it added, but she hop-
ould not be long away, for
ooked forward with pleasure
him soon.
have been part of her trick-
uld not tell.
elope was missing. Where
been at the time of receiv-
te was not revealed. The pic-
card that Pike had mention
o there. It, too, apparently,
from Dorothy, and had been
to Hickwood.
re returning to the box of
rison took it up and turned
in his hand. On the back, to
elight, he discovered a rub-
egend, which was nothing
s than a cheap advertisement
er who had sold the cigars.
ne Isaac Blum, of an uptown
Amsterdam Avenue, New
in stationery, novelties, and
ticles. Garrison jotted down
d address, together with the
e cigars, and was just about
close the drawer when the
rned.
have to go down to New
orning," said Garrison. "I
any thanks."
's all right," Mr. Pike res-
ponded. "If you're goin' to try to catch fifteen, you'd better git a move. She's whistled for the station just above."

Garrison hastened away. He was presently whirling back to Dorothy.

His "shadow," with his brusied hand gloved, was just behind him in the car.

CHAPTER X.

A Complication

With ample time in which to wonder what Dorothy's summons might imply, Garrison naturally found himself in the dark, despite his utmost efforts at deduction.

He welcomed the chance thus made possible to behold her again so soon, after what he had so recently discovered, and yet he almost dreaded the necessity of ferreting out all possible facts concerning her actions and motives for the past six weeks, the better to work up his case. Wherever it led him, he knew he must follow unrelentingly.

Masquerading as her husband, he had involved himself in — Heaven alone knew what—but certainly in all her affairs, even to the murder itself, since he was alleged to have married her prior to John Hardy's death, and was now supposed to benefit, in all probability, by some will that Hardy had executed.

The recent developments disturbed him incessantly. He almost wished he had never heard of Mr. Wicks, who had come to his office with employment. And yet, with Dorothy entangled as she was in all this business, it was better by far that he should know the worst, as well as the best, that there was to be discovered.

He wondered if the whole affair might be charged with insidious fatalities—either for himself or Dorothy. He was groping in the dark—and the only light was that which shone in Dorothy's eyes; there was nothing else to guide him. He could not believe it was a baneful light, luring him on to destruction—and yet—and yet——

His gaze wandered out at the window on a scene of Nature's loveliness. The bright June day was perfect. In their new, vivid greens, the fields and the trees were enchanting. How he wished that he and Dorothy might wander across the hills and meadows together!

A sweet, lawless wildness possessed his rebellious nature. His mind could reason, but his heart would not, despite all his efforts at control. Thus the time passed until New York was reached.

Unobserved, the man who had shadowed Garrison so faithfully left the train at the Harlem station, to take the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street crosstown car, in his haste to get to Ninety-third Street, where the Robinsons were waiting.

Garrison went on to the Grand Central, carried his suit-case to his room, freshened his dress with new linen, and then, going forth, lunched at a corner cafe, purchased another bunch of roses, and proceeded on to Dorothy's.

It was a quarter of two when he rang the bell. He waited only the briefest time. The door was opened, and there stood young Robinson, smiling.

"Why, how do you do, Cousin Jerold?" he said, cordially extending his hand. "Come right in. I'm delighted to see you."

Garrison had expected any reception but this. He felt his old dislike of the Robinson's return at once. There was nothing to do, however, but to enter.

"Is Dorothy——" he started.

"Won't you go right up?" interrupted Theodore. "I believe you are not unexpected."

Garrison was puzzled. A certain uneasiness possessed him. He proceeded quietly up the stairs, momentarily expecting Dorothy to appear. But the house was silent. He reached the landand and turned to look at Theodore, who waved him on to the room they had occupied before.

When he entered he was not at all pleased to find the elder Robinson only awaiting his advent. He halted just inside the threshold and glanced inquiringly from father to son.

"How do you do?" he said stiffly. "Is Dorothy not at home?"

"She is not," said old Robinson, making no advance and giving no greeting. "Will you please sit down?"

Garrison remained where he was.

"Do you expect her soon?" he inquired.

"We shall get along very well without her. We've got something to say to you—alone."

Garrison said: "Indeed?"

He advanced to a chair and sat down.

"In the first place, perhaps you will tell us your actual name," said old Robinson, himself taking a seat.

Garrison was annoyed.

"Let me assure you, once for all, that I do not in the least recognize your right to meddle in my concerns, or subject me to any inquisitions."

"That's another way of saying you refuse to answer!" snapped Robinson tartly. "You know your name isn't Fairfax, any more than it's mine. Your name is Garrison."

Garrison stared at him coldly.

"You seem to have made up your mind very decidedly," he said. "Is that all you have to say?"

"You don't deny it?" cried the old man, exasperated by his calmness. "You don't dare deny it!"

Garrison grew calmer.

"I haven't the slightest reason to deny anything," he said. "I frequently require a pseudonym. Dorothy knows that I employ the name Garrison whenever occasion demands."

The old man was wild.

"Will you swear that your right name is Fairfax?" he said. "That's what I demand to know!"

Garrison answered: "I came here to see my wife. I warn you I am growing impatient with your hidden insinuations!"

"Your wife!" cried old Robinson, making a dive into one of his pockets with his hand. "What have you to say to this letter, from the woman who is doubtless by now your legal wife?" Suddenly snatching a letter from his coat, he projected himself toward Garrison and held up the missive before him.

It was the letter from Ailsa—the one that Garrison had missed—the letter in which she had agreed to become his wife. He put forth his hand to receive it.

"No, you don't!" cried the old man, snatching it out of his reach. "I'll keep this, if you please, to show my niece"

Garrison's eyes glittered.

"So, it was your hired thief who stole it, up at Branchville?" he said. "I don't suppose he showed you the skin that he left behind from his fingers."

"That's got nothing to do with the point!" the old man cried at him triumphantly. "I don't believe you are married to my niece. If you think you can play your game on me——"

Garrison interrupted.

"The theft of that letter was a burglary in which you are involved. You are laying up trouble for yourself very rapidly. Give that letter to me!"

"Give it up, hey? We'll see!" said Robinson. "Take it to court if you dare! I'm willing. This letter shows that another woman accepted you, and that's the point you don't dare face in the law!"

Whatever else he discerned in the case, Garrison did not understand in the least how Dorothy could have summoned him back here for this.

"That letter is an old one," he replied to Robinson calmly. "Look at the date. It's a bit of ancient history, long since altered."

"There is no date!" the old man shrilled in glee; and he was right.

Garrison's reply was never uttered. The door behind him abruptly opened, and there stood Dorothy, radiant with color and beauty.

"Why Jerold!" she cried. "Why, when did you come? I didn't even know you were in town."

She ran to him ardently, as she had before, with her perfect art, and kissed him with wifely affection.

CHAPTER XI.

The Shock of Truth

For one second only Garrison was a trifle confused. Then he gave her the roses he had brought. She carried them quickly to the table, hiding her face in their fragrant petals.

"Just a moment, Dorothy," said Garrison. "You didn't know I'd come to town? You wired——" He halted and looked at the Robinsons. "Oh," he added, "I think I begin to see."

Dorothy felt something in the air.

"What is it, Jerold?" she said. "I haven't wired. What do you mean?"

Garrison faced the Robinsons.

"I mean that these two gentlemen telegraphed me at Branchville to come here at once—and signed your name to the wire."

"Telegraphed you? In my name?" repeated Dorothy. "I don't believe I understand."

"We may as well understand things first as last," said her uncle. "I don't believe this man is your husband! I don't believe his name is Fairfax! He was registered as Garrison. Furthermore——"

Garrison interrupted, addressing Dorothy:

"They think they have discovered something important or vital in the fact that I sometimes use the name Garrison. And they have managed to steal an old letter——"

"I'll tell about the letter, if you please!" cried old Robinson shrilly. He turned to Dorothy, who was very white. "There you are!" he said, waving the letter before her face. "There's the letter from his sweetheart—the woman he asked to become his wife! Here's her acceptance, and her protestations of love. She is doubtless his wife at this moment! Read it for yourself!"

He thrust it into Dorothy's hand with aggressive insistence.

Dorothy received it obediently. She hardly knew what she should say or do to confute the old man's statements, or quiet his dangerous suspicions. His arrival at the truth concerning herself and Garrison had disconcerted her utterly.

Garrison did not attempt to take the letter, but he addressed her promptly:

"I am perfectly willing to have you read the letter. It was written over a year ago. It is Ailsa's letter. I told you I was once engaged to Ailsa; that she married my friend, without the slightest warning; that I had not destroyed her last letter. She never acquired the habit of dating her letters, and therefore this one might appear to be a bit of recent correspondence."

"A very pretty explanation!" cried old Robinson. "We'll see—we'll see! Dorothy, read it for yourself!"

(To be continued)

MY ADVENTURES AS A FLYING MAN

A Chat With Count Zeppelin

IF there is one thing which the world and his wife admire more than another, it is pluck and perserevance. For that reason it is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm aroused on the Continent by the flying feats of Count Zeppelin. For fifty years he has been striving to solve the problem of aerial navigation. He has beggared himself, spent his whole fortune of $150,000, borne the gibes and ridicule poured upon him by sceptics, risked his life time after time, and yet never abandoned faith in his ideas.

