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Slocan Mining Review.

Printed in New Denver, the Beauty Spot of the Continent and the Hub of the richest Silver-Lead District on Earth.

Library Legislative Assembly SEP 23 1908 VICTORIA, B. C.

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Situate at New Denver, B.C., the most beautiful place in British Columbia, this modern and picturesque Hotel offers to Tourists and the traveling public all the attractions and creature comforts that heart of man desires. Facing the glorious Slocan Lake, where boating and angling may be indulged in all the year round, an uninterrupted view of the famous Glacier and snow clad peaks may be witnessed at all times from the veranda. Rooms, single or en suite, reserved by wire. Gasoline launch at disposal of Tourists. Apply to

HENRY STEGE - - PROPRIETOR

Local and General.

That son of a biscuit of a printer's devil has kicked over the traces and skidooed to Creston to help his dad who is peddling "hot air" and making an effort to squeeze three squares a day out of the Creston bounders. Little Willie, how we miss you!

Frank Griffith, manager of the Westmont mine, reports the mine looking better than it has ever done. A car of ore is ready for shipment, which will run higher in value than any previous shipment. Considering that shipments have been made this year running over four hundred ounces in silver, the next shipment will rank amongst the highest made from the lower Slocan district.

C. J. Campbell has two men at work raising the dam at the power house.

W. R. Inman, consulting eye specialist, has been doing business in town this week.

Miss Athleen Vallance is lying dangerously ill at her home, very little hope being entertained for her recovery. LATER—Her condition is now said to be improving.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie and family, of Sandon, who have been spending a holiday at Prince Edward Island, passed through on Wednesday on their return journey home.

A wedding will shortly be announced between two well-known citizens of New Denver. Here's luck, Paul!

Mr. and Mrs. Murray and family will leave in a few days for Winnipeg.

The meeting of the executive committee of the Sunday School Association is to be held in the Methodist Church on Monday, September 21st. Remember this meeting.

Rev. W. M. Chalmers will preach his farewell sermon in New Denver on Sunday next, at 7.30 p.m. Subject: "The Power of Purpose." Service at Silverton at 11 a.m. All are cordially invited to attend.

C. J. Campbell, the electrician, has thrown a new bridge across the creek to the power house to replace the old one, which was partly demolished by a slide last spring.

Ed. Angrignon is clearing and plowing his lot, which he recently purchased at the corner of Slocan Avenue.

Mr. Lewer, of Spokane, spent a few days in town this week.

Don't forget the fruit exhibit in Bosun Hall on Monday next. Admission free.

J. C. Gore, C. P. R. boat superintendent, passed through the first of this week, while on one of his periodical visits of inspection.

Clarence Vallance, who has been hastily summoned home on account of his sister's serious illness, arrived from Spokane on Wednesday.

Mrs. Barclay and daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. P. Angrignon, left for Spokane on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Angrignon accompanied them as far as Slocan City.

Rev. Fr. Jeannotte is painting the outsides of his two houses in Silverton. He has this week purchased a house in New Denver, from F. Bourne, which is to be moved close to the church and will be reserved for his own use when he visits here.

The C. P. R. announce cheap excursion rates to Nelson Fair and other points in B.C. For full particulars, see our advertising columns.

Lewis Scaia has been busy during the past month shipping lumber to Sandon, Silverton and Nakusp. He has now a second car awaiting shipment to the latter place.

The installation of the machinery for the new compressor at the Vancouver mine is now almost complete and will soon commence operations. It is thought that Wm. French, who has been manager of the compressor at the Arlington mine, will take charge.

George Gordon has a small crew of men fixing the Wakefield mill and expects to have it started in a few days as the ore bins are full of Hewitt ore.

The Slocan rifle association have received the new No. 3 Ross rifle, in place of the No. 2, hitherto in use.

Adolph Mero will leave on Friday for his ranch, near the Red Section house, where he intends to put in a lot of general work and also build a cabin.

J. B. Smith has got a fine selection of preserving peaches in his store.

The Hewitt mine has laid off some of the crew this week.

BORN—At New Denver, on Thursday, September 17th, to the wife of Hermann Clever, a daughter.

Willie Clever will leave on Saturday for Spokane where he will have three years training in a military school.

Two men were put to work on Thursday on the New Denver glacier trail.

R. McPherson and his bridge crew, who have been working in the boundary country for several months, returned to Rosebery this week. Mr. McPherson is a very popular man in this district, and his many friends are pleased to again have him in their midst. He and his crew will be engaged on work between Rosebery and Sandon for about three months.

Fred. Kelly had an accident a few day ago while taking a flash-light photograph, two of his fingers being severely burnt.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Hilton left on Tuesday for Spokane, after spending a few days in town with Mr. and Mrs. T. Avison.

On Friday evening, Septemper 25th, the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers will meet in the basement of the Methodist Church, Sandon, to spend a social hour with them and say farewell. All are invited.

Congratulations to our friend Hermann on the arrival of a daughter, We were seven, now we are eight.

See "Mayor" Corey, of Three Forks is in town to-day.

I. O. O. F Banquet at Slocan.

A special meeting of the I. O. O. F., was held on Tuesday, the 15th, on the occasion of the visit of Grand Master Fulton, and was followed by a banquet in the Arlington Hotel.

The following toast were given:

"The King," Mr. Northey; "Grand Lodge," Grand Master Fulton; "Subordinate Lodges," J. Law, R. A. Wright "Grand Master," A. McVicar, R. Allen; "Rebekahs," N. Morrison; "The Ladies," J. Rae, B. Carter; "Press," Mr. Northey; "Founding and Success of Slocan Lodge, No. 40," W. Clough.

Speeches and songs by different members ended a very enjoyable evening.

Dominion Parliament Dissolved.

Monday, October 26, has been definitely decided on as the date for the general elections, with nominations a week earlier, on October 19 —Nelson News.

The date of the election, October 26, will come as a surprise to most people who were looking for polling the first week in November. Apparently the desire of the government is to give the least possible time. Why it should so desire is easily to be seen. It is not anxious to have its record any more fully discussed than it can help. From the standpoint of political expediency the government's course is a wise one. Every day that the campaign is prolonged means that its misdeeds and mismanagement become better known and its chances of being returned to power again become more and more remote.

The issues between the two parties in this election are clear-cut and distinct. Mr. Borden and the conservatives stand for clean progressive government, while Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his supporters stand for all the graft and corruption which has in recent years disgraced the conduct of public affairs in Canada.

In British Columbia the issues are even more particulary defined than in the rest of Canada. Mr. Borden is pledged to see justice done the province in the matter of better terms, while Sir Wilfrid Laurier has already refused, and will continue to refuse, to grant British Columbia the additional assistance to which she is entitled by reason of the peculiar position which she occupies. On the Asiatic question also Mr. Borden stands for a white British Columbia, while Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his supporters stand for the opposite These are two questions which affect British Columbia particularly, and the people of the province are now called upon to declare their position on them. If they declare that justice should be done their province in the matter of better terms and if they desire a white British Columbia their duty is to vote for the conservative candidates. They have no option in the matter. Is is either that or vote for the liberal candidates and thus endorse Sir Wilfrid Laurier's refusal of justice and the government's record on the Asiatic question.

In the constituency of Kootenay, Mr. A. S. Goodeve, as a supporter of Mr. Borden, deserves the support of every man who has the interests of British Columbia at heart. Whether as a supporter of Mr. Borden as premier of Canada, or of Mr. Borden as leader of he opposition he can be depended upon to press the views of the people of British Columbia on these two important questions at Ottawa until justice is done the province in regard to both of them.—Nelson Daily News.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier can thank himself for the appearance of provincial premiers and ministers with Mr. Borden at his future meetings. Among these will be Sir James Whitney, when he returns from England, and some of his ministers in the meantime; Mr. Roblin, premier of Manitoba, Mr. Hazen, premier of New Brunswick, and Mr. McBride, premier of British Columbia. Sir John Macdonald was not disposed to mix federal and provincial politics. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake took the same view, but Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into office by an alliance with provincial premiers, three of whom he took into his ministry. He has thrown the whole federal influence into every provincial contest since he became premier, declaring that the late Ontario government was the right arm, the Premier Parent's administration the left arm of his own ministry. Sir Wilfrid's right arm was neatly amputated three years ago by the people of Ontario. He lost his left by a revolt among his own Quebec friends. But every Conservative provincial victory has been obtained against all the power that the federal administration could exert.

Rock Drilling at Ferguson.

In a double-handed rock drilling contest at Ferguson last Thursday, the Slocan team, McGillivray and Erickson, were defeated by the local team, Mills and Macdonald, Johnson and Dunn being second, after a second contest.

In the first contest, Johnson and Dunn were the winners with McGillivray and Erickson second, but owing to the rock splitting about the thirteenth minute, while the latter were drilling, a protest was entered by them and a second drill was ordered.

This proved to be a severe handicap to the Slocan team, who had to temper their steels under conditions they were unaccustomed to, and Mills and Macdonald with steels more suited to the rock, won first money, Johnson and Dunn, who were second, breaking three steels, whilst McGillivray and Erickson had to contend with a fitchered steel.

In the single-handed contest McGillivray won first prize and Erickson second.

Entertainment in Bosun Hall

THE SIMMS AND SHERRAH QUARTETTE GIVE MERITORIOUS SHOW ON WEDNESDAY.

An entertainment was given in the Bosun Hall on Wednesday evening by the Messrs. Simms and Sherrah quartette of vocalists and instrumentalist (two ladies and two gents).

There was only a moderate attendance, but those who were fortunate enough to be there were rewarded by witnessing an entertainment of the highest character. The two ladies, besides being accomplished musicians, charmed the audience with their delightful singing and were repeatedly encored.

The entertainment was a most meritorious one throughout, with scarcely a dull moment from beginning to end, and we feel sure that when they next visit us they will meet with a heartier response from the public.

They are due to appear at Slocan on Friday, and the people of that city should not miss the opportunity of hearing these talented entertainers.

Preserving the Forests.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE SAID TO BE BEST WAY.

"If you draw the attention of the man in the street to our rapidly diminishing supplies of timber he will in nine cases out of ten say, 'Yes, that's so. Why the government ought to go to work and plant up the open spots.' Let us examine the practicability of such a scheme. With a large and well-equipped nursery for the growing of forest tree seedlings, and with labor at $2 per day it is possible to reduce the cost of planting, five feet apart each way to between $7 and $8 per acre. For sake of argument let us assume that it can be done for $5 an acre, or $3,200 per square mile. At this rate the planting of a township only six miles square would require the enormous expenditure of $115,000. The 'man in the street' will do some pretty hard thinking before he will consent to pay his share of the cost of such an undertaking, yet he will read in his morning paper that thirty townships, or more than a thousand square miles of woodlands in northern Alberta, Saskatchewan or Manitoba have been destroyed by fire, and scarcely give the matter a second thought.

