All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

No. 42. Vol. I. CRESTON, B.C., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1909 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

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Church of England

Services in the Mercantile Hall, June 6th, (Trinity Sunday):

Matins, Holy Communion, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p m. Alice Siding Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.

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

Evensong will be held at the schoolhouse, Sirdar, every Wednesday at 8 p.m.

PHILIP C HAYMAN, Vicar.

Presbyterian Church Notice.

Divine Worship at Erickson at 11 a.m. Sabbath School at Creston at 2.30 p.m. Divine Worship, Creston, at 7.30 p.m. Subject: "SCIENCE VS. FAITH."

N. E. READ.

After the installation of officers of the Council of the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends on Thursday evening, the members celebrated the founding of the Order here by inviting their friends to a social evening. There was a very good attendance, games and dancing being the principal forms of amusement. Dancing to good music, supplied by Mrs. Foster and Roy Attridge, continued until 3 a.m. Friday morning.

The route across the flats to Kootenay Ferry has been changed. Harry Wright, government agent, has decided that Mr. G. Huscroft's claim is valid and that in the near future the road will be laid out on high ground after leaving Huscroft's house. It is considered that the proposed new road has its advantages.

The cemetery board of directors should at once see that a suitable fence surrounds the graveyard. Stray cows and horses wander daily through our God's acre, damaging the graves.

Do you want Furniture? Then write us for prices. We can supply a rancher or a king. C.C.S., Cranbrook.

Authoritative Estimate of Worth of Orchards

The following is the text of a letter of general information about fruit growing in Kootenay prepared by Mr. Alex. Lucas, provincial assessor, for a British paper, whose readers have frequently asked for definite and authoritative information:

East and West Kootenay and that portion of Yale in my assessment district comprises about 30,000 square miles, equal to 19,000,000 acres. At least 90 per cent. of this vast area is mountains, some of which reach a height of 12,000 feet above sea level; the remaining 10 per cent. is composed of valleys between the mountain ranges in which are numerous lakes, rivers and streams covering an area of nearly 1,000,000 acres, the largest and most important being Kootenay lake, Arrow lakes, Slocan lake and Windermere lake, and the Columbia, Kootenay, the Duncan and the Kettle rivers. Along the shores of the lake streams and rivers lies the land that is most desirable for fruit growing and farming. The altitude of the valleys known to be most desirable for fruit farming range from 1400 to 2200 feet above sea level. In many of the valleys above referred to the climate is mild, the temperature seldom dropping below zero, the water in the main Kootenay lake never freezes. In summer the days are long, bright and warm, the air clear and bracing, the nights cool, the rainfall is light, making irrigation necessary in some parts and desirable in all. The quantity of the land in these valleys that has been proven to be ideal from a climatic and soil point of view for growing fancy first-class fruit, is comparatively small. There are many valleys, large and small that are now looked upon as only suitable for mixed farming and cattle raising that may in future prove to be good fruit land; at least, many good judges of climate and soil think so.

In the mountains are immense forests of fir, cedar, pine, spruce and other merchantable timber, of the extent and value of which it is impossible to form an estimate. There are also valuable deposits of gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, iron and coal, and the opportunities for developing water power are practically unlimited. At Bonnington Falls and Cascade City there has been developed 100,000 horse power. There are in the district 680 miles of navigable water, and plying on these waters are more than 100 vessels, varying in size from the magnificent passenger boats of the Canadian Pacific railway company and the Great Northern railway company, to the small pleasure launches. There are 771 miles of railroads, 1438 miles of wagon roads, 2546 miles of trails, and the government spends annually about $150,000 in building new wagon roads, trails and bridges and repairing old ones. There are 69 sawmills with an aggregate capacity of 2,000,000 feet daily. There are 3534 crown granted mineral claims and 3828 mineral claims in good standing on the record books not yet crown granted. Of the 145 shipping mines in the province, 141 are situated in this district. During the past five years the market value of the ore shipped by mines in this district was $77,887,872, and in all the rest of the province $13,114,588. There are seven smelters, one zinc plant, one refinery and a large number of concentrators and samplers. The smelters have a daily capacity of 5,000 tons. There are enormous deposits of coal. It is estimated that this district could ship 10,000,000 tons of coal a year for 7000 years and not exhaust the coal areas. The annual output at the present time is about 1,000,000 tons. There are 1128 coke ovens manufacturing coke for the smelters in British Columbia and the United States. There are 3172 farmers and fruit growers; 11 incorporated towns and over 100 villages; there are 68 schools and 143 teachers; 178 post offices and 12 hospitals. There are churches representing every sect of the Christian religion. There are hot springs and mineral springs, summer hotels and Swiss guides. There are mountains rugged and high enough, glaciers large enough, caves dark and deep enough to challenge the courage and ability of the most intrepid Alpine climbers of the world. There is the largest and best big game preserve in the world, rivers and streams team with fish, and all this is within easy reach of railroad stations or steamboat landings.