In the following words he described his aims to an interviewer a short time ago:

"I intend to build a vessel which will be able to travel to places which cannot be approached—or only with great difficulty—by other means of transport; to undiscovered coasts or interiors; in a straight line across land or water where ships are to be sought for; from one fleet station or army to another, carrying persons and despatches; for observation of the movements of hostile fleets or armies—not for active participation in actual warfare.

"My balloon must be able to travel several days without renewing provisions, fuel, or gas. It must travel quickly enough to reach a certain goal in a given number of days, and must possess sufficient rigidity and non-inflammability to ascend, travel, and descend under ordinary conditions."

And the Count has succeeded to the extent of being able to remain in the air for many hours and travel hundreds of miles.

"But I am not satisfied," he remarked. "The German Government want an airship which will fulfil the following conditions: First, it must be able to manoeuvre in the air for twenty-four hours; secondly, it must be able to land without injury to itself either on water or earth; and in the last place must be able to ascend to such a height that it cannot be injured by bullet-fire. Stringent conditions? Yes, but very necessary if the navigable balloon is to prove of real service. Do I think I can fulfil these conditions? That, of course, is impossible to say, but I am going to try."

And this wonderful master of the air spoke with that quiet earnestness which almost convinced one that he would succeed, in spite of the fact that he is over seventy years of age. He is a man who speaks little of the past. From others one learns of how at one time he became so poor that he had to live in a little cottage on an allowance made to him by his friends. When, at thirty years of age, the Count married a lady belonging to one of the German aristocratic families, his friends and relatives, who had regarded him almost as a lunatic on account of his devotion to the task of inventing aerial machines, thought that his wife would wean him from his eccentric ways. But in this respect they were disappointed.

The marriage itself and the ensuing honeymoon interrupted for a time Count Zeppelin's devotion to his research work, but within a year of the wedding day he was again hard at work on the solution of the problem, aided and encouraged by his young wife. Year by year passed, and still the aristocratic mechanic continued to construct all sorts of flying contrivances that for the most part refused to fly. He and his wife, however, were fully agreed that he should devote his whole life to the task of teaching mankind how to fly.

The Countess has followed with unwearying interest and self-sacrifice the scientific researches which involved the expenditure of their entire fortune, and Count Zeppelin is the first to admit how much he owes to the encouragement of his wife.

For over thirty years the Count devoted himself to the construction of flying machines, "but," he remarked, "the risks were too great and the successes were too small to warrant the continuation of such experiments. On one occasion I fell from a height of 40 feet, but happened to alight on some bushes, which broke my fall and saved my life, although I received a number of painful wounds. On another occasion I fell from a considerable height, but again had the good fortune to alight on soft earth without sustaining more than a broken leg. These were but two of a number of accidents which led me to finally abandon the flying machine for the navigable airship."

"But even they have their perils, Count?"

"Yes; I suppose one of the narrowest escapes I had was when last year I fell asleep in the cabin of my airship. By some lucky chance I did not sleep for long, and only a few minutes after I awoke the airship was in flames. Had I remained asleep I should certainly have been burned to death."

The adventures of Count Zeppelin, however, would almost fill a volume, for, apart from his machines and balloons, he has had innumerable escapes. He fought in the Franco-German war, and is said to have been the first German soldier to cross the frontier into France.

Once with three other officers and seven dragoons, he set out on a patrol into the enemy's country. On one occasion he was dismounted by a French lancer and narrowly escaped death. Finally, the little party was cornered in the courtyard of an inn at Reichshofen, and all but one surrendered. This was Count Zeppelin. Escaping, he got hold of another horse and made his way back to his own army through a mountainous and woody district infested by the enemy. During his adventurous ride he hid for two whole days in a thick wood surrounded by French troops, ultimately managing to evade them, and getting through with valuable information.

Another adventure illustrates the Count's wonderful skill as a swimmer. It was during the war with Austria in 1866 that he had to carry a despatch across the river. But all the bridges were held by the enemy. He mounted his horse, and the animal was galloped to such an extent that it dropped dead just when it reached a spot beyond the enemy's fire. In full uniform, with boots reaching to the knee, the Count attempted to swim the river. Just in the middle his strength left him. He let himself go, touched the bottom, pushed himself off again, and continued this process until he reached the other bank.

It would be difficult to point to a more varied and exciting career than that of the veteran inventor, and it is characteristic of the man that although some eight years ago, to quote his own words, "I actually decided, in an outburst of despair, to give up the fateful problem of aerial navigation, the fascination of the subject was so strong that I found I could not abandon my life-study. It is a great gratification to my wife and myself that I have accomplished so much, and it was a proud day when the Kaiser termed me 'the greatest German of the twentieth century.' An exaggerated compliment, perhaps, but none the less appreciated."

IS MARS A HOAX?

About the Problem-Planet of the Skies

ONE of the romances of the universe is in danger of being shattered. An English astronomer of high standing has recently announced that there are no canals on the planet Mars, that there are no Martians, and that all the interesting stories which have been written about the planet are simply so much sensational fiction.

We know a good deal about Mars. All astronomers agree that there is always sunshine there. We know, too, that on account of the small size of the planet things there can weigh only one-third of what they would weigh on the earth. If Martians do exist, their muscles must be twenty-seven times as powerful as the same muscles would be here.

The atmosphere on Mars is very thin. Life there would be as painful for us as living in a balloon high above Mount Everest. The average temperature, too, has been estimated at about seventy degrees below freezing-point. At each pole there is a great patch of white, which waxes or wanes according as winter is in the northern or the southern half of the planet. There are good reasons for believing this to be snow.

And it is in connection with these snowcaps that the mystery of Mars comes in. Over thirty years ago an astronomer reported the surface of the planet to be covered with a network of fine lines, most of them straight as a ruler, some finely curved.

As each snowcap melted, he declared, the lines near it grew broader. He suggested that these lines were gigantic irrigation canals, fed by the melting snows of the poles, and that the broadening of the lines was due to the spread of vegetation on the banks in summer.

The existence of these lines has been confirmed by many astronomers since, and the canal theory has received lots of backing.

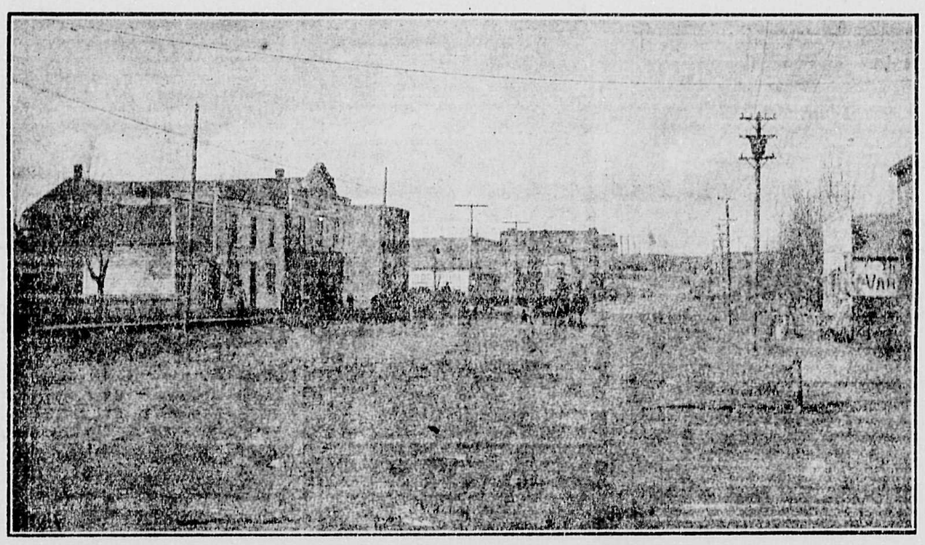
There are many points in its favor. The surface of Mars is known to be very flat indeed. Mars is badly in want of water. What more natural than that a race of superhuman intelligence in a planet dying slowly for want of water should build mighty canals to tap the melting snows of the polar regions.

The darkening and thickening of the canal lines, too, creeps slowly out from the poles towards the equator just as vegetation would.

The well-known Professor Lowell is the great upholder of the canal theory. He has taken scores of photographs showing the canals, and published hundreds of maps and drawings. He has definitely placed over four hundred canals, of which fifty are double. The canals vary in length from a few hundred miles to thousands. Some are long enough to reach from London to New York; some of them are twenty miles broad. The "oases," or street corners, so to speak—the points where the canals cross—are often fifty miles in diameter.

There was another theory, besides this of a superhuman race whose engineers would make our own seem in comparison like babies playing on the sands with spades. The famous scientist, Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, has accounted for the lines by suggesting that the outer layer of Mars is of a different nature from the interior, and cools more quickly. And so, as the planet has cooled—all planets cool as they grow older—the skin of Mars has shrunk and cracked.

But now the announcement is made that the much-discussed lines do not exist at all! The latest photographs, taken by aid of a 60-inch telescope, prove conclusively, it seems, that for the canal theory, on which so many sensational romances have been founded, there is not an atom of proof. The whole affair is an optical delusion, and is to be accounted for by the natural tendency of the human eye to imagine when it sees a number of points dimly that there are lines connecting them.



Daines Street, Cardston, Alta., Looking North

UNDERGROUND DIPLOMACY

ONE of the most fascinating phases of international life is how secret news is obtained and how it travels through the underworld of diplomacy. The late Queen Victoria jealously guarded the secrets preserved at Windsor Castle, and her refusal to allow documents to be examined prevented many "memoirs," "confessions," and "revelations" appearing during her reign.

