All the News of the Creston District

# THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

No. 49. Vol. I. CRESTON, B.C., FRIDAY, JULY 25. 1909 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

The Quality Store

LADIES! When Preserving Fruit, you Must have Good Sealers

We sell The : : SCHRAM SEALER

The Best on the Market. Easy to Seal and Easy to Open

PRICES:

Pints, $1.25; Qts., $1.50; Half-Gal., $1.75

General Merchant S. A. SPEERS Creston, B.C.

## Will Establish Nursery

Mr. G. S. Ehle, a member of the firm of the Kootenay Valley Nurseries, of K. s.o, is again in Creston booking orders for delivery this fall. We learn with pleasure that this firm is arranging to open a nursery of some fifty thousand trees this coming spring at Creston. This should be a splendid thing for Creston planters who can thus obtain and select trees grown right at home and obtain the maximum of best results and satisfaction.

They will grow largely of Delicious, Northern Spy, Rome Beauty, Spitzenbergen, Jonathan and Wagner. If the prices that Delicious have been bringing could be obtained by Creston growers, it would prove a money maker here. A good method would be to plant Delicious with either Northern Spy or Rome Beauty, sufficiently close so that the least profitable one could later on be cut out and used as a filler.

The planters of Creston have so often met with disappointment from planting trees brought in from the outside that we shall look forward with pleasure to the planting of home-grown trees of all the leading varieties next year, as they will be ready for the market in the fall of 1910 as one-year olds.

Fred. Smyth, editor of the Moyie Leader, has gone to Seattle to take in the Fair. Things must be coming our fat brer's way. As for us, we live—and hope.

C. J. Stephens has purchased twenty acres of fruit lands at Port Hill from G. Price.

The Godfrey boys are building a fine residence for their parents on the land Godfrey senior recently purchased from Geo. Munro.

Mrs. C. P. Riel has returned from a visit to Mrs. J. P. Farrel, Moyie.

### Celebration Meeting

On Tuesday evening a meeting was held to decide whether Creston should celebrate on Labor Day, and it was unanimously agreed to do so. A canvassing committee, consisting of Messrs. Moran, Munro, Crawford, Speers, Riel, R. Reid and J. H. Hyde was appointed. The chair was occupied by Mr. C. O. Rodgers and Mr. J. J. Atherton acted as secretary, pro tem. It was decided to call a meeting as soon as the canvassing committee are ready with their report.

### Speak Highly of Alice Mine

Messrs. Ley and Sherwin have returned from a visit to the mine and yesterday engaged a number of miners to go to work. Two shifts will be steadily employed. It is the intention to continue the No. 2 crosscut about another 250 feet, which will probably bring them under the ore body.

Speaking to Messrs. Ley and Sherwin yesterday, both men spoke very highly of the prospects of the mine; in fact, they were enthusiastic. Both gentlemen have considerable experience in mining matters and their personal supervision will do much towards bringing the Alice mine to the front of Kootenay shippers. Active mining operations were begun this morning.

### Don't Miss This

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church will hold another of their Ice Cream Socials in the Mercantile Hall on Thursday next, July 29th.

Menu: Ice cream and cake
Ice cream and raspberries
Raspberries and cream

Don't miss it.

S. W. Lawson, who has been relieving Mr. T. Birt during his vacation, has been transferred to Fernie. He left on Monday's train.

### Church of England

Services in the Mercantile Hall, July 25th, (7th Sunday after Trinity): Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m. Evensong, Erickson Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.

Divine service will be held at Moyie every Monday at 8 p.m.

PHILIP C HAYMAN,
Vicar.

### Methodist Church

Services in the Methodist Church on Sunday next at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday school at 2.30.

Subject for Sunday evening: "Am I my Brother's Keeper?"

F. J. RUTHERFORD, pastor.

On Tuesday last the members, wives and friends of Wild Rose Lodge, K. of P. held a very enjoyable picnic at Erickson. There were about eighty present. Two ball games were played during the day and a lot of fun was created for the younger generation.

A successful ice-cream and strawberry social was held at the residence of Mrs S. A. Speers on Thursday evening. The social was in aid of the funds of the Presbyterian Church, and we understand the treasury has been considerably enriched.

J. J. Grady and Les. Plewis have gone to Windermere to do some work on a mineral claim there. A team of horses was taken through by Mr. Plewis. Mr. Grady will also examine a copper property while there on behalf of some capitalists.

FOR SALE.—Mantel Bed, complete with Mattress. Apply R. S. Smith.

Alex. Lucas, of Kaslo, and P. Glenser, Nelson, were in town several days this week on an assessing visit. It may be some comfort for the taxpayers to learn that there is no intention of raising the taxes. A more equable system of taxation is aimed at this year.

New stock of ladies' and children's Shoes at McPeak's.

Eight inches of grey copper has been struck in the lower tunnel of the Westmont at Slocan City.

FOR SALE.—Four Sussex spaniel bitch pups. Thoroughbred, pedigree dogs, $10 each. Apply Capt. Fitz-Gerald.

The Moyie Leader is now carrying a large ad. for one of our real estate firms. It is the right kind of advertising that should bring results. Fred Smyth, editor of the Leader, has been appointed agent for the local company, and it is dollars to doughnuts that he will boost Creston even more than he has hitherto done, which is saying a whole lot.

Mrs. Leslie, of Cranbrook, has been visiting her son Leslie, assistant at the C. P. R. depot.

FOR SALE.—Man or Woman.—My South African Veteran Bounty Land Certificate, issued by the Department of the Interior, Ottawa. Good for 320 acres of any Dominion land open for entry in Alberta, Saskatchewan, or Manitoba. Any person over the age of 18 years, Man or Woman, can acquire this land with the certificate. For immediate sale, $800. Write or wire L. E. TELFORD, 101, Shuter Street, Toronto, Ont.

## JURY SAID "NOT GUILTY"

AFTER NINE DAYS' TRIAL JOHN KARLQUIST IS ACQUITTED ON CHARGE OF MURDER AT COPELAND

After a trial lasting nine days, John Karlquist, the alleged slayer of Andrus Underland, was acquitted on Friday last by a jury at Sand Point, Idaho. It has been told several times in these columns, how Karlquist, the keeper of a saloon at Copeland, was alleged to have shot one of his customers in the early hours of May 18th last., and how later he was seen to endeavor to hide the body in a slough, but on the most important facts that would send the man to the gallows the state evidence broke down.

Karlquist has a brother, who has been arraying all kinds of evidence to secure his release since his incarceration, he securing for advocates such well-known men as E. W. Whelan and J. Robertson of Spokane, and J. W. Whitsel, of Wardner, Idaho.

The trial came off before Judge Dunn, Peter Johnson, of Sand Point, being the prosecuting attorney.

It was contended by the prosecution that Gilbert Underland, a brother of the murdered man, was in the bar of the saloon in company with Matt Johnson and Frank Fenn at the time of the alleged shooting, but with the exception of Fenn, none would swear that they saw a gun produced. The defence played havoc with Fenn's evidence, discrediting it in every telling point. His character was analyzed and he admitted having served a term in the pen for stealing a steer in Ontario. He further admitted taking about two dozen shots of booze a few hours before the fatal shot was fired.

It was admitted in evidence that Karlquist cashed a $63 check for Underland, and a dispute arose over an old bar bill of $7.50, which the deceased alleged was swelled a dollar for a bottle he did not get.

They were all drinking heavily at the time and none of the witnesses could swear that they saw a gun flashed, with the exception of Fenn, who also fell down in his evidence about the carrying of the body to the slough.

For the defence it was claimed that Underland, who was a big husky fellow, attacked Karlquist, and it is surmised that he reached over the bar to secure the latter's automatic revolver, and a scuffle ensued, in which the former was fatally wounded. The witnesses agreed that they were too dazed and scared after the shot to remember anything else, and in this connection a very interesting problem was put up. The deceased man at the time he was shot was known to have $50 in his possession. About two hundred yards from where the body was discovered his coat and vest were found with the inside of the pocket ripped out and the money gone. The next morning the money was found in the pocket of his brother Gilbert, who denied putting it there himself or any knowledge of it whatever.

In the opinion of the expert testimony it was also adduced that one man could not carry the body to the slough alone. Marks on the coat strengthened the argument.

It was also argued that the gun was likely to explode very easily, and a practical demonstration of this was given in court.

With regard to the fleeing of Karlquist after the shooting, the defence claimed that there was no attempt to escape. It was just a coincidence, as Karlquist was expecting that day the return of his wife, whom he was going to Bonner's Ferry to meet. The fact of Karlquist being found under the sidewalk by the police marshal did not affect the defence either, they raising the contention that surely a man could sleep under his own sidewalk if he felt so disposed.

The jury retired at 5.30 p.m. and returned the following morning at 2.30 with a verdict of "Not Guilty." The prisoner during the absence of the jury indulged in a sound sleep.

Shoes for the wives, children and sweethearts just arrived at the McPeak Store of Plenty.

Renew your subs to the Review NOW

Geo. Munro has been very sick several days this week—Hay fever.

Billy O'Taylor and Billy Burton, of Cranbrook, went a-fishing on Thursday. George Mead escorted them to the good spots, and as a result the scribe had a banquet. Thanks, gents.

S. E. Trombley, of the Pacific Cafe, is enjoying a visit from his daughter Grace, who arrived from Seattle Thursday.

T. J. Crawford, who was for many years a merchant at Sirdar, has returned from Fort William on a visit.

Dave J. Elmer, of the David Harum Cigar Co, was doing business among our hotel men yesterday.

Alex. G. Low, representing the Montreal wholesale manufacturing firm of Thos. Davidson & Co., was in town yesterday.

That was a good suggestion of C. P. Riel's at the celebration meeting last Tuesday. The idea was that something practical should be endeavored to be accomplished by holding a celebration, and his suggestion was that a series of prizes should be offered to the ranchers, one of which would be given for the best packed box of apples. From other gentlemen came the suggestion that the Fruit Growers' Association should co-operate.

The Misses Green, Calgary, are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. R. O'B. Fitz-Gerald at Boscombe ranch.

F. R. Whelan, of Sand Point, Idaho, was a visitor to town Monday.

### End of World, Sept. 15.

Says the Moyie Leader: The Holy Ghost Society, of Maine, predicts that the end of the world will come on September 15th at 10.30 a.m. When it comes they expect to see the sky go to smash, the earth being consumed by fire and the sun trembling somewhere, while they themselves are transported into a realm of bliss and all others destroyed.

Ed.—This is beautiful! Creston's celebration will be held on Monday, September 6th. Come to Creston and have a good time before the curtain is rung down. You'll be a long time dead.

Mayor Little suggests a good place to hold the celebration would be at the crescent, a spot on the Flats, about a mile from town. Here, he says, the horse races could be viewed with comfort and the grass would be a nice place to picnic in. Another suggestion is that Mr. S. Trombley's ranch be chosen, the advantages offered being that it is nearer town; there is about six acres cleared suitable for ball games and horse races.

Sam. Hatfield has purchased Lot 45, about ten acres that was purchased by another party at the time of the government.

Prov. constable Wilson has returned from his chase of the man Macdonald, who stole one of McCreath's horses. The matter is now in the hands of the authorities across the boundary line. We understand the charge against him will be that of smuggling, and when caught he will be dealt with by America justices, after which he will be handed over here on the charge of horse stealing.

Many thanks, Mr. Dow, for that sack of vegetables you kindly left at our printery.

How the thing is done: Three men were talking on the street and one said: "Here, you fellows, look at this subscription list for the Labor Day Celebration. I've just put my name down for five dollars, you come and do the same." "G'wan," said one of the others "you're getting in too cheap," and he straightway signed his name for ten plunks, and his action was followed by the third. "Swelpmegor" exclaimed No. 1 when he perused the list, "this is a holdup." But let it go on record that he was public spirited enough to alter his five to a ten; and that's how it's done.

The Moyie Co-operative store that has been run on the Rochdale plan has gone "bust."

Mr. O. Morgan, of Dothan, Ala., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Brown.

Jas. Moyes, representative of the Canadian Bible Society, spent several days in town during this week. He left for Moyie Wednesday.

J. H. James secured a fine photograph of the K. of P. pioneers, which he is selling at 50c. per copy.

There is talk of Slocan City reverting back to the government.

The new schoolhouse is going up.

Creston Lumber Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Complete Stock of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER

Prompt Attention Satisfaction Guaranteed

Let us Figure with you on that Building

P.O. BOX 21 CRESTON, B.C.

TAN SHOES . For . Men, Women and Children

Tan Shoes for the Hot and Dusty Weather : :

THEY ARE COOL AND EASILY CLEANED

We have them from $1.00 upwards for children

: : : Also in Canvas and Tennis Shoes : : :

The Creston Mercantile Co.

# A Yale Professor on "Tendencies of Drama."

Professor William L. Phelps, of Yale University, lectured recently at the Art Museum, Springfield, Mass., on "Tendencies of the Drama," and matters running in the mind of so distinguished an educator on this subject, as recorded by the Springfield Republican, are worthy of attention.

Professor Phelps, on the whole, is an optimistic as to the theatre. He says he sees much to commend on the stage today as well as ground for hope that great things are in store for its future followers. The last twenty-five years, to his mind, has seen the production of more and better dramas than any other twenty-five years since the last of the Elizabethan drama in 1642. He regards several of the recent plays that have won attention as beautiful and bearing the marks of great drama without being perhaps, quite literature. He notes how immeasurably behind France and Germany this country is in the opportunities afforded to see good drama, and indicates how close to the national education and theatre in those countries is. He says that the so-called musical comedy is an excrescence which reached its climax about 1903, and is falling off. He even thinks that there is a chance to revive the comic operas of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Vaudeville causes Professor Phelps little uneasiness, and its popularity he thinks may have an important effect on the regular drama. It tends to force the drama to make a more characteristic and definite appeal than that made by the variety show, which aims simply to entertain without making any mental effort necessary. This tends to draw more sharply the line between the two. The drama has suffered because people have been inclined to think that, like vaudeville, it was intended only to amuse. The turning of many novelists and men who have achieved distinction in other arts of the drama Professor Phelps regards as significant. The publishing of plays which the copyright law has made so general is another development that he thinks augurs well for the drama.

The influence of Ibsen, he believes, is the greatest of all modern influences. Professor Phelps says that there is often too much scenery in the modern drama. Adequate scenery is desirable but too much does not stimulate the imagination. On the contrary, it debases it. The Puritan could worship in a barn, not because they were without imagination, but because they had an imagination that showed them the glory of the saints, though they did worship in a barn. To much scenery leaves too little for the imagination to do. There is mischief for the good of the drama in the writing of a play for one actor, Prof. Phelps contends, and he deplores a controlling commercialism in the drama, for art of all things must go free. He said that the rise in prices tends to hurt the drama; for some reason God has not given the majority of intelectual people a large amount of money. The dramatization of the novel Professor Phelps regards as debasing and with no better reason behind it than the making of actors out of prize-fighters. He believes it the duty of every one to find out something about dramatic art, to be thus made better able to appreciate it.

# FLOCKING HERE.

## GREAT MOVEMENT OF AMERICAN SETTLERS TO CANADA.

### The Great Migration From East to West, Which Began With Prehistoric Aryan Ancestry, Has at Last Come to an Impasse.

If half a million American settlers should suddenly pull up roots and migrate in a body to some foreign land the event would be heralded as one of the most epic movements of the century. Yet that is virtually what has happened, with little notice and less comment, in the last six years. In less than six years 388,000 American farmers have pulled up stakes in their native States and moved from Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Arkansas and Oregon, across the invisible line of the international boundary to free homesteads in the Canadian Northwest. Moreover, 100,000 Americans have gone north as investors, speculators, miners, lumbermen.

A railroad traffic manager and a customs officer both told me the same thing; very few of the American homesteaders came in with less than $1,000 cash; many came in with capital ranging from $3,000 to $10,000. The capital brought in by the investing classes varies from the $10,000,000 placed by the Morgan banking house in the Canadian Northern Railway to the $200,000 and $300,000 capital placed in actual cash by the land and lumber and fish companies. Average the American newcomer's capital at $2,000, and the American invasion of Canada in the last six years represents in hard cash an investment of a billion dollars. From what I saw in a leisurely four months' tour of Canada—first by canoe, 1,500 miles among the settlers of the frontier beyond the railroad, then by rail twice across the continent—I have no hesitation in saying that a billion dollar average is too small by half.

It used to be British Columbia's boast that she had timber resources to supply the whole world for a century. When one considers that British Columbia is one half larger than the German Empire, and that most of her area is timbered with a growth of gigantic Douglas fir and spruce, literally shutting out the daylight and crisscrossing one's trail in a veritable cheval-de-frise, the boast seemed to have good foundation in fact. So prodigal was the Pacific Province of her timber resources that the Provincial Government used to lease out a square mile to any applicant for a mere nominal rent of something over a hundred dollars. Then, with a shock that was electric, the Province awakened to a realization of what had hapepned. Virtually all the best timber limits had been leased, and the leases sold at enormous profit to American lumber companies—$2,000 leases in some cases for $32,000, for $90,000, for $100,000, and this up in Queen Charlotte Islands, which used to be considered inaccessible. To-day one cannot lease a single square mile of timber in British Columbia. One must buy it from the American investor. Why? The Provincial Government says, because they are conserving natural resources. But the timber cruisers tell a different story: because all the best limits are taken.