"Would it not be very much more to the purpose to take time by the forelock and use the money required to plant up a single township for the maintenance of an efficient fire ranging system, similar to the one already established in Ontario? To my mind the problem pressing hardest upon the Dominion forest service for solution is the protection of the western woodlands from fire. The new railway being built through them and the settlement that will quickly follow will be a constant source of danger, but if fire rangers who feel the responsibility of their position, and possess the necessary diligence, firmness and tact, to faithfully perform their duties and secure the co-operation of the settlers and the railway companies can be found and retained in the service a great deal may be done to save invaluable forest areas from ruthless destruction."—A. H. D. Ross, M.A., M.F., at 1908 meeting of Canadian Forestry Association.

NOTE.—Any person under the age of fourteen years, unless accompanied by his father or guardian, who shall carry a gun, rifle, pistol, or other fire-arm, shall, on summary conviction thereof, be liable to a penalty not exceeding ten dollars, and in default of payment of the penalty to the forfeiture of the gun, rifle, pistol, or other firearm.

Parents are requested to take particular notice, as the local police have stric instructions to enfore the law.

The following are shipments from the Slocan mines for the week ending Sept. 12th, 1908:—

Whitewater	70
Whitewater (milled)	280
Richmond	70
Standard, Silverton	22
Ruth	21
Sunset	30
Slocan Star	23

There is a fine show of preserving and jelly crab apples in Aylwin's garden and intending purchasers should send in their orders at once.

DISTRICT EXHIBIT OF FRUIT

There is plenty of fine fruit in the district to make a good display in the Bosun Hall next Monday, and to select a creditable exhibit at Nelson. We want every possible variety represented and it will be a grand chance to learn the names of the different kinds. It will also be a good chance to get varieties named of which the growers are uncertain.

I have not yet received word from any of the growers along the Slocan river valley as to what they mean to exhibit. We ought to get some fine fruit from the young trees there. There is more fungus disease showing in the apples and plums this year than I have seen before and when you are looking over your fruit to find the best sort of specimens to exhibit it is annoying to find a small black spot that disqualifies what would otherwise have been a splendid specimen. We shall have to use more Bordeaux mixture and spray our trees thoroughly if we are going to do our neighbourhood full justice at next year's show.

We want you to send whatever fruit you can and we want you to come to the Bosun Hall on Monday afternoon to enjoy the display and to be encouraged by seeing what can be grown in our district.

J. C. HARRIS.

Spokane Interstate Fair.

The night show at the Spokane Fair this year will be the most attractive in the history of the Spokane Interstate Fair Association. Every effort is being made to have a record-breaking attendance during the six nights of the Fair.

A few of the attractions for the night program, as outlined by Manager Cosgrove, are as follows:

Stroebel's airship every night.

Sensational circus and vaudeville program.

Band and orchestra concerts in grand stand and all exhibition buildings.

Balloon ascension and parachute drops illuminated by the 250,000 candle-power searchlight.

The mammoth C. W. Parker Carnival Company with their big, busy, brilliant midway.

An entire change of firework program every night.

Each display bigger than a Fourth of July celebration.

Admission at night only one-half day price.

Mysterious stunts by the mystic order of E-nak-ops on E-nak-ops' night, October 5th.

Log rolling and chopping by the Woodmen of the World on W. O. W. night, October 6th.

The famous uniformed rank and drill team of the Eagles on Eagles' night, October 7th.

Reunion meetings of residents from every state in the Union on State Societies' night, October 8th.

An especially attractive program for Modern Woodmen of America on M. W. A. night, October 9th.

Tugs-of-war and other exciting contests for all labor union members on Union Labor night, October 10th.

J. Tattrie, who is working at the Standard mine, Silverton, has been joined by his wife and daughter.

For preserving plums, etc., Aylwin's garden can supply all your wants. Come and see them.

DOING ONE'S BEST.

It Is a Good Character Forming Habit to Cultivate.

This habit of always doing one's best enters into the very marrow of one's heart and character. It affects one's bearing, one's self possession. The man who does everything to a finish has a feeling of serenity. He is not easily thrown off his balance. He has nothing to fear, and he can look the world in the face because he feels conscious that he has not put shoddy into anything, that he has had nothing to do with shams and that he has always done his level best. The sense of efficiency, of being master of one's craft, of being equal to any emergency, the consciousness of possessing the ability to do with superiority whatever one undertakes, will give soul satisfaction which a half hearted, slipshod worker never knows.

Slocan Fruit Lands

Cheapest Best Earliest

We have them in large and small blocks, in every portion of the district, at all prices. Write me for particulars.

R. W. MOERAN, Manager.

Brydges, Blakemore & Cameron
LIMITED
NEW DENVER, B.C.

The REFUGEES

By A. CONAN DOYLE,
Author of "The Return of Sherlock Holmes"

Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers

(Continued)

She kept her eyes still fixed upon her tapestry, but her voice was firm and clear as she answered:

"You have yourself said that you are the eldest son of the church. If the eldest son desert her, then who will do her bidding?"

Louis took up the pen from the table and drew the paper toward him.

"I have the same counsel, then, from all of you," said he; "from you, bishop; from you, madame; from you, abbe, and from you, Louvois. Well, if ill come from it, may it not be visited upon me. But what is this?"

De Catinat had taken a step forward with his hand outstretched. His ar-

"Do not sign it, sire," he cried.

dent, impetuous nature had suddenly broken down all the barriers of caution, and he seemed for the instant to see that countless throng of men, women and children of his own faith, all unable to say a word for themselves and all looking to him as their champion and spokesman.

"Do not sign it, sire," he cried. "You will live to wish that your hand had withered ere it grasped that pen. I know it, sire; I am sure of it. Consider all these helpless folk—the little children, the young girls, the old and the feeble. Their creed is themselves. As well ask the leaves to change the twigs on which they grow. They could not change. At most you could but hope to turn them from honest folk into hypocrites. And why should you do it? They honor you. They love you. They harm none. They are proud to serve in your armies, to fight for you, to work for you, to build up the greatness of your kingdom. I implore you, sire, to think again before you sign an order which will bring misery and desolation so many."

For a moment the king had hesitated as he listened to the short, abrupt sentences in which the soldier pleaded for his fellows, but his face hardened again as he remembered how even his own personal entreaty had been unable to prevail with this young dandy of the court.

"France's religion should be that of France's king," said he, "and if my own guardsmen thwart me in such a matter I must find others who will be more faithful. That major's commission in the mousquetaires must go to Captain de Belmont, Louvois."

"Very good, sire."

"And De Catinat's commission may be transferred to Lieutenant Labadoyere."

"Very good, sire."

"And I am to serve you no longer?"

"You are too dainty for my service."

De Catinat's arms fell listlessly to his side, and his head sank forward upon his breast. Then, as he realized the ruin of all the hopes of his life and the cruel injustice with which he had been treated, he broke into a cry of despair and rushed from the room with the hot tears of impotent anger running down his face. So, sobbing, gesticulating, with coat unbuttoned and hat awry, he burst into the stable where placid Amos Green was smoking his pipe and watching with critical eyes the grooming of the horses.

"To Paris! To Paris!" shouted the guardsman frantically. If I am ruined I may yet be in time to save them. The horses, quick!

It was clear to the American that some sudden calamity had befallen, so he aided his comrade and the grooms to saddle and bridle. Five minutes later they were flying upon their way, and in little more than an hour their steeds, all reeking and foam flecked, were pulled up outside the high house in the Rue St. Martin. De Catinat sprang from his saddle and rushed upstairs, while Amos followed in his own leisurely fashion.

The old Huguenot and his beautiful daughter were seated at one side of the great fireplace, her hand in his, and they sprang up together, she to throw herself with a glad cry into the arms of her lover and he to grasp the hand which his nephew held out to him.

At the other side of the fireplace, with a very long pipe in his mouth and a cup of wine upon a settle beside him, sat a strange looking man, with grizzled hair and beard, a fleshy, red, projecting nose and two little gray eyes, which twinkled out from under huge brindled brows. His long, thin face was laced and seamed with wrinkles, crossing and recrossing everywhere, but fanning out in hundreds from the corners of his eyes. It was set in an unchanging expression, and as it was of the same color all over, as dark as the darkest walnut, it might have been some quaint figurehead cut out of a coarse grained wood. He was clad in a blue serge jacket, a pair of red breeches smeared at the knees with tar, clean gray worsted stockings, large steel buckles over his coarse square toed shoes, and beside him, balanced upon the top of a thick oaken cudgel, was a weather stained silver laced hat. His gray shot hair was gathered up behind into a short, stiff tail, and a seaman's hanger, with a brass handle, was girded to his waist by a tarnished leather belt.

De Catinat had been too occupied to take notice of this singular individual, but Amos Green gave a shout of delight at the sight of him, and ran forward to greet him.

"Why, Captain Ephraim," cried Amos in English, "who ever would have thought of finding you here? De Catinat, this is my old friend Ephraim Savage, under whose charge I came here."

"Anchor's apeak, lad, and the hatches down," said the stranger in the peculiar drawling voice which the New Englanders had retained from the English Puritans.

"And when do you sail?"

"As soon as your foot is on her deck, if Providence serve us with wind and tide. And how has all gone with thee, Amos?"

"Right well. I have much to tell you of."

De Catinat and his relatives were far too engrossed with their own affairs to give a thought to the others. De Catinat told his tale in a few short, bitter sentences, the injustice that had been done him, his dismissal from the king's service and the ruin which had come upon the Huguenots of France. Adele, as is the angel instinct of woman, thought only of her lover and his misfortunes as she listened to his story, but the old merchant tottered to his feet when he heard of the revocation of the edict.

"What am I to do?" he cried. "What am I to do? I am too old to begin my life again."

"Never fear, uncle," said De Catinat heartily. "There are other lands beyond France."

"But not for me. No, no; I am too old. Lord, but thy hand is heavy upon thy servants. What shall I do and whither shall I turn?" He wrung his hands in his perplexity.

"What is amiss with him, then, Amos?" asked the seaman.

"He and his must leave the country, Ephraim."

"And why?"

"Because they are Protestants and the king will not abide their creed."

Ephraim Savage was across the room in an instant and had inclosed the old merchant's thin hand in his own great knotted fist. There was a brotherly sympathy in his strong grip and rugged, weather stained face.

"Tell this man that we shall see him through, Amos. Tell him that we've got a country where he'll just fit in like a bung in a barrel. Tell him that religion is free to all there. Tell him that if he wants to come the Golden Rod is waiting with her anchor apeak and her cargo aboard."