But her own letters, published recently, reveal a great deal that was only within the knowledge of the very few. Her engagement to Prince Albert, usually declared to have been a case of a wife falling in love after marriage, is proved conclusively, by the letters that passed between them before the ceremony, to have been a case of really genuine love at first sight.

The reason for the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill is, of course, well known to have been due to an impulse, but if Lord Salisbury had been consulted it would have been kept secret to this day, says Cassell's Saturday Journal. The father of Winston Churchill was, however, rather hot-tempered, and he gave the news to the world himself in the shape of a letter to the London Times. The same paper secured the first intelligence of an event which altered the history of England. This was Sir Robert Peel's conversion to free trade.

He did not know which party to favor. England was protectionist, and he seemed inclined to keep with the anti-free-traders. On a certain day, however, he startled a cabinet meeting by announcing his conversion to the cause of free imports, and when they had recovered from their astonishment his colleagues resolved to keep it secret for a time at any cost. But that night at dinner a certain minister whispered the news to a lady at his side, and she immediately sold it to the Times. The premature announcement forced the hand of the government, and England became a free-trade country. George Meredith adapted the incident and called it "Diana of the Crossways."

A servant made a small fortune by selling to an evening paper the news that Gladstone was about to bring in a bill proposing home rule for Ireland. It is this chance gossip that has led to dozens of important official secrets reaching the ears of the general public. Everybody in these days is a reporter.

Germany is particularly prolific in yielding surprises in the matter of secrets. Perhaps there is no other great campaign which is the subject of so much conjecture as the Franco-German War. Many accounts of its origin have been given, and all differ in some material points. It was thought that Bismarck had the secret, and in his letter—published, it is believed, by the order of the fallen chancellor to spite the Kaiser—he gives a convincing description of the events that precipitated the war. But the Kaiser retaliated with another story. It may be remembered that the two nations were at diplomatic loggerheads over the candidature of a German prince for the throne of Spain, and toward the close of the correspondence between the rival foreign offices France sent a telegram definitely demanding Prince Leopold's retirement and requesting an apology.

In the ordinary course this message was delivered to Bismarck, who was thirsting for a trial of strength with the French. But the telegram disappointed him. It did not seem bellicose enough. Indeed, it was worded so politely that it really meant all end of talk about hostilities. The Iron Chancellor, however, was determined to try conclusions with his neighbors, and therefore he deliberately omitted certain words from the telegram before issuing it for publication. The result was to convert France's message into a threat, and the terrible offspring of Bismarck's trick we all know now.

The story of how Empress Eugenie worked at Versailles to promote war is also known to all students of history. Unfortunately at the time, her efforts worked her own ruin.

It was not until 1894 that the German Foreign Office issued the French telegram in its original entirety, and then at the instigation of the emperor, who wished to get even with Bismarck for the ex-minister's hostile attitude toward his sermons. The publication of the maker of modern Germany's letters a few years later was the prince's dying shot. The story of the Empress Eugenie's share in the war came to light as the direct result of journalistic enterprise.

THE MAN WHO WINS

Quick Action

WALK fast. Step off quickly. Do not dawdle. The boy who is applying for a situation is being studied through the office window. No doubt a slow step may not indicate a slow worker. The quick step on a ringing heel might possibly be the sign of carelessness. But the chances are in favor of the boy whose motions are energetic.

Physical energy is what makes the world go. In the final resolution manual toil is the basis of everything except what the Creator produces for us. Electricity will turn no wheel unless some human muscle throws the shovel of coal. Great is muscle, and fine, strong, quick-moving muscles are what sell best in the market.

You are esnt to Chicago and your legs move slowly to the train. You miss it. Another young man would not have missed that train. He would have run past the block on the trolley. He would have saved half an hour at the start by getting his grip and overcoat sooner. He would have made no failure by his legs. Legs are great things in the battle of life. It is the time the boy takes to do an errand that makes or breaks him. To be at a place on time is good. To be there five minutes ahead of time is, however, the thing.

To squeeze the juice of the brain into the muscles so that the order is executed with despatch is necessary. Some brain juice runs slowly. The man clearly understands, but somehow he cannot get himself into action. Some are tired. Some were up too late the night before. Some have to pull themselves together and shake themselves together and urge their physical action as one whips a dull horse. Others there are with whom it is touch and go. It is to these latter that impatient Success, snapping her fingers, gives her errands.

Even the tongue must move quickly. But the dexterity of the mechanic, hoping to rise from shop to office, is more concerned. If machinery is valued by its rapid product, much more the human machinery which runs it. Nor is it a common gift of nature, this ready command of hands, fingers, arms, shoulders and feet. The highest physical efficiency is a birthright. Practice develops it. Care of the health and temperate habits establish it.

The mind should be master over the whole body, and therefore mental training and the perfect knowledge of one's craft go far in the matter of physical promptness. If one knows how to do, knows what to do and has things to do with he becomes what is called expert. His product can be counted on in the shortest possible time needed. Therefore he grows invaluable to his employer. In turn, when such men become employers themselves, no wonder they have small patience with the slow fellows.

BRITISH TABLE MANNERS IN 1629

AN account of hospitality in 1629 gives a good idea of the manner in which a country gentleman of the period lived. Dinner and supper were brought in by the servants with their hats on, a custom which is corroborated by Fynes Moryson, who says that, being at a knight's house who had many servants to attend him, they brought in the meats with their heads covered with blue caps.

After washing their hands in a basin they sat down to dinner, and Sir James Pringle said grace. The viands seemed to have been plentiful and excellent, "big pottage, long kale, bowe of white kale," which is cabbage; "brach soppe," powdered beef, roast and boiled mutton, a venison pie in form of an egg, goose. Then they had cheese, cut and uncut, and apples. But the close of the feast was the most curious thing about it.

The table cloth was removed, and on the table were put a "towel the whole breadth of the table and half the length of it, a basin and ewer to wash, then a green carpet laid on, then one cup of beer set on the carpet, then a little long lawn serviter plaited over the corner of the table, and a glass of hot water set down also on the table; then be there three boys to say grace; the first, the thanksgiving; the second, the pater-noster; the third, prayer for a blessing of God's church. The good man of the house, his parents, kinsfolk and the whole company then do drink hot water, so at supper, then to bed.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FARM

THE world probably contains nothing anywhere else that can compare with the splendid estate of Don Luis Terrazas, in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico. This fortunate magnate is said to own the greatest farm in the world. It includes eight million acres of fertile land, and extends one hundred and fifty miles east and west and two hundred miles north and south. On its mountains and through its valleys roam over a million cattle, seven hundred thousand sheep, and one hundred thousand horses, these being tended by an army of two thousand horsemen, herdsmen, shepherds, and hunters. Each year at least one hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle and one hundred thousand sheep are slaughtered, dressed, and packed, this ranch being the only one in the world which maintains its own slaughtering and packing plant. And this means a very considerable additional profit to its august and fortunate owner.

On this gigantic estate are five reservoirs, which cost five hundred thousand dollars, and three hundred wells which cost over another five hundred thousand dollars. Don Luis Terrazas is a scientific farmer, and raises every kind of grain in his great fields. His homestead is declared to be the finest farm house in existence in any country. It is capable of accommodating five hundred guests at a time, and was erected at an expense of two million dollars. It is a veritable country palace; and the gardens are more carefully laid out and the stables are more costly than those of any emperor. On the homestead alone are employed over one hundred male servants.

HUNTING GOLD IN AUSTRALIA

VERY typical of Australia, says Mr. Frank Fox, writing in Tit-Bits, is the gold prospector. Time hasn't changed him. He is as hardy and hopeful as ever, a good deal of a gambler, and ready ever to play dice against fate with his own life as the forfeit.

It was in 1851 that the gold magnet first began to draw men to Australia. The first fields were around Bathurst, New South Wales. But soon the discoveries around Ballarat and Bendigo, in Victoria, eclipsed all others, and the settlement at Melbourne became the port of entry into Australia for all the adventurous of the earth.

Wild beyond imagining were the scenes of those days. A stream composed of all the elements of our humanity poured to the fields. Such men as the late Lord Salisbury jostled side by side with wild cowboys from western America, deserting sailormen from foreign ships, doctors, barristers, "younger sons," workers of all sorts, and a goodly proportion of plain ruffians. The story was that gold was to be picked up in the fields as stones might be in England.

Certainly fortunes were often made by the lucky turn of a pick. Money—vast sums of it—came into the most incongruous hands. A typical story is of an Irish navvy—of a sudden made rich past all his computing—who came down from the fields, resolved to live a life of pampered luxury for the future. He was going to have, he declared, "bacon and eggs every day for breakfast, and by gosh, bacon and eggs for tea!"

It was into such strange hands that fortunes fell.

The money made by the diggers themselves seldom remained long with them. What had come quickly went quickly. In the true digger's blood the gold fever always burned. He made wealth, spent wealth, and was then again out "prospecting" for more gold.

It is characteristic of the most typical Australian gold miner that he hates to work for wages. He likes "to be his own boss," and will prefer to work on some little claim of his own, making enough to keep him in food, or less, rather than to accept high wages from an employer. He always cherishes the hope of "striking it rich" once again.

Prospectors usually workin pairs, following up the bed of an old stream, or searching the hills around where alluvial gold has been found for the "parent reef" from which it originally came.