Between the different ranges of the Rockies are wonderfully rich valleys—ranch, fruit and coal lands. It need scarcely be told here that in every instance, from Cariboo and Cassiar to East and West Kootenay, the mines have been prospected, developed and operated by Americans. British and Canadian capital has come in second—I am sorry to say, as in Rossland and Slocan, sometimes to an aftermath of watered stock and wildcat schemes. What has happened with the mines is to-day repeating itself with the ranch and fruit lands. One example will suffice—that of the Nechaco Valley, up at the headwaters of the Fraser River. Canadians are notoriously conservative. They will not invest one dollar till quite sure that two dollars will come back. The American will lightly risk his two dollars on the slimmest kind of chance of getting ten back. As long as there were prairie lands, Canadians did not consider the ranch grass and ranch lands of the Rocky Mountain valleys worth having. They were hard to reach, to far away; so the Government rated such lands as second and third rate, to be obtained for merely nominal homestead duties and dues that did not total more than fifty cents and $2 an acre. As soon as the new transcontinental railways began to push westward, it became apparent that railroads would cross these valleys, and there was a rush to the far-off bunchgrass valleys of squatters whom Seattle and St. Paul and St. Louis companies had "grub-staked." By the time the Government surveyors had come on the scene and the land office had wakened, the homesteaders had proved title and sold out to American companies for a few dollars an acre lands worth $25. As far as I could learn, the operators in the Nechaco Valley were from St. Louis.

Now come on across the mountains to the prairie, a level stretch of 1,500 miles. The first Canadian transcontinental railway was constructed about midway between the Saskatchewan and the boundary—that is, zigzagging north and south, one may call it half way, though it is nearer the south—and settlement followed along the line of it like iron filings sticking to a magnet. The Saskatchewan is the true watershed of the north, and down its broad, roily current has swept from time immemorial ocean loads of silt, of humus, of forest covering from the Rockies, depositing such a cargo of fertility along its banks as the Nile deposits over Egypt. The Canadian settler has always stuck to the line of the railroad like a burr. The American settler, as if obsessed, has always struck ahead of the railroad to the best lands, independent of where the road might be; and he has compelled it to come to him. Along the banks of the Saskatchewan for 800 miles from the Rockies is a deposit of fifteen feet of solid humus; and sure enough, though the Saskatchewan is remote from the railroad except at three points, along its banks have settled American homesteaders—the very cream of American homesteaders—from Iowa, where scientific training for thirty years has virtually revolutionized agriculture.

Peace River plays the same part for the north that the Saskatchewan does for the middle north; only, in addition to arable lands, there are vast asphalt beds—asphalt enough to pave America. Do you know who is behind the railway charters connecting that north country with the outside world? A group of Wall street men.

This has been a "panic year." The "boom" in the Northwest land had collapsed before the panic, and the panic witnessed the complete subsidence of fevered speculation. Yet more American settlers came into the Canadian Northwest than ever before. Of 143,754 homesteaders in the Canadian West, 58,000 were American. Other countries sent fewer colonists during the panic year. The United States sent 5,000 more than in the preceding year. A migration of such proportion and persistence results from deeper causes than hysterical stampede or a campaign of clever advertising. It results, indeed, from causes which the advertiser—immigration and railroad—does not like to hear mentioned, and denies flatly whenever mentioned, from the deepest economic causes, which the world has not realized, or, realizing, has not faced. Let us face the facts and state them plainly, whether we like them or not.

We are within sight of the end of free land. Of all the migrations over America's vast area, from Plymouth Rock and James River to the mountains, from the mountains to Ohio and Tennessee, from the Bloody Ground to the Mississippi, and from the Mississippi to Oregon and California, the last West has at last been reached. This is the last frontier to which the adventurous pioneer will ever trek in America. The great migration from East to West, which began with prehistoric Aryan ancestry, has at last come to an impasse. The West has met the East on the Pacific coast.

Canoeing leisurely down the Saskatchewan among the very latest of the newly come homesteaders, it was a continual shock to find how little really excellent land remained for free homesteading. We have been told so often that Canada's wheat-lands extend right to the Athabasca and the Peace, that we have come to believe free homesteads, like the poor, we should always have with us. What is more, it has been proved with Government statistics that Canada's unoccupied free lands extended up to the billions of acres. The proofs are all right both as to climate and latitude, only the land isn't there. Canada's free lands extend to the Pole all right; only they are not farm lands. It is perfectly true that if you add up the long sunlight of the almost nightless Northern summer, it totals more hours than the sunlight farther south, and ripens wheat fast enough to escape early frost. Also, the farther north wheat grows, the better it is, the whiter it is, the whiter the bread made from it, owing to the long sunlight; and a soft California or Kansas winter wheat can be transformed into a spring No. 1 hard by growing it for a season or two in the North. Wheat grows on Peace River and on the Athabasca, and kitchen gardens flourish around the fur posts of the Mackenzie; but the point is that when you go seventy miles north of the Saskatchewan arable land exists only in small patches. The rest of the north country is sand, muskeg, rock—nature's great fur preserve on this continent for all time to come.

This limits the remaining wheat area of the Canadian Northwest from the boundary on the south to a strip seventy miles or thereabouts north of the Saskatchewan, with a few additional patches on the Upper Fraser, sections, but only small sections, on the Peace, and Grand Prairie of Lesser Slave Lake. Coming down the Saskatchewan, what did we find? Settlers north of the Saskatchewan as far back as fifty miles. Between the Saskatchewan and the boundary the best lands have already been culled out, and are held at advance prices; and the remaining free lands were being taken up at the rate of a quarter of a million farms a person before the "panic year." As for the east end of the Saskatchewan, it is not a farming country at all.

## ON THE VICTORIA NYANZA.

### Electric Lighted Steamboats Furnish Good Meals.

Four steamers are now running regularly on the Victoria Nyanza. The Winnifred and her sister boat the Sybil, of 600 tons each, can spread canvas at need and have cabins and dining rooms lighted and cooled by electricity.

A double awning of canvas protects the passengers from the equatorial sun, but they are advised to wear hats even when under the awning. The firemen and deck hands are half naked negroes and the cook and steward are Hindus or halfbreeds.

The English officers and a few first class passengers are the only white people on board, but Arabs, Eurasian and Hindu traders and money lenders and halfbreed traders, often formerly slavers, with Sikh, Somali and Egyptian soldiers, are likely to be represented among the second class passengers.

The food is well cooked and the variety sufficient for the cost, which is about $1.65 a day without extras. You can have a cup of tea or coffee and a biscuit before breakfast at 8 o'clock, when fish, eggs, bacon, toast, fruit, marmalade, coffee and tea are served.

At 1 o'clock a very substantial lunch of soup, meats, currie with rice and dessert, and a very hearty dinner at 8 o'clock in the evening certainly give the traveller all that he ought to eat in this climate. Nearly all the English travellers keep up the custom of "taking a peg" at or after lunch or dinner.

A "peg" (Anglo-Indian slang) may mean a drink of any kind, but is usually a mixed drink, such as whiskey or brandy and soda water, claret cup, half and half or the like. The lake water, duly cooled, is good enough for a "cold peg," says a writer in the National Magazine, and the tea and coffee are fairly excellent.

### Reforming an Indiana Town.

If Owensville ever had professional loafers it has none now—at least none in sight—according to advices from that progressive little Indiana town. A newspaper of the place recently offered a prize for the best essay on the subject, "The Loafer." The terms provided that submitted articles should be required to give the characteristics of the professional loafer. High school students became interested in the contest and planned "observing tours" through the business district of the town which would afford opportunities to study the characteristics of the fellow who roasts his shins behind the stove at the corner grocery from morning until night and who obtains the noonday lunch from the nearby cracker box and pickle barrel. The proposed tours caused much talk and led to a marked reform. Now when the bell rings for the close of school those who are in the habit of meeting in the corner grocery make a bee line for home or some other hiding place.

"What's the matter, Sam? Goin' home pretty early, ain't you?" asked a grocer as one of the idlers hurried out of the store.

"Don't want none of them liter-airy fellers writin' me down as a loafer. Goin' home before they come."

He went, and so have all the other corner grocery statesmen since the students began this quest for specimens.—Indianapolis News.

### Keeping Time in Holland.

"Railroad time, as we generally understand the phrase in the United States is a little ahead of the 'town' time, but in The Hague, the quaint old capital of Holland, all private and unofficial clocks and watches are kept twenty minutes fast," said Gerald Wathall.

"When it is noon in the railway station, postoffice and other Government buildings of The Hague the timepieces in the shops and the watches of the sturdy burghers show 12.20 p.m. Just what reason there is for this I don't know, although I asked enlightenment in many quarters. It seems a custom that has been handed down for generations, and the Dutch are too conservative to change the ways of their progenitors tors without some mighty inducement."—From the Baltimore American.

### CITY AIR.

City air is at all times filled with all sorts of impurities—that is, foreign substances held in suspension. It is only by its constant renewal that such an atmosphere can maintain even a relative degree of purity.

City air is never as pure as that of the country. But with proper regulations as to the construction of buildings, conditions that would otherwise become intolerably bad may be improved. This means that even where ground is scarce and valuable due attention should be paid to matters of light and ventilation. And tenements of the cheaper class should not be permitted unless the all important matters of light and air space have been amply provided for.


# Why do I sign all my advertising?

I stand back of every word in this advertising, just as I stand back of my goods. That is why I sign them with my personal signature.

Every now and then some well-meaning clever advertising expert says to me, "Pedlar, don't you realize it is out of date to write your advertising in the first person singular. People don't sign their own ads. any more. It's the day of big corporations, not of individuals."

Maybe they are right—they ought to know. But I think I shall go on signing my ads. just as long as I sign my letters. You see I consider this advertisement just as direct and personal a message to you as it would be if I wrote it to you in a letter. I expect you to believe what it says. So I sign it with my own name. Would I do that if it said anything but the exact truth?

I would like you to know that I mean every word in this advertisement—that I stand right back of every statement it makes—that you can hold me personally answerable for every claim it makes—and my business and personal reputation amount to something, I think, without conceit.

That is what my advertising means to me, and what my signature means to you. That is why I sign my ads. personally. I think I shall keep right on signing them.

G. A. Pedlar

## What does it mean when we say "GUARANTEED"?

THIS business was founded in 1861—almost fifty years ago. It has grown till it operates the biggest plant of the kind in the British Empire. That growth has come because Pedlar products have quality. The Pedlar reputation rests upon making that quality good enough to guarantee.

That specially interests the man who roofs with Oshawa Steel Shingles. From the minute that roof is on the responsibility for that roof's goodness rests on us—not on the buyer, but on this company—not on some smooth salesman's say-so, but on a signed and sealed guarantee, backed by this Company's capital and reputation and the personal word of its President.

There is no quibble about the Pedlar guarantee. It isn't full of loopholes and gateways for dodging. It is plain, straightforward, honest. It says, simply, that every Oshawa-shingled roof, properly laid, will be a good roof for twenty-five years, or—that roof will be renewed free of all cost to the owner, and the same kind of a guarantee will go with the renewed roof.

And by "good" the Pedlar guarantee means good in every roof-sense of the word—means a roof free from leaks, free from rust holes, free from the need of paint or repairs—a roof that is just what a good roof ought to be.

Twenty-five years the guarantee covers. The roof that's Oshawa-shingled will be a good roof, though, for four times that long—for a century.

When you consider that no other roofing at all is guaranteed this way, there is scant room for argument about the betterness of Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed).

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**GALVANIZED STEEL**
**SHINGLES**
**A new roof for nothing if they leak by 1934**

## Why you should roof with Oshawa Shingles

BECAUSE Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) are made of extra heavy (28-gauge semi-hardened sheet steel, evenly and heavily galvanized on both sides and all edges. Therefore Oshawa shingled roofs are proof against rust and will need no painting.

Because Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) alone have the Pedlar four-way lock, which makes these Shingles the easiest and simplest roof to lay (no tools but a hammer and a tinner's shears), and yet makes one seamless, unbroken sheet of heavy steel, what is really wet-proof and that is also WIND-proof. Such a roof keeps a building cooler in summer, warmer in winter, and dry always.

Because Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) actually cost less than five cents a year per square—100 square feet—or about a tenth of the cost of common wood shingles, yet an Oshawa shingled roof is fire-proof as well as wet- and wind-proof, also it is perfectly insulated against lightning—these steel shingles keep a building safer against lightning than lightning rods will.

Because Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) relieve your mind and your pocketbook of ALL roof worries there are—and still cost little enough to be an economy for roofing any permanent structure, from a great factory to a hen-house. They cover millions of dollars' worth of property all over Canada, and cover it right—else they wouldn't be there.

Send for the meaty little free book that tells you some roof facts you perhaps don't know, but ought to—tells you the comparative worth and cost of all kinds of roofing—puts the whole roofing question plain before you. Send for the book before you spend another dollar for any roof. Learn that Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) will pay you better, and why.

Pedlar Products include every kind of sheet metal building materials—too many items to even mention here. You can have a catalogue—information—estimate—prices—advice—just for the asking. We'd like especially to interest you in our Art Steel Ceilings and Side Walls—they are a revelation to many people. More than 2,000 designs. May we send you booklet 18, and pictures of some of them?

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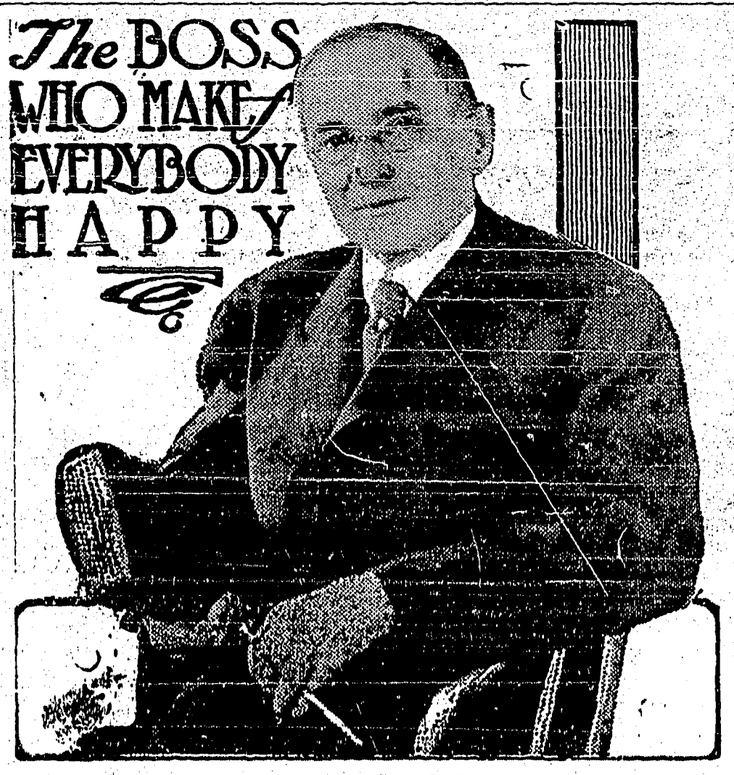



The noble-minded dedicate themselves
To the promotion of the happiness
Of others—even those who injure them.
True happiness consists in making others happy.
—Kiratarjuniya of Bharavi.

Cincinnati despatch: Dr. John Uri Lloyd, a great student of the Hindu philosophers, has adopted Bharavi's motto as his own.

Dr. Lloyd is an author, whose "Stringtown on the Pike" was one of the most charming of the six best sellers of half a dozen years ago. He is also a chemist of high rank. Thirdly he is a manufacturer.

It's easy to carry this idea—giving happiness to others—into literature. It isn't impossible to carry it into a chemical laboratory.

The difference in Dr. Lloyd's case is that he has posted it over his desk in his factory—that he runs his factory by it.

There's a business man in New York State who talks and writes much about the brotherhood of man, and the beauty of co-operation, and the happiness which work brings to all. But he has a time clock in his plant, holds wages to the lowest point the trade will allow and "docks" his fellow workers for being late.

But Dr. Lloyd doesn't do these things. His employees—he calls them assistants—sing as they work. They get their own meals at noon, and the boss eats with them, and talks with them.

Time clock—no. If a girl is late at the Lloyd chemical works—well, there must have been some good reason. No one asks why.

On his sixtieth birthday, recently, John Uri Lloyd ordered a great crate of roses, enough for every worker in his plant. His employees come to him with their troubles. When a girl gets married, they have a banquet for her and presents and flowers. She names her own successor.

"We're just like a big family," said Lloyd as he looked over his plant, which employs close to 100 people, mostly girls.

The Lloyd plant is a prosperous one, and well known among scientific men clear around the world. Its head is called a good business man. But other factory owners would throw up their hands in horror if they took a walk through the Lloyd plant.

"I figured this way," said Dr. Lloyd. "Happiness is the thing we want. Money brings happiness occasionally—oftener not. I can make a lot of other people happy by running my factory as I do. I've got enough money to be comfortable. I want to spend it myself, not leave it for executors to fight over. Long ago I came to the decision that Bharavi's theory was right. After trying it, I am still convinced."

Joax—They say he starves his wife. Joax—Why, he says he treats her like an angel. Joax—Exactly. Angels don't eat.

Wigwag (trying to think of insomnia)—When you haven't been able to sleep for about a week what do you call it? Youngpop—What is it, a boy or a girl?