"Then we must come at once," said De Catinat as he listened to the cordial message which was conveyed to his uncle. "Tonight the orders will be out, and tomorrow it may be too late."

"But my business!" cried the merchant.

"Take what valuables you can and leave the rest. Better that than lose all, and liberty into the bargain."

And so at last it was arranged. That very night, within five minutes of the closing of the gates, there passed out of Paris a small party of five, three upon horseback and two in a closed carriage which bore several weighty boxes upon the top. They were the first leaves flying before the hurricane, the earliest of that great multitude who were within the next few months to stream along every road which led from France.

Thanks to the early tidings which the guardsman had brought with him, his little party were now ahead of the news. At Rouen all was quiet, and Captain Ephraim Savage before evening had brought both them and such property as they had saved aboard his brigantine, the Golden Rod. It was but a little craft, some seventy tons burden, but at a time when so many were putting out to sea in open boats, preferring the wrath of nature to that of the king, it was a refuge indeed. The same night the seaman drew up his anchor and began to slowly make his way down the winding river.

With the early dawn the river broadened out and each bank trended away, leaving a long, funnel shaped estuary between. Ephraim Savage snuffed the air and paced the deck briskly, with a twinkle in his keen gray eyes. The wind had fallen away, but there was still enough to drive them slowly upon their course.

"Where's the gal?" he asked.

"She's in my cabin," said Amos Green. "I thought that maybe she could manage there until we got across."

"Where will you sleep yourself, then?"

"Tut! A litter of spruce boughs and a sheet of birch bark over me have been enough all these years. What would I ask better than this deck of soft white pine and my blanket?"

"Very good. The old man and his nephew—him with the blue coat—can have the two empty bunks. But you must speak to that man, Amos. I'll have no philandering aboard my ship, lad; no whispering or cuddling or any such foolishness."

"It's a pity that we left so quick, or they might have been married before we started. She's a good girl, Ephraim, and he a fine man, for all that their ways are not the same as ours."

"But what is the matter with the old man? He doesn't seem easy in his mind," said Captain Savage.

The old merchant had been leaning over the bulwarks, looking back with a drawn face and weary eyes at the red curving track behind them which marked the path to Paris. Adele had come up now with not a thought to spare upon the dangers and troubles which lay in front of her as she chafed the old man's thin cold hands and whispered words of love and comfort into his ears.

"We are always in the hollow of God's hand," he whispered, "but, oh, Adele, it is a dreadful thing to feel his fingers moving under us!"

"Come with us, uncle," said De Catinat, passing his arm under that of the old man. "It is long since you have rested. And you, Adele, I pray that you will go and sleep, my poor darling, for it has been a weary journey. Go now to please me, and when you wake both France and your troubles will be behind you."

When father and daughter had left the deck De Catinat made his way aft again to where Amos Green and the captain were standing.

"I am glad to get them below, Amos," said he, "for I fear that we may have trouble yet."

"And how?"

"You see the white road which runs by the southern bank of the river. Twice within the last half hour I have seen horsemen spurring for dear life along it. Where the spires and smoke are yonder is Honfleur, and thither it was that these men went. I know not who would ride so madly at such an hour unless they were the messengers of the king. Ah, see, there is a third one!"

On the white band which wound among the green meadows a black dot could be seen, which moved along with great rapidity, vanished behind a clump of trees and then reappeared again, making for the distant city. Captain Savage drew out his glass and gazed at the rider.

"Aye, aye," said he as he snapped it up again. "It is a soldier, sure enough. I can see the glint of the scabbard which he carries on his larboard side. I think that we shall have more wind soon. With a breeze we can show our heels to anything in French waters, but a galley or an armed boat would overhaul us now."

De Catinat, who, though he could speak little English, had learned in America to understand it pretty well, looked anxiously at Amos Green. "I fear that we shall bring trouble on this good captain," said he, "and that the loss of his cargo and ship may be his reward for having befriended us. Ask him whether he would not prefer to land us on the north bank. With our money we might make our way into the lowlands."

Ephraim Savage looked at his passenger with eyes which had lost something of their sternness. "Young man," said he, "I see that you can understand somethin' of my talk."

De Catinat nodded.

"I tell you, then, that I am a bad man to beat. Any man that was ever shipmate with me would tell you as much. I just jam my helm and keep my course as long as God will let me. D'ye see?"

De Catinat again nodded, though, in truth, the seaman's metaphors left him with but a very general sense of his meaning.

While the Puritan seaman had been talking his eyes had kept wandering from the clouds to the flopping sails and back. Such wind as there was came in little short puffs, and the canvas either drew full or was absolutely slack. The fleecy shreds of cloud above, however, traveled swiftly across the blue sky. It was on these that the captain fixed his gaze, and he watched them like a man who is working out a problem in his mind. They were abreast of Honfleur now and about half a mile out from it. All was quiet on the curving quay and on the half moon fort, over which floated the white flag with the golden fleur de lis. The port lay on their quarter now, and they were drawing away more quickly as the breeze freshened. De Catinat, glancing back, had almost made up his mind that their fears were quite groundless when they were brought back in an instant

(To be Continued.)

Odd Duel in Wigair.

"For some months past," said a New Jersey lady, "I have been finding dead chickens nearly every day. One day I found thirty with their throats cut, and the neighbors said it was the work of a weasel. Yesterday morning I was taking the chicken census when a spiked tailed hawk swooped down and grabbed something from the ground. As it rose I could see that it wasn't a chicken. I had seen that hawk carry off chicks on previous visits. This time the hawk circled above my head and screamed lustily. She appeared to be in pain and anxious to get rid of her passenger. At last the bird fluttered to the ground dead. Clutched in its claws was a weasel. The hawk had bared the weasel's heart, but the plucky little animal had ripped part of its opponent's wing away. I touched the weasel with my toe, thinking it was dead. With the last gasp it bit me below the ankle!"

At Dinner.

The head of the house is an important person at a dinner party. His name must be mentioned in the invitations, whether they are formal or friendly in tone, and he must exert himself to the best of his power to make everything go well.

He usually tells the gentlemen whom they are to take in to dinner, having a paper in his pocket with the names written on for fear he should make a mistake. This is sometimes done by the hostess, but the host should save her the trouble if possible.

He has to lead the way in to dinner, escorting the lady highest in rank.

He places her on his right hand, the lady second in rank sitting at his left. He should not seat himself at the table until every one is settled, but should stand in his proper place till he is sure that every one is seated.

After dinner he should open the door for the ladies unless the man nearest it does it at once.

The men generally draw up near the host after the ladies have left, and he must see to the passing of the wine. When the ladies take their leave it is the business of the host to see them off, and this is his place at every entertainment afternoon and evening.—"Etiquette Up to Date."

Salt Water Prevents Colds.

A famous New York throat specialist declares that if the nose and throat were kept perfectly cleared out there would be little danger of bronchitis, consumption and catarrh and other diseases would be averted.

He advises a douche and gargle of weak salt water twice a day; also rinsing the mouth with clear water after eating to remove all food particles.

A teaspoonful of common sea salt to a pint of water is quite strong enough. Care must be taken in snuffling it into the nose not to let it run into the ears, as there is danger to the eustachian tubes.

Those who take a nasal douche will find it can be conveniently and safely done with an oval glass with a nozzle at one end and an inlet on the top to control the flow of the spray.

Severe Case of Protruding Piles

CURED BY DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT, SAYS WIFE OF SALVATION ARMY CAPTAIN.

The first time Dr. Chase's Ointment was ever used was in a case of piles of seventeen years' standing. The ointment cured that sufferer, and since then has cured thousands of others.

Mrs. Capt. Clinansmith, of the Salvation Army, Essex, Ont., voluntarily gives a statement of her case. Doctors failed, other medicines wouldn't cure her, hope almost given up, when, as practically the last resort, Dr. Chase's Ointment was applied Saturday night and on Monday, the patient was up. Wonderful, but true; here are her own words:—

"Two years ago I was taken with a severe attack of protruding piles, and became so bad that I had to keep my bed, and could lie in no position except on my stomach. Doctors could give me no help.

"One Saturday night when I was suffering untold agony my husband went to the drug store for a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which I had heard of as a cure for piles. Although I had almost given up hope, to the wonder of those around me, I was able to be up on Monday and have had no difficulty from piles since. As a treatment for all kinds of sores and burns, Dr. Chase's Ointment works like magic."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only positive and guaranteed cure for every form of piles, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

Upholding Authority.

It was a score of years ago that W. J. Connors, now Chairman of the New York Democratic State Committee, secured his first great freight-handling contract, and when the work was ready to start he appeared on the Ohio street dock at Buffalo and called a thousand burly "dock-wollopers" to order.

"Now," roared Connors, "yez are to worruk for me, and I want ivery man here to understand what's what. I kin lick anny man in the gang."

Nine hundred and ninety-nine swallowed the insult, but one huge, double-fisted warrior moved uneasily, and, stepping from the line, he said: "You can't lick me, Jim Connors."

"I can't, can't I?" bellowed "Fingy"

"No, ye can't," was the response.

"Oh, well; thin go to the office and git your money," said "Fingy." "I'll have no man in me gang that I can't lick."—Success Magazine.

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude that so many of them experience. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate women can use them with safety, because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.

"Now," said the warden to the forger, who had just arrived at the prison, "we'll set you to work. What can you do best?"

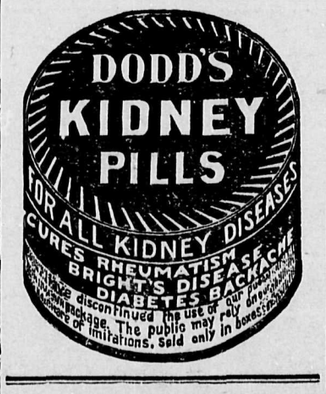
"Well, if you give me a week's practice on your signature, I'll sign your official papers for you," said the prisoner."—Tit-Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Swindlers In London.

Many American and continental detectives have arrived in London to watch the gangs of cosmopolitan thieves and swindlers who will exercise their skill and daring upon the great crowds of visitors from all over the world who are coming to the Franco-British Exhibition. These gangs are for the most part composed of the aristocrats of the criminal world, men and women dressed in the height of fashion, able to speak English, French, and German fluently, of charming manners, and well supplied with money. They will stop at the best hotels, and endeavor to prey upon their fellow guests or become acquainted with wealthy strangers in the grounds of the exhibition, and will reap a rich harvest by theft or some elaborate variation of the confidence trick. "Many of the members of these gangs are well known to us," said a French detective who will remain at Shepherd's Bush until the end of the exhibition to a newsppaer representative. "They have been known to us for years, and we have been certain that they have been guilty of extensive robberies, but we have not been able to convict the majority of them. The reason is that, with their great cleverness, they choose people of position as their victims, and the deluded ones are generally unwilling to expose their credulity and too often fatuity for the amusement of the public."