The outfit of a prospector is simple enough—pick or spade, as the nature of the country may happen to demand—a little mortar for pounding down stone if he is prospecting reefs, and a tin washing dish. It is this dish which, more than all else, marks the prospector. In it he puts the dirt which he thinks is gold-bearing, with some water. A quick, dexterous swirling round, and the mud is carried away by the water, leaving at the bottom of the dish all the heavier particles.

If there was gold in the dirt it will now be found there.

Having found gold, the prospectors peg out claims for themselves, and, if they can manage it, let their friends know of the find before it is publicly announced, and there is a great rush of fortune hunters to the spot which holds such golden possibilities.

Prospectors usually work in pairs, fol the Australian states, and there is no doubt at all that big discoveries are yet to be made. The northern territory, which is as yet unexplored, except in the most casual way, will probaly be the site of the next great gold discoveries in Australia. The country is known to be mineral bearing, and around Port Darwin gold has already been discovered. Once the news goes aroung of a big alluvial find, and the story of Sofala, of Bendigo, of Coolgardie will be repeated, and from all quarters will stream the prospectors, eager on the trail of gold.

THE BORNEO ADAM AND EVE

MANY and various are the Dyak accounts of the Creation, says the Rev. William Howell in the Sarawate Gazette, and none of them agree.

They are unable to describe or to say who is the Deity (Petara), but they say in one of their accounts of the first appearance of mankind that the Petara gave birth to a boy who was without his members and cast him into a pit, when he became Pulang Gana, the god of the earth.

The second child born to the Petara was a girl, and she had no nose, so was set adrift on a river, becoming Rajah Jewata, the god of fishes.

The third child was without any human form, and it was placed on a bough of a tree, where it became an orchid.

The fourth child was a girl, who was named Siti Permani, and she was cut to pieces, the bits becoming padi, pumpkins, and other plants.

The fifth child was a boy, and he was called Blang Pinggang, as he had a white stripe around his waist, and he became Ini Anda, and lives in the heavens.

The sixth child became animals and birds, while the seventh was a girl, and Ini Rajah Pipit called her Dayang Petri.

All the brothers and sisters lived on charcoal, but she alone refused to eat it, crying night and day, and she was finally taken to the house of Ini Rajah Pipit, where she obtained rice to eat and seeds for planting padi, a single padi seed being about the size of a large mango fruit. She married a man called Sakumbang Maron Bunsu Chenaga Umbang. She and her husband farmed the land, and found the work not at all laborious.

The padi was only planted once, and it lived for many years, bearing fruit continually; the baskets for the padi could walk to the farm, and on their arrival there the padi jumped into them of its own accord and the filled baskets walked home again, and when it was being dried it jumped up and down and husked itself. One day Dayang Petri took a winnowing basket and began to reap the padi herself, and this rash action of hers at once caused the padi to stop reaping itself, and, what was more, caused it to give only one crop before it died, as it does today.

The Dyaks have three other accounts of the Creation, one being that mankind was produced from a certain tree called Kumpang, the sap of which is like blood; another, that friable earth was the origin of life, and yet another, that the birds Iri and Ara were the creators.

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, JUNE 23, 1910

Time Tables.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE

	Arrive Hosmer
No. 213 West	9.44
No. 214 East	18. 40
No. 212 Local East	9. 27
No. 211 Local West	20.45
No. 7 West Flyer	10. 07
No. 8 East Flyer	20. 45

Change took effect Sunday June 4

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.

Architect's Responsibility.

The wreck of the Montreal Herald building, and the breakdown of the architect who had charge of the remodelling of the building and the erection of the overhead water tank that caused all the trouble serves but to show the tremendous responsibility resting upon the architect in charge of a building. It is so very important that he understands thoroughly the amount of weight and pressure at the different points and the ability of the different materials used to carry the weight and withstand the pressure. It all has to be calculated before the work is done, and then the task is to see that the materials used are up to the standard used as a basis of calculation. A very great responsibility rests upon the man who undertakes to be the architect to plan and oversee the erection of a large building. His mistake is sure to cost lives sooner or later.

Refuses to Rent Houses.

Half a dozen cases of refusal to rent houses to families with children have been reported within the last few days. They were not furnished houses nor flats in apartment houses. In the latter case refusal would not be so reprehensible because a flat is no place for children anyway. But the refusal of landlords to rent houses to families with children raises a serious question. What are people going to do with their children? They might be tied in a sack with some stones and dropped in the Inlet or they might be sold to people more favorably situated for raising the brats, but either of these courses is not open to parents. Besides they are repugnant to the average parent. However, the feelings of parents or welfare of the children are matters with which a landlord has no concern. He simply wants to let his property at a maximum rental with a minimum repair bill. If would-be tenants have children that is their misfortune, not his.

If I had the making of the laws I would make it a felony for any landlord to refuse to rent his property on the ground that the tenant had children. What right has any landlord, because parents have obeyed the laws of God, nature and the land to penalize them. Parents who bring well-natured children into the world are the greatest public benefactors.

Yet if this matter is followed to its logical conclusion where is parenthood of the best type to get off at. There are no restrictions to parenthood in the slums. Children fairly swarm out of the cabins and cottages of the poor, yet the man who can afford a decent environment for his children is barred from even the right to buy it. And we smugly talk about the low birth rate in the well-to-do classes.

It seems to me there is a field of activity open here for enterprising capital and public spirit to build houses especially suited for children and make the possession of children a condition of rental. A block of such tenements in a good district would go like hot cakes and be an everlasting credit to the builder and the city.

And I think the next session of the legislature should take in hand the landlord who wantonly insists upon race suicide as a condition for renting his houses.—Saturday Sunset.

PROVINCIAL NEWS

Orient will celebrate the 4th of July.

A sugar refinery may be built at Rupe.

Prize fighting is tabooed in Greenwood.

Many settlers will come to the boundary this year.

A fair will be held in Prince Rupert this summer.

The Orangemen will celebrate in Kamloops this year.

J. E. Gilmore is building a 92 room hotel in Stewart.

The public library has been reopened in Vancouver.

There are 46 children going to school in New Denver.

Over 60 Greeks are working on the railway at Orient.

The C. P. R. is driving a railway tunnel at Fisherman.

There will be a celebration in Silverton on Dominion day.

Water is being put on the old Myerhoff ranch near Midway.

Within a year the population of Coleman has increased over 700.

A syndicate has been formed to mine for platinum, near Coleman.

John McCauley was killed in Vancouver by touching a live wire.

Phoenix is passing a bylaw to tax real estate agents $100 a year.

The measles have attacked a few of the citizens in Fort George.

R.S. Bevan has refused $15,000 for 20 acres of his fruit ranch at Creston.

Gold bearing oil has been struck in one of the streets of Spokane.

Tom Kane, formerly of Coleman was drowned in Sturgeon lake, Ont.

There are seven hotels in Phoenix and the license fee is $650 a year.

For picking a pocket in Vancouver George Ward was given 5 years in jail.

Prince Rupert has appointed four policemen. One of them is an Irishman.

Tuck Collins has moved from Phoenix to Princeton and started a barber shop.

Sir Earnest Shackleton will in future make his home in British Columbia.

Ed. Valentine died in Spokane from cancer. He was an old timer in the Slocan.

In the Cariboo on Antler creek Jack Campbell has struck good bench diggings.

Per capita, British Columbia does the largest trade of any country in the world.

In the North Star mine near Orient, gold ore has been struck that runs $74 to the ton.

There are 60 teams and 400 men working on the irrigation project north of Bossburg.

Eight mica claims up the Columbia river from Revelstoke will be worked this summer.

A movement is on foot to form a publishers' association in the interior of British Columbia.

The beavers have caused much damage in the Boundary and Similkameen districts this year.

Large quantities of fresh eggs are being shipped from Chesaw to mining camps in the Boundary.

Phillip Reilly of Cascade has been declared insane and taken to the asylum at New Westminster.

The C. P. R. will build steel snowsheds in the Rocky mountains that will sustain 30 feet of snow.

The Queen mine at Sheep creek has recently shipped a gold brick to Nelson worth $9000.

Last week there were 120 miners licenses issued at the mining recorders office in New Denver.

In Pheonix, Harry Reed is president of the Miners' union and Anson White is financial secretary.

P. Burns and company's cold storage plant at Kitselas has been moved for the summer to Kitsequekla.

W. W. Davis, of Berlin, Ont., has been appointed city engineer at Prince Rupert at a salary of $5000 a year.

A bull and cow moose were seen swimming the river at Fort George the other day, but they were not molested, not even by the real estate agents.

In Rossland recently a hen belonging to H. L. Nicholson laid an egg that had a tail over an inch in length.

King George owns a miners' license for British Columbia, it is numbered B13440 and was issued at Revelstoke.

In Winnipeg the other day 300 people arrived in that city who are looking for homesteads with $300,000 in money.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Burr, of New Westminster, have been married 50 years and lived all that time in this province.

Careless stone throwing in Kelowna caused $100 worth of plate glass to be broken in the Courier office of that city.

The barbers of Prince Rupert want a bylaw passed compelling them to close their shops at 9 p. m. except Saturday nights.

Jack Griffiths, who was recently shot in the head while hunting in the Boundary, is improving and will soon leave for Wales.

The Nickie Plate mine near Hedley has declared another dividend of 3 per cent. This is the third dividend since last August.

Considerable real estate has recently changed hands in Rossland. Many of the lots have been bought for gardening purposes.

