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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.

Legislative Assembly
SEP 30 1908
VICTORIA, B. C.

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HENRY STEGE - - PROPRIETOR

Local and General.

The district fruit exhibit proved to be a grand success and the numerous varities which were on show bore striking testimony to the adaptability of the Slocan as a fruit growing district. In addition to the display of fruit there was also two fine pumpkins, grown by Herb. Thomlinson and a giant squash raised by T. Avison, which for size will take some beating, being 155lbs. weight.

The appeal in the case of the Slocan Star Mining Company vs. Byron White will come up for hearing before the supreme court at Ottawa, on October 6th.

BORN—On Friday, September 18th, at New Denver, to the wife of T. Hilchey, a daughter.

BORN—On Sunday, September 20th, at New Denver, to the wife of George Williamson, a daughter.

BORN—On Tuesday, September 22nd, at the Home Hospital, Nelson, to the wife of J. O. Covington, Slocan City, a son.

Goey, the Chinese cook at the Bank of Montreal, has made his fortune and quit, leaving on Wednesday for Hong Kong. Goey! Goey!! Gone!!!

Widespread sympathy will be felt for Herbert Cue in his recent unfortunate accident, and all will wish him a speedy recovery.

P. Murray left on Thursday for Winnipeg, from which place he will take a situation with the G. N. R. as ties inspector. His family will follow in a few days.

J. C. Harris, T. Avison and George Williamson are among those who are taking in the Nelson Fair, and incidentally, we saw our P. C. leave same time, and will no doubt keep his peepers on them and look after them while they are away.

Geo. Gordon was in town, Wednesday, and reports that work will start at the Hewitt mill on Friday.

George Greer will commence work at the Reco mine next week.

Public worship will be conducted on Sunday in the Methodist Churches at Silverton and New Denver, at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. respectively. The subject of discourse will be "Am I my brother's keeper?" The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered at the close of the evening service. Sabbath school at New Denver at 3 p.m.

Mr. Barton, hotel keeper, of Seattle, spent a few days in town this week, visiting his sister, Mrs. Gillis.

H. R. Stevenson, the C. P. R. agent here, has given up his job and gone to the coast. Thus another promising acquisition to the town has been lost to us, owing, we presume, to his finding that the miserable stipend, paid by the C. P. R. to their agent, is inadequate to provide one with anything beyond a mere existence.

Hermann Clever left on Saturday for Spokane, in order to see his son "Billy" installed in his new quarters at the military school there.

Miss Johnson has taken over the position recently occupied by H. R. Stevenson at the C. P. R. depot.

The electric lights have flickered out, and have not been seen since Monday; through what cause we know not, but if the present demand for coal oil and candles continues, those two very necessary commodities will be at a premium, and we shall find ourselves in the same position as Moses when the light went out. From this affliction, O Campbell, deliver us!

Why not an annual Fruit Fair for New Denver? Monday's exhibit clearly proves that an effort in that direction would be a success, and would give our fruit growers a better opportunity of displaying their products, besides advertising the district and encouraging the industry.

New Denver, B.C.,
Sept. 23rd, 1908.

The Editor,
Slocan Mining Review.
Dear Sir,

Will you allow me through your columns to express the deep appreciation of my sister and myself for the services rendered by those who on Sunday ningt went to my brother's assistance.

It has been impossible to thank each individually, and I trust that this expression ol thanks will be considered personal as well as general.

I am, etc.,
WILFRED CUE.

Mrs. Wm. Jenkin gave a birthday party at her residence, Benedum Villa, Silverton, on Monday last, the occasion being the sixth birthday of her little daughter, Miss Annie May Jenkin. Cordial invitations were sent to the school children and by three o'clock a troop of neatly dressed and bright looking children sat down to a bountiful spread and daintily served repast. After ample justice had been done to the good things provided by the kindly and genial hostess, the children betook themselves to the lawn, where they were photographed in a group and afterwards indulged in swings and other games until the shades of dewy eve began to fall, when all bent their steps homeward, well pleased with the afternoon's outing. The writer wishes "Many Happy Returns of the day."

We are all well acquainted with the "hayseed" who before turning into bed, blew out the gas; but what think ye of one of our most prominent citizens trying to belittle such a performance?

Angus McInnes is away at Vancouver spending a well earned vocation, and the sights and modern improvements in locomotion are so far advanced from the time he hit the "tall uncut" of this paradise, thirteen years ago, that he goes even so far as to write home and say that he feels a genuine "Rube." Here is his latest triumph: Anxious to mail a letter, in the stilly hours of night, he was seen wrestling with a fire alarm, and deponeth sayeth that the language he used when he turned the handle in an endeavour to find the slot, is not fit for publication. Home to the mountains, Angus!

The leaders of the two parties have opened their platform campaign. Mr. Borden held his first meeting at Bridgewattr, a liberal town in Nova Scotia. Sir Wilfrid Laurier held his at Sorel, a stronghold of his own party, where there are many hundred government employees. Mr. Borden discussed and supported the Conservative platform, and dealt forcibly with the government record. Sir Wilfrid Laurier talked about himself, boasted that his government had done great things to make Canada conspicuous, but kept clear of details. The Premier has already persuaded himself that he is not only the greatest Canadian statesman, but the first and only one. He represents himself as the creator of Canada and only asks one more term to finish the job. To show how inflated the Premier has become one has only to cite his statement at Sorel, that Canada is now the third commercial country in the world, and the admiration of all nations, whereas "in 1896 the position of Canada was that of an insignificant colony, forgotten by France, scarcely known by England, completely unknown by Europe, treated as a negligible quantity by the United States."

This is surely the extreme of ignorance and of impudence. What has Sir Wilfrid Laurier done to Canada to justify him in so belittling the country as it was thirty years after the Union? What claim has he to the right to brush out of history such leaders as Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George Cartier, and the other statesmen of that day? Canada has followed a natural course of development since 1896 as it did before. Its trade has developed like the trade of other countries. It is decreasing this year more rapidly than it grew, and falling faster than the trade of the United States or of Great Britain. Between 1896 and 1906 Canadian trade increased 143 per cent. The exports of Mexico and of the Argentine grew far more rapidly in that decade than the exports of Canada, and they are holding their own better than that of Canada.

Sir Wilfrid's childish vanity works two ways. Out of power he could not see that Canada was great. He could not appreciate the service of the Canadian statesmen who established the Union, who acquired the Northwest, who added British Columbia, Manitoba, and Prince Edward Island to the nation who opened up the western country with railways, established steamship lines on the Pacific, and founded a national industrial system which Sir Wilfrid has not dared to overthrow. He and his friends were timid, sceptical, and unpatriotic, believing and declaring it impossible to keep this country independent of the United States, jealous of every suggestion of closer union with the Empire, ridiculing the loyal and hopeful aspirations of patriotic Canadians, and doing all in their power to make them despair of their country. It is no wonder looking back at the Canada of his own former conceptions, Sir Wilfrid should now picture it as miserable, pitiable, contemptible colony. But the real Canada twelve years ago was very much what Canada is to-day in status and influence, and a very much better Canada in the reputation of her public men, and in the record of her administration. Her public men had cut a much better figure in diplomacy than the present ministers. Her financial credit was higher and financial obligations less.

Two amusing episodes have occurred in the party press. Just before the close of Parliament the woolen manufacturers whose industry is in a bad way, asked for tariff relief. The Toronto Globe, chief organ of the Government party, attacked the manufacturers for their demands, and praised Laurier for rejecting them. But the Government candidate in North Lanark is a woolen manufacturer, and it was necessary to conciliate him. So the day after his nomination, the Globe devoted a leading article to the woolen industry, praising the Lanark condidate as a model of noble unselfishness, and promising that since the woolen industry required relief, the Liberal party would give it.

The other case is that of a Government organ at Ottawa which attacked Mr. Foster for speaking favorably of the Prince Edward Island tunnel, declaring that the work would cost $160,000,000 and was the worst kind of wild cat scheme. This made trouble in Prince Edward Island, and the Free Press was seen, with the result that in less than a week it published another article, stating that the first one was not to be taken seriously, and that the only hope for the Prince Edward Island tunnel was from the Liberal Government.

Guarding vs. Growing.

Less Costly to Protect Forests Than Grow New Ones.

"Prevention is better than cure." A new application of the old saying may be made in considering forestry policy In this case the saying may be expanded into something like the following: "It is better to prevent forest fires (and so save many thousand dollars' worth of valuable timber) than to try to remedy the evil by planting trees to fill the places of those destroyed."

Five dollars per acre is the minimum price given by forestry experts for forest tree planting; and the price range from this up to $10 per acre and more.

When the lower figure is taken as the basis of calculation, the planting of one square mile will cost $3,200; to plant ten square miles will require $32,000, and the planting up of a township six miles square (area, thirty-six square miles) will require the expenditure of $115,200. Such figures are apt to make one stop and think before advocating extensive planting.

The cost to the Dominion Government of patrolling the Railway Belt in British Columbia during the last fiscal year (April 1st, 1907, to March 31st, 1908) amounted to $14,111,64. The area of the Railway Belt is a little over ten million acres. The cost, then, of patrolling this tract was less than 1 1-2 mills per acre, or about 90 cents per square mile. No fire of any magnitude was reported during the year. The railway belt is exceptionally well guarded, but even with the cost several times what it is, the expense is well worth while, considering the value of the mature timber and young growth thus saved.

A farewell social will be given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers on Wednesday evening the 30th, in the Presbyterian Church, New Denver.

THE SLOCAN'S EXHIBIT AT NELSON FAIR.

(By J. C. HARRIS).

For the benefit of those who take down the District Exhibit from the Slocan in the years to come, it will be as well to give an account of our experience in getting the exhibit to the Fair ground and setting up our display.

The exhibit was shipped as freight, as it was felt that it would prove cheaper and equally as satisfactory as to express it and it turned out, owing to the kindness and consideration of the C. P. R. officials, we were able to get it to the fair ground in good time.