### Montenegro's National Dance.

The national dance of Montenegro is the "Kolo," somewhat similar to the "Horo" of Bulgaria. Both sexes take part, crossing hands and forming an unjoined circle. The music they supply themselves, each end of the horn alternately singing a verse in honor of the Prince and his warlike deeds. The "Kolo" is always danced in any great national festival, and the effect of the sonorous voices and swaying ring is very fine. Then there is another dance performed by four or five, usually youths, to the accompaniment of a fiddle, the leader setting a lot of intricate quick steps which the rest imitate at once. It is really a sort of jig and makes the spectator's head swim if he watches it for long.

I never saw any dances in Northern Albania; though certain Slav artists love to depict wonderful sword dances, with beauteous maidens swaying gracefully after the style of nautch girls. A casual observer, who has seen the Albanians come into Montenegrin markets or to their great weekly gathering in the bazaar of Scutari, could never picture these stern, lean men dancing or at play. They never smile, and they look the life they lead, each clan ever ready for war with its neighbor and absolutely pitiless in the vendetta. The Red Indian is not more stoical in his bearing than the Northern Albanian clansman.—May Wide World Magazine.

### Why He Quit the Church.

Bishop Willard Francis Mallalieu, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is opposed to the diminutive salaries that congregations, able to do better, sometimes pay their pastors. "I once knew an excellent young man," said he, one day in Boston, to a New York Sun man. "He was in the church, just married, on a small salary, but contented and happy. Twelve or fifteen years went by. I had lost sight of this young minister—forgetting him, as we all do sometimes—when suddenly I met him on Tremont street, dressed well, but not at all clerically.

"We shook hands. He said he was doing excellently.

"'What church?' I said.

"'Oh,' he said, 'no church—the wholesale hat business.'

"'But why did you leave the church?' I asked.

"'For seven reasons,' said he.

"'And what,' said I, 'are they?'

"'A wife,' he answered, 'and six children.'"

### No Trouble About That.

"But how," they asked Jonah, "did the whale get back into deep water after depositing you on dry land?"

"I believe," said Jonah, "the commentators explain that on the theory that the whale waited for the return of the high tide. Sounds reasonable, doesn't it?"

### Gluttony.

The octopus' appetite clamored for pulp;
Over the country he hungrily strode,
He swallowed a forest or two at a gulp
And picked his teeth with the forks of the road.

# The Interruped Author

McWhannel, having laid down his pen, took up a page of the notes that lay on his desk, and read:

"The climax must be unexpected, and an unexpected event or action is much better than the presentment of an unexpected general idea—that is, something unexpected ought to happen. It must be something which will make the reader say, 'How strange! I did not think of that.'

"Exactly," said McWhannel; "that's where I've scored, and, with an hour's peace to finish the writing of my last chapter, I reckon the stuff should be all right. Now for it!"

He lifted his pen, and, with lips compressed and brow knitted, set himself to work out his climax.

"Peter," shouted his wife from beyond in the hall, "could you change a shilling? That's the laundry, and the boy's got no coppers."

McWhannel, fumbling amid keys, knife, and odds and ends in a jacket pocket, found threepence, and, going to the door, proffered the amount.

"Oh, that's not enough, but it doesn't matter; I'll manage. He can get the money next week," and Mrs. McWhannel whisked away from the door, leaving Peter to return to his desk.

"Now," said he, "I'll get ahead——"

"Peter, I'll take that threepence after all. I've found a penny I didn't know I had." Mrs. McWhannel was again waiting at the door.

Peter laid down his pen with a sigh. "My dear," he replied, "you took the threepence."

"Oh, so I did," said Mrs. McWhannel. "It was me not thinking that I wanted it, made me think I hadn't got it. Of course you gave it me. I laid it on the lobby stand. Thanks, Peter."

"Let me see, now, where was I?" cogitated Peter.

The outer door slammed loudly.

"I wish they wouldn't slam the door in that fashion. What was it again. Ah, yes——"

"Pee-ter, Pee-ter, just a minute; can I come in?" It was Mrs. McWhannel's voice once more.

"Yes, yes, come in," growled McWhannel. "What is it?"

"Oh, do go to the window for a minute and see the Torrances' new perambulator."

"'Pon my word, Mary, it's too bad of you. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," said she. "I didn't know you had begun; I thought you were just sorting your papers."

"Well, I have begun, and I don't want to be interrupted, so go away, please."

Mrs. McWhannel's hands being wet, she used her apron to give her a grip of the door handle, and in doing so noticed a smudge on the finger plate. "I never saw the like," she exclaimed; "I did this room myself yesterday, and this door is all finger-marked already." She proceeded to "Huh" a moist breath upon the handle and finger-plate, then started to remove the offending smudges by vigorous rubbing. The rattling of the door-handle got on Peter's nerves."

"Oh, leave the blessed thing alone!" he growled.

"It won't take me a minute," said Mrs. McWhannel; "I hate to see things smeary."

The rattling continued for a space, and McWhannel, shifting uneasily in his chair, chewed the end of his pen.

"There now," said his wife, "I'm sure that's better. Well, I'll leave you to your own devices."

"Thank heaven!" murmured Peter to himself as she closed the door on the outside.

He turned to his notes again, and read: "The climax must the unexpected." A grim smile that hinted at consciousness of achievement quivered on the wrinkles care and thought had penciled, and he wrote steadily on, pausing only to correct and refine as he concluded each series of pages. "I think that should fetch them," he exclaimed at the conclusion of a glance over what he had written. "The unexpected event or action is much better than the presentment of an unexpected general idea."

"Pee-ter!!"

"Ministers of grace defend us, what is it now?" he shouted in response to his wife's call.

"Have you got such a thing as a bit of stamp-edging in your desk, Jimmy's cut his finger?"

"No, I have not. Put a rag around it."

"But, Peter——"

"I do wish you wouldn't bother me. I don't suppose he'll bleed to death. Besides, you shouldn't have let him play with a knife."

"May I come in?"

"Oh, by all means, if it's going to do you any good. I tell you I've got no stamp-edging."

"And precious little sympathy for your own child," said Mrs. McWhannel.

He could hear her flouncing away from the door. He rose and turned the key in the lock. The wailing note in Jimmy's voice sounded sharp and clear for a moment. Then someone said "Chocolate," and the wailing ceased. Peter settled to his task once more. He had got as far as his fifth page when someone knocked at the door. He paid no attention. They rattled the handle, and he rose from his seat and pushed his hand through his hair. "What is it, Mary?" he inquired, with vexation accentuated.

"It's not Mary," said a small voice; "it's me."

"Well, go away, Jimmy. Your father's very, very busy. He's no time to speak to you just now," said Peter.

"But I want to show you my sore finger," said Jimmy.

"I'll see it later on,' replied Peter.

"Maybe you won't," said Jimmy decisively. "It's fading."

It was Mrs. McWhannel's voice that now sounded. "What about dinner, Peter? When do you want it?"

"Oh, whenever you like," said he.

"Why have you the door locked?"

"Have I locked it?" said Peter. "I must have done it inadvertently" (Mr. McWhannel was a coward at heart.)

"Well, it's locked anyway," said his wife, in tones taht indicated her regarding the inadvertently as a silent reproach.

"It's unlocked now," said Peter, apologetically turning the key.

"No, Jimmy," said the virtuous Mary out; "we are not going in. Your father's busy just now, and must not be interrupted. All I want to know is" (continued she) "what do you want for dinner?"

"Shades of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Shakespeare, Anne Hathaway and flapjacks," muttered Peter, with memories of a passage in the Breakfast Table series, what's a man to say? I'll take anything you've got," he added, addressing his wife.

"There's cold mutton," said Mrs. McWhannel. "Would you like it curried or in shepherd's pie?"

"Please yourself," said Peter.

"Shepherd's pie," said Jimmy, and the matter was settled.

Peter resumed his attitude of concentration at his desk, but found difficulty in attuning his thoughts to the earlier mood of the morning. On reading over what he had written it seemed less pleasing than he had deemed it. He trimmed it here and there, and was almost into the swing of the narrative when—— the door opened!

"There's not enough cold mutton to make a pie, unless you take an egg," announced Mrs. McWhannel.

"I'll take the egg," said Peter.

"Very well," said his wife; "I'll not interrupt you any more." She left quietly, and Peter closed the door after her. He fingered the key momentarily. Then he decided that perhaps he had better not. It was a happy decision. His wife was outside at the moment listening. Peter had not guessed that. He settled to work, and having written for a time turned up his notes again: "Something unexpected ought to happen. It must be something which will make the reader say, 'How strange! I did not think of that.'"

"That's the rub," said Peter, "and yet, let me see, what can I do to round it off?"

He was chewing the end of his pen, as was his habit, and had not yet caught even a glimmer of the flash of the idea that was to help him to his conclusion. The main purpose he knew, but the fashioning of it was quite another matter. It must be genial. He thought of the morning's interruptions and exclaimed cynically, "Genial!" It must be—— Someone was stirring in the passage outside, someone was coming towards the door, and with them came the desired idea. Peter took his pen and wrote hurriedly.

Mrs. McWhannel entered the room quietly and announced that dinner was almost ready.

"All right," said Peter. "As a matter of fact I am just finishing. You might wait a minute. I want you to listen to this ending. I will not be more than half a jiffy."

Mrs. McWhannel waited, occupying her time dusting the bookshelves with the all-adaptable apron, a clean corner of which served to wipe the face of Jimmy, who had also appeared on the scene.

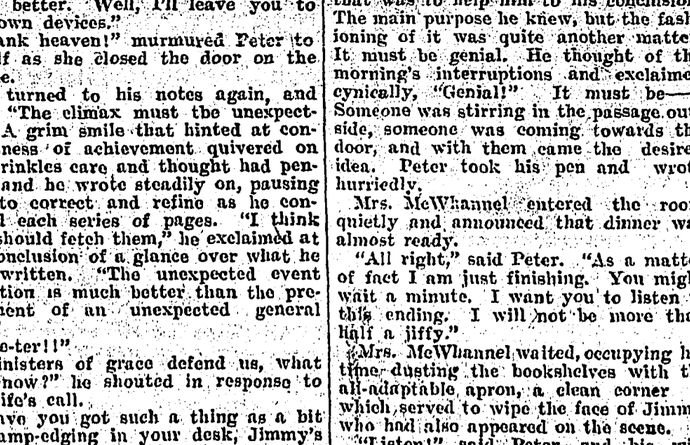
"Listen!" said Peter, and his wife crossed the room and bent on his desk, "this is the finish:

"'And now that you know all, I fancy there is but little I need add. Yet, perhaps it were scarcely fair did I not say something regarding myself. I am no longer young, but the youth in me is strong. There is one who looks over my should as I write to whom I owe much in the setting down of what has been told in these pages. She it is who bids me lay down my pen, and be of good cheer. It is to her I turn in the fullness of my joy. What her inspiring influence has urged from my soul I alone know, and it is a knowledge I treasure beyond dreams of Eldorado. I ask for no brighter inspiration should I, in the future, bethink me of tellinng more of the history of those whose fortunes have been the burden of the tale now ended.'"

"Peter!" said Mrs. McWhannel, "how prettily put."

But McWhannel merely thought of what the Psalmist had said in his haste, and included himself in the category as a sort of specialist. "We'll go and test the shepherd's pie," he said.

"Not to mention the egg," said Jimmy, who is a marvel for his years.



OPTIMISM IN THE SICK ROOM.

Patient: I feel like I'm going. Doc. I'm weak as a kitten.

Doctor (cheerily): Don't let that worry you. Why, man, a kitten has nine lives.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## CRUELTY OF THE SPARROWS.

### Shown in a Raid Upon the Nest of Robins.

(N. Y. Sun.)

"I have always had a kind word for the English sparrow," said a suburbanite, "but I have had to change my mind. I'm afraid I did not know the English sparrow after all.

"An old fashioned grapevine clambers over the lattice work of a back porch that a window at which I sit a great deal looks out upon. The porch is not more than eight feet wide, and so I was surprised this spring to see a pair of robins pre-empt a nook among the branches of the grapevine and make preparations for building their nest there, almost within reach of where I sat.

"I sat there every day and watched the progress of that nest building, from the wonderful weaving of the outer walls with straw and sticks and bits of string, the fashioning of them into the strong and symmetrical rim of the cuplike interior of the lining of this with softer and warmer material.

From the beginning of the nest building by the robins I noticed that groups of sparrows watched the progress of the work, twittering all the time cheerily and evidently greatly interested in the proceedings, but not once exhibiting any hostility against the robins, which I had always been told were especially attacked by the pugnacious sparrows, and persistently driven away from them. This conduct of the sparrows pleased me.

"'Instead of pitching into the robins and driving them away,' said I, 'the sparrows are actually making them welcome and cheering them on and encouraging them. How easy it is to give a thing a bad name!'

"The robins at last finished their nest and the female began her laying. The time came when the female robin remaining on the nest showed that her eggs were all in the nest and she had begun their incubation.

"Then the utter wickedness of sparrows was revealed to me. This was the time they had been waiting for.

"Nothing could be plainer, for poor Mrs. Robin had settled herself on her eggs but a very short time, when, as if by prearrangement, sparrows came pouncing down upon her from every direction their cheerful chirping changed to vicious shrieks. The robin, taken by surprise by this fierce and sudden assault, made a desperate effort to defend herself and her home, aided by her mate, who came hurriedly to the spot from his perch in an adjacent apple tree.

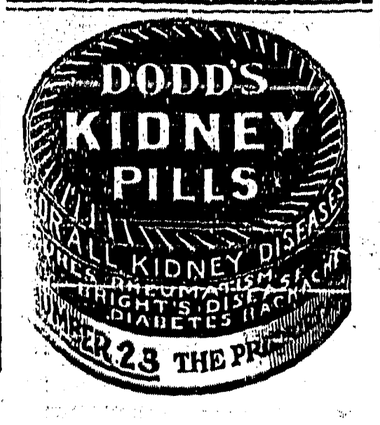
"Very soon the two birds were routed by the overpowering number of sparrows and were chased away by them. The robins alighted in a tree on the edge of the garden and made frequent and frantic essays at returning to the vine as with the hope of recapturing their home, but were each time met by a horde of sparrows and driven back.

"Meantime another lot of the vicious little marauders were busy at dismantling the robins' nest. They tumbled the pretty eggs out of the nest and smashed them on the porch floor, and then picked and tore at the nest until they had a big hole through the bottom of it and its sides were broken and ragged. The work of ruin complete, the sparrows seemed to exult over their dastardly work.

"With the departure of the sparrows from the vine the robins ventured back to the scene and not a sparrow interfered with their return. The grief of the robins was pitiful to see, and after fluttering about their ruined home a while and inspecting it while the sparrows watched them from all sides, chattering like so many little fiends in enjoyment of the discomfiture of the robins, the despoiled pair flew to the apple tree, sat there a few moment in silent and mournful contemplation of the wreck of their home and hopes, and then flew away and came back no more.

"That the sparrows had daily watched that pair of robins patiently build their nest and waited until the eggs had been deposited in the nest, twittering and chirping cheerily and encouragingly at them as the work progressed, so that the work of destruction they were intending in their wicked little hearts might be the more overwhelming and complete, I had no more doubt than that the nest was built.

"It was a case of premeditated vandalism of the most heartless kind and not only changed my opinion of the English sparrow, but changed it so thoroughly that I am scattering lead among them now with a shot-gun instead of crumbs with my hand."




## FOREST RESERVES

The Dominion forest reserves occupy an important place in the report for the year 1908 of the Superintendent of Forestry. Mr. R. H. Campbell, which has lately been issued. The Riding Mountain reserve, the largest of these, is the most fully treated. Its topography and condition in regard to lumbering are noted and emphasis is placed on the important place it must occupy in regard to the water supply of the adjacent country, both for domestic and industrial purposes. An evidence of the latter is the granting of permission to the Minnedosa Power Co. of Minnedosa, Man., to erect a dam on Clear Lake, in the reserve, so as to render the water of the Little Saskatchewan available for the production of power. The timber survey of the reserve is practically completed. The fire ranging service on the reserve, and, in addition, on the Duck Lake and Porcupin reserves, was during the year previous (1907), organized with a Chief Ranger in charge and six assistant rangers. The protection of game on the reserve is also being given consideration.

An important aspect of the management of the Moose Mountain reserve results from its use as a summer resort, especially along the shore of Fish Lake. Regulations for granting occupation of camping sites by lease or otherwies are under consideration. The main question in the management of the reserve is its protection from fire. The setting aside of a permanent forest reserve to the north of the Saskatchewan River, opposite Prince Albert, has also been recommended. Notice is also taken of the resolution passed by the Irrigation Convention in 1907, favoring a forest reserve on the eastern slope of the Rockies.

### TIMBER REGULATIONS.

The amended timber regulations adopted in December, 1907, are given in full. The main principle of these is that the timber is to be sold by public auction at the office of the timber agent for the district, and that before being offered for sale each berth shall be surveyed and shall be examined by a competent cruiser. The timber cruiser then submits a sworn report as to the quantity and value of the timber and on this report an upset price for the berth is fixed by the Minister of the Interior.