It is proposed to build a narrow gauge railway from the lower Nicola to Ashcroft in order to bring out the ores of the Mammet lake district.

Fred C. Carty has been awarded $15,000 against the B. C. Electric company on account of being injured in a street car accident last November.

The Jap who was sent to the penitentiary for stabbing Mrs. J. D. Sibbald of Revelstoke, has been discovered to be insane both before and after the offence.

Harry Johns is superintendent of the Rawhide mine at Phoenix. This mine will soon be shipping 1000 tons of ore daily to the smelter at Greenwood.

West of Edmonton the Grand Trunk Pacific is finished for 118 miles. The work is not going ahead very fast as labor is scarce. The wages are reported to be $35 a month which probably includes board.

After spending the summer surveying in the Cariboo, John and Frank Coryell will return to Grand Forks in October. John Coryell served through the Boer war and owns 121 square miles of oil lands in South Africa that are being developed by the Standard Oil company.

House of Hobberlin
SUMMER
SUITS
Made to Your Measure
$15.00
Aiello & Bossio
Agents for Hosmer

We do not claim to give a business education in 30 days or 6 weeks. We need a reasonable time. But when we finish the job we have the satisfaction of knowing that it is done right.

The Garbutt Business College has schools at Calgary, Lethbridge and Winnipeg. The principal is F. G. Garbutt

Stopping an ad to save money is like stopping a clock to save time.

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

C. F. Lawe Alex I. Fisher, B. A.
LAWE & FISHER
Barristers, Solicitors, Etc.
FERNIE B. C.

PEOPLE'S CLOTHING STORE
Ph. Adelberg I. Ziselman, Mgr.
Clothing, Gent's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Jewelry and Watches
Dress Swell You Might as well
HOSMER, B. C.

THE HOSMER DAIRY
G. M. HEDLEY, Prop.
Fresh Milk and Cream delivered to all parts of the town.
HOSMER, B. C.

D. BRUTTO
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
Repairing Neatly Done While You Wait. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Main Street Hosmer B. C.

Bath Rooms
Up-to-date. You are all welcome at
Pete's Barber Shop
Front St., Hosmer

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.

M. L. McKINNON
General Blacksmith and Horseshoer
All Kinds of Carriage and Wagon Repairing done on Short Notice.
MAIN ST., HOSMER, B.C.

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

—FOR—
Millinery
Fancy Goods
Children's Wear
Dry Goods
—SEE—
MRS. McMEEKIN
Dressmaking in Connection
Main Street Hosmer, B. C.

P. CAROSELLA
DEALER IN
Cigars
Tobaccos
Groceries
Gent's Furnishings
General Merchandise
Smoked and Cured Meats
Opera House Block
HOSMER - - B. C.

PAY DAY
What Does It Mean to You?

No matter what your position may be, whether day laborer or office manager, if you are in that discouraged line of men who get the same pittance week after week without prospect of anything better, it is time you appealed to the International Correspondence Schools. For 18 years they have been qualifying dissatisfied workers for better positions and higher salaries. No matter what your circumstances are, they will qualify YOU for *a better position, a higher salary, and a safe future.* The way is plain, easy, and sure for earnest men. It puts you under no obligation to find out how we can do this for you. Simply send us a postal card requesting information. State the occupation you wish to rise in. *Can you afford to neglect an opportunity for advancement?*

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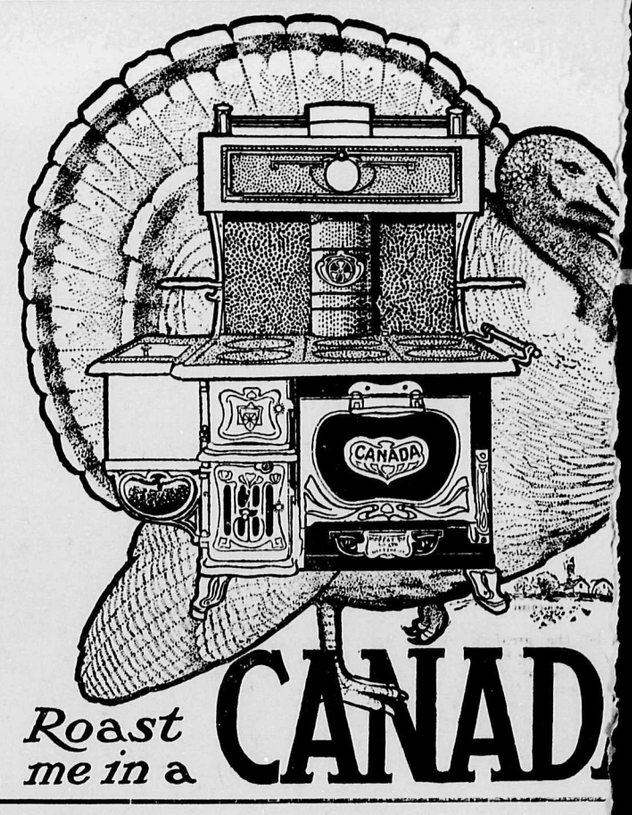
BOX 799, SCRANTON, PA.

Or their local Representive GEO. C. EGG
P. O. BOX 30 Visits Hosmer Every Month FERNIE, B. C.

Our Famous Canada B Rang

Acknowledged to embody the newest ideas in range construction



Roast me in a CANAD

Patented Broiler Top.
Heavy Duplex Grates.
20 inch Oven with Drop Door.
Oven Air Circulator, ensuring perfect baking.
Handsome Plain Nickelling for Easy Cleaning
Call and lets us explain its exclusive features.

BENNETT BROS.
Near C. P. R. Depot HARDWARE AND FURNITURE Hosme

The Elk Valley Developmen
LIMITED
Owners of HOSMER TOWNS

A number of very desirable Lots for Sale

CREE & MOFFATT
Townsite Agents Ferr

The Hosmer Mines, L
HOSMER, B. C.
MINERS AND SHIPPERS
Hosmer Steam Co
and Coke
GENERAL OFFICE, MINES AND COKE OV
LOCATED AT HOSMER, B. C.
Lewis Stockett, General Manager
D. G. Wils. Superint

If it is PORTRAITS in Oil, Water Co or Crayon that you want, see
ROBSON
The PHOTOGRAPHER
All kinds of Fancy Painting or Decorati Work done on short notice

IN PAIN FOR YEARS

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" BRINGS RELIEF

MRS. FRANK EATON

Frankville, Ont., Sept. 27, 1909.

"I suffered for years from headaches and pain in the back, and I consulted doctors and took every remedy obtainable without any relief. Then I began taking "Fruit-a-tives", the famous fruit juice tablets, and this was the only medicine that ever did me any real good. I took several boxes altogether, and now I am entirely well of all my dreadful headaches and backaches".

(Signed) MRS. FRANK EATON.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50 or trial box, 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

PEDLAR (selling preparation for removing stains from clothing)—"I have got here——"

Servant (who responds to the ring)—"*Excuse me, please*, but we are in great trouble here today. The gentleman of the house has been blown up in an explosion."

Pedlar—"Ha! Hurt much?"

Servant—"Blown to atoms. Only a grease-spot was left of him."

Pedlar—"Ah! Only a *grease-spot*, you say? Well, here's a bottle of my champion eradicat r, which will remove that grease-spot in two minutes."

STAMMERERS

The methods employed at the Arnott Institute are the only logical methods for the cure of stammering. They treat the CAUSE, not merely the habit, and insure NATURAL Speech. If you have the slightest impediment in your speech, don't hesitate to write us. Cured pupils everywhere. Pamphlet, particulars and references sent on request.

The Arnott Institute, Berlin, Ont.

RUSSELL

AUTOMOBILES

WE HAVE SECOND-HAND CARS ALSO MOTOR SUNDRIES

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO

144 Princess St., Winnipeg

To Use **THIS** Dye Means Perfect Results

DY-O-LA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS.

You don't even have to know what kind of cloth your goods are made of. SAME Dye for ALL. Mistakes are IMPOSSIBLE. Fast and Beautiful Colors, 10 cents. Don't fail to try it. Sample Card and Booklet Free.

The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

Veteran Scrip Farm Loans

We will accept a first mortgage on improved farm land and sell you Veteran Scrip in this way at regular cash price. Write today for loan application.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY IS NOW

CANADA LOAN & REALTY CO. Ltd.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills

SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD

Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

TRIOLETS OF SPRING

The lark is a-wing
  And the robin is singing;
Again it is spring,
The lark is a-wing,
'Twixt poles on a string
  The carpets are swinging;
The lark is a-wing,
  The robins are singing.

Green buds reappear,
  Fond lovers go Maying;
The bock's on the beer,
Green buds reappear,
And faintly I hear
  A German band playing;
Green buds reappear,
  Fond lovers go Maying.

GOT TO THE ROOT OF HIS TROUBLE

AND DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED W. WRIGHT'S BACKACHE

He Had Suffered for Several Years But the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Gave Him Quick Relief

Kelvington, Sask., May 16.—(Special)—"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Bachache, and I have recommended them to others who have also been cured." These are the words of William Wright, a farmer well known here. "I believe I inherited my trouble," Mr. Wright continues. "At times for several years it was very severe. I also suffered from Lumbago, and in the morning I had a bitter taste in my mouth and was troubled with dizziness and my skin was dry and harsh and there was a sediment in my urine.

"No treatment I could find gave me any permanent relief till finally believing that my kidneys were the root of the trouble, I determined to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. Four boxes cured me."

