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THE HOSMER TIMES

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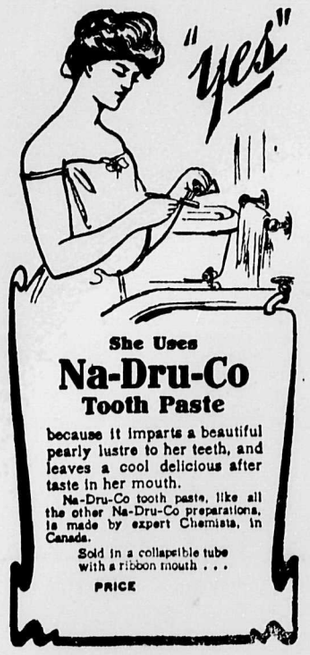

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Na-Dru-Co tooth paste, like all the other Na-Dru-Co preparations, is made by expert Chemists, in Canada.
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ADONIS HED-RUB makes the scalp healthy and fertile and keeps it so. This remedy is compounded to suit the majority of cases, as its continued use for a short time will show. ADONIS HED-RUB will be found the most refreshing application ever used. Applied in the morning upon rising it has a delightful, bracing effect and once tried you will never be without it. As an application to the face after shaving, gentlemen will find it soothing and antiseptic.
For Skin Diseases, such as Eczema, etc., it has great germicidal powers, as well as stopping itching or burning almost instantly.
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For Fine Footwear
The Miss Canada for Ladies.
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A choice assortment of Children's Summer Footwear at moderate prices.
Your inspection of our boot and shoe department is invited.
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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

THE HOLD-UP MEN ARE ACQUITTED

Verdict Was Unexpected in Ex-Policeman's Case

The hard fought legal battle which has occupied the time and attention of court and jury, since the opening of the assizes at Fernie on the 17th, came to a conclusion last Saturday afternoon when the jury filed back into court, after an absence of little more than an hour, with a verdict of "not guilty" in the Coal Creek hold-up case in which Fred Varlow, ex-provincial policeman, and Nat Babcock were charged with being parties in the hold-up.

The two Belanger boys, who had admitted their complicity in the crime, were witnesses against Varlow and Babcock, and the corroboration of their evidence by other witnesses was the task undertaken by the crown.

The verdict was a surprise to many, the general opinion seeming to be that the best that the defendants could hope for was a disargreement, but the jury saw it differently and acquitted the two men.

The cross examination of Varlow, the last witness for the defence, was concluded on Friday and W. R. Ross, K. C., spoke to the jury for three hours making a very exhaustive review of the evidence and using every scrap of matter that could be made to help his clients.

It was generally conceded to be his best effort before a local court, and judging by the result, carried weight with the twelve men to whom it was addressed.

W. A. Macdonald, K. C., representing the crown, took much less time than did Mr. Ross, speaking but an hour, though in that hour he went over the main features of the evidence, making perhaps, the best impression upon his hearers in his analysis of that portion of the evidence describing the occurrence of the actual hold-up on the night of the 19th of Feburary as given by Qunney, Baird, the three boys who witnessed it, their running to Varlow to tell him of what was going on, and the evidence of Varlow himself explaining his actions upon that occasion.

The charge to the jury of His Lordship, Chief Justice Gordon Hunter, was brief, concise and to the point, occupying but a few minutes.

His Lordship left for Cranbrook, where he will preside at a short session of the asssizes court this week, returning to Fernie on the 7th of June when the jury is ordered to again report for duty. The case arising out of the death of L. Riley at Dorr, 38 miles south of Fernie, on the G. N. railway, last Sunday night, will probably come up for trial. Young Streeter, whom it is alleged killed Riley by a blow of his fist, will probably be tried upon some charge not yet formulated.

Premier Sifton Names His Cabinet.

Edmonton, June 1. — This morning at ten o'clock, Hon. A. L. Sifton, the new Prime Minister of Alberta announced his cabinet as follows:

President of Council, Provincial Treasurer and Minister of Public Works—Hon. Arthur L. Sifton.

Attorney General and Minister of Education—Hon. Charles R. Mitchell.

Provincial Secretary—Hon. Archibald J. McLean.

Minister of Agriculture—Hon. Duncan Marshal.

It is understood that the new Premier will sit for Lac St. Anne and Hon. Mr. Mitchell for Medicine Hat. The bye-elections will be brought on immediately, though Mr. Marshall having been re-elected will not have to seek election again.

The new ministers were sworn in by the Lieutenant-Governor.

Presentation to Rev. R. W. Lee

Rev. R. W. Lee, who is responding to a call at Fort Essington, where he will take charge of the church work was the recipient of a token of regard and esteem at the hands of his congregation and friends on Monday night, May 30th at the residence of J. Brownrigg. It took the shape of a purse with the requisite lining which was subscribed.

Mrs. Swanton on behalf of the Ladies Aid and members, in a few well chosen remarks presented him with the above. Mr. Lee suitably responded. After the above the party sat down to supper provided by Mrs. Brownrigg.

May School Report

There were twenty school days during April. The scholars with x opposite their names were neither late or absent during the month. The report follows:

	Days Present
IV	
Charles Marlatt	20
Lillian Ritchie	18 1-2
George Bolduc	19
Laughlin Kennedy	7 1-2
Harold Musgrove	19 1-2
Grace Miller	6 1-2
III	
Annie McDonald	18 1-2
Harold Henderson	16
Geo. Patterson	19
Saxon Kearney	18 1-2
Sarah Spencer	19 1-2
Herbert Robson	20x
Stewart Fletcher	19
Thos. Miller	20x
II	
Agnes Cole	5 1-2
Max McDougal	0
Lena Spencer	20x
Mary Henderson	18 1-2
Lillian Cameron	16 1-2
Alberta Quinn	18 1-2
Jenny Mattieau	0
Rose McDougall	17
Archie Courtney	13
Dave Miller	19
James Millar	19
Mary Millar	19
Doreen Kearney	20x
Maud Bolduc	18
Joseph Tortoralli	19
Andy Kennedy	16
Margaret McDonald	17 1-2
Pearl Swanton	18
Finley Patterson	20x
Earnest Beeby	17 1-2
Wilfred Beeby	15

A. AUBREY DAVIS.

I	
PRIMARY DEPARTMENT	
Jenny Strachan	19
Powell Courtney	17 1-2
Lizzie McDougall	14 1-2
Nicky Maiello	13 1-2
Ruth McLean	17
Eric Winters	20x
Jean Cole	6
Willie Spencer	20x
Jack Musgrove	20x
Arthur Davis	20x
James Hedley	19
Gladys Thompson	20x
PT. II	
Leonard Ayre	17
Annie Poudelecek	20x
Christina Krish	17 1-2
Robt. Henderson	20x
Dan McMicken	17
Cora DeLaurier	18 1-2
Jas. McDonald	16
Jacky Cameron	16
Annie Hodock	9 1-2
Julia Hodock	5
John Hirvela	20x
Senja Hirvela	19 1-2
PT. I	
John Hodock	10 1-2
Sedonia Poudelecek	20x
Bohus Palecek	20x
Laddie Krish	17
Elsie Robson	20x
Blanche Labelle	20x
Florence Miller	18
Chas. McDougall	10
Pearl Courtney	20x
James Miller	19
Winnifred Smith	18
Leslie Brown	15 1-2
Jas. Bennett	20x
Annie Kear	12
Geo. Hodock	11
Fred DeLaurier	16 1-2
Ralph Tortoralli	17
July Gabara	17
Joseph Gabara	13
Louis Salvaggi	18 1-2
Dave Bolduc	16
Helmi Hirvela	19
Mary Donachy	14
James Cole	6

MABEL BURCHILL.

DUNSMUIR AND ACTRESS ELOPE

Prominent British Columbian Becomes a Bigamist

That Dorothy Russell, daughter of Lillian Russell, the well-known actress, eloped six weeks ago with Robin W. Dunsmuir son of Liut-Governor Dunsmuir of British Columbia, and that the couple are now living in Mazatlan is the news brought to San Francisco by the steamer San Juan, which arrived a few days ago from Central American ports.

According to the story told by passengers on the San Juan, Miss Russell and Dunsmuir left San Francisco on the Cosmos liner Ituari and after visiting a number of Central American cities established a a residence at Mazatlan. Miss Russell paid the coast a visit several months ago, and it is said that during her stay she was frequently seen in the company of Dunsmuir who is a married man. That the couple had successfully planned an elopement was not known until the arrival of the San Juan to-day. Dunsmuir's wife who formerly was Miss Madge Arlington Shubert, a beautiful Suasolito, claims to know nothing of the elopement but says she does not know the present whereabouts of her husband.

The marital troubles of the couple were given considerable notoriety a year ago, and it was reported at that time that Mrs. Dunsmuir would begin suit for divorce on the grounds of cruelty and humiliation. A reconciliation was affected, it is said, through the intervention of Mr. Dunsmuir's parents, who wished to avert notoriety.

Fight the Typhoid Fly

It is none too soon the campaign against the typhoid-carrying house fly. With the coming of summer and warm weather the pest breeds with a rapidity that soon increases its numbers beyond computation and the only remedy is to begin the warfare against it now. Every man or woman in Hosmer should take part in this It is but a small matter for each citizen to do his or her share and the total effort should be a saving of health and even of many lives.

Scientists have demonstrated that the fly is one of the most active of agencies is the spread of contagion, particularly of typhoid fever and other germ diseases that often become epidemic. The fly carries the germs on his feet which come in direct contact with our food.

The favorite breeding places of flies are in piles of rubbish and in barn refuse. The best way to fight the pest is to eliminate dirt. Keep the garbage cans clean and covered. Do not allow rubbish and dirt to accumulate. Keep your house and yard, your store or factory scrupulously clean. In that way the number of flies will be reduced to a minimum, which will mean a lessening of the victems of contagion. It may mean life and death to you or one of your family or friends. It is a small thing for each one to do, so small that no one can afford to be negligent.

Drowning Accident Occurs at Fernie.

A drowning accident occurred at Fernie, Tuesday afternoon. While the children of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lyons, of West Fernie, were playing upon the log boom of the Elk Lumber Company, the two oldest children, Catherine and Irene, slipped from the log, and the screams of their companions called two rivermen working nearby to the scene, and Catherine was rescued, but little Irene, aged about 5 years, was drowned. Coroner Bleasdall, Constables Johnston and Sampson, assisted by the neighbors, are still searching for the body of the little victim.

FRESH EVERY DAY
Strawberries California Cherries Bananas
Oranges Lemons Rhubarb
Ripe Tomatoes Green Onions Lettuce
FRED COX
Ice Cream Ice Cream

SPECIALS SPECIALS
Ice Cream, per dish 10c
Ice Cold Orangade, per glass 5c
Snap Soap for Greasy Hands, per tin 10c
Only One Tin to Each Purchaser
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
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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.

FRANK WOODS
PAINTER
Estimates Furnished on Application
Orders promptly attended HOSMER, B. C.

BANK OF MONTREAL
(ESTABLISHED 1817)
Capital All Paid Up $14,400,000 Rest $12,000,000
HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL
Rt. Hon. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, G. C. M. G. Hon. President.
Hon. Sir George Drummond, K. C. M. G., President.
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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.

Guaranteed Full Weight

"SALADA" Tea is weighed by electric weighing machines. The net weight is printed on every package. We absolutely guarantee it to contain full weight without the lead covering. Have your grocer empty a package and weigh it for you.

"SALADA" 17 A

Sealed "SALADA" Packets guarantee full weight and tea unequalled for goodness, freshness and fine flavour.

— Black, Mixed and Natural Green, 40c, 50c, 60c and 70c per lb. —

Storyettes

MRS. ARISTOCRAT: "Did you hear what Mrs. Nouveau Riche said to me at the concert this evening?"

Mrs. Wellborn: "No, my dear; do tell me all about it."

Mrs. Aristocrat: "Well, she informed me that she had decided to have a nom de plume in her hat."

* * *

A LITTLE girl whose father was a commercial traveler sat on the porch holding a kitten, and creeping up close her mother heard this: "Kitty," said the young miss, "I know you an' I know your mamma an' I know all your little brothers an' sisters, but I ain't ever seen your papa"—then after a brief pause—"I spec he must be a traveling man."

* * *

IT was three o'clock in the morning as Mr. Younghusband crept softly up the stairs. Everything was peaceful in the house. Opening the door to his room noiselessly, he stepped upon the tail of the family cat. Naturally a penetrating yowl resounded through the night. "John," said his wife, awakening, "don't you think it's rather late to be singing; the neighbors might complain.

* * *

ETHEL, aged four, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee, and was telling him of her visit. "Papa, every night John and George say their prayers they ask God to make them good boys," said she. "That is nice," said papa. Then thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He ain't done it yet."

* * *

THE retired insurance agent was telling a friend some of his experiences: "I once got a man to take out a $50,000 life insurance policy," he said, "only the day before he was killed." "My word," replied the friend, "that was rough on the company. I expect you wished your persuasive powers had not been so successful?" "H'm! No," said the agent. "You see, I married the widow."

* * *

IN a California town a drummer brought the hotel porter up to his room with his angry storming. "Want your room changed, mister?" politely queried the porter. "Room changed, no!" famed the drummer. "It's the deas I object to, tint't all." "Mrs. Leary," shouted the porter to the housekeeper down below, "the gent in No. 11 is satisfied with his room, but he wants the deas changed."