The authorities of Scotland Yard have made all their arrangements and a large number of officers will be on duty at the exhibition. Each detective will play a part, one being a guileless old country gentleman, another an assistant at a stall, and so on. When a noted crook is seen ingratiating himself with a stranger a detective in the vicinity will be keeping his eyes and ears open. An interesting innovation is the engagement of a large number of lady thief catchers, whose special duty it will be to keep a sharp watch on members of their own sex. It is well known that many of the most expert pocket-pickers are women, and they are also adepts at recognizing the male detective, in spite of any disguise which may be assumed; but it is hoped that the female Sherlock Holmes will merge her identity more successfully.



W. N. U. No. 698.

IN AFRICAN FORESTS.

Tales of Their Gloomy Darkness and Silence Denied by Modern Writers.

The travelers who first penetrated the vast equatorial forest of Africa fixed the world's attention with word pictures that are now believed to be partly fantastic. Some of them told how they wandered months without seeing the sun. They lived at noonday in semi-darkness. The undergrowth almost prevented progress, no fresh breezes could penetrate the area of gloom, and even the animals were silent, like every other phase of nature existing there.

To-day writers seem to take an entirely different view of the tropical forest, so that one is forced to the conclusion that either the old-time writers or else those of modern days regard the public as a collection of stupids ready to swallow anything so long as it is thrilling or unusual. Maurice Delafosse, one of the leading colonial officials of France, contradicts many statements of earlier travelers. He says that nowhere has he found the African forest darker than any other dense woodland. The vegetation in it is certainly more luxuriant and more crowded together than in a European forest, but it is an exaggeration to say they are covered with impenetrable vegetation. Wherever the natives live, well worn footpaths lead in all directions. Traveling is hard on some of them, but many of the paths are very useful highways. Delafosse had none of the experience of travelers who assert that their garments have practically been stripped off them by the dense and thorny undergrowth. He lived for months in forest without greater damage to his clothing than in any other parts of Africa, except that when traveling rapidly on a hunting path his sleeves have become unduly worn at the elbows.

As for darkness in the forests, he often took his compass bearings without artificial light when pitching camp at nightfall. The forest traveler has this advantage, that he is always in shadow, and on the hottest days he can pursue his journey the whole afternoon, which would be impossible in the open country.

As for the reputed feeling of discomfort and oppression in the depths of the forest, this is partly true. When there is no stir in the atmosphere it is more difficult to breathe in the forest than in the open, and as there is less chance for evaporation the discomfort of excessive perspiration is manifest.

It must be remembered, however, that if under such atmospheric conditions a man breathes more easily in the open land he is at the same time much hotter and so far more uncomfortable. When a breeze stirs anywhere it penetrates the woods also with refreshing effect.

Delafosse records that he has had few such delightful experiences in Africa as on his morning walks in the depths of the forest. He has never found forest travel as uncomfortable as marching over the savannahs where the high grass is above his head. It is then that a man without air, horizon or shade feels as though he would melt.

There are plenty of sounds in the forest to attract attention also, and they help to keep ennui at a distance. Something is going on all the time.

In addition to the ceaseless murmur of the streams there are the humming of insects, the song of birds, the chatter of the monkeys, their gymnastic feats from branch to branch, the occasional falling of dead branches and tree trunks, and at night time the wonderful harmonies and discords of animate and inanimate life that awaken when darkness comes and sleep again at sunrise.

March Through Fire.

Six thousand Hindus and a select few English officials have recently witnessed in the neighborhood of Madras a remarkable religious ceremony, the principal actors being Solvrastas, a sect of Brahmins.

The festival was called "the march through fire," and it is appropriately enough named. The proceedings were in honor of Brahma and Vishnu, the gods of water and fire.

Preparations for the ceremony had been going on for a month, says The London Globe. A trench 23 feet long and 19 feet deep was dug, and in it a fire was kindled. At sunrise 40 fanatics, who were to demonstrate their asbestos nature, slowly marched around the furnace bearing the curious idols. The Solvrastas were clothed in yellow tunics, and without hesitation entered the fire trench singing a hymn, the refrain of which was "Govinda! Govinda!"

After walking around this artificial Gehenna three times they emerged apparently none the worse for their experience, and have established an unassailable claim for sanctity among their people.

The Breathless Model.

When Sir Luke Fildes was painting his famous picture, "The Village Wedding," he employed a rustic to pose as model for the bridegroom. Soon after the artist had begun to paint the model turned deadly white. "Are you ill?" asked Sir Luke anxiously. "Naw," said the man; "I be all reight, zur." However, the painter made him rest awhile, but when he resumed work a little later the unfortunate "bridegroom" became even paler than before, and in serious alarm Sir Luke asked him what was the matter. "It's nawthing at all except the 'olding of me breath so long," replied the model. For some extraordinary reason he had imagined that it was necessary for him to refrain from breathing all the time he was having his portrait painted.

Malta's Goats.

Malta's celebrated goats are likely soon to be only a memory on the historic island, for it has been found that banishing goats' milk means an end to the ravages of Malta fever. The commission appointed in 1907 to trace the origin of the fever in the garrisons and crews of warships made the discovery that the germ of the fever was present in the milk of the goat. Wherever the use of this milk has been prohibited the fever has disappeared.

Not Necessary.

Mrs. Noseigh — Jane, you haven't washed the front windows in over a week.

Jane—No'm. I didn't think it necessary since the neighbors across the street moved away.—Bohemian Magazine.

No Need For Anxiety.

Facetious Amateur Fisherman — I suppose the next thing the fish will all be muzzled.

Professional Angler—Oh, you have no need to worry. They won't bite.—Baltimore American.

POLICE SPIES IN PARIS.

Legitimist Leader Mystified Over Revelation by Prefect Lepine.

Paris Gil Blas gives the world an illustration of the workings of the French secret police in an anecdote which it publishes with an assurance that the incident happened recently.

A distinguished member of Parisian society sent out invitations for a large soiree at his house in the Faubourg St. Germain. He is a Legitimist, and it was hardly concealed that the gathering was to have a certain political significance.

As soon as he heard of it Police Prefect Lepine called upon the host and with the utmost politeness solicited a couple of invitations for agents on his staff.

"M. le Comte," said he, "I give you my word of honor the men to whom I intrust them will look like perfect gentlemen; they will act like gentlemen—in a word, they will be worthy of the honor you confer on them by making them your guests."

The count was very haughty, however. He explained with ill concealed disdain that his party would be made up of the bluest blood in France and any outsider would be at once conspicuous.

M. Lepine appeared to be convinced; at least he yielded the point gracefully, merely adding: "At least, M. le Comte, you will allow me to see the list of your guests. My duty compels me to know who will be there."

M. le Comte made no objection. He produced the list, and Lepine scanned it carefully. He was wreathed in smiles as he returned it. With many bows he apologized for having troubled M. le Comte.

"It was so unnecessary," said he. "I really would have no use for those invitations. I see that M. le Comte already has on his list of guests the names of five of my most trusted observers."

The count and his friends have been wondering ever since whether this was literally true or whether it was a shrewd device to render the gathering innocuous.

Hargrave, Man.— Word has been received that Mr. Harry Cutfield who went to Winnipeg for Surgical treatment was successfully operated on by Dr. F. E. Burnham.

DAY OF THE CIRCUS HORSE.

It was a fiery circus horse
That ramped and stamped and neighed
Till every creature in its course
Fled, frightened and dismayed.
The chickens on the roadway's edge
Arose and flapped their wings
And, making for the sheltering hedge,
Flew off like crazy things.

Nor iron gates nor fences barred
That mettled steed's career.
It galloped right across our yard
And filled us all with fear,
And when it tossed its head and ran
Straight through the pantry door
Cook almost dropped her frying pan
Upon the kitchen floor.

It neighed and pranced and wheeled about
And scampered off, but then
We scarcely saw the creature out
When it was in again.
And so throughout the livelong day
Through house and yard and street
That charger held its fearsome way
And only stopped to eat.

But when at dusk, a little lame,
It slowly climbed the stairs,
Behold, a gentle lady came
And made it say its prayers!
Now, what a wondrous change you see!
Sh! Come and take a peep.
Here lies, as tame as tame can be,
A little boy asleep.

—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

But Wait for Vacation.

A country clergyman on his rounds of visits interviewed a youngster as to his acquaintance with Bible stories. "My lad," he said, "you have, of course, heard of the parables?"

"Yes, sir," shyly answered the boy, whose mother had instructed him in sacred history. "Yes, sir."

"Good!" said the clergyman. "Now which of them do you like the best of all?"

The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, he replied: "I guess I like that one where somebody loafs and fishes."—The Argonaut.

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

Adonis in Hard Luck.

A man once asked Thackeray to lend him five shillings, which he would convert into £20,000. Asked how, he explained that he knew a young lady with £20,000 who he knew would marry him if he asked her, but he had pawned his teeth, and wanted five shillings to redeem them in order to propose effectively.—T. P's Weekly.

IRONING is heavy work with common cooked starch. It is a woman's pleasant, successful occupation with Celluloid Starch. Requires no rubbing—just soaks in. Irons don't stick—there's wax in the starch. Your grocer has it—or can get it. 213

Large sample mailed free on request.

Celluloid Starch
Never Sticks. Requires no Cooking
The Brantford Starch Works, Limited, Brantford, Canada

Not Explained.

A golf player once asked an old friend to come and have a game of golf with him.

"What's golf?" said the friend.

"Come to the links," said the player, "and I'll show you."

To the links they went. The player took a pinch of moist sand from a trough, built a tiny hill of it, and on top of the hill set his ball. Then he made a terrific swing and missed.

He tried again, and again missed.

"A gran' game, golf," said his companion.

He made a third stroke, and missed for the third time.

"Oh, ay, a gran' game, golf," his companion repeated. "But what's the wee ball for?"

The Poor Man's Friend.—Put up in small bottles that are easily portable and sold for a very small sum, Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil possesses more power in concentrated form than one hundred times th equantity of many unguents. Its cheapness and the varied uses to which it can be put make it the poor man's friend. No dealer's stock is complete without it.

"Mr. Bigtyre, what make is your automobile?"

"It's a Berkman-Jandorf-Litchenstein - Smith - Armquist - Birkenhead-Yittenmeyer - Brown - Sampson-Billhoover."

"Gee! That's one I never heard of before."

"Probably not. Those are the names of the different repair men who have worked on it since I got it."

Some people look upon tea as a mere drink. It all depends upon the tea. "Salada" Tea is a delicious and refreshing beverage. Sold only in sealed lead packets. 55

"Edmund is the smartest child I ever saw," boasted the fond mother. "He is as keen as a razor."