### FIRE RANGING.

During the season of 1907 forty-seven fire rangers were employed patrolling the forest reserves and forested districts, distributed as follows: British Columbia railway belt, 21; eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains (from the international boundary to the Saskatchewan River), 7; Edmonton district, 5; Prince Albert district, 7. Rangers were also kept along the C. N. R. from Erwood to The Pas, two along the Athabaska River from Athabaska Landing to Lake Athabaska, and in the Lesser Slave district. Attention is called to the great risk of fire along the G. T. P. construction. Reports of extensive damage by fire to forests in the district west of Edmonton were not, however, officially confirmed.

A strong plea is made for the extension of adequate fire protection to the ferest country north of the Saskatchewan, stretching from Hudson Bay to the Rockies.

### TREE DISTRIBUTION.

The value of the work of the forestry branch in the free distribution of trees from Indian Head to farmers in the Northwest is noted, and suggestions made for improved facilities at the Nursery station. The report of the chief of the tree planting division, Mr. N. M. Ross, which forms an appendix to the superintendent's report, announces a distribution of over 1,700,000 trees in the spring of 1907. In 1908 trees were sent to 1,424 applicants; of these 464 were in Manitoba, 659 in Saskatchewan, and 301 in Alberta. Planting on the spruce woods forest reserve, the growth of conifers at Indian Head and the permanent plantations at the Nursery station are also discussed.

### IRRIGATION.

The subject of irrigation, which also is placed under the superintendent of forestry, constitutes an important part of the report.

The importance of a proper hydrographic survey is dwelt upon. "The determination of the water supply is of the greatest importance, not only to the irrigation interests, but for the municipal supply of the rapidly developing towns of the west, for the operation of railways and for the convenience of the growing population. As the administration of the water resources of this great district is under the control of the Dominion the responsibility for dealing with this subject rests upon the Federal authorities, and the importance of the interests involved would justify the increased expenditure that may be necessary to place the hydrographic survey on an efficient basis."

The inadequacy of the work so far done and the difficulties of the present situation are dwelt upon and the progress made in this line of work in the neighboring states of the Union referred to.

The Irrigation Act is also touched upon. The general principle of the law is stated as follows: "The principle of the law is that the water is public property and that any rights to the use of it do not convey any property in it, but are granted for beneficial use in connection with a specific location. If any larger right were permitted to exist, a right to water might be held speculatively and not used beneficially. One person or company might get control of the water and have a monopoly which would place the holders of land dependent on the stream at their mercy. The evidence of experience is against the unrestricted transfer of water rights, and the proper policy seems to be to adhere in the main to the principle already established by the Act of making the right to the use of water appurtenant to the land."

The ammendments to the act are noted, and also recommendations made by various bodies for its amendment, with reasons for and against the suggested amendments and their final disposition.

The "duty of water" and its determination is also taken up.

During the year 1907, 139 sales of land, covering a total area of 62,332 acres, for reclamation by irrigation were made. Sales of 470,000 acres to the Alberta Railway and Irrigation Co. and of 380,573 acres to the Southern Alberta Land Co. were also under way. Reference is also made to the first Canadian Irrigation Conference at Calgary in July, 1907.

### NATIONAL PARKS.

The taking over the Dominion Parks by the Department and the organizing of their administration is also treated. During the year (1907) Elk Park had been fenced, in order to confine the buffalo, and a new reserve—Buffalo Park—had been set aside.

Reports from Norman M. Ross, chief of the tree planting division, James Leamy, Crown Timber Agent at New Westminster, John Stewart, Commissioner and Chief Engineer of Irrigation, and other officers of the Branch are given as appendices.

The report is illustrated by a dozen fine full-page half-tone cuts. Copies may be obtained on application to the Superintendent of Forestry, R. H. Campbell, Esq., Ottawa.

## C. P. R'S. WORK.

### Spends Half Million a Year to Advertise Canada.

### Publicity Service of the Canadian Pacific in All Parts of World.

(Montreal La Patrie.)

Canada, in spite of what is said by certain few people, who do not like the country because they have never seen it, is a land the progress of which in the twentieth century will be the wonder of the whole world. Our land is no longer unknown and we no longer hear people tell us that Canada is lost in the north of America and thus ignored. It is easy to know Canada when one is travelling, because there is much question of our country outside of America and it is but just to say that the Canadian Pacific has been the most important contributor to the spread of knowledge about it.

In the magnificent Windsor street building there is a small office in which some ten employees are at work under Messrs. W. T. Robson, George H. Ham and Thos. Bell. This office has a budget of half a million dollars. It is there that a literature of most truly Canadian character is sent throughout the whole world, spreading knowledge of our grand and beautiful country, its resources, its advantages, its magnificent distances and its bright future. It is there that pamphlets are drawn up that are read in Yokohama as well as in London, and which go to prove to the Europeans that Canada is one of the finest countries in the world. Millions of these pamphlets are spread broadcast, additional millions are published each year and they are written in this little office.

The publicity bureau of the Canadian Pacific is a marvel of organization as are all the departments of this powerful company.

Let us say at the start that all the expenses of the C. P. R. for publicity as well as for other purposes, are controlled by the president, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. He is all powerful. One of the officers of the company recently compared the organization of the C. P. R. to that of the Catholic hierarchy. The comparison was well taken, because the president, occupies in the company a position closely resembling that of his Holiness, Pope Pius the Tenth. Surrounded by his vice-presidents (which we could compare to the cardinals of the Holy College) he directs the company. He asks for their advice, but may in fact take no notice thereof. It is he who controls the expense and the appropriations made for publicity purposes.

Every year de luxe editions are published covering cities interesting to the travelling public. Quebec is known throughout the entire world. Even the Chinese in Hong Kong have the advantage of reading pamphlets about Quebec just as the inhabitants of Quebec can learn all about the capital of China by reading literature concerning that country which the C. P. R. also publishes each year. Montreal also gets its share of the lime light for the company has published a very interesting pamphlet on the metropolis of Canada.

Those $500,000 spent for publicity pay only the expenses of the office of which Mr. Robson is the manager. There are hundreds and thousands of dollars spent by the company in other quarters for the same purpose. Thus there is a publicity bureau at London, Chicago, New York, Boston, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Yokohama, Japan and Hong-Kong, China. The most important of the foreign agencies is certainly the one in London. Moreover the company has a multitude of smaller European agencies all controlled by the London office. An observant traveller may in every city of Europe get in touch with the C. P. R. and so attain to knowledge of Canada.

The principal pamphlets now being prepared by the C. P. R. deal first with those cities of Canada which are apt to attract tourists. Then others expatiate upon the great riches of the Canadian west. It is not too much to say that the C. P. R. has been the first and best advertiser of our popular west.

Canada is prosperous because Canadians labor to make it so, but the chief accelerator of our progress of late years has been the advertising campaign of the C. P. R. One might say that our prosperity is bound up with the prosperity of this powerful company and it is but just to recognize the fact. As grows the Canadian Pacific so grows Canada. "The twentieth century is the century for Canada," is now the cry. That century is the century which will mark our most important progress, but we are obliged to recognize that much of that progress will be due to the C. P. R. We dedicate these few lines to those who are never tired of proclaiming that our country is unknown. Let them go to the four quarters of the globe and everywhere they may learn to know better the extent of our country and that of our great national railroad.


## FORTIFIED AT FIFTY

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Health and Strength to Women at a Critical Time.

Few women reach the age of fifty without enduring much suffering and anxiety. Between the years of forty-five and fifty health becomes fickle and acute weaknesses arise with rheumatic attacks, pains in the back and sides, frequent headaches, nervous ailments and depression of spirits.

The secret of good health between forty-five and fifty depends upon the blood supply. If it is kept rich, red and pure, good health will be the result, and women will pass the critical stage in safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills help women of mature years as no other medicine can, for they make the rich, red blood that means good health, and brings relief from suffering. Mrs. C. Donavon, Newcastle, N. B., says: "About two years ago I was greatly run down and very miserable. I did not know what was wrong with me. I was hardly able to drag myself about, had severe headaches and no appetite. I felt so wretched that I hardly cared whether I lived or not. I had often read of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for others and I decided to try them, and I can now truthfully say I found them all they are recommended to be. Under their use my health gradually came back; I could eat better, sleep better and felt stronger in every way, and before long I was enjoying as good health as ever I had done."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the trouble in the blood. They actually make new blood. That is why they cure such troubles as rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, kidney troubles, headaches, sideaches and backaches, and the ailments of growing girls and women of mature years. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


## CAT AND SNAKE FIGHT.

### The Gopher Killed in a Hot Battle That Lasted an Hour.

Now comes an account of a fight that took place near Laton between a large gopher snake and a house cat. This contest was witnessed by Dr. C. W. Hardman, who says that the spectacle was worth going a long way to see. The feline was the victor, but the snake did not succumb until after he had fought for an hour.

The snake started the trouble by striking at pussy while the latter was out searching for stray mice. No sooner had the cat recovered from his surprise after being slapped than he returned the compliment. Of course pussy was rather frightened at the start, but he recovered quickly. As the snake recoiled after the slapping episode Tabby ran in and with a quick movement dug its claws into the snake's body. The snake struck back but fell short. Then Tabby ran in and scored again. By this time the gopher snake was pretty angry. He struck at Tabby again and again, but he failed to land. Meanwhile the feline kept up its systematic attack until the reptile bled to death from its numerous wounds. —From the Fresno Herald.

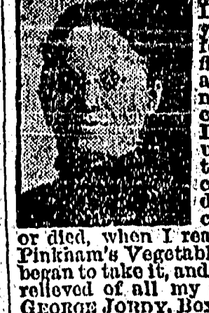
### A Disappointing Rooster.

Little six-year-old Jack had never seen much of chickens. Last summer he was visiting in a small place where the family kept a few. One day he was out watching them for quite a long time and came in looking very much disgusted. Stepping up to one of the young men, he said:

"Say, Cousin Ned, your old rooster has been coughing and coughing all the morning, and I was watching him and he hasn't coughed up an egg yet."—The Delineator.


## AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

### Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



MARLTON, N.J.—I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering."—Mrs. GEORGE JORDY, Box 40, Marlton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO — ESTABLISHED 1867

D. R. WALKER, President
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager

Paid-up Capital, $10,000,000
Reserve Fund, - 6,000,000

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

**COUNTRY BUSINESS** Every facility afforded to farmers and others for the transaction of their banking business. Sales notes will be cashed or taken for collection.

**BANKING BY MAIL** Accounts may be opened by mail and monies deposited or withdrawn in this way with equal facility.

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PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH



## The Creston Review

Published every Friday at Creston British Columbia, by the Creston Publishing Co., at their office, Fleet Street Creston.

JNO. J. ATHERTON - - - - - - - Editor

Subscription, $2.00 a year, strictly in advance. No pay, no paper.
No stand off for Legal Advertising.
Quack ads. introduced to waste paper basket; same with unsigned contributions.
30-Day Notices, $5; 60, $7.50; 90, $10

We are here primarily to make a million and incidentally to advertise the resources of the town and district. It is our aim to see that Creston gets a square deal in all matters, and we shall scourge the wicked and canonize boosters. There are no strings on the editor and he alone will dictate our policy and take the medicine. Everybody with the price can take this paper, and nothing extra is charged for reading the ads. Tell us the gossip and the scandal, we need it in our business. Bring in your ads


If you want to get rich, come to Creston and invest in fruit lands. Don't waste your time moosying around some of the so-called fruit districts where you couldn't raise even a disturbance, but come direct to Creston and join the happy throng of prosperous fruit farmers. There is no place in the interior of British Columbia that can compare with Creston for results.

We regret to say there are a few knockers in Creston who cannot see any good in anything anyhow, unless they are the prime moving spirits. They wait to see others take the lead and then sit back and sarcastically criticise those who are trying to accomplish something for our fair burg. It is the wron spirit, gentlemen; get next before you are pointed out as chronic knockers.

The celebration subscription list is coming up. Brock Moran alone raked in $100 on Thursday.

WILD ROSE LODGE NO. 39
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Creston, B. C.
Meets every other Monday from June 20 to October 4 at 8 p.m. in Speers' Hall.

R. M. Reid, C. C.
A. E. French, K. of R. & S.
R. S. Bevan, M. of F.
Visiting brethren cordially invited.

There are numerous complaints of the lack of attention on the part of many of our citizens and ranchers to the growth of the noxious weed known as the Canadian thistle. Prov. Constable Wilson has received instructions to see that these weeds are all destroyed, and it is up to our ranchers to make a note this hint and same themselves further trouble.

The baseball team of the Y.C.L. camp think that the Creston ball team is getting too "cheesty" with their "honorary president this and their honorary vice-president that," and so they have reorganized their own club and how they too have a honorary president and a honorary vice. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Two of the directors of the Goat Mountain Waterworks Co., Messrs. Ed. Mallandaine and Geo. Munro, yesterday inspected the entire system of the company and particularly the new reservoir which has just been completed. In conversation with one of the directors, we learn that there is genuine grievance in the fact of some of the users wantonly wasting the water. The users should bear in mind the old axiom that "wilful waste makes woeful want," and in every case protect users who are on the same pipe line. The company are certainly endeavoring to give Creston a good supply of the purest of water, and it behoves us all to watch that there is no wanton waste.


You are too busy with your Berry Crop
TO READ ADVERTISEMENTS
*But Don't Forget* That you need Goods from the HARNESS SHOP
HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, BITS, SPURS, STRAPS, COW BELLS
CURRY COMBS, BRUSHES, Etc.
Place your orders for Implements, Wagons, Seeders, Potato Diggers, Planet Junior Goods, Mowers and Rakes at

# Carver's Harness Store

Opp. McCreath's Barn — Lowest Prices. Best Terms

# Moyie Brewery

MOYIE, B.C.

Manufacturers of the Celebrated Lake Shore Export.
BOTTLED BEER A SPECIALITY
Pure Mountain Spring Water used in the Manufacture of our Beer.
J. MUELLER, Proprietor, Moyie, B.C.

# CRESTON CIGAR STORE

Cigars
Cigarettes
Tobaccos
Pipes, etc.
WHOLESALE and RETAIL
Mercantile Block, Creston, B.C.

FOR SPRAYING TREES
Pendray's Arsenate of Lead
Whale Oil Soap, Quassia Chips
Blue Stone and Sulphur
*CRESTON DRUG & BOOK STORE*

# Creston Hotel

*The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt*

*Our Guests Call Again*

YOU will make no mistake when you get off the train if you sign the register at the Creston Hotel. Travelling men will substantiate this. We study the comfort of our guests. The rooms are well furnished in a manner up-to-date.

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

Headquarters for Mining Men, Lumbermen, Ranchers, Tourists and Commercials.

*Moran & Mead - - Props.*

We are Agents for McLaughlin
**Democrats, Buggies, Wagons, etc.**
You Save Money by consulting us before Buying Elsewhere. Easy Terms
*McCREATH BROS.*
*CRESTON*

**Are Your Hands Tied?**

Does lack of training prevent you from advancing? Thousands of others have gained better positions and increased earnings through the I. C. S., and there is no reason why **YOU** should not do the same. No matter how poor your circumstances are, we can help you to gain advancement in your spare time, at small cost, and on easy terms. No books to buy. We teach all of the leading trades including those of

Mechanical, Electrical, Steam, Civil, or Mining Engineer; Draftsman; Architect; Bookkeeper; Stenographer; Show-Card Writer; Window Dresser; Ad Writer, etc.

Write TODAY, stating which profession interests you, to
**INTERNATIONAL Correspondence Schools**
Box 799, SCRANTON, PA.

Or their Local Representative:
J. W. BENNETT
P.O. BOX 98
FERNIE, B.C.

# DO YOU WANT A HOME?

*Large well built Residence.*
*One-acre Orchard, producing.*
*Seven-year old Trees. . . .*
*Barns, etc. in Town Limits.*

*Price - $1,500 Cash*

J. J. ATHERTON

*E. Ryckman*
*Tinsmith and Plumber*
*Tinware*
*Stoves*
*Piping*
*Hot Air and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.*

*We can supply you promptly with*
Fresh Eggs, Butter
Fresh Meat
Fish
Cured Ham and Bacon
Sausage, etc.
Shamrock Leaf Lard
*Highest Price paid to Farmers for*
*CATTLE*
*HOGS*
*POULTRY, Etc.*

B.C. Cigar Factory — SMOKE — Strictly Union Made
"OLD SPORTS"
Sold Everywhere — CIGARS — High Class Havana

**P. BURNS & Co.**
Limited
CRESTON - B.C.

THE PLACE TO GET
Your Furniture; Carpets, Rugs, Lace Curtains
Linoleums, Ranges, Stoves and Crockery.
We Furnish your Home Complete.
*Standard Furniture Co*
*Complete House Furnishers and Undertakers*
*Write for Prices* — *NELSON, B.C.*

FOR SALE.—Twenty acres Sub-lot 45 (Block 31). This is an excellent buy at the price. Land is easily cleared; the soil is the best. The price is $1,000 for the 20 acres, and terms can be arranged to suit the purchaser. A creek runs through the property. Write Box 14, Creston Review.


# For Sale

# TWO TEAMS

About 3,000 lbs. Weight each Team

*Also a fine Clydesdale Breeding Mare*

(About 1700 lbs.)