At Slocan City we made sure there was a way car going that day, also that our exhibit was placed on board After dinner Tom Avison and I set forth to forage around for further specimens; we made our way to Mr. Campbell's gardens and met with great success, getting real greengage plums (not Imperial gage), also Idaho pears, a round winter variety, also two or three sorts of apples that I hope to find out the names of and report next week. Mr. Campbell has some capital fruit, his "Wealthy" apples were especially fine. and there was less scab than in any other orchard I have seen. Mr. R. Kirkwood's garden contributed a further variety (name unknown) and Mr. Rae another.

We arrived in Nelson on time, but late, for the Nelson people live one hour ahead of ordinary mortals. Mr. J. Bradshaw came to our assistance and introduced us in the right quarters and we found another very obliging C. P. R. man who stretched a point and allowed us to unload our exhibit on the platform. Tom hailed an express and in five minutes we were sitting on top of our boxes, driving in triumph to the Fair.

We carried our exhibit to the stall assigned to us and then returned to carry in the squash. Imagine the sensation as we lifted it out of the crates amidst the cheers of the numerous small boys and with Tom Avison blushing like a bridegroom, we bore it to its place. It has no competitors; the threatened competition had vanished.

Mr. Gould was wandering around Nelson waiting for the boat to go back to Fernie. We commandeered his services and could not have found a better man. Tom Avison and myself and all who take interest in our exhibit have great reason to be thanful to him.

After supper we three returned to the Exhibition, where we found great bustle and a crowd of exhibitors setting things to rights. The management were most courteous under very trying circumstances, with numbers of distracted exhibitors applying for plates, tacks, information, etc. Mr. Starkey was very helpful; they say it is possible to find the wrong side of him, but there is so much of the right side that I personally, have never discovered the wrong. There are a few things which I would suggest that our exhibitors take in future, viz.: a clew hammer, a tack hammer, string, wire, scissors, and material to decorate the stall. The management provide a great deal of stuff—white cheese cloth, paper, etc.; but if we wish to give a distinctive appearance to our display we should prvoide decorations. I think such decorations can easily be overdone: but a proper amount would help to set off the fruit.

A familiar countenance loomed up in the adjoining stall; our old friend, Tom Power was in charge of the Grank Forks exhibit, and a friend in need he proved. We explained our inexperience and he kindly gave us advice and also a quantity of green colored cotton cloth to cover our stall and set off the fruit to greater advantage. It is no small job to transform the bare rough stall into a respectable and worthy stand to set forth the fruit; but we finally succeeded and then went to work to unpack.

We felt at first that our stall would look mean and the whole display too small; but as box after box was opened up, our spirits rose, and when Ed. Shannon's "Woolf River" apples shone forth we felt that the Slocan was well represented. Mr. Cockle, of Kaslo, admired our fruit and brought several other to examine the big yellow egg plums from Mr. Fisher's garden. The other stalls were adorned with boughs of crab apples, plums, sheaves of Timothy, wheat, oats, etc., and another year we would do well to provide such things; but I did not see any card, announcing where an exhibit came from, to equal the beautiful one that Miss Ada McDougall designed for our stall.

(Next week I hope to criticize our display.)

Singular Shooting Accident.

Prominent New Denver Citizen Seriously Wounded.

Herbert Cue, secretary of the Town Improvement Society, was on Sunday last the victim of a most extraordinary shooting mishap. Along with Richard Bluemenauer he had journeyed up Goat mountain for the purpose of hunting goat. At about half-past three a grouse was sighted at which Bluemenauer fired from a distance of about fifteen feet, and the bullet, which was a 303, after hitting the bird, struck a rock and glancing off at almost right angles, struck Cue in the left side, wounding him severely.

Bluemenauer, after rendering all the help he could, hurried down the trail for assistance, and arrived at Nelson's ranch in an almost exhausted condition and informed them of the unfortunate occurrence. From there word was brought into town, and a party of men, with stretcher and other appliances, quickly set out for the scene of the accident and to convey the wounded man down to the hospital.

Owing ta darkness having set in and the dangerous nature of the trail, this proved a very difficult undertaking, and not until nearly 2 a.m. Monday morning was that institution reached.

On examination by Dr. Brouse it was found that the bullet had penetrated the left side and passed through the kidneys, but it was impossible at that time to locate where it had lodged.

An operation has been deemed inadvisable at the present as there appears to be no danger of serious complications arising, as the bullet is said to have been a steel one and therefore not poisonous.

The latest reports are to the effect that Cue is progressing very favourably.

Spokane Interstate Fair.

MINERAL DISPLAY LARGE.

"The mineral department will be one of the main features of the Spokane Fair this year. Owing to the fact that we have the entire south side of the main exhibition building, 150 feet in length, for that display," says Geo. P. Larsen, superintendent of the mineral display at the Fair.

"We have assurance from many sections of the country of the big exhibits districts represented in the past year, but from many districts that never have had ore on exhibition during the existence of the Fair. Some of these districts have already sent in their ore and more is coming and mining men in general seem more enthusiastic than for many years. All the districts in British Columbia, many of which have seemed to be dead for the last few years, are waking up to the situation and will place ore exhibits, as well as districts throughout Washington, Oregon, Idaho and some parts of Montana.

"This ore display during the Fair this year will be taken to the Chamber of Commerce display room and placed on exhibition there during the mining convention, which is to be held in Spokane this winter, and will also be kept on display during the period of the Alaska Exposition, for the benefit of visitors who stop off in this city on their way to the A. Y. P. at Seattle.

"Many special features will be shown up this year which will make the mineral department one of the most attractive. Several fine cabinets of sample specimens will be on display from different parts of the United States and from Mexico and from other foreign countries.

"A big miners' drilling contest will be put on again in connection with the mineral department. This contest will be held in front of the grand stand. A concrete base, 6 feet high and three feet square has been made on which to place the rock. The drilling will take place in the afternoon between race heats. A purse of $1250 is offered for this contest and there will be special features connected with it which will prove very interesting.

"Present indications point towards a contest between boys' drilling teams from Murray and Wallace, and probably from other places. Those who attended the Fair last year will remember the interesting contest which was put on by boy drillers."

The following unique claim notice is posted on a mine in the Grand Encampment, Wyoming, U.S-A.:—"We found it and we claim it by the right of founding it. It's our'n. It's 750 feet in every direction except southwest and northeast, and there is 300 feet on each side of this writin'. It's called "Bay Horse" and we don't want nobody jumping on this bay horse. That's what these trees is around here for, and we've got the same piece of rope that we had in old Missouri.—Signed ——

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"

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(Continued)

Round the corner of the mole a great dark boat dashed into view ringed round with foam from her flying prow and from the ten pairs of oars which swung from either side of her. A dainty white ensign drooped over her stern, and in her bows the sun's light was caught by a heavy brass carronade. The captain brought his glass to bear upon them and whistled; then he glanced up at the clouds once more.

"Thirty men," said he, "and they go three paces to our two. You, sir, take your blue coat off this deck or you'll bring trouble upon us. The Lord will look after his own if they'll only keep from foolishness. Get these hatches off, Tomlinson. So! Where's Jim Sturt and Hiram Jefferson? Let them stand by to clap them on again when I whistle. Starboard; starboard! Keep her as full as she'll draw. Now, Amos, and you, Tomlinson, come here until I have a word with you."

The three stood in consultation upon the poop, glancing back at their pursuer. There could be no doubt that the wind was freshening. It blew briskly in their faces as they looked back, but it was not steady yet, and the boat was rapidly overhauling them. Already they could see the faces of the marines who sat in the stern and the gleam of the lighted linstock which the gunner held in his hand.

"Hola!" cried an officer in excellent English. "Lay her to or we fire!"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" shouted Ephraim Savage in a voice that might have been heard from the bank.

"We come in the king's name, and we want a party of Huguenots from Paris who came on board of your vessel at Rouen."

"Brace back the foreyard and lay her to!" shouted the captain. "Drop a ladder over the side there and look smart. So! Now we are ready for them."

The yard was swung round, and the vessel lay quietly rising and falling on the waves. The boat dashed alongside, her brass cannon trained upon the brigantine, and her squad of marines with their fingers upon their triggers ready to open fire. They grinned and shrugged their shoulders when they saw that their sole opponents were three unarmed men upon the poop. The officer was on deck in an instant, with his drawn sword in his hand.

"I think that you are best down below."

"Come up, two of you," he cried. "You stand here at the head of the ladder, sergeant. Throw up a rope, and you can fix it to this stanchion. Keep awake down there and be all ready to fire. You come with me, Corporal Lemoine. Who is captain of this ship?"

"I am, sir," said Ephraim Savage submissively.

"You have three Huguenots aboard."

"Tut, tut. Huguenots, are they? I thought they were very anxious to get away, but as long as they paid their passage it was no business of mine. An old man, his young daughter and a young fellow about your age in some sort of livery."

"In uniform, sir—the uniform of the king's guard. Those are the folk I have come for."

"And you wish to take them back?"

"Most certainly."

"The old man is in his bunk asleep, the maid is in a cabin below, and the other is sleeping down the hold."

"Sleeping, you say? We had best surprise him."

"But think you that you dare do it alone? He has no arms, it is true, but he is a well grown young fellow. Will you not have twenty men up from the boat?"

Some such thought had passed through the officer's head, but the captain's remark put him upon his mettle.

"Come with me, corporal," said he. "Down this ladder, you say?"

"Yes, down the ladder and straight on. He lies between those two cloth bales." Ephraim Savage looked up with a smile playing about the corners of his grim mouth. The wind was whistling now in the rigging, and the stays of the masts were humming like two harp strings. Amos Green lounged beside the French sergeant who guarded the end of the rope ladder, while Tomlinson, the mate, stood with a bucket of water in his hand exchanging remarks in very bad French with the crew of the boat beneath him.