The assessed value of this district in 1903, exclusive of municipalities and the timber and minerals, was $9,875,024, and in 1909 it was $39,400,044. The assessed value of municipalities in 1909 was $9,351,527, or a total assessed value in the district, exclusive of mineral and timber wealth, of $89,751,571.

The markets at home and in the prairie provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba are protected by a tariff wall on the south and a 2000 mile haul by rail on the east, and the markets of England, Germany and France are assured to us by reason of the superior quality of our apples. The phenomenal success of our exhibits in London, Edinburgh, Glasgow and other places, where they were awarded the highest honors against all comers, although the industry is in its infancy in this country, shows that we must have wonderful climatic and soil advantages to enable us to defeat in open competition all other countries and districts. These facts have been recognized by many who have given the matter serious attention. His excellency, Earl Grey, governor general of Canada, who recently visited British Columbia, was greatly impressed with the future possibilities of the province. In one of the addresses he delivered, he said:

"When the potentialities of your wonderful soil and climate become fully recognized, the influx of settlers of the most desirable kind, eager to develop your wonderful district, will surpass all your expectations. Fruit growing in your province has acquired the distinction of being a beautiful art, as well as a most profitable industry. After a maximum wait of five years, I understand the settler may look forward with reasonable certainty to a net income of from $100 to $150 per acre after all expenses of cultivation have been paid. Gentlemen, here is a state of things which appears to offer the opportunity of living under such ideal conditions as struggling humanity has only succeeded in reaching in one or two of the most favored spots on the earth. There are thousands of families living in England today, families of refinement, culture and distinction, families such as you would welcome amongst you with both arms, who would be only too glad to come out and occupy a log hut on five acres of a pear or apple orchard in full bearing if they could do so at a reasonable cost."

Mr. Byron E. Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in his address to the shareholders at the last annual meeting, whilst speaking of the outlook in British Columbia, said:

"The most notable feature in the development of the province, is the widespread demand for fruit and farm lands, both in the districts where there is ample rainfall, and in the districts needing irrigation. It may safely be said that fruit of the most perfect character can be grown in large quantities in surroundings as favorable to the fruit as they are attractive to the grower as a place of residence. It is equally certain that for many years to come the industry might increase rapidly and yet not fear for the necessary market. Indeed, the trouble as to the market is likely to be greatest until a large and unfailing supply is available for such centres of consumption, as are attracted by the high quality of the fruit."

Good fruit land in localities proved to be first class from a climatic and soil point of view, under cultivation, clear of stumps and stones, carrying a perpetual water right, favorably situated is worth and will sell for at the present time, from $150 to $250 an acre, according to the locality and lay of the land. Raw or unimproved land is worth the difference between the price named and what it will cost to clear and bring it into the state of cultivation I have above described. When the land is all ready to receive the trees, it will cost about $35.00 to plant an acre in first-class one-year old apple trees, including cost of trees, and about $15 an acre annually for the first five years for cultivation pruning and spraying. At the expiration of five years the orchard should yield enough to pay all expenses of care and cultivation, and begin to pay a profit; in the meantime you will have whatever you can make out of what you grow between the rows of apple trees. A well located, well selected, well cared for five year old apple orchard is worth $600 an acre, and a ten year old apple orchard similarly selected and cared for is worth $1200 an acre. The net annual average return which may reasonably be expected from such an orchard by a practical man would be $200 an acre or better. I know of orchards that yield as high as $700 and $800 clear of all expenses, and the yield from strawberries as high as $800, and in one case in this district, $1000 an acre, but the men and orchards were exceptionally good. I also know orchards that do not yield enough to pay expenses, but in every case it was the result of either poor location, unwise selection, bad management or inexperience, or a combination of some or all of these causes.