Wr. Wright went at his troubles sensibly. He examined his symptoms, and they showed him that Kidney Disease was his trouble. Do as much for yourself, and if your symptoms point to disordered or diseased kidneys the cure is easy. Dodd's Kidney Pills will do it. They never fail.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES

IN planning for the summer outfit it would seem that it would be far easier to decide upon what gowns were *necessary if it were definitely settled where the season* was to be spent.

Fashionable life at the fashionable watering places demands, for instance, an absolutely different order of gowns from the life at some fashionable summer country home locality, where, in spite of the usual routine of luncheons and dinners, there are many hours and days that really are spent *quietly where only at the end of the week is there any formal* entertaining that requires elaborate toilettes.

But the American woman does not spend the summer in any one place; on the contrary, seashore and inland, mountains and plains, and, incidentally, Europe and America are, as a rule, *included in the summer itinerary, requiring*, as can readily be understood, an endless variety of gowns for day and evening. To carry out such a schedule implies the possession of such an income that the dress question is considered on quite a different basis from the selection of the customary summer wardrobe. The woman of today has no stated season of the year when she selects new gowns; she soon tires of any she buys, *and straightway hies herself to lay in a* fresh supply, and there are always, all the year round, at the leading establishments smart gowns to be found, even at the between times, when the head of the house is abroad studying the very latest creations of the designers in Europe.

Embroidered Pale Blue Voile de Soie Gown With Black Chiffon Coat

In spite of the great wealth in America and the fact that many American women buy *without counting the cost, there* are few among the smartest gowned who do not find it essen*tial to select carefully* and purchase prudently the summer outfit. They do not wish to be gowned too conspicuously; they insist upon being gowned correctly, pride themselves upon always having just the right gown for each and every occasion, and contend the desired result cannot be obtained by ordering recklessly.

What are the most popular fabrics of the season, is always *a question of deep interest*. The soft, clinging materials are so fascinatingly attractive, so peculiarly well adapted to all this season's models that naturally they challengs attention, but there are also heavier materials more closely woven that are fashionable as well and that cannot be ignored.

Voile de soie and cashmere de soie, chiffon broadcloth, *liberty satin, satin charmeuse, satin crepe de Chine*—all these and many more are shown as suitable for the summer gowns. Foulard, tussah, royal pongee, rajah, in such an endless selection of color, weave and weight, are shown that it is extremely difficult to select understandingly, and in order to exercise calm judgment there must be called to mind for what purpose the gown is to be worn; then it is far simpler to decide on the material. *The afternoon reception gown*, suitable for luncheon or card party, is this season elaborate in de*sign, and the transparent materials* are the best for it, so that voile de soie is gladly chosen.

* * *

The veiling of one material with another, and one color with another, produces most charming effects and dressmakers vie with one another to be original in this manner. A most charming gown of figured chiffon or crepe is veiled with a loose tunic coat or drapery of black; a fascinating snuff brown chiffon, with border of yellow roses, is veiled with a loose coat tunic of the more transparent materials, for chiffon is classed among the transparent, is fascinating to a degree.

A more elaborate style of gown or rather a gown for a more formal occasion, a dinner or the theatre, is of liberty satin in a charming shade of grey. This is veiled in voile de soie a shade lighter or darker, the voile put on to form long, flat pleats. The effect gained is far softer than if the entire gown were of the satin, and, besides, is more up to date. *Just here may a word of comfort be given to the* forced to be economical woman with a love for good clothes. Last year's gowns can be most satisfactorily remodelled this year provided they fit and hang well, for they can be literally transformed by being covered with voile de soie, or in some instances made to look like new with the addition of a loose coat or tunic of the thin material.

Unfortunately the fashion of tunic and the loose coat of chiffon has already become universally so popular that there is the risk that it will die a sudden death, by reason of the very popularity, but it merely requires that time and judgment be expended in choosing an original and distinctive and not too simple style and the result will be satisfactory. Foulard combined with voile is one of the most popular of all combinations of the moment, but is not so smart as the liberty satin and voile de soie.

The liberty satin, crepe de chine and the cachemire de soie gowns made on the absolutely simple draped designs are most attractive and becoming, and are conspicuous for their almost exaggerated simplicity in contrast with the overelaboration, intricate and exaggerated fashions that so challenge attention this season.

A perfect figure has every detail of its perfection exhibited in the draped gown, with long skirt and surplice draped waist. The girdle or striped silk or satin, with its long ends *finished with tassels, is not essential, but is rather a novel* touch that some like and some dislike. It is not a gown suitable to every figure, and yet it is astonishing how in the hands of an expert this model can be so carried out that instead of revealing defects it conceals them and makes even a short, thick waist look well. It cannot be turned out to good advantage in any too heavy or thick goods, however, for *their folds and draperies are clumsy and ungraceful.*

* * *

Cachemire de soie is a most exquisite material that is becoming more and more fashionable of late. It has been made up in three piece costumes, skirt, waist and coat to match, and for that purpose has been proved without a rival for summer wear. It comes in all grades, all designs and colors, and the shades of colors are endless. In black it has a sheen and finish that make it appear like the softest satin, but *with a body which makes it almost impossible for street wear.*

Just as with the cashmere of olden time is it easy to make gowns fit well when made of it, and for the half fitting coats it hangs loose, and, at the same time, follows the lines and not the curves in a most delightfully fashionable manner.

Bands of trimming, folds, rosettes and buckles are all to be noticed in the newest gowns when not made on the plain draped lines just described. Just where shall be placed the *band or fold that holds the skirt in around the ankles is most* carefully studied by every dressmaker who is successful in her profession, and it is most remarkable what a different effect is at once obtained by an inch or two in the placing. To enable the wearer of the skirt to take a long step, not too long, and at the same time not to look as though she were hobbled, certainly requires artistic (?) talent and rare skill, *but the wonderful feat is accomplished sometimes*, and the fashion still reigns. Unfortunately—or is it fortunately?—there are so many who fail dismally in the attempt that the fashion will undoubtedly come to a violent end before long.

Is the one piece or the two piece gown the more fashionable, is a vital question of the moment, and especially for the woman who cannot order recklessly the clothes she wants, *but who must plan carefully and direct the less expensive* dressmaker or seamstress in the way she should go. Both styles are fashionable this season, but when the two piece model is chosen it must be so made that it will look as though it were one piece, even when the skirt is separate from the waist. First must the lining at the waist be most carefully fitted, then must the material be draped, for that is how the waist of today is made; then must the skirt be fitted and hung, sewed upon the waist lining, and where it joins the *material of the waist there must be folds of the material or* a satin or velvet belt be put on to hide the joining. It is quite possible for a clever seamstress to finish the skirt where it joins the waist so neatly that it will look as though there were just the smallest edge of a fold.

Cloth jackets and coats are almost too difficult for home dressmaking, but the rule does not apply to pongee, satin or *linen. None of these materials require the pressing* and finishing that only the tailor undestands how to bestow upon the heavier fabrics, and this season there are so many smart models in outer garments that can be copied that even a small allowance for dress will permit of more than one attractive pongee, linen or even crepe de chine gown with coat to match.

PROGRESS OF CHINA'S WAR ON OPIUM

THE *greatest temperance campaign in the world* is not the one that has been making state after state "dry" in *America*, but the crusade of the Chinese Government against opium, which has now been in progress for three years. The authorities have set themselves "the stupendous task of eradicating this national and popular vice in a country whose population is generally estimated at 400,000,000," says the Annual Report on Opium Suppression, issued by the British Legation at Pekin. Sir John Jordan, the British Min*ister at the Chinese capital, says in a dispatch to London that* the Government is making "considerable progress" in this work, and "there has undoubtedly been a very sensible diminution in the consumption and cultivation of opium, and a public opinion has been formed which will greatly strengthen the hands of the Government and the provincial authorities in the drastic measure which they contemplate taking in the *near future.*"

The Bombay Guardian confirms this optimistic view of the British official in the following terms:

"Previous reports have showed great differences in the success with which the great reform is being carried out in different provinces of the great Chinese Empire. The present report (1909) shows a more striking contrast than any of the others, especially as regards the cultivation of the opium poppy. At one end of the scale stand six widely separated provinces, in which orders for total prohibition were issued and enforced during the season of 1907-8, with remarkable success. Two of these, Shansi and Yunnan, had been among the largest producers of opium, nearly all the suitable lands in both being given up to poppy cultivation. Yet, with the exception of the portions of Yunnan occupied by semi-independent races, they have been almost cleared of the poppy."

Each *of the opium-growing provinces* was visited by a British official, whose reports, declares this journal, "testify to the remarkable success achieved in checking the plague of poppies." Yet reports have not always been so favorable, principally owing to the weakness of those in authority, and we are told:

"Widely different is the tenor of reports from some other *provinces. Where, as in Eastern Szechuen, the officials have* vacillated, farmers who have seen their neighbors sowing poppy with impunity, and reaping the reward of heightened prices due to suppression in other parts, have been eager to get their share of these unhallowed gains, so that, in not a few of these districts, more poppy was sown in 1907-8 than

Embroidered Voile de Soie and Satin Gown

in the previous year, sometimes even more than before the edict. This experience, together with the proved impractibility of carrying out elaborate provisions for diminishing cultivation by one-tenth annually, in a country destitute of any *reliable statistics on which such reduction could be based*, has brought the leading viceroys to the conclusion that total and immediate suspension is the only feasible course."