* * *

A HIGHLANDER fell into a river and after desperate efforts managed to reach the bank in safety. His wife, who had been a distressed onlooker, exclaimed, as soon as her anxiety was relieved, "Ah, Donald, ye should be verra thankful tae Providence for saving your life." Donald was somewhat aggrieved at what he deemed an unequal apportionment of the credit. "Yess, yess," he replied; "Providence wass very good, but I was ferry clever, too, whatefer."

* * *

THE newly elected mayor was about to make his first journey through the town in his official capacity. The people had arranged that from an arch of flowers under which he was to pass a floral crown should hang, surmounted with the words, "He Well Deserves It." But the wind blew away the crown, and when the pompous mayor passed under the arch only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with "He Well Deserves It" standing out in bold relief above it.

* * *

WHEN "Fingy" Conners got the political bee he purchased the Buffalo Courier and made Samuel G. Blythe managing editor. Shortly afterwards he called Blythe in and told him to go out to the local room and fire some reporters. In all there were nine, according to Mr. Blythe, who were slated for the axe. The managing editor went to the local room, broke the sad news to the luckless boys, and then told them where they might catch on in some other town and returned to the boss. "I have fired the men," he told Mr. Conners. "Good," said the politician-owner, "now fire yourself."

* * *

ONCE upon a time, when Senator Robert Taylor of Tennessee was "Fiddling Bob" Taylor, and on a lecture tour, he picked up an old railroad man who was on the bum and transported him north from Louisiana. The bum was an interesting fellow and the governor enjoyed his conversation immensely. While the train was rolling between Lake Charles and Alexandria on a branch of the Texas Railroad, it entered a thick pine forest. All of a sudden it stopped. A lone flagman's shanty was the only sign of human habitation. A passenger on the train grabbed a small handbag and got off the train. "Governor," said Senator Taylor's bum friend, "a man that gets off at a place like this is guilty of something."

* * *

A GAUNT and kilted Scotsman recently made his appearance in a country village, and was endeavoring to charm the locals to charity with selections on his bagpipes. A shaggy-haired man opened the front door of a house and beckoned to the minstrel. "Gie us a wee bit lilt just oot here," he said, in an accent which told that he also was from the land of haggis. "My auld mither's in a creetical condeetion oopstaor. The doctor's wi' her the noo, and says the pipes may save her life." Up and down in front of the house marched the braw Hielander discoursing music that might well have been incidental to a cat and pig fight. Presently the shaggy-haired man came out again. "Gie us the 'Dead March' noo," he questioned the piper. "Na, na, mon; ye've saved mither," came the reply; "but ye've killed the puir doctor." said. "Is the puir auld lady gone?"

HOW JAPANESE BABIES ARE NAMED

IN Japan a curius custom is in vogue with respect to the naming of babies. The newborn is taken to temple when it has attained the age of two weeks, and to the priest who receives him the father of the little one suggests three names deemed to be appropriate. The priest writes these three names on slips of paper. He holds these slips of paper for a few moments, and then throws them over his shoulder, sending them as high in the air as possible. The slip that reaches the ground last contains the name that is conferred on the waiting baby.

The next step in the process is for the priest to copy the name on a piece of silk or fine paper, which is handed to the proud parent with these words:

"So shall the child be named."

ARTIFICIAL VANILLA

FEW commercial products have shown such fluctuations in market value as "vanilline," the artificial vanilla of trade. In 1880 "false vanilla" sold for $180 per pound; in 1888 the price had dropped to $80; and in 1900 to $20. Artificial vanilla now brings $9 per pound; the mean price of real vanilla.

The vanilla of synthesis possesses perfuming and flavoring force forty times greater than natural vanilla, but the artificial product is much less fine and delicate than the real. The delicate aroma of natural vanilla is due to an association of substances which cannot be found at all in the manufactured vanilla.

A TREE 1,000 YEARS OLD

A TREE on the island of Cos is said to be 2,500 years old. It is a decrepit tree; but it is still mindful of the changes of the season. This is known as the tree of Hippocrates. Another aged tree is the most beautiful of a group of olive trees standing twenty miles distant from Guelma, Algeria, near the Meskoutine baths. This group of olives marks the tomb of a Marabout. Pilgrims do homage to the dead Marabout by hanging strips of their ragged clothing to the branches of the trees. This ancient grove is in full vigor, though it is said to have been in its prime at the time of the Roman occupation, twenty centuries ago.

Many ancient trees still bear leaves. One of them, an oak tree in Lord Salisbury's park, was planted in the eleventh century by William the Conqueror. In the Bois de Boulogne, near the old restaurant de Madrid, the train passes the oak of Francis I. But science is often powerless to determine the age of very ancient trees. The layers of wood can be counted only after a tree has been cut down.

There exist several giant Wellingtonia's (sequoias) whose exact age is known. A tree cut down in King's River Forest measured, under the bark, eight metres in diameter. This tree, though it had not an aged appearance, was 2,300 years old. In the forest near this old Wellingtonia lie the remains of a half-burnt colossal tree. By cutting away the burnt part with a hatchet, and counting the fiver of the zones or circles of growth, with a magnifying glass, it was determined that the exact age of the tree was something between 3,098 and 4,000 years.

"That tree at least," said the man who told the story, "was in its prime when the Saviour walked the earth."

This being true, it is easy to admit that the tree on the island of Cos and the tree near the baths of Meskoutine are 2,000 years old.

OLD CHUM Cigarettes

TEN FOR TEN CENTS

The Horseman

THE term "Hackney" was brought into use in England in the twelfth century by the Normans, who described as a "hacquence" the active and useful saddle horse which was ridden by knights and other men of military rank on the march and at such times as they did not wear their heavy armor. In Bain's "Calendar of Documents Relating to Scotland" there is a curious and interesting record of the "horses of the bannerets, knights, esquires and vallets of the king's household," which were killed at the Battle of Falkirk, in the year 1298, the value of which horses being paid to the owners out of the public purse. The list of horses killed and paid for includes a great many hackneys.

It is interesting to trace the change of meaning which the term hackney has undergone. Sir Walter Gilbey, in his work on "The Harness Horse," says: "The hackney being a saddle horse, men who hired out horses for journeys were called hackney men." Thus in process of time the name came to signify a hired horse, and we have evidence that the "hackney man," or jobmaster, kept an exceedingly good stamp of animal. The word "hackney" having come to mean a horse that could be hired, by one of those curious perversions of language brought about by popular usage, it was applied to means of conveyance other than horses that could be hired, and thus in 1605 we hear for the first time of "hackney coaches," and, in 1654, of "hackney chairs."

"Hackney" and "palfrey" were terms applied to the same stamp of animal—nameiy, saddle horses of the best class, the only difference—at one period of history, at least—being that the hackney was allowed to retain its natural pace, the trot, while the palfrey was very generally taught to amble or run, that gait being the easier to the rider on a long journey. From very early times the eastern counties have been famed for the hackneys bred there. Four hundred years ago Dame Margaret Paston wrote to her husband: "There be three trotters brought for you at St. Faith's fair, right fair horses—God save them—and they be well keeped" (conditioned). It is thought that Norfolk, Suffolk and Yorkshire owe something of the merit of their trotting horses to early importations of Norwegian stock by the Danes. Mr. Euren says the fact that the trotting horse was in the eighteenth century found most plentifully in those districts of the kingdom where Danish settlers had left indelible marks of occupation and habitation, warrants the assumption that to Norse horse stock they in great measure owe their characteristic action.

* * *

It is universally admitted that the contests of the race track at all agricultural exhibitions are the main attraction. Without these contests the receipts at the gate would scarcely pay clerk hire. While this department is catalogued among the sports, it is as legitimately a part and parcel of fundamental purpose and intent of agricultural fairs as the exhibition of cattle and horses in the show ring. The test of merit of all trotting horses and trotting families is the performance on the race course. There is no denying the fact that the trotting horse, being the greatest favorite monopolizes the interest and carries off the honors. Trotting contests are today as they ever have been since they were first inaugurated, supreme in the way of attractive sports. Nothing can approach them in the way of popular exhibition. While this is true, it is admitted on all sides and by all concerned that they could be made even more attractive by new features. The regular trotting events should be varied by team races and races under saddle, if possible; by giving mile dashes at various distances from one to three miles. In short, the programme should announce races under changed conditions as much as possible. At all events, vary the everlasting round of mile heats, three in five, or two in three. Give the public a new sensation in trotting, if it can be done.

* * *

The leading thinkers who have devoted their lives to the improvement of plants, fruits, trees and animal life have arrived at many of the greatest results not by applying a fully developed theory to the facts, but through a series of experiments. In a recent article in Spirit of the West, this subject is well treated.

As everyone conversant with the methods employed in propagating different varieties of fruits is fully aware, the process of grafting or inoculating is the method in use. One does not need to be a centenarian to be able to go back in memory to times when experts at the art of grafting were hired, with their saw, wax, and cuttings from apple trees of new and fashionable varieties, to go through the orchards and lop off the limbs that bore common fruit and insert what would develop into large limbs and branches of the improved variety. At the nurseries where young trees were started from the seed, any sort of seedling plant that was hardy and strong was taken and a bud of the variety desired inoculated into it at the root, so that the main stem or trunk of the tree was of the fiber and material, the life of which was in the bud inserted in that manner, and grown upon the foundation roots of the common order of the seed used. A process somewhat analogous is employed in propagating different varieties of the animal kingdom.

The trotting horse is a distinct variety of the equine species derived primarily, as all varieties of life are, by mutation through environment, selection and use, followed up persistently until a new and modified type was established. The trotting gait and proclivity to stay to it while striving to go fast, with a corresponding deviation of structural form increasing the ease and facility of using that method of locomotion, was the specific and distinguishing feature of the variety. All other details were subordinate and superseded to this primarily. Some generations, if not centuries back, this process was going on in developing a trot horse, in the hackney, carriage, coach and general purpose equine, not thought of at the time as a speed or race horse. The horse resulting was a variety in the particular line, as to the way of going, but not a speed horse. The speed horse variety was the older and nearer the foundation of improved horse, the thoroughbred running race horse. He was not only cultivated at the gallop, but was developed in every nervous, mental and physical feature that meant speed, racing instinct, endurance, and the high blooded type he is. The problem to get a trotter and a race horse in one was to unite, or combine, the two varieties that had been evolved, or to graft the one into or upon the other, using the figure of the further back and radical process, inoculate the one into the other. Possibly, as some horsemen persist in claiming, a start was made at this, back when Sampson, grandsire of Imported Messenger, was sired, by breeding the thoroughbred dam of Sampson to an English trotter of hackney or other coach or carriage breed with trotting insistence and adaption largely developed. It certainly was done in the case of the breeding of later trotters when animals of the two varieties were brought together to incorporate the trotting gait or instinct into the speed horse. The difficulty met is to get the one attribute of gait distinct and into hand so that it can be affixed to a horse or tribe just as desired. Were it possible to blend the two at once so that all the speed capacity of the fastest thoroughbred would be made available to trot, a trotter with the record of a runner would be a quick product produced. But a first cross, in animal life, is not all one thing, or all another. There is a compromise effected when two varieties not mutually destructive are brought together, resulting from a conflict for ascendancy. But persistency in keeping up the process, under intelligent selection, will eventually succeed in getting the chosen one ascendant. Many individuals will have to be discarded, only a proportion being saved, getting larger all the while, as noted in the Mendel law, where the very simplest and not distinct attribute is selected to be brought into dominancy, and so clearly defined that mistake in selection never occurs. But extreme speed potency is of equal importance with trotting instinct. It is the trotting action grafted into the running speed, or the trotting bent given to the running horse, only that results in the sensational performer. Hackney, coach or carriage calibre will never make a Lou Dillion, 1.58½, or Dan Patch, 1.55, nor will the instinct of that order of animal ever do any genuine brain-racking racing. The only thing to be grafted or inoculated into the thoroughbred runner is the one prompting to trot with physical charge to suit the machinery to it which the trotting variety possesses. But grafting a mongrelized species back right along its own order will not bring about the transformation. it is as vitally essential to keep up the one side as the other, appropriating from both sources or tribes or varieties. How rapidly assimilation takes place depends, and how many repetitions will be required is not exactly determinable, with indefinite quality in the material used. But, as is very evident, it is not a quick process like building one tree, or part of one tree, on another by simple insertion of a member. But there is an existing likeness in the one thing of introducing into one variety the quality found in another, not directly though by mere transference. But it is a thing that can be accomplished, as sure as in lower forms of life, though involving an amount of complexity and extent of time not even comparable in the lower realm. It is a biological law universally obtaining that "the higher the organisms the longer they take to evolve."

* * *

One of the vital questions today with regard to trotting sport is the capacity and ability of the occupants of the judges' stand. The racing season is near and every secretary is busy arranging the details of his meetings and not the least of his difficulties will be to secure a competent presiding judge and starter. A suggestion has been made that as the starter is licensed by the parent association and responsible to it for the rules he should also be the presiding judge. There are some reasons in favor of this idea but it seems to us that it is placing too much responsibility on one man. There is work enough for two and irrespective of the remuneration two good men are required. The starter is a very busy man from the time he taps the preliminary bell till he announces the result of the last heat and when three races are going on he has all he can do to keep track of the horses, the scoring and the finishes without being called upon to critically judge the progress of each heat. That is the duty of the presiding judge and it will require all his ability. He must have a keen eye for breaks, fouls, interference, laying up heats, proper positions in the home stretch and a score of other things which may occur in the course of a race. It is altogether too much to expect a starter to do his own work well and also efficiently discharge the duties of a presiding judge.