"Yes," spoke up grumpy grandpa, "and he reminds me of a razor."

"In what way?"

"Why, he needs strapping."—Chicago News.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Newpop (entering room)—What in the world makes the baby cry so?

Mrs. Newpop—I'm sure I don't know. I have been trying to sing him to sleep for an hour or more.

Newpop—Oh!—Chicago News.

Smilage.

Nervous Traveler (to seat companion)—How fast should you say you were traveling?

Companion (who has been flirting with the girl across the way)—About a smile a minute.—New York Life.

Equal to an Emergency.

She—You spelled hammock with a "u" in your letter.

He—Well, I always prefer to have you in a hammock.—Yonkers Statesman.

Lem Hawkins' Scheme.

If skies were bright or skies were dim,
It made no difference to him;
Lem Hawkins was a thoughtful man
And lived his life upon a plan.

Lem says he noticed anyway
That troubles mark the length of day,
And when he thinks he has his share
He quits his day right then and there.

Suppose the sun is shining bright.
That's Sol's mistake; for Lem it's night.
Lem peels his duds and goes to bed
And doesn't fret, but sleeps instead.

There's nothing more can get him then,
No blows of fate nor works of men,
And folks find it is good for them,
For they are also rid of Lem.

Lem says he reckons it is best
To make this rule a kind of test:
If twenty things go wrong by noon,
A man can't get to bed too soon.

—McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Try a Seasonable Diet and Give Your System a Chance.

Shredded Wheat with strawberries will be found wholesome, appetizing, and much more nutritious than meat; also with raspberries, peaches and other fresh fruits.

It Will Tone Up Your Liver and Stomach.

Sold by all grocers. 950

ALWAYS,
EVERYWHERE IN CANADA,
ASK FOR
EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 185!—and these 57 years of Constant Betterment have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a Height of Perfection attained by No Others.

Sold and used everywhere in Canada.

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PILES

Mr. Alfred Brown, of Merriton, Ont. says:—"For six years I have not known what it was to be free from pain. No one ever suffered more from itching bleeding Piles than I did and I tried everything to get cured but failed. One day a friend of mine who had been cured with Zam-Buk gave me a part of a box to try, and the relief I got was marvellous. I then bought a supply and before I had used it all was completely cured."

Of all druggists and stores, 50c.

ZAM-BUK
RELIEVES & CURES

The Lady and the Anecdote.

Quonah Parker, the millionaire chief of the Comanches, was discussing in Guthrie a new Indian bill.

"The bill is no good," said the chief. "It would not have any effect. It reminds me of a young French lady in Washington.

"I was dining in Washington at an Ambassador's house, and this young lady was the only female guest. An Italian Duke wanted to tell an anecdote, but he hesitated.

"'My story,' he said, 'is a very good one, but it is rather low in the neck, and before the young lady.'

"But she laughed and interrupted him.

"'Oh, don't mind me,' she said, 'I'll shut my eyes. Go on'."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Pill That Lightens Life.—To the man who is a victim of indigestion the transaction of business becomes an added misery. He cannot concentrate his mind upon his tasks and loss and vexation attend him. To such a man Parmelee's Vegetable Pills offer relief. A course of treatment, according to directions, will convince him of their great excellence. They are confidently recommended because they will do all that is claimed for them.

"Augusta," said Mr. Wyss when the quarrel was at its height, "you have devised a great variety of ways to call me a fool."

"Merely a matter of necessity," replied Mrs. Wyss. "You have devised so many ways of being one."—Bohemian Magazine.

State of Ohio, City of Tole o, } ss.
Lucas County, }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON. (Seal.) Notary Public.

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

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

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Bluffington is suffering from rheumatism, I hear."

"No, he isn't suffering. He's got it, but he's quite proud and happy. His doctor calls it 'gout'."—Philadelphia Press.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, &c.

Governor Fort, of New Jersey tells this story: An old Quaker woman was a witness in a case which was being tried one day before Judge Garrison over in Jersey, and she wore a big poke bonnet which muffled her ears and prevented her hearing the lawyers' questions. Finally the lawyers appealed to the judge, and he ordered her to remove the bonnet.

"I'll do no such thing," she said, tartly.

"I am accustomed to having my will respected," said the Judge.

"Well, I don't care if you are a Judge, that bonnet stays right where it is!"

"Perhaps, madam," the Judge put in, ironically, "you would like to take my place as Judge, too, eh?"

"Not a bit of it," she shot out. "There are enough old women on the bench in Jersey as it is!"

Calling His Attention.

Mr. Lingerlong—I had a queer adventure this afternoon—

Miss de Muir (with a swift glance at the clock)—You mean yesterday afternoon, I presume.—Chicago Tribune.

Careful John.

Customer—Have you an oil painting of John D. Rockefeller?

Clerk—No, ma'am. No one has. He has never been done in oil.—Leslie's Weekly.

If you see a man making love to a woman in public it's a sign she isn't his wife.

Stomach Was Partially Paralyzed

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Rebuilt the System and Restored Health.

Sufferers with nervous dyspepsia deserve sympathy. Bordering upon the verge of a nervous breakdown, with the nerves of the stomach paralyzed, so that the work of digestion is impaired, remedial steps should be taken at once. When the stomach becomes irregular, the whole system responds. The tired feeling takes possession, ambition and energy are stolen, and one finds himself robbed and in despair.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food nourishes the weakened nervous system back to health and strength by sending new vitality through the whole body.

Mr. Ferdinand Buteau, Berthier, Que., offers his gratitude thusly: "For over a year I suffered from nervous dyspepsia and could not get relief, though I tried many remedies. My doctor told me that my stomach was partially paralyzed.

"I have used altogether fifteen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and the benefit derived from it is something remarkable. Judging from the way it is building up my system, I believe the benefits will be lasting."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for Dr. Chase's 1908 Calendar Almanac.

TIME AT THE POLES.

It Is Practically Any Hour of the Day You Please.

Those who are conversant with the use of globes know that all the meridians of longitude starting from the equator converge toward and meet at the poles. They know, too, that longitude signifies time and that difference of longitude is difference in time. They know very well that when it is noon in London it is about 7 o'clock in the morning in Boston, and that when it is noon in San Francisco it is about a quarter past 3 in the afternoon in New York.

Now, as the meridian of London extends to the north pole, it necessarily ensues that when it is noon in the English capital it must also be noon at the north pole. In a similar manner when it is noon at Boston, or in San Francisco, or at Pekin, or any other place situated in the northern hemisphere, it follows that it must also be noon at the pole, because all the meridians of those places unite at the north pole. Therefore it is noon all day long at the pole.

Thus there is an entire absence of time at the pole. But it would be just as correct to say that it is a place where there is a preponderance of time, for it is practically any time of day during the whole twenty-four hours or, indeed, through the year. In fact, a resident at the north pole could make it any time of day he might choose to select, with the consciousness that it would be the right time.

A POET'S DIET.

Byron's Strenuous Efforts to Keep Himself From Getting Fat.

"You mention Browning's idea that starvation was the cure for all the ills of the flesh—his own, at any rate," says a correspondent. "Browning was not the only poet with peculiar views on the subject. One of Byron's chief fears was that of becoming fat, and to avoid it he often resorted to extraordinary systems of diet. At Athens he lived mainly on rice and vinegar and water. Later he confined himself to six biscuits a day and tea. In 1816 he had so restricted his diet that he was obliged to keep down hunger by chewing mastic and tobacco. 'Don Juan' was 'written on gin and water.'"

Byron, it has been pointed out, was one of those foredoomed by their constitutions to fatness in middle life, whether they eat much or little, and his victory over nature in this respect—for he succeeded in reducing himself by these violent methods—has been quoted as one of the most remarkable achievements of the human will, considering all the circumstances. It must have been bitter to him to see such a man as Beau Brummel, who ate and drank freely and took no exercise, retaining without an effort all the elegance of figure that was his greatest gift. No wonder Byron's was the poetry of gloom.—London News.

A Tailor's Advertisement, 1734.

This is to give Notice to all Gentlemen and others, That they may have good Druggets, Sagathie and Duroy Suits made well and fashionable, for the first size Men at £3 10s. a suit and the larger size at £4. Cloth Serge, commonly called by the Name of German Serge, suits for £4 and £4 10s. Livery suits for £4 and £4 10s. Colored and black Cloth suits for £5 and £5 10s. At the Two Golden Balls in great Hart street, the upper end of Bow street, Covent-Garden. Also Horsemen's great Coats to be sold ready made at 20s each. Morning Gowns, Callimanco both sides, at 30s. a piece, blue Cloak bags ready made at 16s. each, blue Rocklers ready made. Superfine black Cloth at 15s. per Yard.—Fog's Journal, 1734.

Tea Table Etiquette.

A hundred years or more ago there was a quaint tea table etiquette. It was considered a lack of courtesy to take much cream or sugar in one's tea. Etiquette demanded that the tea should be tasted from the spoon and that the hostess should then inquire, "Is your tea agreeable?" Modern women would be shocked by a fashionable lady of those days who cooled her tea with her breath, yet Young wrote of a certain bewildering Lady Betty:

Her two red lips affected zephyrs blow
To cool the Bohea and inflame the beau.
While one white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup and make the world admire.

A City and Its Press.

In some respects a modern city resembles a vast commercial house. In commerce advertisement is the secret of success, and the most successful coadjutors of the municipality in the development and puffing of a capital are the newspapers. And here Berlin is lacking. Her press is on a hopelessly low level, impoverished, without enterprise, under the thumb of the authorities. In London, New York and Paris the press has a voice in the running of the city.—London Outlook.

A Roundabout Reply.

"Darling," said a young husband, "what would you do if I should die? Tell me!"

"Please don't suggest such a thing," was the reply. "I can't bear the thought of a stepfather for our little boy!"

Unselfish.

She—George, is that one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday? He—No; I'm saving those for my friends. She—You dear, self sacrificing, unselfish man!

When a man borrows trouble, the interest eats up the principal.—Kansas City Star.

Glories and Glooms.

The students of Yale university have invented some new slang descriptive of important conditions which affect the lives of young men. Here are some additions to the Yale vernacular:

"A glory"—A young woman of unusual attractiveness.

"A gloom"—A young woman of far less than average attractiveness; vide "lemon."

"A ball of fire"—A young woman whose beauty and charm are irresistible. An ideal guest for college parties; vide "peach," "pippin," "corker" etc.—New York Times.

UNIQUE WEDDING GIFT.

A Pretty Custom That Is Peculiar to Brazil.