The officer made his way slowly down the ladder which led into the hold. The corporal followed him, and had his chest level with the deck when the other had reached the bottom. It may have been something in Ephraim Savage's face or it may have been the gloom around him which startled the young Frenchman.

"Up again, corporal!" he shouted. "I think that you are best at the top."

"And I think that you are best down below, my friend," said the Puritan, who gathered the officer's meaning from his gesture. Putting the sole of his boot against the man's chest, he gave a shove which sent both him and the ladder crashing down on to the officer beneath him. As he did so he blew his whistle, and in a moment the hatch was back in its place and clamped down on each side with iron bars.

The sergeant had swung round at the sound of the crash, but Amos Green, who had waited for the movement, threw his arms round him and hurled him overboard into the sea. At the same instant the connecting rope was severed, the foreyard creaked back into position once more and the bucketful of salt water soused down over the gunner and his gun, putting out his linstock and wetting his priming. A shower of balls from the marines piped through the air or rapped up against the planks, but the boat was tossing and jerking in the short, choppy waves, and to aim was impossible. In vain the men tugged and strained at their oars, while the gunner worked like a maniac to relight his linstock and to replace his priming. The boat had lost its weigh, while the brigantine was flying along now with every sail bulging and swelling to bursting point. Crack! went the carronade at last, and five little slits in the mainsail showed that her charge of grape had flown high. Half an hour afterward a little dark dot upon the horizon with a golden speck at one end of it was all that could be seen of the Honfleur guard boat. The smoke of Havre lay like a little cloud upon the northern horizon, and Captain Ephraim Savage paced his deck with his face as grim as ever, but with a dancing light in his gray eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOR two days the Golden Rod lay becalmed close to Cape la Hague, with the Breton coast extending along the whole of the southern horizon. On the third morning, however, came a sharp breeze, and they drew rapidly away from land until it was but a vague, dim line which blended with the cloud banks.

"I am frightened about my father, Amory," said Adele as they stood together by the shrouds and looked back at the dim cloud upon the horizon which marked the position of that France which they were never to see again.

"What do you mean, Adele? My uncle is hale and hearty, and he will accustom himself to this new life."

"If it only could be so! But I fear, I fear that he is over old for such a change. He says not a word of complaint, but I read upon his face that he is stricken to the heart."

De Catinat was about to suggest that the voyage might restore the merchant's health, when Adele gave a cry of surprise and pointed out over the port quarter.

"Look!" she cried. "There is something floating upon the sea. I saw it upon the crest of a wave."

He looked in the direction in which she pointed, but it was so far from him that he could make nothing of it, but sharper eyes than his had caught a glance of it. Amos Green had seen the girl point.

"Captain Ephraim," said he, "there's a boat on the starboard quarter."

The New England seaman whipped up his glass.

"Aye, it's a boat," said he, "but an empty one. Maybe it's been washed off from some ship or gone adrift from shore. Put her hard down, Mr. Tomlinson, for it just so happens that I am in need of a boat at present."

Half a minute later the Golden Rod had swung round and was running swiftly down toward the black spot which still bobbed and danced upon the waves. As they neared her they could see that something was projecting over her side.

"It's a man's head!" cried Amos Green.

But Ephraim's grim face grew grimmer. "It's a man's foot," said he. "I think that you had best take the gal below to the cabin."

Amid a solemn hush they ran alongside this lonely craft which hung out so sinister a signal.

She was a little thirteen foot cockleshell, very broad for her length and so flat in the bottom that she had been meant evidently for river or lake work. Huddled together beneath the seats were three folk, a man in the dress of a respectable artisan, a woman of the same class and a little child about a year old. The boat was half full of water, and the woman and child were stretched with their faces downward, the fair curls of the infant and the dark locks of the mother washing to and fro like water weeds upon the surface. The man lay with a slate colored face, his chin cocking up toward the sky, his eyes turned upward to the whites and his mouth wide open, showing a leathern crinkled tongue like a rotting leaf. In the bows, all huddled in a heap and with a single paddle still grasped in his hand, there crouched a very small man clad in black, an open book lying across his face and one stiff leg jutting upward, with the heel of the foot resting between the rowlocks.

A boat had been lowered by the Golden Rod, and the unfortunates were soon conveyed upon deck. No particle of either food or drink was to be found or anything save the single paddle and the open Bible, which lay across the small man's face. Man, woman and child had all been dead a day at the least, and so, with the short prayers used upon the seas, they were buried from the vessel's side. The small man had at first seemed also to be lifeless, but Amos had detected some slight flutter of his heart, and the faintest haze was left upon the watch glass which was held before his mouth. Wrapped in a dry blanket, he was laid beside the mast, and the mate forced a few drops of rum every few minutes between his lips until the little speck of life which still lingered in him might be fanned to a flame. Meanwhile Ephraim Savage had ordered up the two prisoners whom he had entrapped at Honfleur.

"Very sorry, captain," said the seaman, "but either you had to come with us, d'ye see, or we had to stay with you. They're waiting for me over at Boston, and so in truth I couldn't tarry. Which would you prefer, to go on with us to America or to go back to France?"

"Back to France, if I can find my way, if only to have a word with that fool of a gunner."

"Well, we emptied a bucketful of water over his linstock and priming, d'ye see, so maybe he did all he could. But there's France, where that thickening is, over yonder."

"I see it; I see it! Ah, if my feet were only upon it once more!"

"There is a boat beside us, and you may take it."

"My God, what happiness! Corporal Lemoine, the boat! Let us push off at once."

"But you need a few things first. Good Lord, who ever heard of a man pushin' off like that? Mr. Tomlinson, just sling a keg of water and a barrel of meat and of biscuit into this boat. Hiram Jefferson, bring two oars aft. It's a long pull with the wind in your teeth, but you'll be there by tomorrow night, and the weather is set fair."

The two Frenchmen were soon provided with all that they were likely to require and pushed off with a waving of hats and a shouting of "Bon voyage!" The yard was swung round again, and the Golden Rod turned her bowsprit for the west.

But while these things had been done the senseless man beneath the mast had twitched his eyelids, had drawn a little gasping breath and then finally had opened his eyes. Old Catinat had come upon deck, and at the sight of the man and of his dress he had run forward and had raised his head reverently.

"He is one of the faithful," he cried. "He is one of our pastors. Ah! Now indeed a blessing will be upon our journey!"

But the man smiled gently and shook his head. "I fear that I may not come

Kneeling hand in hand before the dying pastor.

this journey with you," said he, "for the Lord has called me upon a farther journey of my own. I have had my summons, and I am ready. I am indeed the pastor of the temple at Isigny, and when we heard the orders of the wicked king I and two of the faithful, with their little one, put forth in the hope that we might come to England. But on the first day there came a wave which swept away one of our oars and all that was in the boat—our bread, our keg, and we were left with no hope save in him. And then he began to call us to him, one at a time, first the child and then the woman and then the man, until I only am left, though I feel that my own time is not long. But, since ye are also of the faithful, may I not serve you in any way before I go?"

The merchant shook his head, and then suddenly a thought flashed upon him, and he ran, with joy upon his face, and whispered eagerly to Amos Green. Amos laughed and strode across to the captain.

"It's time," said Ephraim Savage grimly.

Then the whisperers went to De Catinat. He sprang in the air, and his eyes shone with delight. And then they went down to Adele in her cabin, and she started and blushed and turned her sweet face away and patted her hair with her hands as woman will when a sudden call is made upon her. And so, since haste was needful and since even there upon the lonely sea there was one coming who might at any moment snap their purpose, they found themselves in a few minutes—this gallant man and this pure woman—kneeling hand in hand before the dying pastor, who raised his thin arm feebly in benediction as he muttered the words which should make them forever one.

Ere the stars had waned again one more toiler had found rest aboard of the Golden Rod, and the scattered flock from Isigny had found their pastor once more.

(To Be Continued.)

Music and Chess.

As is well known, Sir Walter Parratt, M. V. O., the newly appointed professor of music in Oxford university, is an enthusiastic chess player. On one occasion at St. Michael's college, Tenbury, he undertook to play two men in consultation and at the same time play on the pianoforte from memory pieces selected by those present from any of the classical writers for that instrument. He not only played brilliantly during the games, never once looking at the board, but conversed animatedly with several persons, who did their best to distract him. The game lasted an hour, and Sir Walter was the victor. His pianoforte selections while the game was in progress came from such giants as Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Chopin, and he afterward explained that for the greater part of the hour he had been intensely interested in the efforts of a fly to disentangle itself from a spider's web!—Westm'nster Gazette.

He Knew.

It was afternoon, and thus spoke the teacher of the village school:

"Now boys, the word 'stan' at the end of a word means 'place of.' Thus we have Afghanistan, the place of the Afghans; also Hindustan, the place of the Hindoos. Now, can any one give me another instance"

"Yes, sir," said the smallest boy proudly, "I can—umbrellastan, the place for umbrellas!"

Hours of Sleep.

Mr. Thomas Edison says that four hours of sleep is enough for anyone and that it is a waste of time to take any more.

So long, Thomas, talk about something you are better qualified to discuss. Is your own health so wonderfully steady as to entitle your rules for living to be generally accepted? Wasn't it you who had a mastoid abscess the other day? You are only 61 years old.—Life.

An Oil Without Alcohol.—Some oils and many medicines have alcohol as a prominent ingredient. A judicious mingling of six essential oils compose the famous Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and there is no alcohol in it, so that its effects are lasting. There is no medicinal oil compounded that can equal this oil in its preventive and healing power.

"Surely Doolittle doesn't need two stenographers in his business. Why does he have them?"

"His wife insists on it, I believe. Just a little precaution."—Puck.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc

"I takes notice," said Uncle Eben, "dat a large percentage of de hard luck stories proceeds from de man dat has been lookin' foh easy money."—Washington Star.

A wise man never tries to please himself and a woman at the same time.

Amateur Photographer—Look cheerful, old chap.