In many provinces no poppy is allowed to be sown, a notable example being Szechuen, which has hitherto produced "nearly half the total Chinese crop." An English clergyman visiting Szechuen writes:

Is it not truly wonderful? This great centre of opium, now for the first time within memory, finds itself without a crop of opium. The prohibition of opium cultivation has begun suddenly, drastically, and actually, and the people seem to take it quietly. Not a blade of opium have I seen, but instead one sees wheat, vegetables, etc., all growing, with prospect of cheaper foodstuffs next year."

Still strict and drastic measures *will* have to be resorted to, declares the editor of the Bombay paper above quoted, if *the good work is to be crowned with success, and we read* that everything "will depend on the firmness of the officials in rooting up, as has been done elsewhere, the crops of poppy which may have been sown in spite of orders."

Persons who dislike to take olive oil for medicinal purposes will find it much more agreeable after adding a little salt. Salt is also medicinal when not taken in large doses.

The objectionable sputtering and flying of the hot fat when eggs, hominy, apples and like things are dropped into it to fry, may be prevented if a little flour is sifted into fat *just before they are added.*

THE WEIGHT OF A FLYING FLY

DOES a fly, buzzing about in the interior of a pail, without touching it, add to the weight of the pail? One would say, "Of course not"; yet trial shows that it does, although precise explanation seems to be wanting. A *German engineer named* Boenninger recently described, in a lecture at Frankfort, as reported in Cosmos, some astonishing experiments along this line. We read:

"If we suspend from the pan of a balance an empty cylinder having a cover at each end, and place a fly on the interior wall of the cylinder, the weight of the fly will be added to *that of the rest.*

"If the fly leaves the side of the cylinder and flies into the interior, the balance is not disturbed. The weight of the fly is still in evidence, although not exerted directly. If now the upper lid be removed the fly's weight will still *be recorded. If this lid be replaced and* the lower one removed, the same is true, though the insect continues to fly about in the interior.

"*But if both lids be opened the equil*ibrium of the balance is disturbed and *only the weight of the cylinder, without* the fly, is recorded, although the insect is still within.

"We can not suppose that a descending current of air acts at a distance relatively so great, and this current could not transform its stored kinetic *energy into pressure without loss.*

"The most curious thing is that the *fly still exerts its weight when the in*sect is just beneath the upper lid, the lower being open. It is precisely as if the fly were suspended from the lid.

"I find that this experiment supports the theory that we should consider the air, in a case like this, as a stretched spring that is made to vibrate; for the energy that disappears when the spring *is stretched appears again when it is* released. I believe that small models might be constructed to illustrate these phenomena."

A JOURNEY ACROSS ASIA

LIEUTENANT P. T. ETHERTON has just arrived in London after a re*markable overland journey from* India across Asia. His route included Kashmir, Gilgit, Hunza and the Pamirs. Thence, by the little-known Yarkand River, he proceeded through Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia, and Siberia to the Trans-Siberian Railway—a feat never *previously accomplished. Lieutenant* Ethertón was accompanied throughout this journey by his orderly, a rifleman from his regiment.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes.

Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At You. Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

TALK No. 2

FOOD scientists condemn alum as unfit for use in food, and the time will come when it will be as rigorously excluded from food in Canada as it is now condemned in Great Britain.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Does not contain Alum

MAGIC makes pure delicious, healthful biscuits, cake and pastry. Protect yourself against alum powders by insisting on MAGIC BAKING POWDER.

MAGIC is a medium priced baking powder and the only well-known one made in Canada that does NOT contain alum.

NO ALUM

Full Pound Cans, 25c.

Made in Canada

E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ont.

FREE COOK BOOK If you have not received a copy of Magic Cook Book, send name and address on postal card and this valuable little book will be mailed free of charge.

No. 36k

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

MAKES JUST AS FINE PASTRY AS IT DOES BREAD AND THE BEST OF BOTH. HOUSEKEEPERS FIND IT

ALWAYS GIVES SATISFACTION

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

WINNIPEG FORT WILLIAM MONTREAL

U 2

NA-DRU-CO

Formulae Have Been Well Tried Out

Though the NA-DRU-CO line of Medicinal and Toilet Preparations have been on sale for a few months only, don't think for minute that in buying NA-DRU-CO goods you are experimenting with new or untried preparations.

Their Origin

The twenty-one wholesale drug firms now united in the "National" had all of them lengthy careers, some for fifty to one hundred years, prior to the union. Each firm had acquired or developed a number of valuable formulæ for medicinal and toilet preparations, all of which became the property of the "National".

Since the union our expert chemists have carefully gone over these formulæ and selected the best for the NA-DRU-CO line. **Every formula has been carefully studied by these experts, improved if possible, and then thoroughly tested again, in actual use,** before we consider it good enough to bear the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

An Example

A good example of what we mean is **NA-DRU-CO Nervozone** for Brain Fag or nervous break-down. The formula was pronounced the most scientific combination of nerve medicines, but this was enough for us; we had it tried out with a dozen different kind of Brain workers — School Teachers, Lawyers, Bookkeepers—as well as Society leaders and home workers, and everywhere the result was so good that we adopted it as one of the best of the NA-DRU-CO line.

There are therefore **no experiments** among NA-DRU-CO preparations. We have invested altogether too much time, work and money in the NA-DRU-CO line to take any chances of discrediting it with preparations that might not prove satisfactory. We make **absolutely certain** that each preparation is **satisfactory** before we endorse it with the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

Ask your physician or your druggist about the firm behind NA-DRU-CO preparations and about the NA-DRU-CO line. They can tell you, for **we will furnish them,** on request, **a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO article.**

"Money Back"

If by any chance you should not be entirely satisfied with any NA-DRU-CO article you try, return the unused portion to the druggist from whom you bought it and he will refund your money—willingly, too, because we return to him every cent he gives back to you.

If your druggist should not have the particular NA-DRU-CO article you ask for in stock he can get it for you within two days from our nearest wholesale branch.

Some NA-DRU-CO Preparations You'll Find Most Satisfactory.

Camphor Ice	Baby's Tablets	Dyspepsia Tablets	Rheumatism Cure
Greaseless Toilet Cream	Carbolic Salve	Headache Wafers	Sugar of Milk
Talcum Powder	Cascara Laxatives (Tablets)	Herb Tablets	Stainless Iodine Ointment
Tooth Paste	Cod Liver Oil Compound, Tasteless (2 Sizes)	Nervozone	Toothache Gum
Tooth Powder		Pile Ointment	White Liniment

NA-DRU-CO N D C Co TRADE MARK

ONLY OUR PRODUCTS BEAR THIS TRADE MARK

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Wholesale Branches at:

HALIFAX, ST. JOHN, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, KINGSTON, TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON, WINNIPEG, REGINA, CALGARY, NELSON, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA.

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK

6

MINERS

L U M B E R M E N

WORKING MEN'S SPECIALS

T E A M S T E R S

We have placed in stock this week an extra large shipment of working shirts, gloves, overalls and sox that are higher in quality, lower in price than we ever carried before and we have always been noted for giving the best values in town. But don't only take our word for this statement, compare the values in

Peabody's Overalls, Faultless Shirts, Osborn's Gloves, and Amherst or Leckie Shoes

with any others in Hosmer and you will say Yes Sir! the only place to buy the most reliable goods is at

A. MILLS & SON

MILLS BLOCK HOSMER, B. C.

TALK OF THE TOWN

The Times 'phone No. is 16.

Alex. Cameron, of Hillcrest, spent Sunday in town.

Pete Moyes, of Passburg, accompanied the Bellevue team to Hosmer Saturday.

James Patterson, and sons John and William of Hillcrest, spent Sunday in town.

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

J. H. Wallace, manager of the Fernie Free Press, spent a few hours in town in Tuesday.

Mrs. H. F. Armstrong, of Michel, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. Mathieson on Tuesday.

Mrs. John Patterson of the Royal hotel, left on Monday for a two weeks holiday in the Slocan.

G. H. Ashdown, formerly of Midway, now of Hosmer, was with us for a few days.—Greenwood Ledge.

Miss Hester Carney, of Cowley was the guest of her friend, Miss Maggie Patterson, for a few days this week.

Roderick McLennan, arrived yesterday morning from Scotland and intends to make Hosmer his future home.

The road gang have been delayed in their departure for Olsen by a lack of accommodation in that busy centre.

Miss C. H. Pitblado left Tuesday night for Coleman, there to meet a cousin who is en route to Hosmer from Scotland.

At the Methodist service, Sunday evening next, Rev. M. F. Eby will preach on "Open Eyes." You are cordially invited to attend.

The people of this country are not educated up to the high state of musical perfection that they can imagine many sounds more beautiful than the rain beating down heavily upon the roof.

Lame shoulder is almost invariably caused by rheumatism of the muscles and yields quickly to the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is not only prompt and effectual, but in no way disagreeable to use. Sold by all druggists.

Joe Sevarier returned to town after two months work at camp 8 of the Elk Lumber Co. Joe reports that fishing is good down that way.

The Presbyterian monthly tea will be held at the home of Mrs. A. Mathieson, Thursday, June 30th, from 3:30 to 5:30 p. m. Everybody welcome.

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

Hosmer Lodge No. 41, K. of P. attended services last Sunday evening at the Presbyterian church. Rev. C. K. Nicoll preached an eloquent sermon to the brethren.