*The Best in the Country.*

*Can be seen at Griffin Ranch*

*C. SWANSON*


Geo. Crocker, superintendent of the Bonner's Ferry Lumber Co., accompanied by Geo. D. Colby, of the Y. C. L. arrived in town Monday. They have returned from a visit to Kootenay lake, where a crew of men are at work picking up logs that got away from the big boom at Bonner's Ferry on the 4th of June last, during the recent high water. About 45 million feet were in boom when the big burst occurred, and of these, about five million feet were secured at Kuskanook, but the latter again broke loose and two millions have been secured with trouble. Altogether about six million got away from the Bonner's Ferry boom and about two million are known to be floating around Kootenay lake The work of salvage is proceeding.


# Ladies!

*Let me do your baking during the Hot Weather*

Hom-Mad Pastry and onfectionery

**T. C. Mahon** Creston Bakery


Visitors to town the past few weeks are astonished to note the improvements made on our principal thoroughfare and the addition to the C. P. R. depot.

Great activity prevails on the K. V. railway track in the vicinity of Creston.

In ten years Creston will be the largest railway center in the interior. We will see a canal built from Kootenay lake to Creston, and a line will be built from Creston through the Summit pass to tap the mineral producing towns and camps of the Salmo and Sheep Creek districts. This is no pipe dream; it will come as sure as doomsday, and those who are wise will keep their eyes riveted on the coming hub.

Our local anglers report very good catches. The water is now low and the trout are rising to fly.

A report of a rich strike of ore comes from the Van-Roi mine at Silverton in the Slocan.

F. Estey, of the Yale-Columbia Lumber Co., arrived in town Tuesday, and was the recipient of many congratulations upon his marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Vandervoort and two daughters, of Trenton, Ont., are expected on Friday, July 30, on a visit to Mrs. R. M. Reid, daughter of the former.

At the meeting of ratepayers held this morning for the election of a school trustee and an auditor, Mr. J. W. Dow was elected by acclamation, a trustee, and Dr. G. B. Henderson was elected auditor

Jim Crawford "White Man Jim," one of our very old-timers, arrived from Port Hill today. Crawford headed the list of bear hunters last fall.

J. H. Schofield, M.P.P. and family will camp at Kitchener on Monday.

## Tam o' Shanter Talks

**Tam o' Shanter at the K. o' P. Picnic**

Weel freens, I maun tell ye hoo I hae managed tae get the lauchin' side o' Peggy agin efter ma cantrip last week.

She says tae me, awfu' sweet: "Ye maun be gey an' dry noo Tam efter yere fuddle last week." I smelt a rat. "Weel," says I, gey kind o' quately, "a'm a wee kennin', bit a'll try an' be settled fer a wee bit an' dae withoot." "A'm unco gled tae hear't" she says, "bit I winna be hard on ye gin ye'll dae a wee obleegement fer me. A'll gie ye a quarter." "Aw richt," says I, "a'm gem, whit is't?" "Oh no very muckle" says she. "Only a wid like tae mak' some strawberry jeelie, an' gin ye wid gang an' pick a boxfu' an' bring them hame, a'll gie ye the bawbees aw richt." Says I: "'Twill no' tak' me mony meenits afore I get anither pint." Aff I gaes tae pu' the berries, bit a'll swack Peggy ne'er gets me in the same pickle again gin she leeves tae be three score an' saxty insteed o' ten. It taen me twa hail days an' fower 'oors tae feenish ma contract, an' aw fer a quarter; then whan I did come hame she got me tae pu' the shanks aff them, ready fer tae bile, bit a jist crunched ma teeth an' dune it. Hoever, let me tell ye atween oorsels, aw contracts atwixt her an' me are dissolved. Highest or lowest offers o' Peggies need never come ma road again; 'twill be gratefully declined.

Hoever, efter breking a lot o' jaurs, ha'eing the hoose nearly afire wi' the jeelie biling ower, an' gettin' ma fingers aw scowthered, we got it aw thro' on Monday nicht, as we meent tae gang tae the picnic on Tuesday—an' so we did; an' we had a richt guid day's ooting. Wi' a muckle baskit weel packit wi' eatables ower her airm, Peggy an' me gat intae a rig an' landit at Erickson. Whan we landit ye wid hae thocht the whole o' the Kootenay wis oot fer sport. It made ma auld Scottish he'rt warm tae hear, jist as we cam' roon the turn o' the road, somebuddie singin' "Gae bring tae me a pint o' wink." A can tell ye freens, efter swallowing aw the stoor 'twixt Creston an' Erickson, had someane brocht me a pint o' beer, a wid hae been setisfied. Ave coorse the baund wis thair—Creston bress baund, gin ye want tae ken the name o' it—an' whaever the baunmaister (Maister Northey) saw me comin' he gied the word tae stert an' they played "See the Conquering Hero comes." Bein' as a wis dressed in ma kilts and ha'eing ma pipes wi' me, the young fowks wid hae a dance, sae I played them jigs, strathspeys, reels an' aw the rest, tae yince they were oot o' braith. Sae a lichts ma pipe, an' wi' a few mair gaes fer a daunder. Whan a comes back, whit dae ye think I see lyin' on the grun, bit twa cross sticks an' some mairrit weemin staunin' roon aboot. A jist kent in wan meenit whit they were efter. Yin chiel wis staunin' wi' a book in his haun takin' names, an' he looks at me an' says: "Wid ye obleege us Tam by playing something fer a sword dance, maybe 'Turkey in the straw,' 'The Maple Leaf' or 'Daddy widna buy me a Bow Wow.' Ye'll ken yersel an' a'll read oot the names." Weel thinks I tae masel', ye should hae been a musick teacher. Hoever, a starts an' gi'es them a guid hielan' tune or twa. Ane efter ither gaes thro' aw richt, whan, bless ma een, wha wid hae the cheek tae attemp' it but Peggy. Awa' she goes tae the impromptu swords an' she says tae me: "Play up 'Keelum Callum,' Tam." No' tae affront her afore ither weemin, a dune as requested. Awa' she gaes thro' every step an' feenishes, tak's a step back an' starts in tae dance the hielan fling like some Injun daen a war dance. Hoever, she got a prize—a baskit o' strawberries—frae Maister Kopsy. Whan a stoppit tae draw ma braith, ower comes a chiel, aw dresst in flannin, wha began tae talk aboot the w'ather tae me an' drawin' pictur's o' the scenery roon aboot us, hoo lang he had been about Creston, jist ordinar' talk. Fine a kent he had somothin' goy important tae bother me aboot. "Tam," says he, an' he wis peckin' like an auld dune horse, "my opeenyin is, that ye touk wha wear kilts instead o' breeks maun be jist as cool as a cucumber an' quite comfortable on a warm day like this." Weel, freens, as a wid dee afore a wid rin doon the tartan, says I: "It's jist the very thing fer a kintry like this whaur it's aye sae hot in the simmer; yin can gang aboot wi' pleesharo." Bit a'll tellyit tae ye Scots brithers (as a believe the knights an' legions o' muskeetas were pioneing on the same patch) he wid hae kent better had he wore ma kilts that day an' been in the place o'

TAM O' SHANTER.


# The Riverside Nurseries, Grand Forks, B.C.

Are the Largest Nurseries in B. C., and the Nearest to CRESTON.

NO FUMIGATION

Our Apple Stock is grafted with Scions cut from Bearing Trees

Address WALTER V. JACKSON, Agent.

CRESTON, B.C. 'Phone 9. Line No. 1

*The* **Sirdar Hotel**

A Home from Home.
Headquarters for mining men.

First class in every respect.
Adjoining C. P. R. Depot.

Campbell & Graf, Proprietors,

Sirdar, B. C.

*STOP! STOP!! STOP!!!*

FREE SHAVES AT MERRILL'S Barber Shop TO=MORROW

**Apartments**

Seven Rooms are now ready for "Roomers" in the Baast Block. All are furnished. Call and see

FRANK BAAST

LOOK! **FURNITURE**

*Iron Beds Springs, Mattresses and Cots*

*Homes completely furnished*

Creston Furnishing Co.

**I MAKE IT STICK**

PARTICULARLY IF IT IS PLASTER.

You can tell me your needs with confidence because I can fill the bill.

Ed. Fulljames PLASTERER

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Horseshoeing and General Blacksmithing. Shop at rear of Hickey's Barn.

CHAS. BAGLEY

SMOKE the 'T. L.' CIGAR

Sold at the Munro and Sam Hatfield's

Union Goods

# Facts About CRESTON.

## Climate

The climate of the Creston district is so mild in winter that seldom does the mercury touch zero, and in summer the weather is very warm which is so beneficial for the cultivation and coloring of fruit. Cool evenings, however, are a persistent factor for the enjoyment of repose. The early springs are vey favo able fo gad e ning and budding fruit trees. The autumns are very long and the weather is of an ideal Indian summer. Violets and wild strawberries bloom as late as November.

## Soil

The soil is an alluvial clay on a clay subsoil. This does not apply, howeve, to the entire valley, as the lower bench lands are of a black vegetable mould, while the land in the vicinity of Erickson is of a sandy character. Four-fifths of the entire valley is free from stones and gravel. The land is practically level and mostly covered with timber. Fine Government roads are plentiful, one being thirteen miles in length. Soil to suit any kind of vegetation may be secured in this valley.

## Moisture

Moisture is plentiful, as it rains every month and is sufficient for bountiful crops of every description.

## Products

The famous strawberry fields of Creston outclassed every other district in British Columbia last year for production, quality and prices. In addition to this we raise hay and all kinds of vegetables, apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, nectarines and grapes as well as all the smaller bush fruits, which grow in abundance

## Markets

While there is a splendid local demand for products, the principal markets for the Creston district are the big centres of the Crows' Nest Pass and all cities as far east as Fort William and Chapleau, and as far north as Athabasca Landing. We are absolutely the closest producing point to the markets, therefore we receive higher prices by reason of our products reaching the markets in shorter time and better in condition than can be done by any other district.

## Transportation

Creston is well favored in the matter of transportation. The C. P. R. passenger trains call here twice daily, going east and west. The eastbound passenger and express passes through here at 12.12 p.m., therefore allowing berries and fruits to be picked in the forenoon and shipped in a refrigerator car with no further handling of fruit until the markets are reached. The G. N. runs trains into Creston. The railroads pass through the Creston Valley, and fruit may be loaded at eight points along the line.

## Progress

The progress of the Fruit Growing Industry of the district has been very rapid. Five years ago there was 150 fruit trees shipped to the Creston district, while in the spring of 1908 about 48,000 were received at this point. There were also several hundred thousands of strawberry plants and berry bushes shipped in. We have a rural telephone system, which will shortly be connected with Nelson and Cranbrook, it being already connected with Spokane. A system for waterworks and also for generating electric power has been installed at Goat River Falls. Electricity will also aid in opening up some of our large mines. We have two Graded Schools with an attendance of 80 pupils, three large general stores, gent's furnishings, Canadian Bank of Commerce, photograph gallery, 3 restaurants, 2 hotels, hardware store, tinshop, jewelry store, 2 barber shops, poolroom, 2 laundries, blacksmith, furniture store, tailor, building contractors, harness and saddlery store and two livery stables. The professional men are a doctor and government surveyor.

The Social advantages are, Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist churches, several fraternal lodges and three halls.

**WRITE FOR ANY INFORMATION**

*A Healthy Life*

*A Happy Home*

to be had on a BRITISH COLUMBIA FARM in the British Columbia Southern; Columbia and Kootenay and Columbia and Western Railway Companies' Land Grants. Farm Lands eminently suited for the raising of

**Fruit, Grain or Stock**

may be purchased in these Grants at low figures for cash, or on Easy Terms, from

THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Timber Lands of the highest character, situated in these Grants, are offered for sale in blocks of from 640 acres upwards.

*Good shipping facilities Easy transportation*

For Maps, Application Forms, Regulations and Literature apply to

J. S. DENNIS

Asst. to 2nd Vice President,
Desk 19,
Calgary, Alberta.

**Town Lots for Sale in Creston**

# THE KING'S DOCTOR.

## A Former Hamiltonian Physician—Extraordinary to King Edward.

(Canadian Gazette.)

The report published on Tuesday that Dr. H. S. Birkett, of Montreal, will be appointed Physician-Extraordinary to the King, in place of Sir Felix Semon, has been received with great interest by the many friends of the possible recipient of such an honor. Dr. Birkett, who is Professor of Laryngology and Otology at McGill University, Montreal, is still a young man. He was born in Hamilton, Ontario, in 1864. His name is well known throughout the Dominion in connection with the branch of the profession in which he is especially interested. For some years he was associated with the late Dr. Frank Buller, the well-known specialist. He is also connected with varicus medical societies, and has published some valuable additions to medical literature. A good golfer and a fair shot, Dr. Birkett is exceedingly popular both professionally and socially, and if the rumor of the honor to be conferred upon him—and incidentally upon Canada—proves to be correct, his departure from Montreal will be much regretted. Mrs. Birkett, to whom Dr. Birkett was married about ten years ago, was a Miss MacNaughton, of Glengarry, Canada, and, as her name would imply, of Scotch descent.

# GOT TO THE ROOT OF HIS TROUBLE

## And Dodd's Kidney Pills cured W. Wright's Backache.

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

Kelvington, Sask., May 31.—(Special)—"Yes, Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Backache, and I have recommended them to others who have also been cured." These are the words of William Wright, a farmer, well known here. "I believe I inherited my trouble," Mr. Wright continues. "At times for several years it was very severe. I also suffered from Lumbago, and in the morning I had a bitter taste in my mouth and was troubled with dizziness and my skin was dry and harsh and there was a sediment in my urine.

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

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

### Protect the Wife.

A farmer should remember that his wife is a business partner. She makes the butter, boards the hands, helps prepare things for market, is a watch dog for the premises when he is away, and sometimes assists with the poultry and garden; and when he secretly signs away money she has helped to earn, he is cheating his partner, as well as robbing his wife; and it is an offence the law would not allow in any other co-partnership, nor should it in this. There is a law that prevents a man from selling his farm without his wife's signature, and it sounds as if a wife was of some importance; but it is rendered non-effective as a preservative of her home from the fact that he can mortgage it and endorse other men's papers to any extent without her knowledge or consent, and thus dispose of the family possessions,—and the sheriff can sell. This statute is mockery until it is supplemented by another making a man's signature, as security, invalid when written without his wife's approval; and still another making it illegal for him to mortgage the farm to pay debts that she has no knowledge of.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

## TUBERCULOSIS FIGURES.

### Comissioner Darlington Takes Issue With Nathan Straus.

New York Sun: Health Commissioner Darlington gave out a statement yesterday in response to Nathan Straus' assertion that there has been a considerable increase in tuberculosis cases in this city in the last two years and that the present measures have proven utterly inadequate to deal with the situation. Dr. Darlington said in part:

"A careful examination of the records of the Department of Health for the last few years shows that this interpretation of the facts is entirely unwarranted. There has been an increase in the number of cases of tuberculosis reported to the Department of Health, but there has been a steady decrease in the tuberculosis death rate, the rate for 1908 being the lowest in the history of the city and more than 40 per cent. lower than when the Department of Health first undertook this work more than twenty years ago.

"It is true that the number of new cases reported has increased materially during the last two years, but this increase in the number of cases is simply the result of the earlier and more complete reporting of cases and has been continuous since 1894.

"The unusual increase in 1908, we are warranted in believing, was one of the beneficial effects of the publicity attending the meeting of the International Congress of Tuberculosis in Washington and the holding of the Tuberculosis Exhibit in New York city last year. The correctness of this assumption is further indicated by the fact that the increase was particularly marked in the last two quarters of the year, when nearly 3,000 more cases were reported than for the corresponding period in 1907."

## WOOD BY THE CORD.

### Things the Woodmen Know and May Not be Known to Others.

(From the Forester.)

A cord of wood is 128 cubic feet, or the contents of a pile 8 feet long, 4 feet high and 4 feet wide. Wood is marketed on this basis. A pile whose length, breadth and height multiplied together gives this number of cubic feet fills this requirement, no matter whether the sticks are long or short, straight or crooked, round or split, unless there is an understanding to the contrary. Nevertheless a cord, though it comes up to legal measurements, is an uncertain quantity even when the seller is honest and the buyer satisfied.

A lumberman may have a tract of pulp wood which he sells to a paper mill at $5 a cord for as many cords as it will make. It is in the contract that he shall cut and stack it. He cuts it in 12 foot lengths and when the job is complete it measures 200 cords and he receives $1,000 for it. Would he have made or lost by cutting four foot lengths instead of twelve? He would have lost in the first place from the additional labor required to cut 4 foot wood, but his principal loss would have resulted from a greatly diminished number of cubic feet, due to the fact that short sticks lie closer together than large. Had the 200 cords of 12 foot wood been cut in 4 foot lengths there would have been only 176 cords and the owner would have received for it $880 instead of $1,000. It was therefore clearly to his advantage to cut 12 foot lengths, but it would have been to the buyer's advantage to have it cut in 4 foot lengths. He would have received the same actual quantity of wood for $120 less.

It also makes considerable difference to the seller whether wood is chopped or sawed. If chopped the chips are lost. Where the logs are large this loss amounts to no small total. In a cord of four foot wood with stick six inches in diameter the chip loss is from 6 to 8 per cent, and of course the shorter the sticks are cut the greater the loss. If the wood is sawed the sawdust loss is scarcely the half of 1 per cent.

Cords of split wood contain less than cords of round sticks. The finer the wood is split, the more it makes. Hence wood dealers are often willing to sell kindlings of sawed and split for the same price a cord as unsplit wood. They get back the cost of labor in the increased bulk.