Subject—Can't; this is for my wife who's out of town. If I looked cheerful she'd be back to-morrow.—The Tatler.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL DURING HOT WEATHER

Every mother knows how fatal the summer months are to small children. Cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery and stomach troubles are alarmingly frequent at this time and too often a precious little life is lost after a few hours' illness. The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional use of Baby's Own Tablets prevent stomach and bowel troubles, or if the trouble comes suddenly—as it generally does—the Tablets will bring the little one through safely. Mrs. George Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., says:—"My baby was suffering with colic, vomiting and diarrhoea, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared. I would advise all mothers to keep a box of Tablets always at hand." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

They Succeeded the System of Nomination by Caucus.

Conventions have not always nominated our presidents and vice presidents. For more than thirty years presidential candidates were named by a caucus made up of members of the house and the senate. This system died when in 1824 the caucus insisted upon by Martin Van Buren and other friends of William H. Crawford of Georgia defeated Crawford, which threw the election into the house on account of the scattering electoral vote caused by the entrance of Clay, Calhoun, Jackson and John Quincy Adams in the race. This fracas elected Adams.

The campaign of 1828 in consequence was somewhat demoralized, and in 1831 the Republicans followed the example the anti-Masonic party had set the year before and met in convention in Baltimore to nominate Henry Clay. The Democrats held their first national convention in the same city the following year, nominating Martin Van Buren for vice president. The dominating figure of the party, Andrew Jackson, needed no indorsement of his candidacy for the presidency.

The Democrats in 1835 and 1840 nominated Van Buren for the presidency in Baltimore, and the Whigs nominated Clay in the same place in 1844, when the Democrats named Polk.

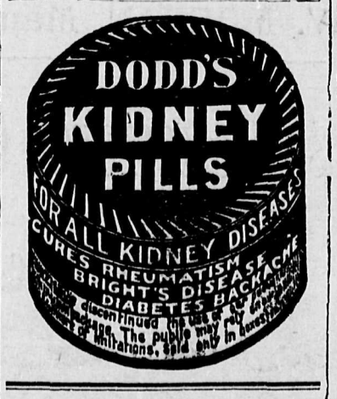
In 1835 Romulus M. Saunders introduced the two-thirds rule to the Democratic convention, and it was adopted. The customs installed at these earlier conventions which succeeded the tyranny of the caucus chamber have been continued and added to from time to time, and the conventions today are merely the descendants of those that nominated Clay and Van Buren.—Charles Wadsworth Camp in Metropolitan Magazine.

Horizon.

A man calls it the horizon where the earth and the sky seem to meet, but a woman's notion of the horizon is the families she can see moving in from behind her front window curtains. If, further, they hang out their washing in a spirit of candor, they are, of course, all the more so. The horizon is caused by a number of things, chief among them the gregarious instinct. Only for this next door would mean as little as tariff revision or pure food or international arbitration. It takes a star or something of that sort to rise above the horizon, but a very ordinary woman may feel above it.—Life.

The Cult of the Hotel.

"Hotel" is a French word, but a thoroughly British institution. If its great hotels were suppressed London would no longer be London—that is to say, the London of society, the theater, literature, politics, art and fashion. The hotel is one of the essential factors of London life—Milan Corriere Della Sarra.



W. N. U. No. 699.

A DRAMA OF VILLAINY.

Just Suppose That Johann Hoch and Mrs. Gunness Had Met.

"If the paths of Johann Hoch and Mrs. Belle Gunness had crossed and each had conspired to take the life and worldly possessions of the other, each ignorant of the other's plot, the psychological developments and result would have interested criminologists."

The above statement is the substance of a hypothetical proposition originated by Chief Deputy Sheriff Charles Peters, who finds what he considers striking parallelisms in the lives and records of these two persons.

"It would have been interesting," he said, "from a criminological viewpoint to watch a contest between Mrs. Gunness and Hoch had they met as a result of a matrimonial advertisement of the woman and their schemes had crossed wires.

"She was a female Hoch, and he was a male Gunness. He watched the death notices of men and found out who of them were insured and married the widows whenever he could, putting them out of the way to get the insurance money.

"Mrs. Gunness, according to the reports, advertised for well to do husbands, stating that she was comely and possessed of a fortune, and after getting one would put him out of the way for his money.

"Suppose, now, that Hoch had seen one of her advertisements, answered it and a meeting had been arranged. She would have had in her mind Hoch's money, and Hoch would have had in his mind her money. Then would have come the contest, each plotting, scheming with all of his or her cleverness to get the better of the other.

"It would have beaten, I believe, any drama of villainy ever produced on the stage. Who would have done the other? Which of them would now be under the ground, a victim of the other's treachery, and which enjoying the money of the other?"—Chicago News.

A Grotesque Ruler.

Possibly somewhere in the jungles of Africa or perhaps in the mystic east or on the planet Mars there is a president, potentate, shah, rajah, sultan or some other sort of ruler who is as strange and grotesquely impossible as President Nord Alexis of Haiti, but certainly there is none to compare with him in this hemisphere. Castro of Venezuela comes close perhaps, but Castro's style differs, and, while he defies the great powers of the earth, he does not approach in pure picturesqueness the venerable man who sits in the presidential palace at Port au Prince and runs the little black republic to suit himself. Imagine a typical Ethiopian between ninety and a hundred years of age, bloodthirsty and apparently only half civilized, a dealer of death to political enemies, a believer in voodooism, and you have a faint idea of what he is. For anything more one must go to Haiti and see for himself.—Argonaut.

Frozen In For Half a Century.

The old wooden English warship Investigator, which has been frozen in at Mercy bay, Bering island, since Sept. 24, 1851, has at last been freed from the ice. It seems almost incredible that the ice in Mercy bay has never melted before in the course of half a century, but nevertheless that is the truth. Last summer was, however, a mild one, and the ship was liberated, while, the winter having been open, the vessel still remains free. There will be a general desire to have the ship brought to England, and this will be easy, for it appears she is in sound condition. Sir Robert McClure was commander of the Investigator during the search for the Franklin expedition. The vessel had to be abandoned, and it has been frozen in ever since.—London Mail.

Automatic Coin Assorter.

A recent issue of an Austrian journal gives an account of an automatic money assorter that will assort metal coins which have been thrown together regardless of their denominations, placing each denomination in a separate basket. The various coins are thrown indiscriminately into a funnel at the top of the machine, and from the funnel they slide downward, alighting on a spiral track. This track has a protecting edge or raised border containing slits corresponding to the various sizes of the coins. As the coins of various denominations glide downward on to the track through some peculiar mechanism of the machine they pass through the slits corresponding to their various sizes, entering their respective baskets at the bottom of the machine.

The Circus.

"The circus used to be an American institution," remarked an old time circus man the other day. "But things have changed. I went into the dressing room of a big show recently, and nearly all of the performers are foreigners. There are few good American circus performers any more. Old Bob Stickney was there. He does a 'manage act' with a team of horses, even though he's sixty-two years old now. He used to be the best bareback rider on the road outside of Jimmy Robinson. But there are mighty few of the old timers left, and there never will be any as good."

Three Strong Ones.

"With Mr. Onion running for congress in Texas and Mr. Leake already there, we only need Mr. Garlic to complete the trio," says the Augusta Herald. All right; here he is. Mr. Garlick is a candidate in Louisiana.—Washington Herald.

They should come in bunches—three for a scent.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some election day they will all be in the soup.—Judge.

Saw Her Chance.

"No man shall ever kiss me except my future husband," said the girl as she was about to leave the gate.

"Suppose I agree to be your future"—

"Why, then, I'll kiss you," she said eagerly. And she did.

Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called on him the next day to arrange matters, and before he knew it he was eternally booked. It was a very mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is worth two on the garden gate.

It Wouldn't Go Down.

It is often claimed that artists and scientists should not marry. A wife and family, the contention runs, divert a man's thought from pure art or science to money-making, and in other ways besides, they distract and constrain him.

Henry James, who is usually serious, defended the above claim rather frivolously at a dinner in New York on his last visit.

"For example," he said, "a friend of mine declared one night that he believed in study.

"Nobody can learn in a lifetime all that should be known," he said. "A man ought never to assume that his education is complete. I must and will keep abreast of the times, and I propose to begin the study of astronomy at once."

"Jerome," said his wife calmly, "you'll have to think of some better excuse than that for staying out to all hours of the night."

The Useful Kind of Booming.

"Remember, a book play needs booming."

"I'm getting some of the best citizens to say a good word for our production."

"Bah! You'll never make a press agent. What you want to do is to get 'em to denounce it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

They met by chance,
They'd never met before;
They met but once.
And she was smitten sore.
They never met again—
Don't care to, I allow,
They met but once,
The auto and the cow.
—Chicago News.

Wise mothers who know the virtues of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator always have it at hand, because it proves its value.

SUMMER FURNITURE.

Reed Effects In Burnt Orange Colorings Very Smart.

There is no limit now to the extent that the color taste may be indulged in beautifying the summer home. From the bit of ribbon on one's dressing table to the chairs and tables in the library everything may be in one's favorite shade or one's astral color, and if variety is preferred fancy may run riot in choice of agreeable hues.

Burnt orange is the smart color of the moment. New reed furniture for summer bungalows is shown in this rich burnt orange tone, and the strong color blends with strikingly artistic effect with dark woodwork and with the vivid yellows of the goldenrod, nasturtiums, ox eyed daisies and other summer flowers.

This reed furniture is ideal for summer home use. Substantial in effect and in the big square shapes that suggest hours of delicious summer idleness, the chairs are really light and easy to lift about from room to room or when required from piazza to lawn. Besides the low rockers and deep heart to heart talk settees, there are all manner of useful smaller pieces—magazine stands, music racks, plant taborets and the like. In the reed furniture, next to the fashionable burnt orange color, the always popular forest green and a soft seal brown are high in favor.