But there is another point of view, a fresh starter at every meeting makes little difference as long as he is calm and confident, but a judge to be of any real service should be engaged at the beginning of the season and stay to the end. He may have the book of rules completely at his finger ends and may have a fair idea of their application, but he will be powerless to enforce them properly if he is only in the stand once or twice during the season. He must understand the horses and the drivers. He must know all about public form. He must recollect the summaries of the last meeting and the time made. He must look out for the clever driver who can land the second money without getting a record and the clever helper who is taking care of the favorite. None of these things can he see at one meeting. it is only practice that makes perfect and it needs a great deal of experience to make a good judge.

The ideal plan would be to have a judge and starter for a full circuit. These men could exchange ideas and get very accurate opinions as to the capacity of the horses engaged in the various classes. With both officials licensed and responsible to the parent associations for the faithful execution of their duties there would be no suppression of time and the rules would be lived up to. The starter would know that in any of his decisions he would be backed up by the judge and would insist upon horses being brought out promptly on time and that there was no unnecessary scoring. In a large number of meetings under the present regime, when the starter is ready for the next heat, the judges' stand is empty and he has to wait till the popular gentlemen who have consented to act for the day have returned from the club house. In the meantime the grand stand waits and the pool box works. There is no reason why trotting heats cannot be timed to be sent off promptly, if the horses are brought out on the track on time. A good judge and starter will see that it is done. As for the starting itself, a drawback on the sport, it can be reduced to a minimum. A starter who cannot control his drivers so as to get them away on the third or fourth score is not fit for his position and if he has not got the nerve to punish the offenders, the presiding judge should use his authority. We know of a prominent starter who has not averaged up to three scores to a heat through a meeting and often sends them off at the first score down, but the drivers know what they have to expect and they also know that the judges will indorse what he does. A licensed judge with a licensed starter would work a marked improvement in the sport.

INCOMPLETE INSTRUCTIONS

THE mother's suspicions were aroused, and that night, when the young man left the house and the daughter came upstairs, she interviewed her.

"Elizabeth," she said sternly, "did not I hear Mr. Simpley kissing you in the parlor as I came along the hall?"

"No, mamma, you didn't," responded the daughter, emphatically.

"Well, didn't he try to kiss you?" persisted the mother.

"Yes, mamma," demurely.

The mother spoke triumphantly.

"I knew it!" she said. "Did you permit him?"

"No, mamma, I did not. I told him you had always taught me that I should not permit any young man to kiss me."

"That was right, that was right, my dear," said the mother, encouragingly. "And what did he say to that?"

The girl blushed, but was undaunted. "He asked me if you had ever told me that I was not to kiss a young man."

The mother began to feel that possibly she had omitted a vital link in her instructions.

"What did you tell him?" she asked.

"I said I didn't remember it, if you had."

The girl stopped, and the mother broke out:

"Well, go on, go on."

"I think that's what you heard, mother," and the daughter waited for the storm to burst.

SATISFIED

ONE evening a very tall man went to a New York theatre and took a prominent seat in the stalls. Before the curtain rose a cry of "Down in front!" became general from the pit. The tall man, finding the eyes of the entire audience turned towards him, felt obliged to do something, and so he proceeded to raise himself to a standing position, in such a manner, however, as to convey an impression that there was no end to him. He was, in fact, nearly seven feet high, and when at last he had risen to his full height, he slowly glanced around at the astonished audience and very deliberately remarked: "Gentlemen, to satisfy you that I was sitting down I now stand up!" A burst of laughter and applause followed, amid which the manager, with beaming face, came forward and conducted the gentleman to a private box.

ST. IVES

As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven rats,
Puffs, curls, braids, and hats,
Rats, curls, hats, wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

FELL ON THE STOVE

Baby is Badly Burned

The young daughter of Mrs. T. S. Dougall, 523 Flora Avenue, Winnipeg, was arranging some of her doll's washing on a clothes rack, beside the stove, when she fell, and her hand, being thrown out to try and save herself, came in contact with the side of the hot stove. She sustained a serious burn, and her screams brought her mother quickly to the spot.

"I sent to the druggist for the best remedy he had for burns," she says, "and he sent back a box of Zam-Buk. He said that there was nothing to equal it. I applied this, and it soothed the pain so quickly that the child laughed through her tears. I bound up the hand in Zam-Buk, and each day applied Zam-Buk frequently and liberally, until the burn was quite cured.

"The little one was soon able to go on with her play, and we had no trouble with her during the time the burn was being healed. I would recommend all mothers to keep Zam-Buk handy for emergencies of this kind."

All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk at fifty cents box. Post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, and you are warned against harmful imitations.

STIRLING

IN SUNNY SOUTHERN ALBERTA

"THE LUSTIEST BABY OF THE LUSTY PRAIRIE"

The New Town of Stirling is growing by leaps and bounds—The rush to Stirling and vicinity is phenomenal. The following telegrams have been received at this office the past few days:

"A party from Iowa who owns land three miles east of Stirling was in town today. He stated that he knew of fifty families where he came from in Iowa that are going to locate in Stirling and vicinity. Two of them arrived today."

"Two more steam plow outfits at work this week working night and day."

"A full trainload of settlers' effects came in today and was distributed mostly on the land east of Stirling."

Two days later this telegram:

"Four more cars settlers' effects arrived today; also party from Pincher Creek prospecting for coal."

It is the country making the city possible. Have you bought in Stirling yet?

Lots From $75 to $300 Each

Registered Plan "STIRLING 4347Y"

$10 CASH A MONTH

Torrens Title

Buy Today and get the benefit of the tremendous development. Your money invested in Stirling works 24 hours a day.

Send for maps, plans, blue prints and views of Stirling. Do it now.

The following form may be used:

Stirling Townsite Syndicate, Stirling, Alta. OR Stirling Townsite Syndicate, Union Bank Building, Winnipeg.

Gentlemen,—

Enclosed you will find $.....being cash payment on.....lots in the townsite of Stirling (Registered Plan 4347 Y), and I hereby agree to pay the balance at the rate of $10 a month on each lot. Kindly allot me those closest in till I get the plans, when I am to have the privilege of changing to any unsold if I wish.

Kindly send plans, maps and views of Stirling by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION No. 28

IT'S DIFFERENT WITH THE BUCK-EYE

They were two Scotchmen from the County of Bruce.

As they passed along Main Street, Winnipeg, they conversed pleasantly together.

"Whit wa' hae ye gi'en ower smokin,' Donal'?"

"Well, it's nae sic' a pleasure after a', for ye ken a buddy's ain tobacey costs ower muckle; an' if ye're smokin' anither buddy's, ye hae tae ram yer pipe sae tight it'll nae draw."

With a BUCK-EYE it's different. When a BUCK-EYE changes hands, both parties are pleased. The donor has the satisfaction of knowing that his gift cannot be excelled, while the recipient proves for himself that the BUCK-EYE is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

P.S.--This Statement is no bluff. If in doubt, try one.

Mangled by a Wounded Grizzly

A Carman Man's Adventure in the Yukon

WE, the staff photographer and I, had examined Jim Christie's scalp, had noticed the plainly marked scars (horse-shoe shaped, like a grizzly's upper jaw, on the one side, ragged and long on the other, and, on top, straight across like a knife slash), the scars that told of injuries that had allowed the skull covering to drape his neck like a cape during that terrible hike to camp. We had looked at his lower jaw which had hung down against his chest and which he had had to carry in his hand for miles; we had seen the marks of the bear's tusks in his arm and in his thigh. And then Jim Christie said, in a matter-of-fact way, for he is a man of the silent places who imagines nothing:

"The queer part of it to me is that the old cuss charged on me and then didn't use his paws. I never hear' tell of a silver-tip actin' that way before."

A bit mare pow-wow about the surgery, the kindness of Dr. Hasell and Dr. Jones, and the nurses at the hospital where Christie has been treated, and then he told us—without embroidery or fancy work of any description—the story of an adventure with a grizzly bear of the like of which does not exist in the annals of bear hunting. He talked straight ahead in the same undramatic manner that the average man would use in relating to a sympathetic companion how his rheumatism has spread from his small toe to his left shoulder blade. The story contained the explanation of the fact that Christie had been for months almost a nervous wreck, and that he was sent down from Dawson, in the bleak Yukon territory of Canada, to the Jubilee hospital at Victoria, B.C., to be put back into working shape again.

Christie came originally from Carman, Man., where he has relatives living now, and went into the Canadian North in '98. He never worked for wages; he prospected in summer and trapped the winter through all over the New North, learning the land of silence and the snows as a child learns his A. B. C.'s. Some of the time he acted as guide for government parties, and it was on one of these trips that he fell in with Agnes Deans Cameron's party, away up on the headwaters of the Mackenzie. On another occasion Christie took a geological survey outfit across the unknown north from Dawson to Edmonton, and then came down to Carman "to visit the folks." Meantime he had struck up a palship with George Crisfield, and when he went back north, answering the inevitable call, he and Crisfield grubstaked and lit out for the Rogue River, setting up camp at a point 350 miles east of Dawson, in the heart of the wilderness.

During these years of his apprenticeship to the north, Christie had learned much about the silent places, had trapped much and hunted much, and a grizzly bear was about as fearsome a thing to him as a bot is to a plough horse.

Christie held this attitude toward grizzlies when he struck out over a light snow about the middle of last October, along the course of the upper Rogue River, to look up trapping possibilities. Two years before a horde of lynx had infested the country and small furs were scarce and high priced. The first day out Christie shot a moose and hid it away in a ground cache to be called for later. He explored up river for two suns and then circled back towards camp. His trail led him across his outbrack and he decided to have a look at the cache. When he got within sight of it he found a pack of timber wolves hard at work excavating, and he took a shot at one of them. It was this shot, which missed, that saved Christie's life. For two days he had packed his Ross rifle through the scrub without having had occasion to use it, and when he missed the wolf he noticed that the sights had slipped down. He stopped at once and adjusted them properly, dropped his pack and snowshoes, and went on to the cache. When he got there he learned what had attracted the wolves.

The earth about the cache was thrown up and rooted about as though a dredge had been at work, and, leading from the cache straight across the river and an open bar was a trail "as big as a house." Christie knew as soon as he saw it what had happened. Grizzly tracks a foot long were plain in the snow all about, and the mark made by the moose's body dragging in the snow formed a path like a city street. Christie needed that meat, and the longer he looked at that empty cache the sorer he grew. Finally, he decided to punish Old Nosey, to teach him to kill his own moose and leave other folks meat alone; and it was this decision that got Christie into trouble.

A brief examination of the trail showed thet the track was fresh, had been made within the hour, in fact, and, sure that he would come across the bear within a very short time, Christie set out to follow. As it turned out afterwards, the grizzly could see him crossing the river and was lying in wait for him in the scrub above the opposite bank. The wolves had undoubtedly been pestering him, and he was in a decidedly nasty frame of mind.

Knowing nothing of this, and probably caring less, Christie pushed on up the opposite slope of the river and into the brush. The bushes and small trees here grew so thick that he could not pass through them without great difficulty. He kicked off his snowshoes and was shouldering his way through the undergrowth when he heard a sudden ferocious snort, not thirty feet distant, and the next moment he saw an enormous silver-tip, measuring four feet from heel to shoulder, and weighing probably 1,000 pounds, coming at him with the speed of an express train. The bear's forelegs were as thick as the thighs of a large man, and he had a mouth like a cave. The thick scrub gave him not the slightest bother; he came along just as though it wasn't there.

Christie had little or no time to think, but action with him was instinctive. Almost in the same fraction of a second that he heard the snort he had thrown up his rifle and fired. The shot struck the bear, at a range of twenty feet, full in the body, and although the bullet was soft-nosed and driven by an extra powerful explosive it didn't stop him at all. Christie pumped his gun like lightning, but the bear was within four feet of him before he could send another bullet crashing into the massive head. On the crack of his second shot, Christie jumped aside, feeling for his knife; but as he jumped his foot struck a snag. He fell, and before he touched the snow the bear was upon him.

"He didn't use his forerlegs," said Christie, in telling of it. "He just naturally started in to chew me. The shock of the fall had taken the wind out of me for a minute and when I opened my eyes things looked sort of bad. I was right between the old boy's legs and he was drooling on me. When I moved my hand he let out a grunt that would make your hair curl, opened his big jaws and took my hand in his mouth. I felt something give, and I thought it was all off with me. I thought he had gone through my skull and would reach my brain.

"With that I swung up my right arm and tried to get it into his jaws to pry them loose, because usually a grizzly is like a bulldog. He just gets a good hold and hangs on. I got my arm in all right and I pried, but I pried so hard that it snapped off. This seemed to disconcert Old Nosey a bit, for he let go my hand and bit through my head. With another snap he broke by jaw and tore out my eye. Then I thought it was sure all off with me. He was snapping like a fox terrier with the fleas, and every time he snapped he clamped his jaws on my head. The finish was about due and I was so blind and weak that I didn't give a hang when the bell rang. Then, all of a sudden, the old boy let go my head and sank his tusks in my thigh. I was trembling with pain and shock, and I guess I lay for about a minute, half dopey, before I realized that the scrap was over and Old Nosey was dead. The whole affair didn't last more than a few seconds, and the two bullets—one right through the body and the other in the head—had taken effect at last. I couldn't help wondering why the bear hadn't bit me with a swat of his paw. If he had, one swat would have finished me. For the matter of that, one crush of his jaws would have been more than

MAPLE CREEK, SASK.

plenty if he hadn't been weakened by the two shots in him. He was dying when he reached me, but it takes them silver-tips a deuce of a time to die."