A cord (128 cuic feet) of 4 foot hard wood usually contains about 83 cubic feet of solid wood; a cord of 3 foot wood averages 83½ cubic feet, of 2 foot wood 84 feet and of 1 foot wood, 85 feet. The conifers (soft woods) contain 90 to 96 cubic feet. Thus the purchaser receives on an average about two-thirds of a cord of real wood and one-third of a cord of spaces.

In some countries wood is bought by weight and the buyer comes more nearly getting what he bargains for, but even then he may miss it if he receives green wood when he wants dry. According to timber testing engineers of the United States Forest service wood may lose half or more its green weight in seasoning.

## POWER AT PIT'S MOUTH.

### Electric Power Developed From Canal as Soon as Mined.

The power engineer is trying to realize a new vision. For years he has been watching the long trains of coal cars which rattle over the country carrying the raw materials of power to a million distant fire boxes.

He has seen the great three horse coal wagons, which block the city streets and scatter powdered carbon over pedestrians, he has looked up to see a million chimneys belching soot and smoke into the sky, polluting the air men breathe, blackening the grass and trees, doing damage incalculable to health and property, half shutting out the sun.

He has noticed the trail of ashes and cinders left by the creaking refuse carts on their way to the unsightly dumps. And he has dreamed of a future city as active, as powerful as this first, but a city of clean and unobstructed streets, lapped in an ocean of fresh, pure air, where tall and flourishing trees rise in the stead of smoking stacks and where grass and flowers and little children may bloom in the clear colors which nature gives them.

Out in Colorado, for the first time, says the Technical World, he has made his dream come true. There at the mouths of the coal mines owned by the Northern Colorado Power Company of Lafayette great power houses have been built and the coal, once loaded into cars by the miners' shovels in the lower levels of the pits, is transformed without further handling into electric power, which supplies already nearly a score of towns and cities, strung on a 150 mile loop of wire like jewels on a necklace.

### Prohibition Working in Georgia.

In a Georgia city a recent traveller, approaching the clerk of the best hotel, said: "I would like a room."

Responded the clerk: "You want a dollar or a dollar and a half room?"

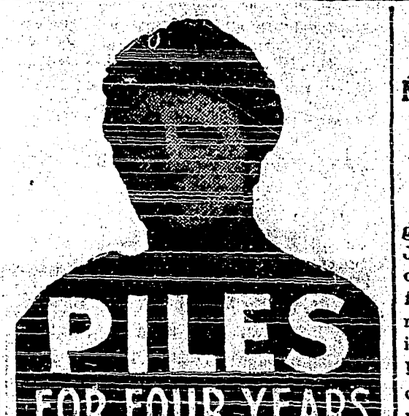
"A dollar and a half room."

The guest was given a key to his room, and upon being shown to it by a room, and upon having been shown to it by a bell-boy, unlocked the door and found upon a table conspicuously in the middle of the room a quart of the best whiskey, which probably would have cost him about a dollar and a half anywhere in America. This he put in his pocket and demurely went his way.

It seems that some time later the prohibitionists of the city, having gotten wind of this evasive method of circumventing the liquor law, employed a detective to go through the same process. He did so, obtained his whiskey and had the proprietor of the hotel arrested for selling liquor without a license.

In court he admitted that in the first place he had not purchased any liquor, and that in the second place he carried away the liquor he found upon the table he had hired—whereupon he promptly was arrested for petty larceny.— St. Louis Times.

To deal honestly with others is not so difficult. To compel others to deal honestly with you—that is power.—June Smart Set.




**Only those who suffer from Piles can know the agony, the burning, throbbing, shooting, stabbing pains which the ailment causes, and the way it wrecks the sufferer's life.**

**Zam-Buk is blessed by thousands who used to suffer from piles, but whom it has cured. One such grateful person is Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, of Greenwood Avenue, Toronto. She says:—"For four long years I suffered acutely from bleeding piles. During that time I spent an immense amount of money on 'remedies' and doctor's prescriptions but got no ease. Zam-Buk was different to everything else I had tried, and it cured me. I am grateful for the cure, and as I have never had piles once since, I know the cure is permanent."**

**Another thankful woman is Mrs. E. A. Gardiner, of Catalina, Trinity Bay. She says:—"In my case Zam-Buk effected a wonderful cure. For twelve years I had been troubled with blind, bleeding, and protruding piles. I had been using various kinds of ointments, etc., but never came across anything to do me good until I tried Zam-Buk, which cured me. That this may be the means of helping some sufferers from piles to try Zam-Buk, is the wish of one who has found great relief."**

**Zam-Buk is a purely herbal balm and should be in every home. Cures cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, ulcers, blood-poisoning, prairie itch, sunburn, blisters, sore feet, summer sores, and all diseases and injuries of the skin, etc. All druggists and stores at 50c. box, or from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.**

**Zam-Buk**

### Where Perfumes Are Made.

A great part of the world's perfumes are made in Grasse. Over two million pounds of roses and four million pounds of orange leaves are gathered there annually. Mountains of flowers may be seen there, as in a milling country there may be seen mountains of wheat. In the Caspian district there is a lake so strongly perfumed that it causes headache. This lake's banks are of white salt crystals, its waters are mauve in color, and its odor is like that of a violet. It is Lake Mangushlak. The seaweed Polydeystia ciolacea gives the lake its hue and smell.

## OVER 1,400 PUBLICATIONS IN CANADA

According to the 1909 Edition of the Canadian Newspaper Directory, just out, Canada and Newfoundland can boast of 155 daily papers, 1,015 weekly or semi-weekly, 252 monthly or semi-monthly, and 14 published less frequently.

These figures can be relied on, as the Canadian Newspaper Directory is published by the oldest and largest Advertising Agency in the Dominion, A. McKim, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto. This is the Sixth Edition of their Directory, which fills a very real need in Canada, and deserves a place on the desk of every business man, whether he is an advertiser or not.

In addition to listing and describing Canadian periodicals, the Directory supplies a comprehensive gazetteer giving the population, the chief industries, the railway, telegraph, banking facilities, and other interesting features of every newspaper city, town and village in Canada.

The book contains over 430 pages. It is splendidly bound and is certainly a credit alike to the publishers and to Canadian newspapers generally.

A. McKim, Limited, are particularly well qualified to edit and publish this, the standard book of reference on Canadian publications. They are the pioneers in the Advertising Agency field in the Dominion, the McKim Agency having been founded in Montreal in January, 1889, twenty years ago, by Mr. Anson McKim, who is still at the head of the business.

During all this time they have been the acknowledged leaders in this line in Canada, and the Agency business has been developed from a very small beginning—then performing only the functions of the middleman—to a very large producing enterprise which runs into the millions.

Years ago McKims recognized that one of the requisites for successful advertising is a thorough knowledge of advertising mediums, and they began the publication of the Canadian Newspaper Directory, which is now recognized as the most complete and accurate work of the kind published.

The price, express or postage prepaid, is $2.00.

### One Happy Man.

Mr. J. H. Woods, of Point Rock, Oneida Co., N. Y., had a hard experience. "A bad attack of Catarrh settled in my forehead and the pain over my eyes was so intense I thought my head would burst. My voice grew very hoarse and I coughed every night, and through the winter could scarcely speak. My voice was gone. Two doctors didn't help me at all. The next doctor ordered 'Catarrhozone.' It cured me and now many others here use it also. My doctor says he doesn't know anything so good for Catarrh and Throat Trouble as 'Catarrhozone.'" Use it to-day, you're better to-morrow, 25c and $1.00 at all dealers. Try Catarrhozone.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

### Artistic Illumination.

The use of candles in dining rooms of hotels and restaurants makes a very pleasing decoration. However, the ordinary paraffine candle is entirely unsuited for the purpose, owing to its unsteady light and the drip of the paraffine wax. The ideal candle would be an electric one, but the objection to the use of electricity heretofore has been that it required connecting wires running to the source of power. Recently an electric table lamp has been devised which carries its own storage battery. This little lighting device is rather more ambitious than a candle, being set in a vase in which cut flowers may be placed. The light passing through the flowers and water contained in the vase gives a very soft, pleasing effect.

# FALSE NEWS.

## N. Y. Reporter After Men Who Gave Fake Information.

(New York Telegraph.)

The thanks of his fellows and the congratulations of his boss are due to Mr. J. J. Finnegan, a reporter on the staff of a New York newspaper. He is the first to bring into play the law which makes it a misdemeanor to supply fake information to a newspaper. He has haled into court a lawyer and his client on charges of telling him things to print which weren't true. The information reflected on the character of a woman of standing. Mr. Finnegan gave the information to his newspaper and got into trouble. Now he has the sand to go the journey with his informants. This is refreshing. There are in this fair village and others a host of persons who think it a splendid joke to tell pipe stories to newspaper men and then later cavil with a smug assumption of virtue about the "unreliability of the press."

As any informed person knows, the chief desire of the reporter is to get the facts, and only the facts. He does not want fiction, for he could write that himself without running his legs off in search of the actual information. What he wants to know about any given story that he is assigned to cover is the truth. It is perfectly true that occasionally in the rush of things some cub blows in out of the wilds and imposes upon his newspaper with fiction for fact. But it is only occasionally, and the cub's career is lengthened only as he heads toward the precise recital of facts.

It is more true that the large majority of misinformation which creeps into the columns of the daily newspapers is directly traceable to the outside individual who lies to the reporter under the impression that he is being funny.

It is the same sort of humor that is expressed by the whispered reflection upon the name of a square man or a pure woman. Aside from the fact that it may mean the bread and butter of the reporter, to say nothing of the clouding of his reputation for truth, it affects the public even more.

Mr. Finnegan is to be congratulated for starting the ball rolling. May other men have as nice a sense of their professional honor and as sincere a regard for their fellows and their profession.

I was cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. A. LIVINSTONE.
Lot 5, P. E. I.

I was cured of a severe attack of Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
JOSHUA A. WYNACHT.
Bridgewater.

### The Grouchy Philosopher.

Optimism is a good asset, if it isn't overdone.

The world is made up largely of also rans.

You can always tell a hard drinker by his mug.

Even the promoter isn't always faithful to his trust.

Success only comes to the man who goes after it.

The near-genius who wears long hair is seldom long headed.

The way of the transgressor is hard, but it isn't lonesome.

Nowadays it's a poor rule that won't work five or six ways.

It takes a certain amount of blow and bluster to raise the dust.

Every dog has his day, but unfortunately we can't all be dogs.

A man is generally on his mettle when he has a steely glitter ini his eye.

To be treated as one of the family isn't always as pleasant as it sounds.

When Fame and Fortune travel together, Fame generally takes a back seat.

One way to distract your attention from your vices is to parade your virtues.

The ideal man only exists in the mind of the woman who has never married.

Force of habit would probably prompt a dentist to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Many a man looks down on his neighbor who is really head and shoulders above him.

The things that come to those who wait are generally the things that no one else wants.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

### TWO DISEASES.

(Philadelphia Record.)

The impression that insanity and tuberculosis are increasing because more patients are admitted to asylums and more cases of consumption are reported to the health authorities is due to an unreflecting use of sanitary statistics. The fact that insanity can be alleviated and sometimes cured caused patients to be sent to the asylums. Cases of consumption are reported to the health authorities because the people are learning that the disease is not hopeless, but that in its early stages it is remediable, even at home, and that in sanatoriums conducted for the purpose cures many be expected. From 1900 to 1908 the new cases of tuberculosis reported to the New York health authorities more than doubled, but the death rate from tuberculosis per thousand of population declined from 2.79 to 2.20. In the next few years we may expect to see the number of new cases decline, owing to the measures now employed to prevent the spread of the disease.

### Out of Hearing.

Rodrick—In the stock-market news I see there is money on call.

Van Albert (sadly)—On call, eh? Well, if I should call with a megaphone none of it would reach me.

When a man runs for office he considers that the newspapers are printed that he who runs may read.

## FATE OF A PERPETUAL CLOCK.

### How its Curious Mechanism Disappeared in China.

In the eighteenth century an ingenious jeweller named James Cox, of Shoe lane, London, constructed a clock which was rendered perpetual by a cleverly contrived attachment which utilized the rise and fall of the barometer to supply the necessary energy.

The movement of the mercury actuated a cog wheel in such a manner that whether the mercury rose or fell the wheel always revolved in the same direction and kept the weights that supplied the movement of the clock always wound up. The barometer bulb dipped into a mercury cistern. The cistern hung attached to the extremities of two rockers, to the left end of one of the right end of the other.

The bulb was similarly attached to the other extremities of the rockers, which are thus moved every time there is a change in the amount of mercury in bulb and cistern respectively. The rockers actuated a vertical ratchet, and the teeth were so arranged that the wheel they controlled could only move in one direction, whether the ratchet ascended or descended.

The clock itself was an ordinary one, but of very strong and superior workmanship, and was jewelled with diamonds at every bearing, the whole being enclosed in a glass case which, while is excluded dust, displayed the entire mechanism. The fate of Cox's clock was brought to light in a work called "Travels in China," published in 1804 and written by John Barrow.

In this book it is state that in the list of presents carried by "the late Dutch Ambassador" were "two grand pieces of machinery that were part of the curious museum of Cox." One of these apparently was this perpetual clock, and it was taken by the Dutch Embassy to China, where in the journey from Canton to Pekin both the instruments suffered some slight damage. Efforts were made to repair them at Pekin, but on leaving the capital it was discovered that the Chinese Prime Minister Ho-tchang-tong, had substituted two other clocks of very inferior workmanship and had reserved Cox's mechanism for himself.—From the London Times.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

### A Plea for Playgrounds.

Plenty of room for dives and dens,
(Glitter and glare and sin!)
Plenty of room for prison pens,
(Gather the criminals in!)
Plenty of room for jails and courts.
(Willing enough to play!)
But never a place for the lads to race,
No, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for shops and stores,
(Mammon must have the best!)
Plenty of room for the running sores
That rot in the city's breast!
Plenty of room for the lures that lead
The hearts of our youth astray,
But never a cent on a playground spent,
No, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for schools and halls,
Plenty of room for art;
Plenty of room for teas and balls,
Platform, stage and mart.
Proud is the city—she finds a place
For many a fad to-day,
But she's more than blind if she fails to find
A place for the boys to play!

Give them a chance for innocent sport,
Give them a chance for fun —
Better a playground plot than a court
And a jail when the harm is done!
Give them a chance—if you stint them now,
To-morrow you'll have to pay
A larger bill for darke rill,
So give them a place to play!
—Dennis A. McCarthy in Journal of Education.

### Compelled to Be.

"They thoroughly distrust each other?"

"Yes."

"And yet they are business partners?"

"Oh, yes; each wanted to have the other where he could keep his eye on him."

Labor overcomes all difficulties—Virgil.

ISSUE NO. 22, 1909


### AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—OTHERS CLEAR $20 weekly—why not you? Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

### HELP WANTED.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO PLAIN AND light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid; send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal, Que.


### HOW TO BUILD UP.

Intemperate eating and drinking, together with loss of rest and lack of good, fresh air, tend to weaken the vital powers and make one an easy victim to many forms of disease.

If you are in bad physical condition now, cut out the smoking and drinking, cancel most of your social engagement, and try a 9 o'clock bedtime for a while. Also eat about one-third less than you have been in the habit of taking and get all the fresh outdoor air you can, both during the day and night. Persist in this regimen for a few months and it will do wonders in building up for you a strong and vigorous constitution.

## HEALTHY LITTLE CHILDREN.

A mother should not expect that her children will escape all the ills to which babyhood and childhood are subject, but she can do much to lessen their severity and make baby's battle for health easily won. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are little ones. They are mothers' ever-ready help and Baby's best friend. The action of the Tablets is gentle but thorough. They cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, allay the irritation at teething time, destroy worms and promote healthy, natural sleep. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or narcotic. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### Imitation Snow.

Make a thin fluid paste of dextrine and stir into this sufficient oxide of zinc to produce a fine white color, and with this the twigs of a Christmas tree or any other subject may be simply coated on their upper surface by means of a soft brush. The coating is very durable and, particularly when the tree is illuminated, produces the appearance of fresh snow. If we desire to make the deception more realistic the branches, while still sticky, may be sprinkled with diamantine.—Scientific American.

## BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 8, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money, but write her to-day if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

### Chased and Kiled by a Buzzsaw.

Walter Terry, a woodsaw operator, was pursued and cut down by a woodsaw insecurely fastened that broke away from a wagon bed on which it was mounted at Ashland, Ore. to-day.

The saw was whirling at a high rate of speed and when it broke from its fastenings it ran at Terry who fled. The saw overtook him and ripped his back for a long distance and completely severed his right leg just below the knee.

Terry was taken to the hospital at Ashland, where everything possible was done for him but he died within thirty minutes.—Portland correspondence Los Angeles Times.

## A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

### Pride in Her Husband.

Sir Melville Beachcroft, who is a practical philanthropist and a social reformer of the useful type, while waiting in a tenement house for the occupant of the first floor to admit him chanced to overhear two women conversing on the stairs.

One chanced to remark that her husband always wore a clean shirt every Sunday morning. The other replied: "Well, now, I never cares about Sundays, but I allays do see that 'e 'as a clean shirt every Saturday afternoon, 'cos that's the time 'e is generally drink'—, and when 'e does take his coat off to fight I do like to see him look nice and clean."—From M. A. P.