For the hostess who is planning for the delight of her guests a pink room or green room or any other charming summery color scheme there is wide choice in the new colored bedroom furniture, and prices are well within the scope of even economical pocketbooks. Daintiness and restfulness rather than luxury are the desirable characteristics of the summer bedroom, and very dainty indeed are bedroom sets in delicate tints of rose color, apple green or pale buff, each matched by an iron bedstead enameled in the same shade. A pale pink dresser and chairs and near by a pink tinted bedstead suggest instantly the accompanying daintiness of rose printed chintz cushions and rosebud sprigged dimity hangings.

And every hostess knows that when the dusty summer day journey is over and you and your bag after the refreshing spin up from the station in the country air are ushered into the infinite restfulness of a "green room" or the sunny cheerfulness of a "yellow room" or the roseate prettiness of a "pink room" every single item of her trouble about details of daintiness will be amply repaid in the completeness of your appreciation and delight.

Cretonne on Parasols.

Cretonne is very popular this season for evening coats and vests as an applique, and now cretonne parasols are prescribed for morning wear. The design must, of course, be reasonably small, and the only decoration is the heavy cotton fringe around the border. Of course the handles on such a very serviceable sunshade would be of the plainest wood, leaving the more elaborate sticks for more dressy parasols.

To Digest the Food

Bile in the intestines is as important to disgestion as are the gastric juices in the stomach and bile is only supplied when the liver is in active condition.

The serious and chronic forms of indigestion are cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills because of their influence on the liver, causing a good flow of bile to aid digestion and keep the bowels regular, thereby preventing fermentation of the food, the formation of gas and all the disagreeable symptoms of indigestion.

Long standing cases of chronic indigestion yield to Dr. A.W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills after all else has failed.

Here's the proof.

"I was for many years troubled with indigestion and headache and derived no benefit from the many remedies I used. A friend advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and after taking four boxes the result is that I am once more in the full enjoyment of the blessings of good health."—Mr. Duncan McPherson, Content, Alta.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills

Old Prison Chums.

One of the two men standing at a street corner was one of those smart fellows who are always aching to display their smartness.

"Watch me take a rise out of him!" he muttered to his companion, as a ragged old tramp hove in sight, and started to recite the usual tale of pathos.

"Why, that's not the same story you told me last time you accosted me," said the brainy one, when the vagrant had run down.

The latter looked at him in sorrowful silence for a moment. Then he said:—

"Mebbe not—mebbe not. But I don't remember speaking to you. When was it?"

"Last week."

"That explains it. I'd forgotten meeting you," was the tramp's quiet retort. "I was in prison all last week."

When Holloway's Corn Cure is applied to a corn or wart it kills the roots and the callosity comes out without any injury to the flesh.

"Frost went down to Maine for a change of air."

"He got it, then, didn't he?"

"Not much. The first thing he heard when he struck Podunk was a pianola playing 'The Merry Widow Waltz'."—New York Times.

A glass of iced "Salada" Tea will be found most refreshing this warm weather. As cooling as a summer breeze. 56

Mrs. Exe—Good-bye. I'm sorry my husband isn't in. I wish I knew some way of keeping him at home a little more.

Mrs. Wye—Let him buy a motor car.

Mrs. Exe—Why, he'd be out more than ever.

Mrs. Wye—"Oh, dear, no. Mrs. Dasher tells me her husband bought a motor a few days ago, and the doctor says he won't be out for six weeks.—Illustrated Bits.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Animal Nature.

Why does a dog when in slight alarm and listening lift up a fore foot from the ground? Sometimes it is the left foot, sometimes the right. The setter is usually depicted with all his feet on the ground, the pointer with one foot raised. The cat has the same habit of lifting up one fore foot when in a state of uncertainty. Is the hearing more acute with three feet on terra firma than with four? Interesting problems these for the student of nature to study.

A Serious Joke.

A noted joke immortalized in Lever's "Charles O'Malley" was actually perpetrated by Mr. Frederick Welcome, a student in Trinity College, Dublin. Mr. Welcome pretended to hear a voice in the sewer and persuaded the mob that a prisoner had escaped into the sewer from the jail and that he was perishing there. The mob excavated the street. The troops were called out, and a riot followed.

Eight Miles an Hour.

The rate at which Zulus can run in an emergency is astonishing. Some will cover as much as fifty miles in six hours. Eight miles an hour is an ordinary feat.

KING OF THE ROAD
"THE BETTER KIND"
OVERALLS AND SHIRTS

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

SOLD TO THE TRADE BY
R. J. WHITLA & CO., LTD.
Winnipeg.

SHREDDED WHEAT

Now for Strawberries and Shredded Wheat.

Nature's purest and best food, insuring a clear head and healthy body.

Is Invigorating Without Being Heating.

Try it. Sold by all grocers. 951

AN HONEST DOCTOR ADVISED PE-RU-NA.

MR. SYLVESTER E. SMITH, Room 218, Granite Block, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Peruna is the best friend a sick man can have.

"A few months ago I came here in a wretched condition. Exposure and dampness had ruined my once robust health. I had catarrhal affections of the bronchial tubes, and for a time there was a doubt as to my recovery.

"My good honest old doctor advised me to take Peruna, which I did and in a short time my health began to improve very rapidly, the bronchial trouble gradually disappeared, and in three months my health was fully restored.

"Accept a grateful man's thanks for his restoration to perfect health."

Pe-ru-na for His Patients.

A. W. Perrin, M. D. S., 980 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., says:

"I am using your Peruna myself, and am recommending it to my patients in all cases of catarrh, and find it to be more than you represent. Peruna can be had now of all druggists in this section. At the time I began using it, it was unknown."

Manufactured by The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A.

Unsettled Stairway.

In a recent suit in a Cincinnati court a lawyer was cross-examining a German, the point under inquiry being the relative position of the doors, windows, and so forth in a house in which a certain transaction was alleged to have occurred.

"And now, my good man," the lawyer said, "will you be good enough to tell the court how the stairs run in your house?"

The German looked dazed for a moment. "How do they run?" he repeated.

"Yes, how do the stairs run?"

"Vell," continued the witness, "ven I am oopstairs dey run down, and ven I am downstairs dey run oop."—Harper's Weekly.

Get His Revenge.

Shirley Brooks, one time editor of Punch, was noted for his whimsical humor. "It annoys me," he said one day. "If I am discourteously treated at the threshold of a friend's door. I remember once calling on someone, and the maid, in her rudest manner, said he was not in and shut the door in my face. I felt I must be revenged upon her somehow, so I returned after an interval of five minutes, rang the bell, and in my meekest manner mildly said: 'Did I say he was?'"

The transition from winter's cold to summer's heat frequently puts a strain upon the system that produces internal complications, always painful and often serious. A common form of disorder is dysentery, to which many are prone in the spring and summer. The very best medicine to use in subduing this painful ailment is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It is a standard remedy, sold everywhere.

She—I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Newly-wed have just joined the church.

He—Well, turn about is fair play. Didn't the church join them?—Illustrated Bits.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } 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.

Aunty—Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there is only one. How is that?

Tommy—Please, it was so dark, Aunty, I didn't see that one.—Punch.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The Poet—Look here, I understand that you said that the poem I had in Punksey's this month was the worst thing I ever wrote.

The Critic— I said nothing of the kind.

The Poet—Ah, I am glad of that. What did you say about it?

The Critic—I said it was the worst poem anybody ever wrote.—Cleveland Leader.

Wire Wounds.

My mare, a very valuable one, was badly bruised and cut by being caught in a wire fence. Some of the wounds would not heal, although I tried many different medicines. Dr. Bell advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT, diluted at first, then stronger as the sores began to look better, until after three weeks, the sores have healed and best of all the hair is growing well, and is NOT WHITE as is most always the case in horse wounds.

F. M. DOUCET.

Weymouth.

Mrs. Suburbanite—John, that is twice you have come home and forgotten to bring the lard.

Mr. Suburbanite—It's so greasy it slipped my mind.—Judge.

A Sure Corrective of Flatulency.—When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gases causing pains and oppression in the stomachic region. The belching or eructation of these gases is offensive and the only way to prevent them is to restore the stomach to proper action. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet and a course of them taken systematically is certain to effect a cure.

At an election meeting Dr. MacNamara of the British Parliament, was tackled by a woman, who inquired: "Are you in favor of the repeal of the blasphemy laws?"

"Madam," replied the doctor, "I'm a golfer!"

"Would you give every woman a vote?" asked another.

"Every woman should have either a vote or a voter," said Dr. MacNamara. "Which do you prefer?"

A STRANGE PAGEANT.

Annual March of Mohammedans to the Tomb of Moses.

One of the strangest of all the pageants which are to be seen in Jerusalem is the annual march of the Mohammedans to the tomb of Moses. To them, as well as to Christians and Jews, Moses is a prophet of the highest honor. But, rejecting the traditions of the Hebrews, they refuse to believe that he was buried in a valley in the land of Moab, as is described in the last chapter of Deuteronomy. Instead they assert that he was buried where he breathed his last, upon the summit of Mount Nebo.

Therefore each year at the time of the Greek Easter the faithful gather by thousands in the early morning before the site of the temple of Solomon in perfect silence waiting for daybreak. Later the strange scene of quiet is entirely transformed, fanatics dancing and preaching, hordes of dervishes whirling about in mysterious "sacred" dances and hundreds of exhorters rousing the enthusiasm of their fellows. The scene is gaudy with hundreds of red and green banners, and the only semblance of order is in the semiregular organizations of marchers.

At last the procession forms, with the banners borne ahead, an iman bearing the yataghan of the prophet—a short, straight edged sword used by the armies of Mohammed—and after them more dancers and marchers.

A large part of the population of Jerusalem gathers about the gate, out of which the procession moves toward the Mount of Olives, but few besides the faithful endeavor to obtain a place in the ranks of marchers, since death has often been the penalty of an attempt by a non-Mohammedan to make this march to "Nebi-Mouca," the "tomb of Moses."