Christie, when he tells the story, touches lightly on the events that followed the death of the bear. When the pain and the cold brought him back to full consciousness, the prospect before him was one calculated to daunt the stoutest hearted. The snow was red with blood for four feet around the scene of the struggle. Christie's clothes were soaked with it and he was fast becoming weak. His scalp draped down from his bare skull on the back and at both sides, like the flap of a patent cap; his lower jaw fell limp; his left eye was torn so that he could not see, would never see again, he thought at the time; his right arm was torn and broken; his thigh was bitten through, and his right eye was blood blinded. All in all, with camp seven miles away, Christie thought the best plan would be to pick out the softest spot, crawl into it and die.

But something inside of him wouldn't let him do that without a fight, and against what seemed impossible odds, the man began to win his way home.

On figuring matters out, Christie remembered that his partner Crisfield would not think of looking for him if he shouldn't show up for two or three days, because the arrangement had been that Christie should be away for some little time. Christie also remembered that there were no medicines of any kind at camp, because he and his partner had not yet moved all of their stores in. His own common sense told him again and again that he was only giving himself needless agony in trying to reach camp—that he would die on the unbroken river trail, or soon after he got to the shack at best.

But the something inside him would not let him lie down and invite the wolves.

Half an hour elapsed before Christie could get on his feet. Once there he staggered about like a drunken man. The first move was to try to stanch the flow of blood, but the wounds were so many and so varied that this was almost impossible. Christie could not use his right arm at all, and the left arm was strained. Using this arm as best he could, however, he pulled the torn pieces of his scalp together and bound it roughly with his neckerchief. Then he put his jacket over his head, lifted his lower jaw into place, and caught the ends of his jacket under his chin to hold it there. In this fashion he set out on the seven mile tramp over the river ice to camp. On the way, as a precaution, he made a painful detour of half a mile to a deserted prospector's shack to leave a message. He knew that Crisfield would probably call at this shack sooner or later. Christie wrote a laborious left-handed note and put a stone on it in the cabin. In the note he told whomsoever found it that he had fought with and been mauled by a bear, and that he was starting for camp, and that if he didn't arrive there his body would be found on the ice of the river, while a dead grizzly would be found near the moose cache.

Then Christie set out in the cold to stagger back to camp.

Fighting with himself, dragging his legs, which became knotted and cramped from loss of blood, battling with the insistent desire to sit down and die, the man toiled over the rough ice to camp. He arrived at the lonely shack in the late afternoon. His partner was away. Christie did not know for how long. He crept inside and pitched headlong into a bunk. There he lay, too weak to move, hour after hour. Darkness had fallen before Crisfield came in. He knew Christie was home, for he had seen the bloody trail the wounded man had left.

"What's up, Jim?" were Crisfield's first words when he opened the door.

Christie, holding his jaw together as best he could, told him mumblingly of the fight and the result.

"Take a shot of Scotch before you light up, George," he said. "You'll need your nerves before you look at me."

Crisfield did as he was bidden and then lighted the lantern. The sight of his partner almost knocked him out. Christie could talk only with the greatest difficulty owing to the fractured jaw, but when Crisfield came close to him he showed him where the worst wounds were.

"Look me over good, George," he instructed his partner, "and see if I'm worth saving."

At this time Christie had a haunting fear that his brain had been injured and that while he might live he would not be "right in his head." If this proved to be the case he had made up his mind to die quickly and have over with it. Crisfield's hasty investigations showed that except for one spot the skull had not been pierced, and that Christie's brain was not affected.

As there was only Scotch whiskey at the camp, Christie tried to drink some of the fiery liquid; holding his jaw with his hand, he had his partner hold the bottle to his mouth. But he could not swallow. Eventually the difficulty was solved when Crisfield poured some of the whiskey onto a shallow basin, along with some cold tea. Christie put his head right into the basin and thus drank. It revived him and he felt better.

By this time the two partners had decided that the only thing to be done was to have Christie taken out as soon as possible to Lansing, a lone trading post, fifty miles away over rough country. Accordingly, Crisfield rested until about midnight and then set off for an Indian camp about seven miles distant. He returned at daylight with two dog trains and Indian mushers. One of the toboggans was rigged into a rude curicle, and Christie, now so sore and still that the slightest move was agony, was tucked in among blankets and furs.

The journey to Lansing, Christie says now, was the most terrible feature of his whole adventure. The trail, or rather the course, for there was no trail, lay through very rugged country. The snow was not yet deep enough to make good sledding. Time and again with the dogs in full progress, the sled would strike a sunken log and bound high; again it would strike bare ground and jerk suddenly; at other times the half-wild dogs would stop and start again with a terrific jerk that stretched the hauling thongs to the uttermost. The slightest motion meant pain to Christie; the sudden jolts and jerks were hell. The blood that had been stanched to some extent began to ooze from the wounds again, and at every jolt of the sled the man thought his head would come off. Even the bliss of unconsciousness was denied him and he lay, hour after hour, in exquisite agony, feeling the life ebbing out of him, growing weaker steadily, and finally praying for speedy death.

There was time, too, when the Indians, a superstitious folk, broke into open mutiny and decided to go back. It was Crisfield's turn for action—and they went on. The man of the frontier in the face of a crisis has a convincing way with him.

On the afternoon of the fourth day after fighting with the bear, the dog train reached Lansing. Lansing consists of a small stockade and one or two small buildings, and is kept by a trader named Ferrol, a personal friend of Christie. There was no surgeon or physician nearer than Dawson, but Ferrol had some skill as an amateur and an inexhaustible store of antiseptics. He bound up Christie's head and jaw and set the broken arm, and then, for two long months, he and his wife and Crisfield nursed the injured man.

The wonderful vitality of the man, heritage of the open and the simple life, began to evince itself, and although his nerves were "fair shot to pieces," Christie began to recover. His torn scalp knitted of its own accord without plaster cast or stitches; his jaw hitched itself into a semblance of its proper shape, although it had to be "tinkered with" later; and the arm knitted together.

On New Year's Day, Christie, now about "as good as ever," to use his own expression, was ready to start for Dawson. The journey by sled this time was pleasant in comparison with the trip from Rogue River out to Lansing. Crisfield, overjoyed at his partner's rapid recovery, accompanied the party as far as Mayo and then turned back to hold down the camp on the distant Rogue until Christie was fit for the field again. Christie reached Dawson on January 17. The physician he saw there had nothing more to do than to tap an abscess that had formed on Christie's cheek. He advised him, however, to go out to Victoria as soon as possible and place himself under the care of Dr. O. M. Jones. Consequently, Christie came south for the remainder of the winter. His arm subsequently had to be reset and his jaw needed attention before it could be made to close properly, but Christie will be ready for business again before the summer of 1910 is well advanced.

"Nervous about bears?" he said with a smile, repeating a question. "No, not particularly. I reckon I'll take it out on the next old silver-tip I hit up with when I get back there to my partner on the Rogue."

Christie is still wondering, however, what made Old Nosey charge him and then fail to use his arms.

"I've shot bears and bears," he said, "but I never hear' tell of a grizzly acting like this one did. And if anybody else told me the story just told you I wouldn't believe him on a stack of Bibles. Usually, I don't monkey with bears, and they leave me alone, but this here fellow was the exception that proves a darn good rule."

THE JARR FAMILY

Uncle Henry Hits the High Places With the Widow

(By Roy L. McCardell)

UNCLE HENRY, the Jarr's visiting rural relative, was arraying himself with extreme care.

He had shaved, brushed his hair and donned his best white shirt and long black coat. He was now tying his black string tie.

This finished, Uncle Henry surveyed himself in the glass with extreme satisfaction.

And well he might, for Uncle Henry, after a careful toilet, was a fine looking old gentleman, indeed.

"All ye got to do," he said, "is to keep yer clothes careful and they never go out of style. Or if they do they come back in again if you keep 'em long enough."

"I hain't worn this long black coat but twice since the Methodist conference was held in Smithville in 1885, and I guess it looks purty good, hey?"

Mrs. Jarr said it became him very well, indeed, and that he looked fine.

"I ain't furgot how some of the deacons and me went to the deppo to welcome the parsons whut was coming to that conference," said Uncle Henry. "I live at Swope Corner, four miles from Smithville, but they allus put up a preacher or two on me to eat my yaller-legged chickens.

"Wal, the train stopped, and fust several men in long coats and silk hats got off the train. One was a big, fat, solemn feller with a white weskit. Deacon Twigg went up to him and says: 'Are you Brother Hobbs, the Presidin' Elder?' and the fat man said, solemn as you please: 'No, my name's Polk; I'm a Mixed Pickle.' And then a darn fine looking lot of galls with yaller hair got off the train and jined 'em, and we found out that it was a theatre troupe playin' town hall in Smithville that night in a show called 'Polk's Mixed Pickles.' But they didn't do no business during conference, I tell ye.

"The parsons came on the next train. There's two trains a day at Smithville, fer it's a big place. But after that when we see a feller in a silk hat and a white weskit we'd say: 'I wonder if he's a Preacher or a Pickle.'"

Uncle Henry very seldom discoursed on such genial topics in this manner, and Mrs. Jarr said:

"Uncle Henry, I know where you're going. You're going out with Mrs. Kittingly, upstairs. Suppose I write and tell Aunt Hetty?"

"Hetty would be riled, I suppose," said Uncle Henry, grinning, "but I could explain."

"I've no doubt you could!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Explaining is the easiest thing men do. But I'm surprised at you, Uncle Henry."

"Didn't ye interduce us?" asked Uncle Henry. "Now, don't you worry. I can take keer of myself. I know widders. Where's the stove polish? I want to shine my boots."

The stove polish was found, but Uncle Henry declared it wasn't the kind he'd been used to, and, to Mrs. Jarr's surprise, he went out to Tony, the bootblack on the corner, and paid for a shine.

Returning, he ascended to Mrs. Kittingly's apartments.

Mrs. Jarr, from a peeping place at the window, saw this strange pair turn the corner.

Mrs. Kittingly was arrayed as a lily of the field.

"Shall we go downtown on the cars?" asked Mrs. Kittingly, giving Uncle Henry a coquettish smile.

"Let's be sports," replied Uncle Henry; "there's one of them taxicabs."

The taxicab was hailed and the two proceeded to the theatre.

Mrs. Kittingly was surprised when she found the theatre Uncle Henry had directed the chauffeur to drive them to was one where a current success was holding the boards.

"I had to git the tickits at a hotel," said Uncle Henry, "and pay extry for them. But the best is none too good for a handsome widder."

After the play they proceeded to Mrs. Kittingly's choice of fine restaurants, where Uncle Henry displayed a most uncanny knowledge of what would please a grass widow's palate in the way of dinner and wine.

At the conclusion of the dinner he paid the check and tipped the waiter the proper percentage.

He then had a taxicab called and brought Mrs. Kittingly home in style.

His last words to Mrs. Kittingly were by way of caution

"Don't tell the Jarrs anything about this," he said. "What they don't know won't hurt 'em, and you know how relations is. They want to work you for every cent they can."

The surprised Mrs. Kittingly promised, and the next day Uncle Henry wrote to his wife saying that he expected to be home shortly, as the expenses of staying in San Francisco were heavy, and even the hardest heart would be touched at what was to be beheld.

"Jest last night," he added, "I bought a widder a dinner, and of you had seen the way the poor thing et, it would have done your heart good."

But he went no further into details.

A HUMAN-HAIR FAIR

MUCH of the hair employed in the construction of the "puffs" and various other forms of hirsute adornment at present worn is said to come from France, although other countries, notably China, furnish their quota. The Chinese article is, however, inferior to the others by reason of its coarseness.

At Limoges there is held each year the foire aux cheveux, whereto the wholesale buyers of human hair are wont to go to renew their stock. These wholesale dealers do not, however, purchase direct from the grower. Just as there are head-hunters in less civilized portions of the world, so are there "hair-hunters" throughout France, and it is upon these men that the big dealers rely to obtain their choicest samples.

The hair-hunters pursue their calling among the peasant girls of the French villages armed with a layout of cheap jewelry, dress stuffs, and the like, and it is for these that Jeanne, Marie, or Jacqueline is tempted to part with her tresses. Once the hair-hunter secures the hair he is after, he may be confident of selling it at the Limoges fair at prices ranging from ninety francs to one hundred and ten francs the kilogram, and the wholesale dealers, in turn, dispose of it to foreign buyers.

The French trade in this line is, however, languishing, inasmuch as the peasant girls are becoming each year more loath to part with their hair, and the time is approaching when the ingenious Frenchmen will be obliged to pursue their calling elsewhere in order to keep pace with the demands of the market.

AIR—RAREFIED AND COMPRESSED

ATTENTION has been called to some curious effects of rarefied and of condensed air on human respiration. On high mountains some persons experience distressing shortness of breath, one result of which is that they are unable to whistle. Precisely the same effect is sometimes produced by the condensed air in caissons and diving-bells. Laborers working in compressed air frequently find, however, that their powers of exertion are increased as long as the atmospheric pressure is not more than double that of ordinary air; but beyond that point unpleasant effects are experienced after the men have left the working shafts and returned into the open air. On the other hand, high atmospheric pressure in the case of persons not doing manual labor has been found to act as a mental stimulus, increasing the impulse to talk.

FOREIGN LABELS FOR SALE

PERSONS accustomed to gaze in awe upon suit-cases and steamer trunks covered with labels of every size and color, thinking the while enviously of the fortunate owners of such baggage, who have such an advantage over the poor stay-at-homes, may perhaps be surprised to learn that there are shops where such labels may be had.