Coffee as a wedding gift is peculiar to Brazil. The custom in coffee raising countries is unknown in other parts of the world. When a child is born in the coffee country a sack of the best grain is set aside as part of the inheritance, to be received on attaining its majority. Usually the sack is the gift from some close friend or relative, and it is guarded as sacredly as if it were a gift of gold or bonds. No stress would induce a Brazilian parent to use coffee which was made the birth gift of a child. As a rule, it is sealed with the private seal of the owner and bears a card giving all particulars about the variety of grain, its age on being sacked, the birth of the child to whom it is given and other details which are very interesting when the gift is due. Generally the coffee is opened for the first time when the child marries. The coffee for the reception or marriage feast is made from the legacy, and according to precedent this must be the first time the sack is opened. After the coffee is made for the wedding feast the sack is carefully closed and sent to the new home of the young couple and should keep them in this staple for a year at least. When both bride and bridegroom have the birth gift of coffee they have started life under very hopeful conditions, so far as one necessary is concerned. Few people know that the older the unparched grain of coffee is the better the flavor. Like wine, it grows with age, and that which is over twenty years mellowing under proper conditions will bring from $1.50 to $3 a pound from connoisseurs. The giving of pounds of green coffee is a common practice in the coffee belt. Friends exchange these gifts and compare results. When one cannot afford to give a sack of coffee it frequently is the case that ten pounds of the best grain are packed in a fancy case and bestowed on a newly born child, with directions that it must not be opened until the wedding day.

MISS TRUTH TELLER.

She Should Not Necessarily Tell the Whole Truth.

With so many people seemingly unable to tell the truth, the very title of a new book, "The Girl Who Couldn't Tell a Lie," is refreshing. One wishes to make her acquaintance. She would be a gladsome oasis in many an arid waste of lies.

Have you paused to think how many people fail to connect with the truth? Not that one advises wholesale truth telling. Indeed, it is only common decency to be silent, say, on the subject of hanging when one member of the party has had a relative hanged. A little tact will usually prevent one from saying the rude thing. A very good rule is never to ask a question which in the answering may prove unpleasant and never to make thoughtless remarks which may make somebody unhappy, uncomfortable or downright angry.

In the end the heroine in the story returns to her people, penniless and broken spirited, crushed by the discovery that in this hard and cynical world the uncompromising truth teller must pay the price of her heroic virtue.

Poor Pauline! One feels to whisper to her that it really is unnecessary, even unwise, to tell unpleasant truths. Only a goose girl would tell a fond and rich bachelor uncle her unvarnished opinion of him.

NEEDLEWORK HINTS.

How to finish the collar of a lingerie blouse is a troublesome question for some women. Fine ruching runs into money if one keeps it always fresh and dainty. The lace edge commonly seen is apt to droop over and look untidy. Here is one way a fashionable dressmaker solves the difficulty. She makes a close box plaiting of very narrow lace. It is as snug and keeps its place as well as a soft crepe lisse ruche. There is none of the falling over of the ordinary lace edge. It is a dainty finish in harmony with the blouse, especially if it is lace trimmed, and it is not expensive. If you buy your blouses ready made, just get a bit of very narrow valenciennes, plait it in and see what a dainty, pretty finish it is.

A pretty cord holder is made with a large piece of heavy cardboard, with the three points joined at the top to form a triangle shaped receptacle that will hold a ball of cord. Make a hole in the bottom of the box and draw the end of the cord through. Fasten the sides together with little bows of baby ribbon and tie at the top with baby ribbon.

Next to leather itself, nothing is more useful for covering shirt waist and other utility boxes than burlap. Then, too, if the color selected harmonizes with the color scheme of the room it combines beauty with usefulness. The edges of the box should be finished off with linen braid of the color of the burlap and held in place by button tacks. Both the braid and the tacks may be bought of any upholsterer or in any drapery department of any general furnishing store. Burlap can be used with splendid effect for portieres where an inexpensive yet attractive material is desired. A running stenciled design around the bottom and up the sides would give the needed decoration.

How She Does It.

Lottie—How do you manage to keep your complexion so fresh?

Dottie—I go to the baseball games and sit on the bleachers.—Harvard Lampoon.

Wrecking Windmills a New Industry.

The passing of the windmill in England, antiquated by such recent power producers as the gas engine and electric motor, has given life to a new industry—windmill wrecking. The old windmill builders understood their business and meant their handiwork to last, and so the demolishing of such structures is no simple task. Many of the old mills stood 100 feet high and had eight or nine floors filled with four tuns of stones and contained tons upon tons of brick. Often these huge mills stand close to other buildings, and accidents would be inevitable if the wreckers did not have experience in their tasks.—Popular Mechanics.

WOMEN AND GIRLS HELD BY ANAEMIA

Unless the Blood is Made Rich and Red Health Cannot Be Restored.

Throughout Canada there are thousands of growing girls and women held in the deadly clutches of anaemia. Slowly but surely a deathly pallor settles on their cheeks; their eyes grow dull; their appetite fickle; their steps languid. Daily they are being robbed of all vitality and brightness. Their sufferings grow more acute if neglected until the signs of early consumption become apparent. If your wife or daughter or sister complains of weakness, pains in the side, headaches or backaches; if her appetite and temper are uncertain and she is often low spirited anaemia has her in its deadly hold. What she needs is new, rich, red blood. Give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People without loss of time, for they actually make new, red blood. They make girls and women well and happy impart an appetite and steadily bring back the charm and brightness of perfect, regular health.

Miss Carrie McGrath, 26 Fenwick St., Halifax, N. S., says:—"I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. Three years ago I suffered from anaemia in a severe form. I was all run down and as pale as a sheet. I could scarcely eat anything, and what I did take did not seem to nourish me. My hands and feet were much swollen and the least exertion would leave me breathless and my heart beating violently. I seemed to have pains and aches all over. I was so weak I could not even sweep a floor. At different times I was under the care of three doctors, but did not get any better. One doctor said I had dropsy and that my blood had all turned to water. My friends thought I was in a decline and that I had but a short time to live. I was completely discouraged myself, when one day a lady friend called to see me, and told me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured her daughter of anaemia and urged me to try them. I decided to try them, and in the course of a few weeks felt somewhat better. I met the doctor one day and he remarked how much better I was looking. I told him it was not his medicine but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that were helping me, and he told me I had better keep on taking them. I continued to do so until I had taken another half dozen boxes, when my health was perfectly restored. I am more than grateful for what these pills have done for me and strongly recommend them to all weak girls."

Thousands of men and women, now well and strong, praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for having cured anaemia, general weakness, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous disorders, paralysis and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. These Pills do this by making new, red blood which feeds the starved nerves, drives out disease and strengthens every organ in the body. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"How did you cure him of rocking the boat?"

"Quite easily. I just began to toy with an unloaded pistol I happened to have.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Peevish, pale, restless and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

"When did you discover that you loved the girl you married?"

"I didn't; she was the one who discovered it."—New York Press.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A girl doesn't think she is a full-fledged woman until she has made a man's heart ache.

Digby, N. S.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—Last August my horse was badly cut in eleven places by a barbed wire fence. Three of the cuts, (small ones) healed soon, but the others became foul and rotten, and though I tried many kinds of medicine they had no beneficial result. At last a doctor advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT and in four weeks' time every sore was healed and the hair has grown over each one in fine condition. The Liniment is certainly wonderful in its working.

JOHN R. HOLDEN.

Witness, Perry Baker.

"Your love," he cried, "would give me the strength to lift mountains."

"Dearest," she murmured, "it will only be necessary for you to raise the 'dust'."—Illustrated Bits.

"Was the picture you just sold a genuine work of art?"

"No," answered the dealer, "but the story I told about it was."—Catholic Mirror.

"This hydrophobia scare is absurd," remarked the collie.

"Perfectly ridiculous," assented the bulldog. "Why, every time I bite a man now he makes a fuss about it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Knicker—Why don't you find work?

Weary Willie—So many idle cars, mum, that I can't travel around the country.—New York Sun.

A lady blessed with many olive branches decided that it would be the proper thing to have the young hopefuls photographed. Yesterday she called at a down-town studio and asked the photographer how much he would charge, explaining at the same time that as her family consisted of eleven, the group picture would necessarily have to be a large one.

"Our charge is $8 per dozen," replied the photographer.

"Oh," replied the lady, "then I'll wait."

BLACK WATCH

The Name of

Black Watch

On a Tag on a Plug of Black Chewing Tobacco

Stands for Quality.

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DON'T GIGGLE, GIRLS.

Nothing More Infectious and Charming Than a Good Laugh.

If half the girls knew how silly they looked and sounded when they constantly giggled they would stop it.

Learn to smile, not giggle.

Nothing is more infectious and charming than a good laugh, but very few people know how to laugh. It is as rare in life as it is on the stage.

A giggle usually comes from nervousness. A girl will giggle when she cannot think of anything to say or when she is trying to be at ease in company.

She will giggle when a boy meets her and says "Good morning." She will giggle when he says "Goodby." She is only nervous, but she appears silly.

It is no wonder that young men speak with utter scorn of the giggling girl. They seem to think her the least attractive maiden on earth. It is trying to attempt to hold any kind of conversation with a girl who will punctuate her every remark with giggles.

It is not always possible to know at first thought whether or not you are one of the girls who giggle. Stop and think about it. Watch yourself the next time you are with any one. See whether this senseless trick is a part of your social equipment. If it is, take any heroic means to strangle that giggle until it is dead.

Far better be silent. You may then get the credit for wisdom that you have not got. Better than all, if you don't know how to give a cheery, musical, spontaneous laugh, then try your best to learn how to smile.

Do not let yourself give a weary smile, for that is the result of effort and self consciousness, but anything is better than a silly giggle.

TO TEST MATERIALS.

Distinguishing Pure Linen From Counterfeit Is Easy.

Of the goods sold as "all wool" there is not one-tenth that is genuine. Generally the main component is cotton.

The test for this is simple. All that is necessary is to pull out a few threads and apply a lighted match. Cotton will go off in a blaze; wool will shrivel up.

To distinguish pure linen from counterfeit is even easier. The intended buyer need but wet her finger and apply it to the goods. If they are pure linen, the moisture will pass straight through; the spot touched will be soaked at once, and almost immediately one side will be as wet as the other.

Frauds are more numerous in silk than in any other fabric, but here also the material of adulteration is cotton. Its presence can readily be discovered. Draw a few threads out. The pieces of cotton will snap off short when pulled, while the silk will stretch and permit a considerable pull before breaking.

The boasted silk of our grandmothers that "stood by itself" is not necessarily the best. Modern ingenuity has devised means of giving the poorest article the body requisite for this purpose.

Shellac and other sticky substances mixed through the fabric will produce as stiff a silk as ever graced the wardrobe of our ancestors. Such stuff is quite worthless, however, as it quickly rots.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

When a finger has been pinched, if it is at once immersed in boiling water the inflammation will be quickly allayed.