Traders of many kinds invade the camp, for the marchers remain at the mosque five days, and all their supplies must be bought from the wandering merchants, who make a business of looking after their needs. After the first excitement fanaticism yields to good humor, and games and banter fill the time for those who have paid their duties at the tomb.

The mosque on Nebo is one of the most sacred of Mohammedan shrines and one of the most difficult for a Christian to approach.

An English traveler who brought an order from the porte was denied admittance, and, although in recent years it has become possible to enter, it is too early yet to forget the experience of one traveler who came bearing an order of admittance from the sultan himself.

"This firman," the guardian priest said, "commands me to let you enter the mosque. "Very well; you can enter. But think well before you do so, for I find nothing written here about letting you out again!"

Measuring a Spirit.

A man of St. Joseph, Mo., relates a story in connection with a spiritualistic meeting once held in that town. A man named Daniel Miller, who was some six feet seven inches in height, had died recently.

The spirit of Daniel was called for by some one at the seance mentioned. When it had appeared and announced its readiness to reply to any question, some one asked:

"Are you in heaven?"

"Yes," came from the shade of Daniel.

"Are you an angel, Dan?"

"Yes."

At this juncture the questioner paused, having apparently exhausted his fund of questions. But, to the amusement of all, he suddenly added, "And what do you measure from tip to tip, Dan?"

Took Kindly to the Water.

They tell this story of the experience of two Maine boys in trying to catch a woodchuck:

They had tried quite a number of times to capture the animal, but unsuccessfully. At last they decided to drown him out; so, procuring four pails, each took two, and they carried water for two solid hours and poured it into the hole in the ground in which the said chuck had taken up his abode. Getting tired, they sat down. After about half an hour the woodchuck cautiously left the hole and deliberately walked down to the brook and took a long drink of water and then scooted, much to the disgust of the two boys.

Mexican Rapid Transit.

The queerest mode of travel I saw in all Mexico was that adopted by a woman who was on her way to the doctor, seated complacently in a chair borne on the back of a man. Some Mexican women are afraid even of the mule cars, while they look upon the rapidly spinning trolley with such trembling of knees they cannot be persuaded to put foot upon it. Unable to pay coach hire, they employ the human carrier at a few cents for each trip.—Travel Magazine.

Unchanged.

"I met Dunkey today for the first time in years. He hasn't changed much."

"Oh, he hasn't changed at all, but he doesn't seem to realize it."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, he's forever talking about 'what a fool he used to be.'"

At the Play.

"Talk about realism!" exclaimed Mr Housekeep.

"Well?"

"That housemaid making dabs at the furniture and never hitting it looks awful natural to me."

Never suffer the prejudice of the eye to determine the heart.—Zimmerman.

Experience Contribution.

Poetic Friend—Some one says a baby in the house is a wellspring of joy.

Exasperated Young Parent—Well, don't you believe it. As an element of enjoyment a baby in the house is a screaming farce.

Dear, Innocent Thing!

Hubby (while dressing)—That confounded trial balance was running in my head all night. Wifey—John, you must tell the manager, and maybe he will give you extra pay for working overtime.

NEW RULER OF AFGHANISTAN.

An Interesting Man Almost as Versatile as the Kaiser.

A short, stout man, who wears a gray frock coat when visiting, likes afternoon tea, plays a remarkably good game of bridge, does not hesitate to sit down at the piano and sing a song for the entertainment of a party, and after dinner has been known to speed the parting friend with a long and animated conversation on the doorstep—this is one side of the character of Habib—Ullah Khan, ruler of the Afghans, Amir of Kabul, seeker after God's health and lamp of the congregation and the faith. He did all these things when visiting India in the early part of last year, says a writer in The London Daily Mail. In some minds he created the impression that he was the Asiatic counterpart of the German Emperor.

He told various people whom he met that he was the best smith in Afghanistan, the best carpenter, the best drill sergeant. Then he claimed to be able to preach a better sermon than any mullah, and as a matter of fact led 700,000 people in prayer at Delhi—surely the largest prayer meeting on record. He speaks seven or eight languages; he plays cricket; he has acquired a liking for the motor car and he seems to think very highly of his own powers as a doctor.

Then, too, he apparently knows how to enjoy himself at a race meeting, and when he makes a bet, he pays on the spot if he loses. When he was in India an attendant stalked solemnly behind him, carrying a vast cashbox full of money, from which disbursements were made, when necessary. He is said to be a good sportsman, but when he plays cricket with his attendants the Amir apparently always wins. It might perhaps be risky for opponents to make a better showing.

The Amir is the son of one who was a slave girl before she became one of the Queens of Afghanistan.

His harem in Kabul is not so large as that maintained by his father. Angus Hamilton says that when the Amir came to the throne three wives were divorced in order to keep the spirit of the Koran law, which forbids the maintenance of more than four wives.

Many slaves of prepossessing charms, we are told, are taken into the harem from time to time and added to the number of his concubines. But the queens appear to exercise a strict censorship in regard to the type of slave. The hapless woman who becomes a favorite and excites the admiration of the Amir "is generally removed."

One queen, it is recorded, "has killed with her own hands three of her slaves and personally chastises her erring handmaidens, purposely disfiguring any whose physical attractiveness might charm the Amir."

The four wives of the Amir "occupy positions which are graduated to a recognized scale. The first wife draws an allowance of one lakh of rupees annually; the second wife receives 80,000 rupees, the third wife 40,000 rupees, the fourth wife 20,000 rupees a year."

One rather gathers that the domestic life of the Amir is not untroubled and that the influence of his wives is not cast on the side of peace and quietness.

An Island of Massacres.

Hayti, the West Indian island, to which public attention has just recently been directed, has been the scene of more massacres than any other place on earth.

They began with the coming of Columbus and the rabble rout that followed him. In a few years its 3,000,000 of gentle, brown-skinned inhabitants had perished utterly, exterminated by fire and sword and by forced labor in the mines.

Next the buccaneers seized the unhappy island and wreaked vengeance on the Spaniards. Presently came the French, and for a brief space there was some semblance of peace. But in 1793 the negroes revolted and murdered practically all the whites.

On account of these atrocities, frightful reprisals took place when France, in due course, reconquered the island. But the negroes bided their time and presently rose again under a ruffian named Dessalimes. This time they did the thing thoroughly. Not only were all the Europeans put to death, but all having any admixture of white blood in their veins suffered a like fate. In all it is computed that 5,000,000 men, women and children have met with violent deaths on this island of massacres since the intruding white man first set foot on its palm-fringed strand.

Against the King.

Many people blissfully imagine that lese majesty—that is, insulting royalty—is a crime peculiar to foreign countries and unknown in free and happy Britain That, however, is where they make a mistake.

It is, for instance, technically a punishable offence to stick a penny stamp on a letter upside down. Doing so is to insult the King through his effigy, and a few centuries ago—supposing penny stamps to have been then invented—might easily have landed the offender in prison on a charge of seeking to bring ridicule on the sovereign or to express contempt for his authority by causing his picture to stand on its head. Also, it is a punishable offence to deface a coin of the realm bearing the royal image and then deliberately put it into circulation again.

To strike the King would, according to the strict letter of the law, render the assailant liable to the death penalty, no matter how trifling the blow was in reality.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Age of the Human Race.

The highest authorities place the total number of years elapsed since, in the light of the best geological evidences, men first appeared upon the earth at 238,000. Of this, 78,000 belongs to the preglacial epoch, 100,000 years to the glacial, 44,000 years to the interval between the glacial epoch and the prolohistoric and neolithic, 10,000 years to the last named epochs, and 6,000 years to the time lapsed since the beginning of the historic period in Egypt.

The Infallible Man.

The most dull and wishy washy man in all the world must be he who never made a mistake. But he is double dyed when he will make no mistake himself and lose sleep over the mistakes of his neighbor.—Manchester Union.

Men's Ways.

We often hear women criticised for their queer ways of doing things, but we rise to call attention to the queer ways many good men have of not doing things.—Hallock Enterprise.

THE CURATE'S AID

By MARY B. EAKET.

"Jeannie! Jeannie! Come and see the new curate. I am sure he is coming in here."

Jean McLeod, a tall, fair girl of twenty-two summers, hastened to her mother's side.

They lived on the outskirts of the lonely village of Bothmore and any stranger who entered the village streets was sure to receive marked attention from all.

Health had failed the old clergyman who had for the last eighteen years been in charge of the one little wooden church and as his doctors had insisted upon a change of air it was rumored that a young and handsome Oxford man was to fill the vacant place.

No wonder then that Jean came quickly at her mother's call.

How glad she was to feel that here was one who would appreciate her talents and understand her moods.

Jean McLeod, an only daughter and her father's pet had indeed been spoilt in childhood and as she grew older had been sent to a city college that she might have every advantage and accomplishment which tend to make the so-called finished lady.

Thus she had gradually grown into the fixed idea, that the ignorant youth of Bothmore were just a little below her level and that, well, they were not learned enough to be able to understand and appreciate or sympathize with her talents, her advantages and her ideas.

"Why, yes, mother; he has turned into the lane already and you have your old apron on. Why don't you go and take it off and make yourself look a bit tidy; remember he will not be like Mr. Dean—he has been reared in the city and from Oxford too! What a bore he will find the people here. We must make it as pleasant for him as we can."

"Well I always made old Mr. Dean at home whether I had a clean apron or not. But I suppose you know best. It seems to me if we folk have to go and dress every time we see the clergyman coming, whether we be a cooking or a washing or a churning, that it is the curate himself who will soon be a bore." So saying Mrs. McLeod went slowly up the stairs to give the required touches to her dress.

Meanwhile the curate had reached the door, which in answer to his light rap, was opened by Jean.

"Pardon me, madam, but is Mrs. McLeod at home?"