It is quite feasible, therefore, for any one to have his case or trunk covered with nicely worn labels, indicating that the owner thereof has roamed from Sydney to San Francisco; from Copenhagen to Colombo, to say nothing of all the capitals of Europe and Asia, with divers famous watering-places thrown in for good measure.

THE SAGA OF SVENSON

(By Charles Collins)

SVENSON and Jones sat at a small table in the corner saloon, drinking their evening beer. Their station in life was lowly; they stoked the furnaces and ministered unto the complaining tenantry of flat buildings, with the official title of janitor. Svenson, a huge young Swede, shaggy as a Berserk, had been telling of his grudge against the world, and Jones, of American alley ancestry, had listened with sympathy, occasionally saying, "It's hard luck," and beckoning for another consoling "round."

Svenson's father had come of a well-born Swedish family, which he had shocked by embracing socialism and marrying a fisherman's daughter. The outcome of this dual defiance of conventionality was emigration to the United States, where he lived a short span of years as a petty shopkeeper in a small lumbering town. After the death of the father and the immediate second marriage of the mother, a village preacher had undertaken the boy's secular and spiritual education. Svenson worked in the logging camps during the day and studied the Bible at night, for his protector's example soon aroused in him a desire to become a minister. When he reached manhood, he was a hulking religious zealot, whom his fellow-workmen made the butt of coarse jokes. But Svenson was no timorous priestling, and the lumberers soon learned that he could forget his churchly scruples as quickly as water leaps from still, deep current into foaming rapid, and fight wildly to the bitter end.

There was a girl in the village, fair-haired and full-bosomed, who caused much loose talk among the men. Her friendship Svenson sought, "for the good of her soul," as he told himself, mistaking mere elemental instinct for a spiritual call. His efforts at conversion only transformed himself into an idolater of the world-old pagan creed.

A quarrel with his patron, the preacher, resulted, after which he and his young woman took train for The City, unheeding its threats, hearing only its promises. After two black weeks of idleness, which almost exhausted his savings, he found work as a janitor, and the young couple settled down to housekeeping in a gloomy cell between the boilers and the coal-bin, passing as man and wife, though without benefit of clergy.

In a few months the charm of love in a cellar wore off for the girl, particularly since the remorseful Svenson was not a pleasant companion to live with; and she disappeared somewhere in the gray wilderness of bricks and smoke, whether with the grocer's clerk or the milkman Svenson never knew. He tried to feel injured, but the infatuation had passed, and he was conscious only of a sullen loneliness. To fill his vacant hours he cultivated the acquaintance of Jones, who was employed in a nearby building and devoted himself to beer.

Such was the ground covered by the Svenson saga, as told to Jones that day, in its incomplete form.

After their thirst had been assuaged, the two arose to leave the place. Just then a young girl, wearing a plain black dress and a bonnet after the Salvation Army pattern, pushed through the swinging doors, walked demurely up to the bar and asked for some matches. The janitor watched her with a leering curiosity, and the bartender volunteered:

"Belongs to some kind of a preaching bunch. They got a wagon and a couple of barkers, and do it in style. Guess she wanted the matches to light their gasoline torch."

Then a raucous voice outside raised itself above the clatter of traffic and clangor of street-cars.

Let's go look them over," suggested Jones.

On the opposite corner a small crowd was gathering, in spite of the chill and misty rain of the November night, around a wagon which had seen hard service in the express business, and which now, with steps in back, railings and a cushioned seat along either side, was a bizarre hybrid. It smacked of theology as much as a cottage built by an old sailor is reminiscent of the sea.

ANOTHER VIEW OF MAPLE CREEK, SASK.

Standing erect in this pulpit was a hoarse evangelist, pouring out voluble, involved exhortations.

Beside the man who was speaking—tall and gaunt, with the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes of a mystic hermit—sat the girl who had asked for matches. She was a frail, delicate creature, with fresh, young shoulders and childish eyes. Her pale lips seemed to smile fixedly, in contradiction to her serious gaze; and her face was as radiant with devotion as that of a nun.

Svenson and Jones joined the crowd and listened. The latter soon wearied of tirade and wanted to go, but Svenson insisted upon staying. A moment later a burly, half-intoxicated fellow elbowed his way up to the wagon, shook his fist under the preacher's nose, and shouted:

"Shut up!"

The sermon continued without a break, and he bellowed again: "You've got no right on this corner. You're hurting my business. Shut up and move on!"

"Here is a permit," said the evangelist, showing a slip of paper.

"It's no good. Get out of here!"

The man started to climb up the steps at the back of the wagon with truculent design. Svenson, seized by some strange impulse of his clerical past, became a crusader on the instant. He grasped the intruder by his coat collar and jerked him back ungently.

The two men glared at each other without a word, and then rushed together like bulls. Svenson fell heavily upon his opponent, who writhed and then lay quiet, catching his breath with a wheezing cough. A dozen hands dragged Svenson off, and Jones hurried him away, yelling:

"Beat it before the cop comes, you looney Sweed!"

After Svenson reached his room that night, he found in his pocket a small hand-bill which had been passed to him as he stood in the crowd. It gave the address of the headquarters of the "Church of the New Revelation," with the motto in heavy type, "The Spirit and the Bride Say Come."

The world was gray and cheerless for Svenson the next morning, which was Sunday. Solitude gripped him by the throat; homesickness made him think gloomily of the things of a few months ago that now seemed so far in the past. As he mechanically heaved coal into the furnaces, the slow monotone of distant church bells seemed to reach a sore place in his heart.

His conscience was in the throes of reaction. The incident of the evangelist had in some obscure way touched his chaotic soul. The memory of the girl's face lingered in the depths of his emotional being, stirring him with dim impulses, vague ideals and aspirations. So when his work was completed this restlessness ended in a determination to visit the tabernacle advertised in the hand-bill, which he had carefully preserved.

He went dully out into the street without stopping to wash his grimy hands. The Sunday-school children and church-goers whom he passed were all alert and buoyant. They walked in pairs or groups; he alone was companionless. The sky was an even gray, and the keen gusts of wind were like the premonitions of winter. The mud at the crossings had frozen into ridges which crumbled crisply underfoot. It was one of those days which either act as a condiment to living or cast a blight over the world, according to the mood of the individual. Svenson's sense of friendlessness sharpened as he walked.

He came to the place at last. It was an old residence, a fortress-like block of weather-stained brick, with high wooden front stairs and a stolid cupola—dreary survival of a pretentious era which had passed when the car-line brought in the dingy saloons and miserable shops that clustered about it.

Svenson mounted the creaking stairs and entered a large, bare room, in which a few people were listening to a sermon from the preacher he had heard the night before. He hid himself away in a corner, and did his share of psalm singing with the rest. As he was leaving, at the close of the service, a voice at his elbow asked:

"Won't you come again next Sunday?"

He turned and saw the girl who had asked for the matches, the same child-like seriousness in her blue eyes, the same faint smile caressing her lips. He stammered an affirmative, and went out.

Svenson kept his promise, taking care to wash his hands before he started. This time the girl sat down beside him, and asked his name. He appeared the following Sunday, and she greeted him like an old friend. And so Jones had to explain to his cronies that "the Swede had gone daffy over religion," and Svenson was duly accepted as a convert to the Church of the New Revelation. But his chief article of faith was a Madonna-worship not in their creed. The girl was his revealing angel, and all his religious ideals were symbolized in her.

Svenson now lived in a dream from day to day. He did not make love to the girl; he was a disciple, not a suitor, and his courting consisted in reading Bible lessons under her instruction.

She lived in the old house, with a few other enthusiasts of the sect, and Svenson would spend several evenings there every week, talking with her in one of the gloomy rooms, dimly illuminated with a kerosene lamp, ignorant all the time of the suspicious glances and stealthy surveillance of the preacher.

He learned some of the details of her life during these visits, although she was uncommunicative upon all topics except her religion. She was an orphan, she said, and the only relative she had in the world was the preacher, a cousin who had taken care of her since she was a child.

Several months after Svenson had joined the church, the crisis came. He brought it on unwittingly, by asking why the preacher had been surly toward him of late.

"I am helping in the work the best I can," he argued, little expecting what her reply would be.

"I don't want to tell you," she said with a blush.

Svenson insisted.

"Well, then, he is jealous. He wants to marry me."

Svenson gasped; into his simple philosophy no conception of a rival had entered. Then the thought of losing the girl took possession of him and swept all his caution away before it.

"But you will not?" he asked.

She did not answer.

"Do you love him?" he demanded with a growl.

"No," she replied quietly.

The next moment she was lost in his arms and he was kissing her ravenously. She struggled and screamed; he let her drag her face away a little, and found in her eyes the look of a child who is afraid of a ghost.

"Let me go!" she moaned. He obeyed, and his face became as gray as her own.

She ran out into the hall. The street door was open; she saw people passing outside, and at the head of the stairway the yellow glow of the preacher's lamp lit up the hall. These things put her again in touch with the world, and reassured her. In the room she had left, she heard sobs; it seemed terrible to hear a man weep, so out of pity she tiptoed back and stood near him, calling out softly, "Svenson, Svenson."

"Forgive me," he muttered without looking up.

"It is nothing. Hush!" she said, and went out again, leaving him alone with his disappointment.

Believing that he had forfeited the girl's respect, Svenson did not go near the tabernacle during the next two weeks. He sulked in his basement like a wounded beast until his mood became so bitter that he rushed out to sweeten it with alcohol. In his rounds among the saloons he met Jones, and hailed him as a long-lost brother. While the two were celebrating their reunion they found the wagon-pulpit on the corner where Svenson had first encountered the New Revelation. The preacher was haranguing vehemently, and she was listening devoutly, as on that eventful evening. She did not observe her drunken lover, who hurried homeward, conscience-smitten by one glance at her face.

The next night, repentant, but with the fever of drink hardly cooled within him, he went to see her. The old house was apparently deserted, and a knock at her door brought no answer. A light in the transom of the preacher's apartment led him down the long, black corridor. There were people within; he could hear them talking.

He stopped outside the door and listened—then fled like a madman. The sound of kisses, of the preacher's voice and of her's in mutual endearments, had reached his ears in those few seconds, and echoed in his brain in a delirious jargon. Drink alone could hush them.

In the morning, as the girl was going about her duties of housekeeper in the congregation room, the door was hurled open, and Svenson confronted her, fierce-eyed, and redolent of whiskey. He walked up to her and gripped her wrists cruelly.

"Wretched sinner, I have come to save you!" he mouthed.

"You are crazy!" she exclaimed.

"I may, but you are worse. I heard you in his room last night. Repent, or I will kill you!"

She grew sick from fear and from the pain in her wrists, which he was crushing.

"Oh, Svenson, let me go," she whispered. "He made me—marry him—last week while you were away." Then she fainted.

Svenson held the drooping form up from the floor by the wrists while his clouded brain slowly digested her statement. Was it the truth? Was it a lie?

"What do you mean?" The preacher appeared suddenly, white with wrath. "You're abusing my wife!" With that, he struck the maniac in the face.

Svenson released his grip, and the girl drooped at his feet. The preacher struck him again, and attempted to push him out of the room.

The Svenson killed him with his fists.

. . . . . .

In the cheerless stretches which begin after the scattered houses of The City's suburbs are left behind, there is a place of horrible despair. In brightest summer days the sunshine which falls upon it is a diabolic jest, the blue sky above it is a grim mockery. In winter it is a Cimmerian haunt of eternal twilight; a nesting place of shadows.

This domain of sadness reveals itself to the eye in an orderly array of buildings, surrounded by well-trimmed lawns and sparse clumps of trees; but to the spirit it seems a castle of horror, more terrible than any wizard's hall of mediaeval tales. Occasionally chattering laughter breaks the silence to startle the dismayed visitor as he walks along the gravelled paths. Then a glance up at a barred window shows a staring, blank human face which tells the secret. It is the mirth of madness.

Among the tragic figures that wander disconsolately about the grounds is a huge man, yellow-haired and unkempt, who talks to the trees like John of Patmos. When the superintendent, a German physician with the pale, serene face of a savant, is asked who that man is, he says:

"Ach, yes; that is Svenson, a very interesting case. I have made special investigation of his history. Sometimes he preaches out of the Book of Revelation; sometimes he talks like a new Dante, glorifying another Beatrice. Soon I shall discuss him in a paper before my medical society."

Current Verse

THE VISION

I questioned them narrowly, all,
If any went out or in:
And they answered me, wondering all,
That no one went out or in.

Why wilt thou visit in dreams?—
Once with a little harp
Held up in thy hands to play,
And thy down-smiling eyes on my face.
But when I would watch thee at dance,
There was onl ythe wind so lone—
And the wind was thy harp and thou.

Why wilt thou visit in dreams?
Once with a tendriled wreath
Hung over thy rounded arm,
As though thou wert fain to dance.
But when I would watch thee at dance,
The vine at the casement swung low—
And the vine was thy wreath and thou.

Why wilt thou visit in dreams?
Once with a lamp of pure light
Wherein things hidden were clear.
But when I would walk by thy light,
Only the westering moon—
The low moon at my window, looked in—
And the moon was thy lamp and thou.

Why wilt thou visit in dreams?
Once with a cup that o'erflowed
With a draught that could heal, could save
But when I would whisper, "I thirst!"
Only the fountain I heard,
The laugh of the fountain by night—
And the fountain was thou and thy cup.