When a child is restless from teething it can often be quieted by giving it a warm bath. The water should be as hot as can be endured without burning. Do not allow the child to stay in the bath long or weakness will follow.

Tears have their use, apart from the crying aspect, inasmuch as they refresh and wash the eyes of animals and birds that live exposed to the dust. The eye requires to be kept clear and clean, and tears perform this duty. A striking example of this is shown when the eye is hurt. It at once commences to water, and often this natural method of cleansing relieves the pain and removes the cause of the discomfort.

The Toilet Table.

It is impossible to dress to look one's best unless the toilet table has a brilliant light above it.

It is mortifying to pass from a dim bedroom to a well lighted theater or a friend's house and to discover small wisps of straying hair and errors about one's attire which entirely escaped attention in the semidarkness at home.

A clever woman has her bedroom most cunningly lighted so that by means of another mirror opposite that on her dressing table she can see herself in every position.

This is one reason why she is rarely seen with "yawnings" between bodice and skirt, glimpses at petticoats through plackets and the back of collar badly adjusted.

Summer Candle Shades.

Nothing is daintier for the dining table, especially in the summer, if artificial light be needed, than the candle. It is a simple matter to make pretty shades at a small cost.

Buy the wire frames and make close fitting covers of linen colored pongee, stenciling on the four sides conventional designs.

Another pretty affair is a shade of white linen, also fitted to the wire frame and finished at the bottom with a frill of narrow valenciennes lace. To make the linen shades more elaborate a little hand embroidery may be added.

Shades made along these general lines have the added value of easily laundered.

Fresh Sausage.

The butchers of Berlin have a curious way of informing their customers of the days on which fresh sausages are made by placing a chair covered with a large clean apron at the side of the shop door.

Welsh Names.

On the railway in Wales the brakeman has to announce such stations as Ffestiniog, Bettws-y-coed, Llandegai and Penmaenmawr. As in this country, tourists occasionally fail to understand what the man says.

COMPETITION IS WAR.

Socialism Offers Peace and Friendship Instead of Conflict.

Our present system of society is based on a state of perpetual war. Do any of you think this is as it should be? I know that you have often been told that the competition which is at present the rule of trade is a good thing and that it stimulates the progress of the race, but the people who tell you this should call competition by its shorter name of war if they wish to be honest, and you would then be free to consider whether or no war stimulates progress otherwise than as a mad bull chasing you over your own garden may do. War or competition, whichever you may please to call it, means at the best pursuing your own advantage at the cost of some one else's loss, and in the process of it you must not be sparing of destruction even of your own possessions or you will certainly come by the worst in the struggle.

You understand that perfectly as to the kind of war in which people go out to kill and be killed—that sort of war in which ships are commissioned, for instance, "to sink, burn and destroy"—but it appears that you are not so conscious of this waste of goods when you are only carrying on that other war called competition. Observe, however, that the waste is there all the same.

Well, surely Socialism can offer you something in the place of all that. It can. It can offer you peace and friendship instead of war. We might live utterly without national rivalries, acknowledging that, while it is best for those who feel that they naturally form a community under one name to govern themselves, yet that no community in civilization should feel that it had interests opposed to any other, their economical condition being at any rate similar; so that any citizen of one community could fall to work and live without disturbance of his life when he was in a foreign country and would fit into his place quite naturally; so that all civilized nations would form one great community, agreeing together as to the kind and amount of production and distribution needed, working at such and such production where it could be best produced and avoiding waste by all means. Please to think of the amount of waste which they would avoid; how much such a change would add to the wealth of the world!—William Morris, British Manufacturer and Socialist.

Landseer's Valet.

Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, had an old servant—his butler, valet and faithful slave—named William, who was particularly assiduous in guarding the outer portal. No one could by any possibility gain direct access to Sir Edwin. The answer would invariably be, "Sir Hedwin is not at 'ome." The prince consort himself once received this answer when he called, amplified on that occasion by the assurance that "he had gone to a wedding," an entire fiction on William's part, as the prince found out, for on walking boldly in and around the garden he noticed Sir Edwin looking out of his studio window. This was the faithful attendant who, one day, when a lion had died at the zoo and his corpse came up in a four wheeled cab to be painted from, startled his master with the question, "Please, Sir Hedwin, did you horder a lion?"

Eggs Were Rigid.

In his early days it was suggested to Mr. Meredith, the novelist, that he should take up his residence with Rossetti at Queen's House, Cheyne Walk. The novelist agreed to take a couple of rooms, and one morning, shortly after Rossetti had moved in, Mr. Meredith, who was living in Mayfair, drove over to Chelsea to inspect his new apartments. "It was past noon," relates Mr. Meredith; "Rossetti had not yet risen, though it was an exquisite day. On the breakfast table in a huge dish rested five thick slabs of bacon, upon which five rigid eggs had slowly bled to death! Presently Rossetti appeared in dressing gown, with slippers down at heel, and devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." This decided Mr. Meredith. He did not even trouble to look at his rooms, but sent in a quarter's rent that afternoon and remained in Mayfair.

Byron's Proposal.

Lord Byron in 1830 seriously turned his thoughts to matrimony. He confided to a friend his intention of proposing to Miss Milbanke, the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke. The friend thought some other lady more suitable and agreed with Byron to write a proposal for him. One day as the two were sitting together Byron received a refusal from the lady. "You see," said he, "that after all Miss Milbanke is to be the person. I will write to her." Accordingly he did so, and the friend, who was still opposed to his choice, on reading over the letter remarked: "It really is a very pretty letter. It is a pity it should not go." "Then it shall go," said Byron. It went, and the result was the miserable marriage which is now a matter of history.

Two Points of View.

An old Scotchwoman was walking to church with her family. The auld kirk minister rode past at a tremendous rate, and the old lady said to her children: "Siccan a wey to be ridin', and this the Sawbath day. Aweel, aweel, a gude man is marcifu' to his beast!"

Shortly afterward her own minister rode past just as furiously, and the worthy old wifie cried: "Ah, there he goes! The Lord bless him, puir man! His heart's in his wark, an' he's eager to be at it."

Feeding an Eskimo.

It is said that an Eskimo will devour twenty pounds of meat in a day. When the meat trust strikes the frozen north the native ought to manage to worry along on half rations to keep down the price of living.

The Farmer's Sign.

According to the Atlanta Constitution, a Georgia farmer posted this sign on his front gate:

"Candidates will pass on. No time to talk to 'em."

One morning his little boy shouted from the garden walk:

"There's one o' them canderdates here, an' he says he'll come in anyhow!"

The old man looked toward the gate and said:

"Let him in. There's no harm in him. I know him. He's been runnin' ever sence the war—jest to be a-runnin'. It runs in his blood, an' he can't help it!"

You surely wouldn't buy an inferior cow, when you could get a pedigreed Jersey for the same money? Why should you buy cheap, inferior, imported salt when

Windsor Salt

costs no more. It's best for butter—best for cheese—best for the table.

Insist on having Windsor Salt.

100W

Hurt a Convict's Pride.

A church army missioner had a letter recently from a convict begging him to reform the writer's wife, who was also in prison.

The convict—who is serving a long term—was very anxious about the matter, because, as he said, "it was no credit to him to receive letters from such a place as prison."

Another convict, in the course of a letter to his brother, a pauper, remarked." Well, Jack, thank goodness I have never sunk so low as the workhouse yet."—London Daily News.

Dysentery corrodes the intestines and speedily eats away the lining, bringing about dangerous conditions that may cause death. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial clears the intestinal canals of the germs that cause the inflammation, and by protecting the lining from further ravages restores them to healthy condition. Those subject to dysentery should not be without this simple yet powerful remedy.

"What are you studying about?" asked Officer Casey.

"Oi am studying a great question," replied the janitor philosopher, as he bit his pipe.

"Maybe I can solve it."

"Thin try. Which goes out of date the quickest, a battleship or a woman's hat?"—Chicago News.

"Club women in Boston," said the head-line.

"Dear, dear," commented the near-sighted man, unable to read the context. "I never would have thought it possible. Why, the very worst we do in Philadelphia is to neglect to give 'em a seat."—Philadelphia Ledger.

(Scene— Farmers' dinner: tables well filled). Chairman—Mr. Thamson, please tae say the grace.

Mr. Thamson, with bent head, commences to whisper to himself.

Farmer next him — Speak oot, Thamson!

Mr. Thamson—Shut up; I'm no' speakin' to you.

O'Flanagan came home one night with a deep band of black crape around his hat.

"Why, Mike!" exclaimed his wife, "what are ye wearin' that mournful thing for?"

"I'm wearin' it for yer first husband," replied Mike, firmly; "I'm sorry he's dead."

Gillespie—I wonder what sort of a collector I would make?

Hardrum—You might let me have $20 for 10 days and find out.—Smart Set.

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COLORATOR is the only preparation that really restores GRAY or FADED HAIR to its original color. All Druggists, $1.00. Confidential advice given. Address The Colorator Corporation, 179 King street West, Toronto.

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Keep Your Liver

working. It's a lazy organ and needs to be stimulated occasionally, or it shirks its function. That coated tongue, sallow complexion, sick headache and pain under the shoulder blade are caused by an indolent liver. Liven it up by taking a short course of

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Kill them all. No dead flies lying about when used as directed.

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DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES

10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

Seldom See

a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his Ankle, Hock, Stifle, Knee or Throat.

ABSORBINE

will clean them off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 8-C free. ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1.00. Removes Soft Bunches, Cures Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands. Allays Pain. Mfd. only by

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Tendencies of the Time.

Personal luxury—vulgar, ostentatious, unaesthetic—is rampant. Our men wear diamonds, sapphires, rubies in their ties, in their sleeve links, in their gold cigarette cases, in their matchboxes. Brutal ostentation is near to being the good form of today. Our women clothe themselves with reckless profusion. Life is murdered in every quarter of the globe to provide them with furs with feathers, with the hundred and one gewgaws that have come to be considered essential.

What Women Once Couldn't Wear.

While we may pick and choose and do exactly as we please about our clothes, there have been in times gone by, in many countries and even in our own, what were known as "sumptuary laws." These laws regulated expenditure for dress, for ornament, for food or for whatever refreshments you might give company when they came to take tea.

Among the first of these sumptuary laws was one made in Rome in 215 B. C. and called the "Oppian law." It declared that no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, wear a dress of different colors or ride in a vehicle in the city or within a mile of it except on occasions of public religious ceremonies. This law lasted only twenty years.