This was hardly the greeting Jean expected, but she liked the voice, and she would make him her friend at all costs. So smiling sweetly she said "Yes, sir; my mother, Mrs. McLeod, is at home and will be down in a minute. But will you please step into the parlor and wait; you are our new curate are you not? We recognized you as you came up the lane,—"

"Yes, madam, I have that honor and am indeed pleased that my parishioners recognize me so readily."

"When you have been here as long as I have you will be glad to have an opportunity of recognizing some stranger from the outer world. You will find it very dull here, and the people are such a bore you cannot help but feel it."

"I hope not, madam. My duty here is not to recognize the outer world, but the people of this dear little parish, and I shall do my utmost to fulfill that duty; as for my feeling the people a bore, I hope not, for to my mind one has to be a bore one's self before one can feel bored by others."

This was rather more than Jean expected, and from a city-bred gentleman too; really it was too terrible to be true. Why, he had as much as told her that she was a bore. She felt like leaving him alone and going to tell her mother how horrid he was; but no, she would stay but would not answer his rude remark.

Although her silence was meant to be stinging, it seemed to her he thought it golden, for he did not attempt to continue the conversation, but sat looking out on the lawn as if solitude were indeed the sweetest thing in God's good earth.

Mrs. McLeod was now coming down the stairs. She would bring him to his place before her mother entered. "Pardon, sir; my mother"—the words were hard and cold, but the curate seemed not to even hear her as he rose quickly and crossed the room to the door just as her mother was about to enter.

"Mrs. McLeod, I presume. I am Mr. Waltham, your new curate, and it is indeed a pleasure for me to make your acquaintance. I trust we may become firm friends in the near future. I have made the acquaintance of your daughter, but I believe I have already bored her with my views." So saying, he led Mrs. McLeod to a large easy chair, the very one Jean had chosen for him.

"Now, Mrs. McLeod, I want your advice, counsel and help. I am a stranger here at present, and from you I want some advice as to the quickest way to win the hearts and minds of my people, and also to know who needs most the staff to guide them to the light. All cannot receive care at one and the same time, and, moreover, some do not need it; but I am so afraid lest through lack of knowledge I may neglect those who are so much in need of help that they cannot walk to the light alone. You can always lead the bulk of your flock, but there are some who are trying so hard to follow, and yet need help in places, or they will at once fall back and lose their way. It is for those my heart bleeds and for those I want your aid and sympathy."

"It is indeed very good of you to come to me, Mr. Waltham, and I am sure I will help you all I can. But why have you not sought this advice from Jeannie? She knows them one and all as well as I, and has been counting on being an aid to you in your work. I assure you, Mr. Waltham no one has been more overjoyed at your coming than she. Her college days were spent abroad, and it is such a tie to her now to have to live in this dull place, as she calls it. For myself, I find it a very interesting little place indeed."

"I agree with you, Mrs. McLeod, and now I want you to help make it interesting for me, too. Jean may know all the people as well as you, but since she finds it so very dull I am sure she does not feel for them as you do. If it be her desire to aid me in my work here, we will endeavor to find a way for her to do so; but now it is your help I want."

The very idea! A man she had only met ten minutes before, calling her Jean. And how rude he was to speak of her in such tones. Why, he had not even told her his name, or that he was pleased to meet her, or anything; and had refused her advice with regard to the people, even before it was proffered.

And this was the man she had planned and dreamt about—the man whom she had looked to, to brighten life at Bothmore. Truly life is false, indeed. She had been bitterly deceived.

Sitting like one in a dream, she heard all he said to her mother, and yet she did not, but when he rose to go she knew she was not sorry.

He was at least more courteous now than on his arrival. Crossing the room, he held out his hand. "Miss McLeod, your mother and I have become such staunch friends. Will you not congratulate me? And, by the way, I understand that you are desirous of aiding me also. I shall count on you, and am sure will find plenty of little errands of mercy for willing hands to do."

"Thank you, sir. I will try to be of service to you if you so desire."

"Desire! Why, my dear Miss McLeod, I insist. You see, I have that right now. I am not only your rector, but also your mother's friend. But now I must bid you farewell. Where duty calls, one must always go."

Jean watched him go quickly down the lane; she was so angry with him and yet could not help admiring him as he swung briskly along.

"Well, mother, what do you think now of your city curate?"

"Think? Why, Jean, he is just the man for the place. So brave and yet so kind and thoughtful. Why, I am sure he will aid my poor people even more than dear old Mr. Dean; and it will be so pleasant for you, too. He says he intends interesting you in some cases where he is sure you will be useful, and where you will soon lose your present opinion of your neighbors."

"Oh, indeed! He seems very confident of my services. I suppose just because he comes from Oxford, he thinks we will all wait on our knees to do his bidding. I never had to stoop to such deeds of humility when Mr. Dean was here, and I do not see why he should need such a lot of aid. As for being kind and thoughtful, I failed to see it, if he was. Why, he was positively rude to me. But I do not intend to worry over it. I am going out for a walk now, but will be back in time to get tea, so you need not bother about that."

Mrs. McLeod sighed deeply as her daughter left the room. She loved Jean very much, but she could see she was fast becoming so restless and discontented that the true sunny nature seldom had a chance of showing itself.

A week later, as Jean was gathering some beautiful lilacs for her Japanese table bowls, she was surprised to hear a voice close by: "Good-morning, Miss McLeod, will you do me a favor? Miss Lenard, the seamstress, is very ill, and I am sure would be very gratified for a glimpse of your lovely flowers. No, I will not stop to be thanked for the suggestion. I am sure she would have had them long ago, had you known."

Without another word the curate moved quickly on, leaving Jean standing like one struck dumb.

"Well, of all things! You would really think I was a child. Still I like his nerve, and I suppose I will go. I will let him see that he is not the only one who can care for the sick."

In little less than an hour Jean had kept her word, and with a beautiful bouquet of flowers in one hand, and such a big basket of good things in the other, she went laughingly down the street. It seemed funny to her to be doing anything useful beyond the home garden wall.

Nevertheless she enjoyed her errand, and as she returned home after reading most of the afternoon to the poor, sick girl, she felt very glad indeed that she had not followed her first impulse and ignored the request.

As the days and weeks went quickly on, the curate seemed always to find fresh work for Jean, and each request came in that peculiar half pleading and half commanding tone. Each request was also always met, but in the same haughty, condescending manner, and, pleasing to say, always carried out in Jean's own sunny way.

Thus the days and the summer sped quickly away. It was the last garden party of the year. Rich and poor from all over the village seemed to enjoy the simple program provided for them by the curate who had so silently won his way into the hearts of all.

Jean had been the busiest of all that day. She slipped in and out among young and old alike; a word of comfort here, a laugh and a smile there, or perhaps just a handshake: but always managing to avoid the curate.

Sitting down on a low garden bench she watched the tired but happy people as they seemed to linger around the glories of the day, dreading as it were to bid farewell to the dear old garden with its sunny nooks.

So intent was Jean upon the scene that she did not notice the approach of the curate till he laid his hands upon her shoulder. Then she started up, only to find herself gently but firmly held down.

"Jean, why have you avoided me all day? I wanted you to aid me and instead you insist upon neglecting me and aiding my people. Will you not redeem your pledge now? I need you, Jean. They all love you, but I even more than they. Surely you will not refuse me now?"

As Jean lay down to rest that night she could not remember what her answer had been, but she knew that she was very, very happy, and that Mr. Waltham was the best curate she had ever known or, for that matter, ever wished to know.

A Seaside Engagement.— "Before giving you my reply," she said, "let me have a distinct understanding. If I am to consider this seriously I will have to say 'No,' but if it is only a summer resort engagement I shall be pleased to accept you for the time being."

Black Watch

"Biggest and Best"

Plug Chewing Tobacco

2012

A COOL GUN FIGHTER.

Shot His Man and Then Leisurely Proceeded to Sip a Cocktail.

"When I went to Tombstone, Ariz., in 1880 to practice law, there were many desperate characters in that community," said Hon. Marcus A. Smith, who has been delegate in congress from that territory for the biggest part of the past twenty-two years.

"At one time I could have mentioned by name no fewer than thirty-five men who stood in the front rank of 'killers.' With one exception, I believe there was not one of the entire crowd who did not die with his boots on, slain by a bullet from a Colt navy six or a Winchester, in the same fashion he had himself meted out death to many of his fellows.

"It was the inexorable hand of fate that these semicivilized beings should get their quietus by violence. Yet some of them were as gentle in their ways as the veriest dude who strolls mincingly along Pennsylvania avenue and apparently as harmless. I recall a fair skinned, blue eyed young fellow—all your killers have blue eyes—named Harry Leslie. He was a Georgia boy and evidently the child of decent, well bred people.

"One day while in the act of taking a drink in a saloon in Tombstone some one whispered in his ear that an enemy was waiting just outside with a Winchester and swearing to kill him the moment he emerged from the barroom. Putting down his untouched liquor, Leslie walked to the door, whipped out his revolver and sent a bullet crashing into the brain of the intending murderer, who never even got his rifle presented. It was the most quickly acted drama I ever saw. As soon as he watched his man fall prone to the earth Leslie walked back as cool as if it were the most trifling detail of life and leisurely sipped his cocktail.

"I was his lawyer when he was put to trial for his life, and the jury acquitted him after being out only a few minutes."—Baltimore American.

Too Big For the Booth.

Diners in a Broadway restaurant the other night were amused when a young lady wearing an enormous white straw hat trimmed with flaring red wings walked up to the telephone booth in the corner and started to enter. She evidently had forgotten she was wearing her "Merry Widow," for she fetched up against the sides of the door with a bang, her hat failing to clear the opening by a good three inches on either side. However, the young lady was equal to the emergency. She calmly grasped the brim of her hat with both hands, tilted it to one side and glided through the door like a sailboat going through a drawbridge. Up to this time there had been smiles and grins, but when the young lady tried to draw the door to and found that it would not shut at all with her hat inside the room broke into a roar of laughter that shook up even the most imperturbable waiter.—New York Press.