### There's a Reason.

He walks the street with downcast head;
The brightness of the day has gone;
His optimism all has fled—
There's dandelions in his lawn.
—Denver Republican.

THE BEST WOODEN PAIL
Can't Help But Lose its Hoops and Fall to Pieces. You Want Something Better Don't You? Then Ask for Pails and Tubs Made of
EDDY'S FIBREWARE
Each One a Solid, Hardened, Lasting Mass Without a Hoop or Seam. Just as Good as Eddy's Matches

# FOR WOMEN.

Being trained to inherit a hundred millions.

Such is the lot of a wholesome-looking, unaffected little girl of twelve years, whom, says The New York World, you might have passed almost any day in Central Park, New York, feeding squirrels or tossing bits of bread to the swans. You would never dream that she would inherit one million, let alone a hundred. But that is because she is Margaret, daughter of Andrew Carnegie, who adds to the high ideals of his wife his own practical ideas of education for a great trust.

The keystone on which Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie are building the education and training of their daughter, according to a kinswoman an intimate family friend, is the necessity of preserving at any cost and sacrifice, the child's natural capacity for finding happiness in very simple things.

The average child born to the golden spoon is taught that her father's money will smooth all the rough places out of her pathway, and buy her whatsoever her heart desires. Money, to her, represents merely a means of satisfying her personal desires. Her attendants and tutors generally teach her that this money sets her apart from the rest of the world as a person to whom all good things will come.

With Margaret Carnegie the system of training is entirely different. She must be taught that the wealth she inherits will bring with it rough places which her own intelligence and good judgment will make smooth. In the performance of her duties in this connection, in the handling of her inheritance, she will find herself unable to gratify many of her desires. And while this money may set her apart from the rest of the world, it will be because she has a trust to fill.

"Noblesse oblige." This is the motto on every royal nursery will in Europe. And the little heirs to ancient thrones are taught that nobility involves simplicity, and that nobility of birth makes nobility or magnanimity of conduct obligatory.

"Noblesse oblige." It is not written on the nursery walls in the Carnegie home, on Fifth avenue, but it is lived and preached by all to whom education and training of the little Margaret is entrusted. This one lofty precept must be hers, that whatever she has which other less fortunate little girls have not is hers only as she may make of it an instrument for the happiness of others.

The average nursery in a millionaire's home is cluttered with expensive toys. Little heirs and heiresses are taken to great top shops by relatives or governesses and permitted to pick and choose without question of price. Not so in the Carnegie nursery. Here toys are of the simplest and lease expensive sort, coming at such infrequent intervals that there has never been a surfeit, just fresh joy in each new gift.

STORY OF THE "SHINEY" SHOES.

The kinswoman who has so often heard Mr. Carnegie expound his theories of child-culture, tells this interesting story of Margaret Carnegie's every-day life: When she was 6 years old she received her first pair of "shiney" shoes, made from patent leather. Living, as she had, in a modern palace, attended by vigilant nurses and tutors, this little girl had never possessed anything quite so gorgeous as those shiney shoes. No wee daughter of a day laborer could have taken keener delight in the new treasures, which had cost less than two dollars.

At first her father was greatly amused at her keen delight, but gradually his amusement turned to displeasure as he saw the possibilities of one pair of shoes overturning all his educational theories. For Margaret, walking in the park with her distinguished parent, stopped every few paces to admire the wonderful shoes, and as often as she thought it necessary to lean over and dust invisible specks from the tips with her pocket handkerchief. All of which goes to prove that the arrival of a pair of "grown-up" shoes was an event in her well-ordered and frugal life.

This simplicity prevails in her entire wardrobe. The arrival of a new frock in the Carnegie nursery has always been an event. Not being surfeited with handsome and expensive clothing, like any wholesome and happy girl, the heiress of millions finds her cup of happiness overflowing at sight of a new frock, without references to its intrinsic value.

### Powder Bag.

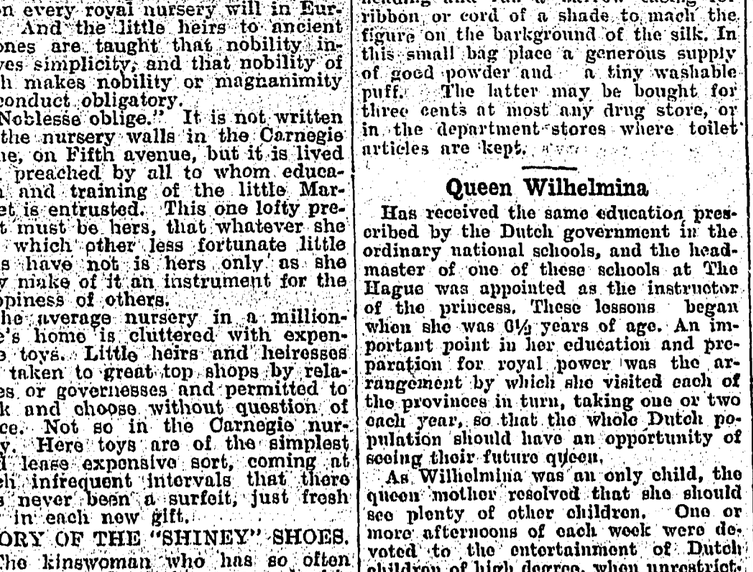
Another trifle, both attractive and easily made, might be acceptable for use in the traveling bag or on the dressing table. It is a small bag for carrying talcum or the favorite "poudre de riz." This is made from a three-inch circle of chamois and some silk or ribbon. The pretty and inexpensive Dresden ribbons or flowered silks make perfect little beauties. Gather the silk about the lower edge and overseam it neatly to the circumference of the chamois circle. Then turn in one inch at the top for a heading and run a narrow casing for ribbon or cord of a shade to mach the figure on the barkground of the silk. In this small bag place a generous supply of good powder and a tiny washable puff. The latter may be bought for three cents at most any drug store, or in the department stores where toilet articles are kept.

### Queen Wilhelmina

Has received the same education prescribed by the Dutch government in the ordinary national schools, and the headmaster of one of these schools at The Hague was appointed as the instructor of the princess. These lessons began when she was 6½ years of age. An important point in her education and preparation for royal power was the arrangement by which she visited each of the provinces in turn, taking one or two each year, so that the whole Dutch population should have an opportunity of seeing their future queen.

As Wilhelmina was an only child, the queen mother resolved that she should see plenty of other children. One or more afternoons of each week were devoted to the entertainment of Dutch children of high degree, when unrestricted romping and fun were the order of the day. A large suite of rooms, sparingly furnished were given up to "Blind Man's Buff" and endless other games. The queen mother herself taught the princess needlework. The girl also was trained to cut out pictures and paste them into scrapbooks for the children's hospital. Nearly every day was spent in the open.

The king built for his child near Het Loo a delightful Swiss chalet, forming the nucleus of a small estate, over which the princess was allowed to exercise a certain amount of control. Princess and governess alike gave themselves up to potato planting, digging, seed sowing, thinning carrot beds, picking lettuce, and kindred employments. An island in the centre of the lake was the scene of much romantic excitement, voyages of discovery, Indian skirmishes, gypsy camps, and picnics. Here she liked to light a fire and roast potatoes. Wilhelmina, in short, was trained to be a queen by being given a happy, simple child life and girlhood.



STRANGERS.

Mrs. A.—Isn't that your child over there?
Mrs. B.—I can't tell until I see the nurse more plainly.

### To Massage the Face.

The purpose of facial massage is to increase the surface circulation and so stimulate and refresh muscles and tissues.

Before beginning the process wash the face thoroughly with warm water, so that it is thoroughly clean.

The hands should then be rubbed with alcohol or a good toilet water, to cool the fingers and harden the tips.

Always massage upward. The tendency of the face is to droop.

Dip the finger tips in some good cold cream, and rub the face gently but carefully, so that the cream is rubbed into every part.

Wrinkles should be rubbed in the opposite direction.

If the lines of the forehead are deeply marked, beat them lightly with the finger tips.

Shut the eyes and rub the lids softly from side to side, with a gentle upward sweep.

Rub the cheeks upward from the corners of the mouth, using the backs of the hands occasionally to rest the fingers.

In rubbing beneath the chin the strokes should be stronger and more firm where there is a tendency to flesh than where there is not.

It will be found most convenient to sit before a mirror, so that the movements may be made more effective.

## ON A PAY-AS-YOU-ENTER CAR.

### The Lady Inside Who Wanted a Transfer and the Obliging Conductor.

You must get your transfer nowadays when you pay your fare, that's one thing; but there are still courteous, obliging and able conductors, and that's another.

Aboard a Madison avenue pay as you enter came a woman with bundles—about a million bundles—but managing somehow to hold between her finger tips a nickel, which she handed to the conductor; after which she passed on into the car and sat down.

Once seated—perhaps she hadn't wanted to bother about it when with all those bundles to hold she first stepped on the car—it occurred to the lady that she wanted a transfer; and now she called aloud, the rear door of the car being open, to the conductor standing out there in his place on the rear platform, which he couldn't leave:

"Conductor, I want a transfer."

Now that, to the other passengers in the car who had seen the lady seat herself and had heard her call, seemed to present right away a problem; for how could the conductor leave his place to bring her a transfer and how could she get one if he didn't? Just then a man stepped upon the rear platform and handed the conductor a nickel and the next moment the conductor handed to this man a transfer and said to him:

"Will you kindly hand this to the lady?"

"What?" said this gentleman, not understanding.

"To the lady with the bundles about half way down the left hand side as you go in," said the conductor.

"Why, certainy," said the gentleman.

Which shows that where there's a will there's a way, and also that all's well that ends well.—N. Y. Sun.

## COMMON-SENSE SUGGESTIONS RELATING TO HEALTH.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Without doubt the proportion of strong, well people is greater in the world to-day than ever before. Formerly if a man or woman was decrepit at 50 years of age it was looked upon as natural. To-day that is regarded as the prime of life. Many of the mothers and fathers of two generations ago had sallow complexions, sunken-in-cheeks and bowed backs. Look at the fresh-faced mothers and the alert, energetic fathers of to-day.

It is impossible, of course, to prescribe hard-and-fast rules for all natures. The home-maker may well be suspicious of cut and dried formulas warranted to keep all people well and happy at all times and under all conditions. In most cases one may by the regular exercise of common sense preserve health. The intelligent woman will see that there are some things which must not be done. The home must be clean, because an accumulation of dirt is always perilous; but better tolerate a little finger-mark or stain here or there than tax physical energy past the limit of daily endurance. Remember the good old Dutch lady who scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed until she finally fell through the floor into the cellar. Rooms must be aired, and when the housewife is not feeling well some things may be left undone until to-morrow.

* * * *

If a small cook book could be written in simple, untechnical language, describing the chemical action which occurs in cooking processes and giving the reasons "why," how valuable it would be! Take, for instance, the matter of fried foods and why they are considered indigestible. We quote from good authority that the fat in which the frying is done, no matter of how good quality that fat may be, forms a thin coating over each article of food so fried. Science tells us that neither the digestive fluids of the mouth nor those of the stomach can act upon fat, and so the fat-encrusted food cannot be digested until it reaches the intestine. Fried food is clad in an armor of grease, which renders it quite impervious to the action of any digestive fluid which is likely to get at it for several hours after eating. Fats are digested mainly by a certain agent formed in the pancreas and known as steopsin. Steopsin meets the food in the intestine and by the time this substance mingles with the fat-enveloped food this food has fermented—and that's indigestion.

* * * *

Few cooks understand why vegetables should be cooked in boiling salted water? why meat should be seared before roasting; why cereals require long cooking; why yeast, soda, cream of tartar and baking powders are used to raise bread and cake batters. They do not know that if they combine certain ingredients certain results follow, for they rarely comprehend that too much or too little material in a teaspoon or measuring cup will ruin the combination.

In one case months of patience was required to teach a cook that bread made up over-night could be raised with less yeast than bread stirred up in the morning and baked quickly. Another cook insisted that both soda and baking powder were necessary in cake making.

* * * *

The right way to cook concerns the health of the nation, and it is of the utmost importance that meats be not overdone, underdone or burned, that fish be not a watery horror or a fried nightmare, that cereals be not lumpy or pasty, and that the toast be not scorched. Tea is more often boiled than steeped and coffee is too frequently muddy in appearance or rank in flavor.

—which go to keep up the human body and keep it well nourished, should be

It is, of course, a truism to say that the regular articles of daily diet—bread, meat, vegetables, cereals, coffee and tea properly prepared; but sometimes it is necessary to say over and over the things that everybody is supposed to know. It may be more interesting to concoct a complex salad or a delicate and elaborate pudding than to roast meat, make bread or boil potatoes, but it should be borne in mind that the plain, substantial food is the most essential. After so much human effort has been expended in the raising and growing of food products it seems a pity to have costly and nutritious material spoiled in the process of cooking. The waste and loss are altogether too great in many kitchens.

* * * *

Few people would sleep in a poorly-ventilated room, but many neglect the ventilation of the kitchen, living rooms and nurseries. Daylight has no magic power to void off the evils of poor ventilation. Rooms lived in must be replenished with good air if they are to be safe to the occupants.

## THE ADMIRAL AND THE BEY.

### Diplomatic Story in Which a Lion and a Pair of Pistols Figure.

A show of force is often the best kind of diplomacy. A writer in a Paris newspaper tells a story of the French Admiral Dupetit-Thouars, who had been entrusted with the mission of exacting reparation from an African bey who had insulted a French Consul. As Dupetit-Thouars' demands were supported by the forceful argument of loaded cannon the bey acknowledged that he had been too hasty and proffered profuse apologies. He even invited the Admiral to his table and had a sumptuous repast prepared for his guest. The Consul warned the Admiral to be on his guard.

"The bey is inclined to be malicious," said he, "and when he strokes his beard and smiles you may be sure that he is concocting some mischief."

"We shall see," was Dupetit-Thouars' reply.

He reached the bey's palace in good time. Profuse compliments and salutations were exchanged. All at once the Admiral's foot met some soft, hairy substance lying on the carpet under the table. He bent down adn saw a huge lion showing his formidable teeth. The bey smiled and stroked his beard.

Dupetit-Thouars did not wince, but called his dragoman.

"My pistols," was all he said.

The servant saluted, retired and brought back a pair of pistols on a silver tray. The Admiral took them and placed them on the table before him, but the bey, still smiling, continued to stroke his patriarchal beard.

"Tell the commander," he said to the dragoman, "that if those pistols are for the purpose of blowing out my lion's brains they are quite insufficient and perfectly useless."

Then, like a skilled fencer countering his opponent's thrust after the bey's ironical advice had been translated, Dupetit-Thouars replied

"Tell his Highness that my pistols are not there to kill his lion but to blow his own brains out at the first movement of this objectionable carpet."

Gravely but a little pale the man interpreted. The smile died away on the bey's lips and he no longer stroked his beard.

"My lion," said he, "is too well trained even to scratch one of my guests, but since he is not wanted he shall be sent away."

At a word from the bey the lion slowly and heavily left the room, like an obedient dog.—From Tit-Bits.

### Story of a Bell.

Few persons suspect that in the cathedral church of Notre Dame is a bell contemporaneous and Joan of Arc—"the blessed bell" which sounded the tocsin when the maid of Lorraine appeared in August, 1429, and Paris was besieged by the English. This historic bell, referred to by Victor Hugo in his "Notre Dame de Paris," was given to the cathedral in 1400 by Jean de Montaign. It was refounded in 1686, and then rebaptized under the name of Emmanuel Louise Therese, in honor of Louis XIV. and Marie Therese of Austria.

So if this bell is not the same bell which the heroine of Domremy heard, nevertheless the same metal vibrates to-day at the great religious ceremonies of the metropolitan church. In view of later events it seems rather more than a coincidence that when all the other bells of Notre Dame were destroyed by the Revolutionists Joan's bell should have been spared.—From the London Globe.

### Like a Jury's Verdict.

Constituent—You think the tariff bill, as finally passed, will be a satisfactory compromise, do you? How will it be satisfactory?

Eminent Senator—Well, you see, it won't exactly please anybody.

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.—Shakespeare.

## ABOUT CATS.

### LOUIS WAIN THINKS THEY'RE NOT UP TO THE ENGLISH.

**He's a Fancier as Well as an Artist and He Thinks Our Felines Are Mostly of the "Stray" Variety—But If We Persevere There's Hope for Us.**

Louis Wain, President of the National Cat Club, of London, is in New York studying and painting New York cats. He is not only a painter of cats of royalty and less favored persons, but he has amused the English reading public for years with his cartoons of cats.

According to his notion, the cat has greater possibilities than the dog. He bases his belief on individual cats that he has known, but he asserts that on this side of the Atlantic it will require the devotion of women of wealth and social position who will give their time and means to it as the English women have done to bring the cat to its exalted position in America.

"New York cats live in basements," he says. "In the homes they are kept below stairs, in the factories, business houses, banks and warehouses they are kept in cellars and only come out of their retreats after dark, when they make night hideous by their yowls. There is no repose for cats in New York, you see, on account of so much noise, rush and movement. The weak brain of the cat is not capable of taking it all in, and it becomes confused and unmanageable.

"This makes an underground animal which has consequently, because of its unnatural environment, grown very uncertain in temper, not to say savage, and as a result the specimens seen about this city are more or less what we call in England 'strays.'