I questioned them narrowly, all,
If any went out or in:
And they answered me, wondering, all,
That no one went out or in.
—Edith M. Thomas, in Harper's Bazar.

THE CITIES

Across the stretches of the night
The cities to each other call,
Like flashes of the northern light
Their strident voices rise and fall:
"What toll of human life today,
Of youth and hope what sacrifice,
Hast thou demanded, sister, pray?"—
Thus city unto city cries.

And through the stretches of the dark
The answer floats upon the breeze,
Where, like the lightly resting Ark,
The city looks across the seas:
"The toil I've claimed from man and child.
From innocence and guilt as well;
I've smirched the pure and undefiled,
And turned their heaven into hell.

"I've stirred ambition's fire in breasts
Where only love had burnt till then,
The thirst for gold that never rests
But drinks the lives of weaker men.
I've cheapened virtue in my heart
And trained the tongue to oily lies,
And men to steer by flattery's chart
Who on the stars once fixed their eyes.

"I've crushed the weakling in my press,
I've fixed the blush on woman's cheek,
I've deafened ears to note distress,
Though keen to hear the mighty speak.
I've wrung the heart of childhood dry,
Made men foget they once were young—
The forest's call, the open sky,
And Nature with her sylvan tongue."
—William Wallace Whitelock, in New York Times.

The Hosmer Times

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

Published every Thursday morning at Hosmer, British Columbia.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1910

Time Tables.

C. P. R. TIME TABLE

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

Change took effect Sunday Oct. 31

G. N. TIME TABLE

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

From some parts of Alberta the crop reports are rosier than others, but all are rosy.

The Fort George Tribune says that it is a blessing that wild geese are plentiful near that town, for the inhabitants thereof can now obtain some change for canned goods.

Admiration alone will not run a newspaper. Sooner or later such admirers will find that the object of their affections has become welded to other ways that they do not admire—in other words, a newspaper is compelled in order to live, to seek the friendship of those who are not so platonic in their love, but unite that practical esteem with sentiment that binds mutual admiration to other professions. There are too many men who expect the editor to slave in defense of their pet notions and hobbies, advocate their views against the strongest oppositions and cooly withhold business support by which alone a small newspaper can live.

Premier Rutherford is in a runaway. Whether he resigns to-day or to-morrow or next week, he no longer rules Alberta. He may hold the reins, but like a horse with the bit in its teeth, the province is running away from him. He has lost his grip on public opinion and sentiment. The longer he refuses to see that it is time to jump the worse will he be off when the smash comes. Even now if he crawls out over the tailboard, he will fall with a bump. It is better to jump than be pitched out, even though the jump means sore spots, broken records and hopes and ambitions destroyed. —Lethbridge Herald.

Murder Plot Frustrated

London, May 24.—That a desperate plot to assassinate King Manuel of Portugal during King Edward's funeral was frustrated by Scotland Yard was admitted tonight.

It develops that in addition to guarding all the gathered monarchs against well known anarchists, the British police alarmed, placed an extra corps of police over King Manuel, fearing a repitition of the Lisbon tragedy in 1908, when Manuel's father and brother were shot to death.

That their fears were well grounded was shown by the fact that members of the same band which killed Manuel's father followed Manuel to London and were immediately placed under arrest.

Officers Guilty in Mine Disaster

The coroner's jury which began last November to investigate the cause of the Cherry mine disaster, which resulted in the death of 265 miners in the St. Paul coal mine, has reached an agreement and 25 separate verdicts have been rendered. The jury says the mining laws were broken with the knowledge and consent of the mine inspectors.

The verdicts were in three sets, one set fixing the cause of the death of the twelve men in the rescue party who perished on the cage in the main shaft, another set for the 108 men who were suffocated in the second vein, and the third for the 51 men who were trapped in the third vein and died of exposure and suffering suffocation. The verdict of the coroner's jury is a vindication of John Cowley, the engineer who was in charge of the cage on which the 12 rescuers lost their lives.

PORTLAND CANAL BOOM

Commencement of Short Line Railway and Mining Companies Busy

Early as the season is, present conditions at Stewart point, without any doubt, not merely to the fact that there is going to be a season of extraordinary activity there this year, but also to the fact that this spot is going to be one of the most important towns on the coast. This is in no way surprising, for the situation of the townsite itself, coupled with the immense wealth of the country tributary to it—wealth which has to pass through Stewart to reach the outside world—renders it an absolute certainty that the town will possess from its very beginning those qualities of importance and permanence which will place it at once in the front rank of our coast cities.

Situated at the head of a natural waterway, and at the mouth of a river traversing a valley whose mountainous sides are lined for miles with magnificent mineral properties, Stewart is both the natural outlet for those minerals and the natural distributing point for the supplies and material which the companies developing the mines will require in ever-increasing quantities. But she is more than the natural outlet and distributing point—she is the only possible outlet and distributing point. For *Stewart is situated upon a delta* of level land at the mouth of the Bear river and at the head of Portland Canal—a delta limited in area and enclosed by lofty mountains. A glance at the map of the townsite, shows more plainly than any descriptive words the commanding position which Stewart thus occupies. No rival can challence her supremacy—no railway select another location for its terminus.

For Stewart is not merely a seaport—she is also a railway terminus. Construction work has already commenced on the Portland Canal Short Line railway, a project organized by D. D. Mann and associates, and whose route is up the Bear river valley for a distance of 15 miles. This line will bring down to its terminus at Stewart, where wharves and ore bunkers will be erected, the ores from the numerous rich mines of the district which it traverses, and will carry machinery and supplies from Stewart to the different points along its line of route.

Of the conditions existing in these mines themselves, readers of the B. C. Mining Exchange are already aware. On the older and more advanced properties, such as the Portland Canal Mining Company, Limited, and the Stewart Mining & Development Company, Limited, development work has proved beyond all manner of doubt that the ores of the Portland Canal camp retain both permanence and richness with depth, thus assuring to Stewart that the value of the wealthy country at her back is durable and lasting.

That the world of investment and finance has already recognized the desirability of Stewart as a business centre for the extensive field of operations opened by the mining country which surrounds her, is amply evidenced by the *enormous number of people* which every boat going north from Vancouver and Victoria is taking into the new town and the rich mines.—B. C. Mining Exchange and Engineering News.

Kettle Valley Line

President J. J. Warren, of the Kettle Valley Railway Co., reached Penticton on Wednesday, and will go through to the coast at once. Mr. Warren has latterly been overwhelmed with congratulations upon his success at Ottawa in obtaining the supstantial federal subsidy of $6,400 per mile for his road, construction of which from Merritt will begin in the very near future. The line is now subsidized to the extent of $11,400 per mile for 150 miles, from Merritt to Midway, the provincial legislature having last session revived the $5,000 per mile subsidy of the old Midway Vernon. It is now probable, in view of recent developments, that after leaving Merritt the line will go up the Coldwater and on across the Hope mountains. Advices from Ottawa suggest this change in the route. This would mean an even more direct connection of the coast with the Nicola country, and consequent reductions in freight and passenger tariffs.

Spend $44,000,000 for Diamonds

Diamonds and other precious stones to the value of $40,000,000 have been brought into New York during the last 10 months, according to the statistics given out by the appraisers' stores.

During the present month the importations of jewels are reported to be increased by fully $2,000,000 more. In June it is likely that the sum will be duplicateed, so that the aggregate for the year will be $44,000,000, an amount exceeding the biggest record heretofore by $3,000,000.

Importers regard these imports as significant of improved business conditions. They say the diamond trade is always the last to feel the upward trend of business conditions.

The heaviest previous years were 1906, when imports valued at $41,000,000, were received, and 1907, when the total entries were valued at $40,200,000.

An early start on the construction of the Kootenay Central Railway is indicated by the decision of the C. P. R. to immediately call for tenders of the work.

The Canadian Pacific railway, always enterprising, will shortly be turning out "ready made" fruit farms in Kootenay.

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

Soon the gay suburbanite will begin to rise blisters in his garden.

The Man With A Millstone About His Neck

The millstone is *lack of special training*. It holds one man down to hard work and small wages while others, properly trained, go ahead. But every man and woman who is laboring under such a burden can easily rise to a better position and increased earnings and can find out how for the asking.

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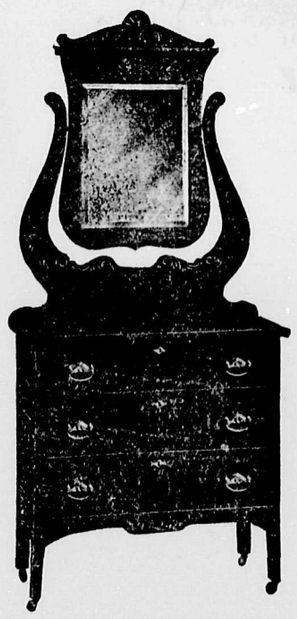

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* * *

THE mathematical professor became engaged to a charming girl, and one day they made an excursion into the country with several friends. The girl picked a daisy, and looking languishingly at her fiance began to pull off the petals, saying, "He loves me not; he loves me," etc.

"That is needless trouble you are giving yourself," said the precise professor; "you should count up the petals of the flower, and if the total is an uneven number the answer will be in the negative; if an even number, in the affirmative."

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Warren, Ont. Feb. 11th.

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FASHIONS AND FANCIES

THE fashionable, popular woman of today finds she must keep herself provided with smart evening gowns all the year round if she would be correctly "turned out." Consequently the constantly changing fashions in this style of gown are always eagerly sought, and the dressmaker who can cut the best dinner and ball gowns can always be sure of a desirable clientele. It is not such an easy matter to get satisfactory evening gowns as is generally supposed, for so much depends upon the figure of the wearer. A model that will meet universal approbation and be eagerly chosen by the majority will prove most satisfactory to one out of three purchasers, for color, material and design, each and all, have to be studied by the individual. This is one reason why there are always so many different designs in evening gowns.

Silver Embroidered Gray Voile Gown Over White Satin

The black evening gown has not of late been nearly so popular as a few seasons since. Certainly every well gowned woman includes at least one smart evening gown in her season's outfit, but no longer is it possible to feel smartly gowned in a black gown for any and every occasion. To be effective now the black gown must be of the richest quality and must be conspicuously trimmed to look as smart as the gown of light color. The crystal, steel, silver, gold and diamante trimmings will transform any black gown, and the embroidered tulle tunics are of immense assistance this season in giving the desired note of effectiveness.

A revival of a charming fashion of many years ago is seen in the evening gowns that are cut round instead of square and finished with the plain bertha of chiffon or tulle, edged with fringe of silver, crystal or gold. A black satin gown made in this fashion with a tunic or borders in black tulle and the bertha edged with silver, bead fringe and silver roses where the bertha fastens, is most becoming. The same model, however, carried out in rose pink or a light shade of nattier blue is more effective. This season great attention is paid to the lines as well as the trimming of the waists of evening gowns; there are several attractive styles with the square lines, but among the newest are more with the round off the shoulder cut; the kimono effect is again given by the surplice folds of chiffon over the shoulders or by the lace that goes over the shoulders and finishes the top of the waist. The fashion still prevails of the sleeve dropping below the shoulder quite apart from the gown, but the lace that trims the waist shields the arm itself and softens the rather too eccentric effect wonderfully.

Lace is used this season more lavishly than ever and flounces, berthas and shawls of real lace family heirlooms are now being brought out from treasure boxes and made use of.

Flounces, with bertha to match, trim satin voile de soie gowns of all shades, and the lace is so used that its beauty of design and texture is displayed to the best advantage. Embroidered nets and laces that are not to be found in any treasure box, but are of the most recent manufacture, are in great demand for the summer evening gowns, and there are many women who contend that the modern laces can be utilized to far better advantage than can the most valuable old family lace, especially as one of the strongest of unwritten laws, to the effect that real lace must never be cut, exerts the most extraordinary influence over all women. The embroidered nets and laces of the moment are certainly beautiful enough to satisfy the most captious critic, and it must be conceded that it is far simpler to deal with the new than with the old.

Silver and gold laces are extremely fashionable and are well adapted for the trimming of all evening gowns. There are many different designs and textures, some light and fine with more net than design, others heavy of mesh and heavily embroidered as well. There are shaped tunics and garnitures of net and lace, embroidered in gold or silver, that transform the simplest satin or voile de soie gown into a superb and costly ball gown. A heavy mesh of silver net studded with silver beads and a heavy gold net with border of gold beads are effective with a gown of satin made with draped skirt. These metal laces are quite transparent, and, lined with pale pink chiffon, give the effect of a much lower cut waist than if the waist were of satin, and it is surprising how soft and pliable are the laces, for it is not difficult to drape them in fichu or bertha effect.

They are to be had also at such a wide range of prices that they can be utilized with even a comparatively inexpensive material or in freshening a gown that has had hard usage and needs doing over. At the same time the most inexpensive gowns can be suitably trimmed with the expensive embroidered gold or silver lace. All kinds of embroidered nets and laces are smart this season, and heavy silk embroidery, colored, is combined with the finest lace net in a most novel and picturesque effect. Over a pale pink satin will be a tunic of gray tulle or voile de soie. This will be finished by a broad band extending half way up the skirt of a gray embroidered lace. Wandering across the original design of the lace—there is no other way to describe it—is a vine of pink roses worked in silk, shaded from palest to deep; material it is most charmingly light and airy, only the colorest pink. In description this may sound too heavy; in the ing of the pink against the gray, and this in turn shading into the pink of the satin.