We have it on good authority that the idea of a Sunday local would be quite favorably entertained by the C. P. R., if the matter were taken up by the various Boards of Trade.

R. Chatfield, of Frank, has taken the business known as The Diamond Hall and will hereafter run it as a business proposition, and will give strict attention to the watch repairing branch of the business.

Fishing tackle at Bennett Bros.

For Dominion Day, July 1st, the Canadian Pacific railway company announce a rate of fare and one-third for the round trip. Tickets will be on sale June 29th to July 1st, inclusive; final return limit July 4th, 1910.

For Rent—The store building next to the postoffice. Apply to P. Burns & Co., Hosmer.

P. MacCuish, the new constable in charge, arrived in Hosmer on Saturday and looks well able to take care of himself, and the town in general. Mr. MacCuish had part of his training in Scotland, and should prove an efficient officer.

"It cured me," or "It saved the life of my child," are the expressions you hear every day about Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. This is true the world over where this valuable remedy has been introduced. No other medicine in use for diarrhoea or bowel complaints has received such general approval. The secret of the success of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is that it cures. Sold by all druggists.

George Hicks, one time dry goods manager at Hunter Bros., and now the manager of the Trites-Wood company at Fernie, Duke Winter, formerly with the same firm, and Tom Conlan, who is travelling in dry goods were in the city on Tuesday and had a most enjoyable time with their many friends.—Rossland Miner.

The Rev. B. Crowther left Michel on June 20th to attend the Interntaional Clerical Conference, which is to be held this year in Seattle, from June 21st to 24th. The services announced for June 26th in Hosmer will be held on July 3rd instead. Holy communion, 11 a.m. Evesong prayer, 7:30 p. m.

The calm peace of the Sabbath day was disturbed by discordant yells, which on investigation were found to be emanating from a wounded Slav, who had been attending a marriage ceremony on the hill, and had become so obstreperous that treatment on the back of the head with a bottle was considered necessary by his friends.

Rubber Stamps at the Times office.

The most violent thunder storm we have experienced for some time took place on Sunday evening with a repeat performance between 3 and 5 Monday morning. The hail stones which accompanied the storm were about the size of pigeon's eggs, and threatened destruction of all the skylight windows in town. The already partially destroyed crops on the prairie would not benefit any by this storm.

ALFALFA—Will be in position to ship choice baled alfalfa, our own growing, about July first. Book your orders now, or at least advise us if you will be in the market then or later in the season. Imperial Development Co., Ltd., Box 1858, Letnbridge Alta.

If you are not satisfied after using according to directions two-thirds of a bottle of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, you can have your money back. The tablets cleanse and invigorate the stomach, improve the digestion, regulate the bowels. Give them a trial and get well. Sold by all druggists.

The Women's Auxiliary will meet on Tuesday evening, June 28th at the residence of Mrs. J. D. Thompson.

The Fernie people are taking full advantage of the splendid roads we have now, and are making Hosmer a popular resort. Scarcely a day passes without at least one rig arriving from that neighboring fireworks berg, and on Sunday's the parties of joy riders are numerous. Among the Fernie visitors this week were Mr. and Mrs. A. Sampson, A. McDougall, R. Reading, R. Barnes, H. A. Liphardt, G. Johnston, Miss Morrison, and Miss McLaughlin.

For Sale—Lot and store building with nine living rooms, opposite C. P. R. depot; easy terms. Apply to owner, E. Selvaggi, Hosmer. 41-4t-np

Mrs. H. F. McLean, accompanied by her daughter, Ruth, left on Wednesday morning for her old home in Montana, where they will spend the summer. When they return, it will not be to Hosmer, as Mr. McLean leaves on the first of July for Fernie where he intends to start business. Mrs. McLean will be very much missed in the English church, as for nearly two years she has acted as organist, and has been president of the Women's Auxiliary since its inauguration.

Three young men set out on a fishing expedition on Tuesday morning at 3:30 o'clock. Their outfit was very complete, including four bottles of beer which had carefully been placed on ice at 10:00 the previous evening. The fishermen apparently forgot that 3:30 a. m. is not like 3:30 p. m. in temperature, and found to their intense disgust that the weather was much to cold to fish, and the beer much to cold to drink. They returned about 10:30, three dissapointed men, looking rather dejected and much bedraggled, although they managed to conjure up a somewhat superior air when they reported that they didn't have very good luck, only caught about a basketful. Not wishing to make any unnecessary and humiliating exposures, we did not take any steps to try to authenticate this report.

A Pleasant Surprise Party.

A surprise party was given Monday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Brown, in honor of Mrs. Alex Cameron, who left last evening for Hillcrest. The evening was spent with games, etc., and at midnight a dainty lunch was served. Everybody reports an enjoyable evening.

Among those present were:

Mr and Mrs. Frank Bean, Mr. and Mrs. Hector McDonald, Mrs. J. D. Thompson, Mrs. A. J. Bennet, Mrs. B. Swanton, Mrs. R. J. Conn, Mrs. R. McGregor, Mrs. Ecclestone, Mrs. R. Anderson, Mrs. James Patterson, Mrs. J. K. Miller, Mrs. Jackson, Miss Hester Carney, Miss Josephine Bolduc, Miss Maggie Patterson, Misses Miller, Rev. C. K. Nicoll, Messrs. T. R. Spears, Sam Snell, Robt. McTaggart, Percy Bean, Dan McLellan, J. E. Grant, Fraser and Robert Patterson, Tom Keir, J. B. Mitchell, A. A. Davis and Jack Grant.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will brace up the nerves, banish sick headache, prevent despondency and invigorate the whole system. Sold by all druggists.

A Strong Hint.

The prosperity of a town can be judged by the advertisements in its paper. You pick up a paper from another town; you glance through its columns; if you see few advertisements, and those that they are, small, you at once conclude that the paper is published in a pretty slow place and you at once receive the mental impression that you would not want to live there. If you see a lot of nice, bright business ads., you say, "There is business in the town; the people are awake; there must be lots of money in circulation; it looks good to me."—Slocan Record.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is sold on a guarantee that if you are not satisfied after using two-thirds of a bottle according to directions, your money will be refunded. It is up to you to try. Sold by all druggists.

Bromley's Eastern Trip.

The Battle Creek Journal of June 11th contains the following notice of E. W. Bromley, who is well and favorably known in Hosmer. Mr. Bromley and his bride passed through Hosmer Tuesday on their road to Cranbrook, where he will report for duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Earnest Bromley, of Cranbrook, B. C., are spending a part of their honeymoon in this city with the former's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Bromley, 3 Central street. They were accompanied here by a brother of the groom, James Bromley, who is also a resident of Cranbrook. Their presence in this town has occasioned several social functions during the week. On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Bromley gave a reception at her home. Twenty guests were present to meet the bride, and renew acquaintance with the two gentlemen. White carnations were used for the decorations. This evening, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Nelson, 44 Riverview avenue, will entertain at a six-thirty dinner. Covers are to be laid for ten guests and the table centrepiece is to be a large bunch of red clover blossoms. In the evening, the entire party will attend the circus. A sister of the groom, Miss Elizabeth Bromley, superintendent of the Albion city hospital, will be among the guests.

K. C. R. Construction.

Pat Welch, of Spokane, one of the members of the railroad contracting firm of Foley, Welch & Stewart, who have the contract for the construction of 25 miles of the Kootenay Central raliway, from Galloway, arrived in town last night and left again this afternoon. Seen by a Herald representative Mr. Welch stated that work would be commenced within two weeks, by which time it was expected that the plant would be on the ground. Messrs. Burns & Jordan, of Spokane, will have charge of the work and will have some six or seven hundred men at work in a short time.

Mr. Welch is delighted with the country which they have to build. He was especially impressed with the country around Fort Steele and thinks that once irrigation is taken hold of in a practical manner that section will prove wonderfully productive.

Whilst he had no definite information, he was of the opinion that construction work on the K. C. R. will be steadily prosecuted after the completion of the 25 miles his firm have contracted for.—Cranbrook Herald.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

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

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

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

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. M. F. Eby, B. A. Sunday School 2:30; Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30; Divine service, 7:30. The pastor's residence adjoins the church, and he will always welcome any one who calls upon him for advice or help in any direction. He will be glad to be notified of any case of sickness. Strangers will be always welcome.

Along Portland Canal.

At Stewart on Portland cana there are about 1,000 people in the camp, but only about 50 actually working. Miners draw $4 a day, and the wage for man and team is $12 a day Hay is $28 a ton and oats $80 a ton by the carload. Carpenter draw $5 and $6 a day, and boar is $8.50 a week.

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

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We Save You Money on Boys Furnishings

SOME OF OUR WINNERS

Boy's Polka Dot Blue Shirts, regular price 65 cents, SPECIAL PRICE 40c

Boy's Light Fancy Stripe Shirts, regular price 65 cents, SPECIAL PRICE 40c

Boy's Fancy Colored Negligee Shirts, regular price 65 cents, SPECIAL PRICE 40c

Boy's Caps, regular price 20 and 25 cents, SPECIAL PRICE 15c

Boy's suspenders, regular price 25 cents, SPECIAL PRICE 15c

NOTICE

During the summer months this store will close at 7 o'clock commencing May 1st. Night before holidays and Monday after pay day excepted.

The STORE of SATISFACTION

A. MATHIESON

Main Street Hosmer, B. C.