"It is forgotten that the cat's brain is practically numb and all its faults, its distress and its want of attachment to a single human being comes from the fact that it is not capable of sustaining a mental impression for any length of time. The work we have done in England has already awakened new mental energies, and we are on the way to establish a better and more certain breed.

"I find, however, a great love for animals among New York people. It only awaits organized movement. All over the country there are cat clubs that are importing our best English stock and from it are making breeds that are typically American, large in size, fine in coat, very correct in type and color.

"In England, in addition to the National Cat Club there are a number of allied societies. We as a club established the first known stud book of cats in existence and we hold authority over cat shows which are held under our dules. Among the homes connected with the club there are several cat killing establishments that collect the strays from the street and put them in the lethal chamber, killing them by chloroform.

"For the past fourteen years I have painted cats exclusively. When I first took to drawing and painting them they were treated as despised animals, looked on as vermin by sportsmen. No M. P. could associate with a cat club for fear of the ridicule of his opponents. The man who would take an interest in the cat movement was looked upon as effeminate. In fifteen years this has greatly changed.

Peter, a pet cat, who lived to be 16 years old, was my inspiration at the start. He was a wonderful black and white and was famous all over England for his cleverness. He didn't like to pose much; in fact, as soon as he saw me get out my sketch book he got sulky and refused to let me draw him. I have known only one cat vain enough to sit for a picture. That was a brown tabby I owned, who positively enjoyed it. She would hold a pose for an hour.

"Peter was very peculiar, not like the ordinary cat with one set expression. He had a face with a sardonic grin and the Illustrated London News, with a lot of drawings showing Peter standing on

"The editor said, 'but cats don't grin, they don't stand on their heads. It's not art.' However, the proprietor saw the drawings and at once commissioned me to do a double page for the Christmas number. This was an instant success and I have devoted myself wholly to drawing and painting cats.

"Among the cats I have painted are those of the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, of the long haired chinchilla type. She has a most remarkable cattery at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, Great Park, where the cats are domiciled in little houses built precisely like those that we live in, with windows, doors and all the conveniences of a well-equipped home. There are dining-rooms, drawing rooms, with couches for the cats to lie on, bells which the cats ring for food, and a big spacious orchard for them to roam through.

"Lady Decies, whose cats I have painted, has a large cattery at Sefton Park, near Windsor. She also breeds pet mice and canaries, a curious combination.

"Other women whose valuable cats I have painted are the Hon. Mrs. Morrison, who for years has imported her cats from India; the Duchess of Bedford, Princess of Teck, Lady Rachael Bynge and others. The Duchess of Bedford conducts quite a menagerie of cats, dogs and birds at Woburn Abbey.

"To most persons all cats look alike. To be sure there are certain characteristics that are the same in all, but there is an endless variety of expressions. If you have noticed, a cat has a round face. It is a series of circles, the cheeks are round, its chops are round, its anatomy is round, there are rings around its neck, and its ears are largely round. Working from this point you can secure hundreds of different varieties.

In painting a cat I just let it roam about, making sketches meanwhile of its different attitudes and expressions. It may be that one painting will require a large number of sketches, or it may need only a few, according as the cat's face is expressive and difficult to do. Once the drawing is satisfactory the rest is easy. The medium used is either oils or water colors and the pictures are life size.

"Every one keeps cats in England, and the titled English woman goes in for raising them to a much greater extent than the American woman. On the whole, I believe the cat is honored more there than here."—New York Sun.

## TRAINING PIGS AND GEESE.

### The Former Clever, but Cold Hearted —The Latter Affectionate.

Do you remember the trained pigs which cavorted madly across the arena when the circus was at the Garden? Well, some one with a hankering after the secrets of pig training tried to worm those secrets out of Mr. Kerslake, who educated the prancing porkers, and this is what he said:

"Just keep at it. Patience, patience—and then some more patience. That's the only secret I know.

"Pigs learn readily enough, but their consarned perversity is what upsets the whole thing. Trained pigs are rare, and they are always in demand, but they certainly cause a lot of trouble. A few years ago the first trained pig to appear on the stage earned for his trainer a salary of $450 a week.

"No, they never care much for me—I don't think a pig is capable of real affection. He is smart, though. Take a puppy six weeks old and a pig of the same age, and the pig will learn a trick in half the time required by the puppy; but a pig is contrary.

"He finds out what you want him to do and he goes ahead and does just he opposite, and seems to get a lot of enjoyment out of it. They cannot be forced into doing a thing, and to whip a pig would ruin him for training. Just patiently going over and over a thing is the only way. Pigs will stand only about ten minutes' training at one time."

Just as Mr. Kerslake was about to analyze the relative merits of the razor-back and common pigs the clown, with the trained goose that causes so much laughter in the arena, came along and was forthwith invited to contribute to the symposium, which was later set forth in Leslie's Weekly. "A goose is absolutely the most intelligent of the feathered tribe and the most affectionate," he declared enthusiastically. "This is the most affectionate goose you ever saw. He follows me everywhere, and is actually lonely when I leave him.

"Chickens and ducks and turkeys never show affection. I used to have a trained duck march around the ring and that seemed to go all right with the people. Then I had a hen, but I like a goose best—there's more comedy in 'em.

"It takes about a week to teach a hen to march around after me. A duck will learn to go around in about three days, and a goose will get used to the noise and lights and people in less than two days, and he never forgets what he has learned."

## SCARED THE WORDS AWAY.

### American in Madrid Couldn't Talk to the Watchman at All.

Oftentimes folks get so nervous in a foreign country that they forget every word of the language, especially if they are new to it. That was the case with a young American in Madrid, and it came near getting him into trouble.

He was out late at a theatre the very first night after his arrival in the city. When he got back to the small native hotel where he was stopping, with the idea of improving his Spanish he found the door locked. It wasn't until after a vain search for a doorbell that he remembered what some one had told him about the serenos, the night watchmen. He clapped his hands and the watchman came around the corner on a trot.

He took a key from his pocket and opened the door and then turned to the young man and asked in Spanish: "What is the number of your room?" The young man had heard that if he gave a number for which the sereno could find no key he was in danger of being arrested, and that thought drove every bit of Spanish out of his head.

He stood there dumb while the sereno looked at him angrily. The young man was trying his best to remember how to say the number in Spanish, when luckily one of the employees strayed down through the hall. It was the porter who had taken up the American's trunk earlier in the day.

He knew the American and told the sereno it was all right. The young man didn't have any trouble thereafter, but he still is wondering what would have happened if the servant hadn't happened to come along just at that time.

### Domestic Problem in Brussels.

A Brussels merchant advertised for a servant. One applicant pleased him. The terms and the outings ware arranged, when the girl asked: "Who washes the dishes?" Taken aback, the merchant asked her to repeat the question. The girl did so without turning a hair. "Madame washes the dishes, and I dry them," replied the merchant. "Can you play the piano?" he asked. "No," was the reply. "Then I am afraid you will not do," said the merchant. The girl retired with a dignified air. With a politeness which is described as exquisite, she turned, according to the Throne and Country, to the merchant and said: "To-morrow I will take lessons in the Conservatoire, and as soon as I begin to make progress I will call again!" This story is certified as authentic.

### Vienna's Trackless Trolley.

A report from Consul General A. M. Thackara, of Berlin, describes a trackless trolley line in the suburbs of Vienna which is a little over a mile in length. The cars pass through narrow streets with many sharp turns and steep grades. In several places the grade is 1 to 10. A double line is provided so that cars can pass each other without interruption. The line cost $44,153 and the running expenses are under $10,000 per annum.

### Even Exchange.

Angry Patron—That's the third time you've given me the wrong number. You must have what they call the telephone ear.

Girl in Central Office—I beg your pardon, sir, but that isn't the trouble. You have what we call the cornmeal mush voice.

PROFESSIONAL

JAS. H. SCHOFIELD
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance
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In attendance at Creston Office On Saturdays.

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Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchant
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## With a Local Flavor

Mrs. Tom Quaife has returned from a visit to the east.

Mr. J. A. Mara, of the government grading department, was a passenger on Monday's train.

August Mueller, of the Moyie Brewery, came to town Wednesday on a business trip. He left for Phoenix the following day.

C. J. Stephens is making special arrangements to supply tourists with pack horses, etc., for the coming fall. He will personally conduct parties to the famous fishing and hunting grounds of the White Grouse country. He will shortly build a chalet about twelve miles up Goat river at Cameron Creek.

M. Beam, a rancher at Erickson, severely injured one of his eyes whilst knotting some cedar last Monday, one of the knots striking him in the eye and piercing the eyeball.

Mrs. E. Mallandaine left for Nanaimo on yesterday's train, after receipt of a telegram apprising her of the serious illness of her mother.

Tom McCreath returned Sunday from Bonner's Ferry with his horse "Nigger" that was stolen from the McCreath Bros. livery stables last week by a man named Macdonald. The horse was located by Prov. Constable Wilson in a livery barn at Bonner's Ferry, having been sold by the thief for $40, with outfit complete. At the time of writing the police were hot on the trail of the culprit. We understand that the marshal at Bonner's Ferry will likely have to answer a charge of neglect of duty in connection with this case. It appears that he took no action upon the receipt of Constable Wilson's telegram, and through his negligence the thief got a good start of his pursuers.

Wm. Taylor, brother of Mrs. E. C. Wilson, spent four days in town this week. He was in town several months last winter and was a member of the quadrille club. He left on Tuesday for Seattle and from there will go to St. Jose. He will return to Creston in the fall to enjoy grouse shooting and fishing.

Donald Leslie has resigned his job as assistant agent at the C. P. R. depot.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Birt and son arrived on Sunday. Mrs. Birt arrived in Canada a few days ago from Northampton, Eng., and "Tommy" went as far as Winnipeg to meet her. Mr. Birt is the local manager for P. Burns & Co., and all will join with us in wishing a hearty welcome to his wife from the old country

Fred. C. Corry paid a visit to town last Saturday. He is now located at Grand Forks, B.C. He looks as though the world is agreeing with him.

D. R. Davidson, Calgary, was in town this week purchasing horses from the local men and the Indians. He obtained a carload, which will be taken by road to Cranbrook, where another carload has also been obtained. The whole will be shipped to the Northwest in readiness for the demands of the harvesting season.

Mrs. Roy Attridge and child left on Tuesday's train to join Mr. Attridge, who has taken up a position with a Calgary lumber company. Mr. Attridge left earlier in the week.


YES!
Mr. Rancher
We are here to do it. We are able to foot every bill our name goes to when it is connected with Excavation in all its branches, Land Clearing in lots or acreage, by day or by contract. Stumping or ditch excavation are a speciality in our branch. Give us a show in and we are sure to please you. At any rate, let your wants be made known to us and we will do our utmost to oblige. We also handle anything in basements or cellars.
Estimates given on all kinds of excavation. Work from two feet to ten and upwards.
CRESTON LAND CLEARING AND EXCAVATION CO.
CRESTON, B.C.
P.O. Box 71 Or Review Office


LIQUOR LICENSE ACT

Take Notice that I, Arthur North of Sirdar, intends to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, at the expiration of one month from date hereof, for a hotel license for the premises known as the Sirdar Hotel, at Sirdar, B.C. ARTHUR NORTH.
Dated June 24, 1909


Starkey & Co.
Wholesale
Provisions, Produce, Fruit
General Commission Merchants
NELSON - B.C.

SAM HATFIELD
THE CRESTON BARBER
POOL ROOM
BILLIARDS
. and .
BARBER SHOP
Fine Cigars and Cigarettes.
Hot and Cold Baths

The Only
Shoe Repairing Shop in Creston
Best Workmanship
Boots and Shoes made to Order A Speciality
A. MIRABELLI
THE SHOEMAKER
CRESTON - - - B.C.


LAND ACT.—NELSON LAND DISTRICT.

DISTRICT OF KOOTENAY

Take notice that Walter B. Muir, of Sirdar, miner, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted in the centre of section 4, thence north to right of way of B.C. Southern Ity., thence south-easterly along said right of way to the north line of Sublot 148, and thence west to point of commencement. WALTER B. MUIR.
May 20, 1909 Je 10—60

LAND ACT.
Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take Notice that William Burton, of Cranbrook B.C. railway conductor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at a post planted at the northwest corner of J. C. Stephen's application to purchase, being Lot No. 8980, G. I., thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement, and containing 80 acres more or less.
Dated this 12th day of July, 1909
WILLIAM BURTON.


Say, Johnnie, can you tell me where I can hire a Good Saddle Pony?
Sure! Try the
CRESTON LIVERY
It's the BEST IN TOWN.
There's a Good Dray and Transfer in connection. Also Green and Dry Wood.
Cameron Bros.
PROPRIETORS.

LUMBER
Sawmill at Creston
Rough and Dressed Lumber
Laths
Shingles
Brick
Lime
Doors
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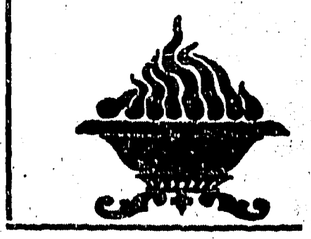


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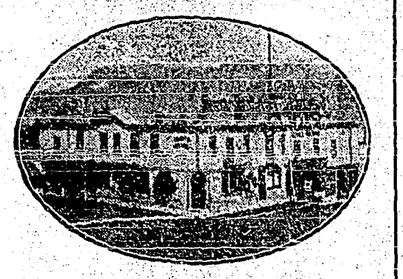


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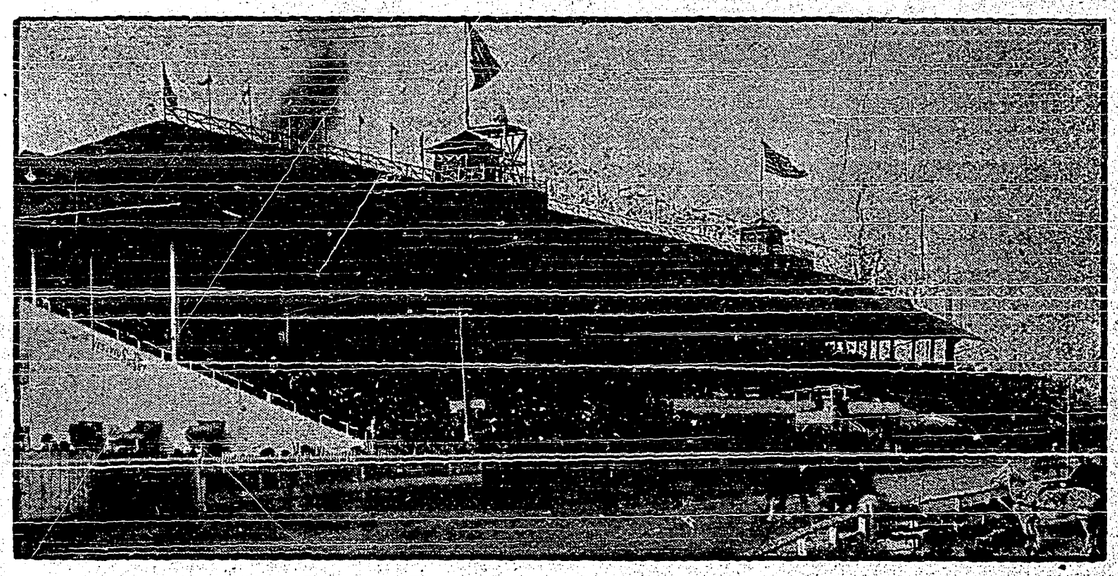

A HARNESS FACE AT THE 1908 SPOKANE INTERSTATE FAIR

### Big Purses at Spokane Fair

Harness races are popular in this country, and the Spokane Interstate Fair this year will produce a novelty never before seen in the Nortwest, in the shape of two harness handicap races for $1,500 purses. Spokane has a good fast track, to which Pacific coast horsemen have always been glad to bring their strings. This year the fair management is confident of a good showing of horsemen from the peculiarly fortunate arrangement of fair and race dates through the Northwest, which will enable horsemen to take in a number of cities in one trip.

The California circuit dates will also help. July 10, the California circuit opens at San Diego, ending at Sacramento on September 5. There is sufficient interval between the latter and the opening of the Oregon State Fair at Salem to allow horsemen to get their strings to Salem and rest for the $5,000 stakes there to be run for. The track at Portland, the fastest on the Pacific coast, can be raced for rich purses before taking the strings to Seattle for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition races, September 20 to 25. Walla Walla and Boise may be visited to close the season.

Portland holds her fair and livestock exposition in the same week as does Spokane, but the Seattle races are from September 27 to October 2, the Walla Walla races from October 4 to 9, and the Boise races from October 11 to 16. With the Everet, Wash., races from September 13 to 18, as fair a program for the season is offered as conscience of horsemen could expect.

The Spokane Interstate Fair offers $6,000 in harness stakes, with additional purses to be offered later. Purses already announced are: September 20, a handicap pace, $1,500; September 21, a 2:20 trot, miners' purse, $500; September 23, a 2:15 pace, Interstate purse, $500; September 23, a 2:15 pace, merchants' purse, $500; September 24, a 2:20 pace, hotel purse, $500; September 25, a handicap trot, $1,500. In addition there will be a $1,000 stake for 2:15 trotters, the race to be set on a day to suit the convenience of entries. In all some $13,000 is offered in stakes. Entries for late events at the Interstate Fair will be kept open until September 1. Entries for handicaps closed June 15.


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