Italy and France are the countries where most of these laws have been passed, and some of them read very strangely. In 1330, in Italy, no woman was allowed to wear a dress with figures painted on it; she could only have them embroidered. And in 1348, in the same country, neither dark green nor black dresses were allowed to be worn in the morning.—St. Nicholas.

An Arab Spy Outwitted.

Once at least in Egypt the loss of his eye in an earlier campaign proved a great service to Lord Wolseley and his army. He could get no information of the enemy's strength or position. An Arab was captured prowling around our outposts and was brought before him. It was ten to one the sullen fellow knew everything. Lord Wolseley questioned him. The fellow answered never a word, standing stolid between the two soldiers. At last a happy idea struck the general. He said in Arabic: "It is no use your refusing to answer me, for I am a wizard and at a wish can destroy you and your masters. To prove this to you I will take out my eye, throw it up, catch it and put it back in my head." And, to the horror and amazement of the fellow, Lord Wolseley took out his glass eye, threw it up, caught and replaced it. That was enough. The Arab capitulated, and the information he gave the staff led to Arabi's defeat.—London Globe.

Medora's Pianola.

WE'RE gathered in the parlor,
Electrified and bound
By the soulful strains of music
That Medora passes round.
Sonatas from Beethoven
And other things she peels
From the roll of brown manila
With her dainty little heels.

It saves a lot of money
And a lot of time to boot;
We couldn't give Medora
A conservatory toot.
But now we get it faster
Than the fanning mill, I say,
While Medora treads a solo
From a pianola gay.

We couldn't stand the prices
For the opera at all,
So we bought a roll of paper
Punched with holes from "Parsifal,"
And now we're just delighted
To the seventh heaven, say,
While Medora does the treadmill
On the pianola gay.

Some folks prefer the classic—
Got enough to kill a cat;
Some folks prefer the other sort;
We've forty rolls of that.
Medora is an artist
Whose music it appeals
To your soul until you're dizzy
As she hits it with her heels.

—Boston Post.

Between Two Fires.

She—Who was that loud, overdressed female person to whom you just spoke?
He—Don't ask me. I'll be months trying to explain to her who you are.

ESCHOL SELLERS.

The Original of the Hero of Mark Twain's "Gilded Age."

The real name of the hero of "The Gilded Age" was Eschol Sellers, and he was an inventor and an active promoter very well known in the early days of the new west. His father was one of the first locomotive builders in the United States, with works at Philadelphia. Eschol Sellers and Charles Dudley Warner occupied adjoining houses some years before "The Gilded Age" was written. Sellers at that time was developing a coal field near Shawneetown, Ill., at what was then and is still known as Sellers' Landing. He was also inventing a process afterward largely used in making paper out of Indian weed pulp. He was also experimenting with the camel back engine. Notwithstanding the fact that Sellers' enterprises were destined all to be successful, Charles Dudley Warner conceived the idea that he was a typical visionary dreamer. He therefore suggested the name of Eschol Sellers for the hero of "The Gilded Age," and Mark Twain used the name, believing it to be fictitious. One of the first copies of the book happened to be seen by Eschol Sellers, who went at once to Hartford and enjoined the publication. A compromise was effected by which the publishers paid Sellers $5,000 for damages and cut all of the plates, removing the name Eschol and substituting that of Mulberry. Eschol Sellers died at a very advanced age at his pleasant home on Missionary ridge, near Chattanooga.

Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that A. E. Haigh, of Nakusp, loco fireman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on the west side of Lot 8805, about five chains from Box Lake, thence north 20 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, to the point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

Dated June 17th, 1908.
Aug14 A. E. HAIGH.

LAND ACT.

Slocan Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that Christiana C. Brouse of New Denver, married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted on the south east corner of lot 8262, thence west 80 chains along the west line of lot 8262, thence 20 chains south, thence 80 chains east, thence 20 chains north to the place of commencement.

CHRISTIANA C. BROUSE,
A. L. McCulloch, Agent
August 11th, 1908. 015

Slocan Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that Joseph Scaia, of New Denver, lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the south east corner of Clough's pre-emption on the west side of Slocan Lake, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

JOSEPH SCAIA
August 18th. 1908. 02

Palma Angrignon

General Freighting and Transfer.

New Denver, B.C.

Kootenay Hotel

Sandon, B.C.

McLEOD & WALMSLEY, Props.

Should your business or pleasure take you to Sandon at any time, call at the Kootenay and let Ed. or George mix you the famous Sandon Cocktail or your own favorite lotion.

No frost here. Two shifts always.

Sixth Annual . .

NELSON . . FRUIT FAIR

Nelson, B.C.

4 DAYS 4

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sept. 23, 24, 25, 26, 1908.

LARGER AND BETTER THAN EVER
Free Entertainments Daily
Three Horse Races Daily
Four-Day Relay Horse Race

Eagles Day, Thursday, September 24th. Children's Day, Friday, September 25th.

Excursion Rates on all Transportation Lines.

For further information or Prize List, write—
D. C. McMorris, Secy.,
Box 95, Nelson, B.C.

New Denver Meat Market

Always a good supply of home-fed Beef, Mutton and Pork on hand. Poultry, Game and Fish in season.

COLD STORAGE

Hermann Clever
Proprietor.

Slocan Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that John Thomas Black of New Denver, B.C., provincial constable, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land:

Commencing at a post planted on the north boundary of Lot 485, thence north 30 chains, thence west 30 chains more or less to the shore of Slocan Lake, thence south along the said lake, 30 chains more or less, to the north-west corner of Lot 485, thence east 20 chains more or less to point of commencement, containing 50 acres more or less.

Dated the 14th day of July, 1908.
S17 JOHN THOMAS BLACK.

For Stylish and Up-to-Date

JOB PRINTING

Bring Your Orders to

THE REVIEW OFFICE

Estimates Given. Prices Reasonable.

CHINA & CHINA

We are Selling Off our Stock of China to make room fer New Fall Stock. . .
Come Early and avoid the Rush. . .

Come and Look Round

NELSON'S DRUG STORE

NEW DENVER, B.C.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Railway

EXCURSION RATES
FROM
SLOCAN CITY
TO
Victoria, B.C.
$19.05
Selling dates, Sept. 19th to 24th.
Final Return Limit, Sept. 30th.

Nelson, B.C.
$1.75
Selling dates, Sept. 21st to 25th.
Final Return Limit, Sept. 28th.

NEW WESTMINSTER or VANCOUVER
$16.55
Selling dates, Sept. 26 to Oct. 2.
Final Return Limit, Oct. 7.

Corresponding Rates from other points. Apply to local ticket agent for berth, reservation, etc.
J. E. Proctor,
D. P. A., Calgary, Alta.

WOOD, VALLANCE HARDWARE Co. Ltd.

Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Mine, Smelter and Mill Supplies.
NELSON, B.C.

New Denver Lodge No. 22 K. of P.

Meets in Pythian Castle Hall, Clever Block, every MONDAY evening at 8 o'clock.

VISITORS WELCOME.

New Denver Dairy

Fresh Milk delivered to any part of the town.
Outside points supplied regularly.

H. S. NELSON - - Proprietor.

Hotel Rosebery

Rosebery, B. C.

Well furnished rooms.
First-class Cuisine.

JOSEPH PARENT
PROPRIETOR.

Undertaking Parlor,

Funerals conducted on short notice at any point in the district. Shells always in stock.

M McLean NEW DENVER
CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

NOTICE.

Number Three Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Near the town of Cody.

Take notice that I. A. S. Farwell, of Nelson, acting as agent for John M. Harris, Free Miner's Certificate No. B95,639, intend, 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 13th day of June, 1908.
ug31 A. S. FARWELL.

The New Denver Lumber Co.

Manufacturers of Pine Lumber, Shiplap, and Finishing Fir and Tamarac, Dimension, Etc.

Mill on Slocan Lake L. SCAIA, Proprietor P.O. Box 29.

Agent at New Denver, J. B. SMITH.

THE Windsor

Is the Home for all Mining Men when at the famous Silver-Lead Camp.
Cosy Rooms and first-class table. Sample Rooms.
I will make your stay with me a pleasant one.

D. Grant, Prop.-SILVERTON, B.C.

J. W. M. TINLING

Dealer in Mines, Mineral Prospects
Fruit Lands and General Real Estate
Preliminary examinations of Property for prospective purchasers a speciality.
12 years experience in the Slocan. All business promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.

P.O. Box 112, Silverton, B.C.

Slocan Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that William John Corey, of New Denver, B.C., lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land.

Commencing at a post planted on the north boundary of lot 8432, and marked W. J. C's S.E. corner post, thence west 10 chains, thence north 10 chains, thence west 10 chains, thence north 30 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence south 40 chains to the place of commencement, containing 70 acres more or less.

July 28th, 1908.
S24 WILLIAM JOHN COREY.

J. B. SMITH

General Merchant - - New Denver

The Time for Preserving Peaches is Here.

WE ARE OFFERING
Finest Okanagan Peaches at $1.50 box
DON'T MISS THE CHANCE.
Come and see our Extra Fine Display of Sweets and Candies

NOTICE.

Number Five Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Close to the town of Cody.

Take notice that I, A. S. Farwell, of Nelson, acting as agent for John A. Whittier, Free Miner's Certificate No. B16877, intend 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 19th day of June, 1908.
Aug13 A. S. FARWELL.

NOTICE.

Number Four Mineral Claim, situate in the Slocan Mining Division of West Kootenay District. Where located: Near the town of Cody.

Take notice that I, A. S. Farwell, of Nelson, acting as agent for Fred. T. Kelly, Free Miner's Certificate No. B95,698, intend, 60 days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claim.

And further take notice that action, under section 37, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements.

Dated this 13th day of June, 1908.
Aug.31 A. S. FARWELL.

TRY THE
Kootenay Steam Laundry
OF NELSON, B.C.
For First-Class Work.

Get price list from J. E. Angrignon Local Agent.

Slocan Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that Adolph Mero, of New Denver, B.C., shoemaker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands: Commencing at a post planted at the north-west corner of Peter Murray's pre-emption, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence north 20 chains, to point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

Dated 16th June, 1908.
Aug20 ADOLPH MERO.

Slocan Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that John Wafer of Slocan, B.C., miner, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at a post planted at the north-west corner of Lot 8235, Group 1, West Kootenay district, thence north 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence west 20 chains to the point of commencement, and containing 40 acres more or less.

JOHN WAFER.
Dated May 21st, 1908. Aug13

Have you thought of your Fall and Winter Suit yet ?
If not, Come and See my New Samples. Just Arrived.
No Fit, No Pay.
The Crown Tailoring Co., Toronto, Ont.

J. E. ANGRIGNON, Agent

ART MUSLINS
CRETONNES
AND A NEW RANGE OF
CRUMB'S PRINTS.

MRS. WILLIAMS,
NEW DENVER, B.C.