Fought Under Six Flags.

A remarkable soldier has just died at Budapest in the person of General Stephen Turr, one of the bravest revolutionary generals that ever lived. He commenced his military career as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Then he fought for the Hungarian revolutionary government, helped to quell a German revolution and joined Garibaldi in his great struggle. On the outbreak of the Crimean war he served as a volunteer in Omar Pasha's army against Russia and finally received a commission in the British transport service. It was while buying horses for the British army at Budapest in 1855 that the general was seized by the Austrians as a deserter and sentenced to death. But both the British and French governments made such emphatic protests against this sentence that it was commuted to banishment. Finally the old soldier settled down in Paris.

Memphis on the Nile.

Memphis on the Nile, one of the greatest capitals of the ancient world, is buried beneath the ground which is now under cultivation by the villagers of Mitrahineh, who will have to be transferred to other plots and compensated before the contemplated work of excavation can proceed very far. It is estimated that an expenditure of about $15,000 annually for fifteen years will be required to excavate the temple sites, apart from the city. The unearthing of Memphis, which contained the finest school of Egyptian art, will be by far the greatest archaeological work of recent times and must result in a vast addition to the world's knowledge of ancient Egyptian history and civilization. The work will soon be begun by Professor Petrie, head of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt.

A Lazy Boy's Invention.

The long handled shovel has made over $300,000 for its inventor, and the inventor was a lazy, shiftless boy of seventeen named Reuben Davis, whose father lived in Vermont at the time. He set Reuben to digging dirt and loading it on a wagon, and the short handled shovel made the boy's back ache. One afternoon when his father was away he took out the short handle and substituted a long one and found the work much easier.

When the father returned home Reuben got a thrashing, but after the old man had used the shovel himself he said that it was a good thing and got it patented. They are now manufactured almost by the million. That boy's backache turned out to be a good thing for the Davis family.

A Comparison.

Mrs. Giles (anxiously asking after rector's health)—Well, sir, I be glad you says you be well, but there—you be one of these "bad doers," as I calls 'em (gie 'em the best o' vittels, and it don't do 'em no good)—there be pigs like that!—London Punch.

First Necessity.

"How would you define a 'crying need?'" asked the teacher of the rhetoric class.

"A handkerchief," replied the solemn young man with the wicked eye.

THE Celluloid Starch package is large, but the amount of work it will do makes it seem enormous. That's one of the advantages this starch has over all others, it requires a smaller quantity to do more and better work.

Celluloid Starch gives a limber, lasting stiffness that will not crack. Ask your grocer for it—if he hasn't got it he can get it.

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Parable for the Suffragettes.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is against votes for women. She has joined in London an anti-suffrage league.

At a luncheon of suffragettes, by means of a parable she pointed out her belief that the immediate home circle, not the voting booth or Senate Chamber, was the true feminine sphere of usefulness.

She said an aged Scot told his minister that he was going to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

"And whiles I'm theer," said the pilgrim complacently, "I'll read the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top o' Mount Sinai."

"Saunders," said the minister, "tak' my advice. Bide at hame and keep them."

The Foe of Indigestion.— Indigestion is a common ailment and few are free from it. It is a most distressing complaint and often the suffering attending it is most severe. The very best remedy is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken according to directions. They rectify the irregular action of the stomach and restore healthy action. For many years they have been a standard remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion and are highly esteemed for their qualities.

Briggs—I have made a will leaving my brain to the hospital, and just got an acknowledgment from the authorities.

Griggs—Were they pleased?

Briggs—They wrote that every little helps.—Illustrated Bits.

PROMINENT OAK LAKE FARMER.

Oak Lake, Man.—Mr. Jas. Milne, of Oak Lake, was in Winnipeg on Wednesday of last week and received successful surgical treatment from Dr. F. W. E. Burnham.

"These electric light bills are driving me positively crazy," said the man who worries.

"It's not so bad as that" answered the merry wag. "It's probably a mere case of chandelierism."—Washington Star.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

A good number of years ago a half-witted character, named Jock Scott, slowly traversed the road between Kelso and Coldstream on market days for the purpose of receiving alms from the farmers as they passed by. A farmer, who had been in the habit of throwing him a shilling every time he passed, one day put his hand into his pocket and threw him a sovereign in mistake. He had not proceeded half a mile, however, ere he discovered his error and galloped back. Addressing Jock, who was still standing at the same place, he said:—

"Eh, John, my man, I doot I've gi'en ye a bad yin the day."

"Weel, weel, sir," replied the half-witted Jock, "it jist suits me to hae a bad yin in ma pouch as weel as yersel'!"

"Is it hard to propose to a girl?"

"Depends on the girl."

"How so?"

"If she has been out several seasons it is not hard to."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

2 in 1

SHOE POLISH

"I tell you, Boss, people are so particular about the Shoe Polish they use that they ask me each night to be sure and use "2 in 1."

It's easier for me, too, and you should see the smile I get in the morning."

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BINDER TWINE

Every ball fully Guaranteed and properly tagged to comply with Canadian laws.	Price on board cars Calgary	Price on board cars Winnipeg
STANDARD 500 ft. per bale 50 lbs.	$4.75	$4.38
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INDIA RUBBER.

The Second Voyage of Columbus Gave It Publicity.

The first notice of india rubber dates back 500 years, when Herrera, a Spanish historian, during the second voyage of Columbus, saw that "the natives of Haiti played with balls made of the gum of a tree, which were lighter and bounced better than the wind balls of Castile."

In a record published in Madrid, 1615, we are told: "There is a tree which the Indians call ulequahuitl, very high, with round, ashy gray leaves. It yields a milky substance, thick and gummy, in great abundance, which is collected and allowed to settle in calabashes and afterward softened in hot water or smeared over the body and rubbed off when sufficiently dry."

Even at that early date Spaniards used the juice of the ule tree to waterproof their cloaks.

The first accurate account of these gum elastic or caoutchouc trees was furnished by La Condamine, who was sent in 1735 by the French government to measure an arc of the meridian near Quito.

It was introduced into Europe as a drug about 1730, and some fifty years later was used commercially as rubber for pencil marks and to waterproof clothing.

THE WATER LOTUS.

A Plant That Has the Power of Purifying Standing Water.

There is a plant growing in the southern waters of the United States which possesses the singular property of being able to render the most impure standing water perfectly healthy. The people of Louisiana and Mississippi call it the water lotus.

It consists of leaves about the size of the head of a pin and roots so fine as to escape notice save under a microscopic inspection. Where it grows at all, it covers the water and to the casual observer looks like a coating of green scum. The flowers and seeds are microscopic, so that its appearance in any given locality is not readily accounted for, but wherever it does appear the water beneath is always fit to drink.

So marked is this property that families using the water from bayous where the lotus is abundant are known to have better general health than those taking their drinking water from places where the lotus is not found. It is often transplanted into ponds, bayous and lakes, spreads with wonderful rapidity and never fails to do its work well.

A DOUBLE RESURRECTION.

Each of the Generals Thought That the Other Was Dead.

General Barlow of the Union army fell wounded and, it was thought, dying during the first day of the battle of Gettysburg and within the Confederate lines. General Gordon, cantering by, saw him and recognized him. Dismounting, he approached the prostrate man and inquired what he could do for him.

"I am dying," said Barlow. "Just reach into my coat pocket, draw out the letter you find there and read it to me. It is from my wife."

Gordon read the letter.

"Now, general," said Barlow, "please destroy that letter. I want you to notify her—she is in the town over yonder—what has happened to me."

"I will," replied Gordon.

He sent for Mrs. Barlow, giving her safe conduct through the southern lines, and then rode away, certain that Barlow's death was a question of only a few hours at most.

But Barlow did not die. His wife came promptly and had him removed to the town of Gettysburg, where she nursed him so faithfully that he recovered.

Many years passed until one night both generals were guests at a dinner in Washington. Some one brought them together and formally introduced them. Time had altered the personal appearance of both.

"Are you any relation to the General Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?" asked Gordon.

"Yes; a very near relation," answered Barlow, with a laugh. "I am the very man who was killed. But I have been informed that a man named Gordon lost his life in battle later on. He saved my life at Gettysburg. Are you any kin to that man?"

"I am he," was the reply.

Both heroes laughed as they gave each other a heartier handshake.

IF YOU ARE WELL BRED—

You will try to make others happy.
You will not be shy or self conscious.
You will never indulge in ill natured gossip.
You will never forget the respect due to age.
You will think of others before you think of yourself.
You will not swagger or boast of your achievements.
You will not measure your civility by people's bank accounts.
You will be scrupulous in your regard for the rights of others.
In conversation you will not be argumentative or contradictory.
You will not forget engagements, promises or obligations of any kind.
You will never make fun of the peculiarities or idiosyncrasies of others.
You will not bore people by constantly talking of yourself and your affairs.
You will never under any circumstances cause another pain if you can help it.
You will not think that "good intentions" compensate for rude or gruff manners.—Success.

Messages of War.

Among the natives of Australia notched and carved sticks are used for messages. For instance, a piece of wood carried from one village to another with straight and curved lines cut upon it is a message of war and means: "There is a fight on hand. Fetch your spears and boomerangs."

The North American Indians utilized wampum belts from time immemorial for like purposes. The arrangement of the different colored beads conveyed the signification desired.

Playing Safe.

"Look here, sir! You have been calling on my daughter every night for the past six months!"

"But I can't afford to get married, sir, and if I call on any other girl I'm afraid I might fall in love with her."

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, 1903. O15

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. O2

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.

CHINA & CHINA

We are Selling Off our Stock of China to make room for 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.

For Stylish and Up-to-Date

JOB PRINTING

Bring Your Orders to

THE REVIEW OFFICE

Estimates Given. Prices Reasonable.

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. B95,699, 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 13th 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 8225, 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.