Green is a popular color this season, and is to be worn not only in the day time but at evening as well. Nile green, fashionable twenty years ago, is now most popular and is a most effective and becoming color under artificial light. Covered with voile de soie the same shade or lighter, or with silver or crystal embroidered tulle, it seems most appropriate for the summer, while when intended for the most elaborate gowns it is trimmed with heavy gold, silver or crystal lace. Silk embroidery on the satin gowns was most fashionable last summer for the many elaborate gowns that were designed for the late summer season, and will now be very smart for several months.

It is a mistake to combine any color with green in the embroidery on the satin, but two or three shades of green are much smarter. When the embroidery is on the tunic of transparent material or in bands of embroidery, color can be introduced, but at its best it is rather a dangerous experiment and not to be rashly recommended.

Crystal, pearl, silver and gold embroidery on the material has been fashionable all winter, and it was thought that there would be a marked change in the fashions for summer evening gowns, but as yet there has not been any radical change in materials intended for the spring and summer evening gowns. As has been already stated, the embroidered tunics of tulle, net, lace and voile de soie are to be used, but when the embroidery is used on satin designs are much smaller, less embroidery is used and every effort is made to have the general appearance less heavy. Trifling details, and yet all important to the woman who knows clothes and prides herself on always being correctly gowned.

* * *

Hip length coats in Irish crochet or Princess lace are in evidence as garments, worn as yet, of course, under the opera cloak or street wrap.

Embroidered linen waists will continue in style this summer. An exceedingly pretty model opens a little to the left of the front, the entire front being rich in handwork.

The vogue of the jabot is threatenedd by the fashion of having coats cut along the line of the Russian blouse, which is so high necked as to make the jabot impossible.

However elaborate a scarf may be in itself or in its trimming, the edge is usually finished with a selvage all around. The selvage varies from a quarter to two inches in width.

While flowers of tulle and other transparent stuffs will be in favor this spring and summer for hat trimmings, those fashioned of braid will be considered especially dressy.

The tunic that is straight across the front is in general favor just now. It is not like last year's washerwoman skirt in style, and is indistinctly related to the long and overused Moyen age style.

Tunics vary in length to suit the taste and height of the wearer. Some extend to within a few inches of the hem of the gown, while others come but a few inches below the waist line. The lower edge, seemingly, may be as unusual in its outline as the wearer desires.

KILLING THE GERMS IN WATER

THE method for preparing water for drinking purposes by killing the germs instead of attempting to remove them is now advocated by an increasing number of hygienists. Practically this means treatment with ozone or some similar agent instead of using filters. It is stated by The Engineering Magazine that the employment of electrical ozonizers in Europe for the sterilization of drink-water continues steadily to increase. Paris, we are told, has installed apparatus with a capacity of 10,000,000 gallons a day, and Nice treats 5,000,000 gallons a day. The latest addition to the list of cities employing this method of water purification is St. Petersburg. In a comprehensive discussion of the place of ozone in sanitation Mr. A. Mabille, writing in the Electrical Review, connects the sterilizing action of this variant form of oxygen with its radioactivity, which is marked. We quote as follows from an abstract of Mabille's article in the magazine first named above.

"A small domestic apparatus is now on the market, in which the air is sucked through the ozonizer by means of an emulser fixed on the outlet of the water-tap, this emulser serving the double purpose of an air-pump and ozone-mixer. This apparatus will treat 60 gallons of water per hour. . . . Using a small apparatus of this description, Mr. Neisser found that, with water at a pressure of 30 pounds per square inch, the number of germs was reduced from 43,000 to 2 per cubic centimeter. . . .

"In the ozone apparatus, the germs are actually killed, whereas in the ordinary mechanical type of filter they are merely held back by the filtering medium, which in time is liable to become very foul and act as an actual breeding-place for the microbes. Carbon filters are particularly faulty in this respect, it being essential frequently to sterilize the carbon blocks by heating them—a process that is tedious and is generally neglected by the ordinary householder. Hence these filters are a positive danger in themselves. Ozone possesses both taste and smell, and is thus distinct from oxygen, which has neither. However, the flavor of water treated with ozone is not at all impaired; indeed, the added oxygen appears to give the water a distinctly refreshing taste."

Besides its use in sterilizing drinking-water, ozone is likely to be of great help as a disinfectant in the prevention of zymotic diseases. The pathogenic or disease-producing bacteria appear quite unable to survive the poisoning action of ozone, while, according to Dr. Koch's experiments, sporeless bacilli are killed only after five minutes' treatment by a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid, and are not even injured by a 1 per cent solution. Spore-bearing bacilli will resist a temperature of over 212 deg. F. To quote again:

"Clearly, therefore, there should be a field for ozone for the flushing and disinfecting of sewers and house-drains, especially in view of the fact that ozone destroys sulphuretted hydrogen, and would thus probably be far more effective in dealing with the gas from sewer-ventilation pipes than the present method of burning the gas by the use of special gas lamps.

Nile Green Satin Gown With Gold Embroidered Trimming

"Air-ozonizers have already been extensively used for hospital and sick-room disinfecting, but the use of any form of ozonizer sewer work has up to the present not been tried. While sea air contains from 3 to 5 per cent. of ozone, the percentage of ozone in sick-room air is, as a rule, very minute indeed, hence the use of air-ozonizers for hospitals is now finding considerable favor. The Lancet, in May last, advocated the use of the stem drinking-glass, owing to the liability of the fingers to touch the brim of the ordinary tumbler; yet the same medical paper totally ignores the far greater risk of infectious disease being spread by reason of the absence of any attempt to sterilize the drinking-glasses used in public bars, restaurants, etc. A glass after being used by a person, possibly in the last stages of consumption, is washed in luke-warm water, frequently none too clean, and then used for the next customer without any thought as to whether the glass is germ free or not.

"Much consumption undoubtedly is spread in this way, and the matter is one which the manufacturers of ozone apparatus might find well worthy of close attention. Once the general public have their attention drawn to this point, they will insist on the hospital and restaurant managers using suitable precautions."

WHEN HE QUIT

YOUNG FILKINS had been employed to fill a hybrid position which formed the connecting link between that of office boy and that of the most insignificant clerk. It was the general opinion from the first that he was too fresh to last.

He was put to work the day of his arrival on sorting some old files. About 10 o'clock a small man with close-clipped, iron-grey hair, neatly but plainly dressed, passed by the door of the room in which Filkins was working, noted him and his occupation. The small man walked over to Filkins and gave a casual look at the papers spread over the desk.

"Hum," he said. "Sorting old files?"

Filkins turned slightly toward him and gave a sidewise, upward leer.

"Naw," he drawled. "I'm just gettin' a little exercise chasin' a caterpillar round the block."

The small man gulped. He looked for a moment as if he meant to speak, then with a little angry hope he disappeared through the door.

"Now, now," called Filkins after him. "Don't go away mad."

The small man's coat tails continued to waggle down the corridor.

"Well," said Filkins, raising his voice as the straight back receded from view. "If you can't stay now come back whenever you find a few minutes of the company's time that ain't workin.' Glad to chew a few with you any old time."

There was a warm session in the manager's room a few minutes later between the manager and his assistant, who had employed Filkins.

"He's too fresh, I know," admitted the assistant in response to the manager's complaint that the young man was impertinent and not a person to be retained about the office in any capacity. "Still it's pretty hard to find the right kind of a chap for that job. This young man came well recommended."

"Tut, tut, tut!" said the manager, fussing among the papers on his desk. He seemed to be offering the remark as a solution of the problem.

His annoyance seemed to be increased when the assistant manager said: "Well, it's up to you to say whether we keep him or can him. But I can drop him a hint to work with his hands and not his tongue."

"Tut, tut, tut," said the manager again, wrinkling his brow and puckering his nose so that his glasses dropped off.

While he was fumbling around under the desk for the glasses the assistant manager made his escape. Presently he called Filkins into his private office and talked with him seriously.

"Well, that's a nice note, ain't it?" demanded Filkins, when the assistant manager had explained to him that the gentleman with whom he had had his little fling was the general manager of the concern. "To think of that little goat bein' the boss! Why, I could tie him up in a bowknot with my left hand."

"Well, that's not exactly what you are here for, young man," warned the assistant manager. "You'd better learn to be civil to everybody or you won't hold your job long. I give you fair warning."

"Oh, that's all right," said Filkins, easily. "I ain't lookin' for no trouble. You just put me next when I get too fresh and you'll see little Willie back on the job in no time. I ain't never been fired yet. When I'm ready to quit I quit."

The telephone switchboard—which was strictly none of his business—fascinated Filkins with a compelling fascination. Talking into the swinging receiver soon came to be a passion with him.

It was toward the closing hour one day in the third week of his employment in the office that, strolling past the switchboard and being drawn irresistibly by its call, he seized the transmitter from the reluctant hand of the regular operator just in time to hear a sweet, feminine voice inquire:

"Is this the Wellington-Beale company?"

"Yes, dearie," replied Filkins. "What can I do for you?"

The sweet voice seemed to struggle helplessly for a moment. "I beg your pardon," it said presently. "I didn't understand you. Who is this, please?"

"Oh, come now, girlie," Filkins' voice sounded perfectly maudlin. "You're kiddin' muh. I bet you know who I am."

The voice was more troubled than ever. "I think I must have the wrong number," it said. "Is this the Wellington-Beale company?"

"No," said Filkins. "It's just Charlie, and you're trying to make out that you don't recognize these sweet tones of mine. If you're goin' to treat me like this, it's no choc'lits for you Sunday night."

"I'm sure I have the wrong number," said the voice decidedly. "Is this the Wellington-Beale company?"

"Sure, it is," said Filkins. "Who do you want?"

The voice seemed to freeze as it wound its spidery way over the wire. "I'd like to speak to Mr. Perkins, the manager," it said. "I am Mrs. Perkins."

Filkins dropped the receiver and made a dive for the closet which held his overcoat and hat. When he hurried down the corridor he was struggling to get both arms into his overcoat sleeves at the same time.

"It's me for the simple life in the tall grass," he panted. "If the old man asks for me tell him I'm dead. Funeral at 2.30 next week. No flowers. Tell him the kid at the board wasn't to blame. Tell him when I get ready to quit, I quit, but I wasn't never canned yet."

The manager's door was dashed open and an iron-grey head, beneath which was a red and angry face with a mouth set in an uncompromising line, appeared just as Filkins slammed the outer door.

AN OBSERVANT CHILD

LITTLE ADELAIDE was inclined to be cowardly. Her father found that sympathy only increased this unfortunate tendency, and decided to have a serious talk with his little daughter on the subject of her foolish fears.

"Papa," she ventured, at the close of the lecture, "when you see a cow aren't you afraid?"

"Why, certainly not, Adelaide. Why should I be?"

"Well, when you see a dog, aren't you afraid, then?"

"No, indeed!" with marked emphasis on the "no."

"Aren't you afraid when it thunders, papa?"

"Why, no," and he laughed at the thought, and added, "Oh, you silly child!"

"Papa," and Adelaide came closer and looked into her parent's eye, "aren't you afraid of nothing in the world, but just mama?"

DON'T you think," suggested the old friend of the family, "that you would do well to keep a watch on your son?"

"Impossible," replied young Gailey's father; "it wouldn't be long before he'd exchange it for a pawn ticket."

TALES FROM THE WONDERFUL WEST

It is Easy Enough to Be Pleasant
When Monday Goes By Like a Dream.
When the Labor is Light,
The Linen is White,
And You're Not Choked to Death
By the Steam.
It is Easy to Banish Your Troubles
With Royal Crown Soap for a Friend.
'Tis The Best in The West:
And We Beg to Suggest
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BUSINESS GIRLS' LUNCHES

IT is appalling to see some of the things the young business girls order for their midday meal. When one has seen (as I have) such combinations ordered and eaten as buckwheat cakes and syrup, ice cream and an unripe banana, cream puffs and coffee, sausage and lemon pie, ice cream soda and cake—it explains, in part at least, why we see so many pale and heavy-eyed young girls in our stores and offices.

A girl who has less than an hour for luncheon should, if possible, select a place near her business where she may get some warm and easily digested food, and she should spend the rest of the time in rest.

Avoid the cold, "standing luncheon," which leaves one unsatisfied and exhausted after the hurry and struggle.

Tea and coffee should be left untouched at noon if they are taken at one or both the other meals of the day; they are stimulating. Business life needs no additional stimulation.

Fried meats and fried foods of all kinds are best omitted. Things easy to digest should be selected when work, either mental or physical, is immediately to be resumed and if a clear head is a thing to be thought of and desired. Brown or Indian bread is better than white; and milk, hot or cold, or malted, cocoa and chocolate, buttermilk (and in hot weather lemonade) are all to be preferred to tea or coffee.

As expense is undoubtedly to be considered, two articles of food, nourishing and easy to digest, and one liquid, ught to be obtained for ten or fifteen cents.

Every penny spent by a young girl for tea or coffee, pickles, pie, ice cream soda, candy and such things, to serve as a meal to work on, is worse than thrown away. Economy does not mean pending a small amount, but spending money in such a way that it will bring n the largest returns.

Some suggestions are here offered for such lunches—some for summer use and some for winter:

FOR SUMMER:

A green salad, with brown bread and butter; a glass of buttermilk.

A shredded wheat biscuit, with cream and dish of fresh fruit.

A sandwich of brown bread and cheese, nuts and buttermilk.

Milk toast and stewed or fresh fruit.

Boiled rice with cream, brown bread and butter and cocoa.

A bowl or bread and milk.

Baked custard, sandwiches and cocoa.

FOR WINTER:

Macaroni and cheese.

Poached eggs on toast, apple sauce and cocoa.

Cornmeal mush and milk, stewed fruit.

A boiled egg, baked sweet potato.

Baked beans and zwieback.

Bowl of vegetable soup and puree, baked potato and bread.

Boiled rice, prunes and graham rolls

Corn bread and butter, apple sauce and chocolate.

Ring-Bone

There is no case so old or bad that we will not guarantee

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste

to remove the lameness and make the horse go sound. Money refunded if it ever fails. Easy to use and one to three 45-minute applications cure. Works just as well on Splint and Bone Spavin. Before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy for any kind of a blemish, write for a free copy of

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Ninety-six pages of veterinary information, with special attention to the treatment of blemishes. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Make a start beginning by sending for this book.

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

INFLUENZA

CATARRHAL FEVER
PINKEYE, SHIPPING
FEVER, EPIZOOTIC

And all diseases of the horse affecting his throat, speedily cured: colts and horses in stable kept from having them by using SPOHN'S DISTEMPER AND COUGH CURE. 3 to 6 doses often cure; 1 bottle guaranteed to cure one case. Safe for brood mares, baby colts, stallions—all ages and conditions. Most skilful scientific compound. 50c and $1.00 a bottle; $5.00 and $10.00 a dozen. Get it from your druggist or harness dealer.

DISTRIBUTORS: ALL WHOLESALE DRUG HOUSES.

Spohn Medical Co. Chemists and Bacteriologists, GOSHEN, Ind., U.S.A.

TAROLEMA CURES ECZEMA

TAROLEMA CURES ECZEMA 50c PER POT

And Most Other Germ Skin Diseases.

TAROLEMA Consists of COMPOUNDS WITH COMBINED OILS-OF-TAR

FOR CHILDREN and Mild Cases or Wet Eczema use TAROLEMA No. 1.

FOR DRY ECZEMA and Eczema of the Head, use TAROLEMA No. 2.

FOR SEVERE CASES, Generally Pronounced Incurable, use TAROLEMA No. 3.

50c PER POT AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

If your druggist does not sell Tarolema, order direct, and address Dept. P. 3

Carbon Oil Works, Limited, Winnipeg

FOR THAT NEW HOUSE

Sackett Plaster Board

The Empire Brands of Wall Plaster

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The Manitoba Gypsum Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

IT'S A SURE =THING=

That we can please you with our new spring styles of Clothing.

Doesn't such confidence deserve investigation?

See what we are showing this week in **Men's Suits.** Splendidly tailored, well lined throughout and finished with Fancy Cuffs and Pockets at

$15.00

A. MILLS & SON

"The Home of Swell Clothes"

MILLS BLOCK HOSMER, B. C.

TALK OF THE TOWN

The Times 'phone No. is 16.

M. L. McKinnon was in Blairmore yesterday.

Constable Aston spent last Friday in Fernie.

Geo. Longpre was in Cranbrook on Tuesday.

J. S. T. Alexander, was down from Fernie Monday.

Mrs. Kershaw of Fort Steele, is visiting in town this week.

Services will be held on Sunday in the Methodist church, at 7:30.

Miss Grant of Fernie was visiting Miss Burchell for a few days.

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

Bell & Davis are finishing the work on the D. R. Thomas building.

W. T. Kennedy of Baynes Lake, was visiting friends here last Sunday.

Spense Lyons of Coleman, was visitiig this burg Friday of last week.

Gus. Johnson of Cranbrook was visiting friends here a few days this week.

Fred Wildman has moved his pool room into the Frank Ingham building.

Miss Lily Sweetman, of Pincher, is the guest of Mrs Robt. Gourlay, this week.

A. B. Campbell is going to enlarge his celler and expects to be excavating at once.

A. E. Hartwell left Hosmer on Saturday for Coal Creek, where he will permanently reside.

Don't forget the free moving picture show at the Queen's Hotel, Saturday evening from 8:30 to 11 p. m.

R. J. Cole of the school district management, has planted the national emblem over the building devoted to the training of budding genius.

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.

J. Littler, was an arrival from Plymouth, Eng., on Saturday morning. Mr. Littler is a friend of Tom Davis.

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

Joseph Lavarato returned to Hosmer Monday from a trip to Italy. He is now a benedict, and will make Hosmer his future home.

At the Queen's Hotel last night a social dance was given by Miss Agnes Gourlay. An very enjoyable evening was spent by those present.

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

There will be a meeting of the Hosmer Executive Conservative Association on Friday night at 8:30, when business of importance will be discussed. The secretary will notify the new members of the place of meeting.

The high wind yesterday brought down some of the big cotton wood trees down in the flat: Archie Mathieson's house having a close call, a big tree clearing it by only six feet. There are several of those dangerous trees in close proximity to the new school house and the proper authorities should take steps to see to the removal of same.

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, Lethbridge Alta.

"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.

Geo. Longpre has purchased the dwelling of Frank Woods, who will leave shortly for Edmonton Alta.

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

A social surprise party was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson on Wednesday night, Miss Jennie is going to Calgary in a few days and a few of her friends gave her a party.

G. W. Severns, the foreman at the Elk Lumber Co's camp 4 is leaving the district. Mrs. Severns and Mrs. McQueen are going east on Thursday night. Mr. Severns will also go east on to the boundless prairie.

The ladies of Hosmer will be sorry to hear of Mrs. Hartwell leaving this fair burg. She will in future reside at Coal Creek where "Bert" is now working. Mrs. Hartwell was a member of the Anglican W. A.

Furniture specials at Bennett Bros.

When the fire whistle is blowing is no time to think about insuring your house and furniture. Don't put off another day. You should also consider what company you insure in; R. W. Rogers represents the best companies.

This town of Hosmer in the past has earned justly or otherwise in the show world, the title of "N. G". However, we think possibly it has been on account of the attractions themselves or their advertising methods. Be it as it may, the "Are you Crazy" combination packed the opera house and it was good to see Mr. Amaud skirmishing around for chairs to the neighboring hall. The show itself needs no comment. The Claman man knows his business and were they to visit us again next week, the house would be to small.

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.

A widow lost a hog. We do not refer to the death of her husband. She lost a real hog and advertised for it. The editor says the hog must have read the paper, for he came hiking home on the dead run as soon as the paper left the postoffice. This is not the first instance where a hog has read a newspaper—and incidentally forgotten to pay for it.

Hosmer Visits Coal Creek

The game of football played by Coal Creek and Hosmer was a league fixture and was played at Coal Creek, on Saturday May 28th. The bout ended by Coal Creek making a win of 2 goals to 1.

The game was pretty fast and the play was good, though Balderson was slightly inconvienienced by his glim colliding with the ball, he thought it was comet.

Just before the game commenced Coal Creek pressed forward the Hosmer frontal line wavered and Coal Creek scored the first goal. However Hosmer came up in the Creek end of the field and Davis headed through from a magnificent corner the kick taken by Weaver. Hosmer took courage in their boots after this and the play was constantly in the enemys ground. When the one-eyed referee gave a foul for "hands" against Geo. McQueen a rattlebrained decision as the Hosmer boys thought as the "hands" was purely of the accidental order.

Billy McFegan scored from the resulting free kick and half time arrived with the score 2-1 in favor of the Creek.

The second half proved a tame exhibition forwards of both sides showing no pressing abilities and the defined on either side showing up well Hosmer was at a disadvantage owing to the damage to the Balderson optic. Allan proved the best back on the field. Guest and McQueen showed up well as half backs, but the forwards were pretty raggy dope Weaver being the best.

Lame shoulder is almost invariable 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.

For Campers.

Don't when in the woods throw down a lighted match, cigar stub or other flaming object; make sure that the flame has been thoroughly extinguished before throwing it away.

Don't build your camp fire larger than is necessary.

Don't under any circumstances, leave your fire unguarded, even for a comparatively short time; see that it is out before you go away.

Don't build your fire in leaves, rotten wood or other inflammable material.

Don't build your fire against a large or hollow log when it is hard to be sure it has been thoroughly put out.

To these dont's it may be added that in windy weather, or in a dangerous place it is well to confide the fire in a hole dug clean down to the mineral soil; a fire may smoulder in the humus or duff for many days, only waiting for a strong breeze to fan it into flames that may burn over miles of timber.

Summer tourists and campers unfortunately have a bad reputation among the owners of timber limits as being a frequent cause of fires. Such fires could be prevented almost without exception by a little extra care on the part of the campers, who have been the unintentional cause of much forest destruction, and who have just as real an interest in the preservation of the forests as the owners of the timber themselves. The rules given above are the result of long experience and observation on the part of many woodsmen and lumbermen as to the origin of fires from this cause, and are earnestly commended to the attention of campers, sportsmen and others.—Ex.

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

Coal Opprations at Kipp, Alta.

A coal shaft is to be sunk about a mile and a half from Kipp. Some fifty men will be employed and seven cars of lumber are on their way to build houses, offices, etc. This mine is situated to the east. The Pioneer Drill Co., who are sinking a test hole to the south, are keeping it very dark as to their prospects. Macwilliam, to the north, is down over 350 feet with his shaft, and is going through his second edition of white clay.

Pointed Paragraphs

Ole Ez Pash started t' whitewash his chicken coop Saturday, but he didn' have terbacker enough t' finish it.

Miss Germ Williams wuz t' spend the day in Morgantown yisterday, but she forgot t' have it put in th' paper, so she didn't go.

Mother can't flare up an' leave like a hired girl.

False teeth er all right in ther place.

Nothing a little man says ever sounds probable.

Miss Fawn Lippincut says this is positively th' last time she'll change her waist line.

Grandmother din' know nothin' 'bout th' benzoate o' sody. She hid her jelly t' make it keep.

Miss Fawn Lippincut is writin' a recipe on how t' keep from turnin' red at a musical comedy.

Tabitha Plum run her peek-a-boo waist through th' pi-an-oley last week an', by ginger, it played a medley.

Some o' th, girls up et Indynoplus hev such small waists thet they must live on spig-gety.

Th' trouble with this Christian Science business is thet you've got t' keep whistlin' all th' time.

Seems like ther's twice ez many marriages nowerdays when th' newspapers print half-tones so well.

I got a letter from Rushville, sayin' thet ther wuz a Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe up ther last week an' thet th' dogs were good, but thet they hed poor support.

Elder Berry an' wife hev gone to Wapakoneta, Ohio, t' live with ther son, Stephen. Aunty Berry will be greatly missed ez we hev no newspaper here.

A couple o' strangers wuz here this week talkin' up a cannin' factory. One was dressed like a Dimmycrat an th' 'tother looked like he wuz in ordinary circumstances too.

It's all right t' be close-mouthed an' cool-headed if you kin be thet way without lookin' stupid.

Opportunity only knocks once, an' then we're generaly in th' back part o' th' house.

It'll soon be time fer Christmas jewelry t' turn green.

Ther' doesn't seem t' be no effort made t' curb th' sale o' plug hats t' irresponsible an' commonplace people.

Dock Marsh an' th' boys er back from a huntin' trip in Arkansas. They killed eight quarts.

Nobuddy kin talk as interestin' as th' feller that's not hampered by facts er information.

Once in a long time you find enough relatives on speakin' terms t' hold a family reunion.

Men git ole before they know it, but women don't.

Rubber Stamps at the Times office.

Read the announcements of your merchants in this issue. Many a dollar has been saved by a careful perusal of a merchant's "Ad." When a business man advertises for your patronage he not only has a line of goods that "speaks" but there may be some article or articles listed that you may desire, and that it might be advantageous to buy at this time.

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.

Reduction in Shoe Repairing

Shoe repairing at reduced prices during the month of June: Soles and heels, gents, $1.25, soles and heels, ladies, $1.00, soles and heels, childrens, 75c. Remember these prices are for June only, D. Brutto. 42-tf

And every time you see a play,
Or read a book that makes a jest
Of love and home, you throw away
Some part of you that was the bes
—WALT MASO

The handsome new Col water hotel, built at Merritt b William McIntire, formerly Phoenix, at a cost of $20,0 was opened by a grand banqu on the 16th inst.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

CATHOLIC CHURCH—Mass every fo night at Leithauser's basement, 1 o'clock, a. m. Rosary and Bene tion at 7:30 p. m. J. Salles, O. M. Ph. D.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—D i v service in Odd Fellows Hall on S day evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Sun school at 2:30 p. m. Choir prac every Friday at 8 o'clock p. m. C Nicoll, Missionary.

ENGLISH CHURCH SERVICES fortnightly at the Hosmer House. Second Sunday, Evensoh 7:30 p. m. Fourth Sunday, Holy C munion at 11 a. m., Evensong at p. m. Fifth Sunday, Evensong at p. m. Briant N. Crowther, M. Curate in Charge.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. R. Lee, Pastor. Sunday School 2:30; ternoon class for adults, 3:30; Di service, 7:30; choir practice Wed days, 8 p. m. The pastor's reside adjoins the church, and he will ways welcome any one who calls on him for advice or help in any rection. He will be glad to be n fied of any case of sickness. St gers will be always welcome.

Italian Store

MIKE JIOIA, Prop.

Groceries, Fruits
Tobaccos and
Confectionery

New Stock New Goo
Call and See Us

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Scientific American.

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Saturday Specials

We are now giving the Boys a chance to Ring in on Our Saturday Specials

SOME OF OUR WINNERS

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

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

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

Boys' Caps, reguiar price 20 and 25 cents, SPECIAL PRICE 15c

Boys' 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.