I have made a careful investigation by correspondence and by personal observation in regard to the value of fruit lands, and the classes of fruit produced in the Okanagan valley of British Columbia, and Wenatchee and North Yakima, Washington, Hood River, Oregon and Lewiston, Idaho, all of which were well established, first class fruit producing districts, and I am convinced that we have in Kootenay and Boundary, valleys that will produce fruit equal in quality and quantity to the best that can be produced in any of the districts named, and that the keeping qualities of our apples are unequalled by any of them, and yet fruit lands are selling in these districts at from 75 to 100 per cent. more than the same class of land is selling for in the Kootenay or the Boundary, simply because the good qualities of our soil and climate and the advantages of our markets are not generally known as they should be to command recognition.

On account of the broken nature of the country I would advise purchasers to personally inspect the property before buying. I know of a number of good locations, of both improved and unimproved that can be bought at reasonable prices, and I should be pleased to give to intending settlers any information in my possession to assist them in securing a location if they would call on me personally, or write me at the government office, Kaslo, B. C.

ALEXANDER LUCAS.
General Assessor, Government Office, Kaslo, B. C.

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle

PRESIDENT W. TAFT PERFORMS OPENING CEREMONY

Seattle, Wash., June 2nd.—Promptly at twelve o'clock noon, on the first day of June, President William H. Taft pressed an electric key in the Capitol at Washington, and the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition was formerly opened to guests from every part of the world.

The opening exercises were conducted in the presence of a quarter of a million people. These impressive ceremonies were held in the immense natural amphitheatre on the shores of Lake Washington. The enormous crowd stood silent and awed as the solemn words of invocation were uttered by the Right Rev. Edward J. O'Dea, bishop of Seattle. Not a flag or strip of bunting fluttered from the thousand flag staffs and domes; the entire exposition city awaited with suppressed eagerness the touch of the President's hand.

With the first stroke of the bell, announcing the arrival of noon, the deep sounding whistle from the University Power House, taken from the Russian gunboat that announced the transfer of Alaska to the United States, years ago, gave response to the flash from Washington, and every wheel of the exposition machinery was set in motion. It was the signal for general pandemonium; from every whistle, bell and siren of the great manufacturies and steamers the sound was taken up and the great throng gave vent to its withheld enthusiasm. From the top of a giant flagstaff, two hundred and fifty feet in height, the largest American flag ever made broke loose and the exposition city was buried in a cloud of flags, banners and gaily colored bunting.

Over the blue waters of Elliot Bay came the thundering salute of twenty-one guns from ships of the American navy, and re-echoing this rang back the answering reply from the grim muzzles of the guns of the Mikado.

The program marking the most important happening of general interest ever held in the Northwest, was particularly elaborate and interesting. Its commencement was announced by the firing of the National salute from the guns of a mountain battery stationed on the grounds, and this was the signal for the movement of the military march to the general review. This was made up of one thousand regular troops, two batteries of mountain and coast artillery, two companies of cavalry, battalions of marines and bluejackets from the navy and two companies of marines and sailors from the Japanese cruisers Aso and Soya. These were drawn up in parade rest just back of the amphitheatre.

The Benediction was pronounced by Right Rev. Frederick W. Keator, Bishop of Olympia and closed the ceremonies of opening.

A magnificent display of daylight fireworks followed the throwing open of

Continued on page 5

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DEMOCRATS AND CARRIAGES

A Car Load will arrive in a few days from the Baynes Co.

Hold your Orders until you inspect these

The Creston Mercantile Co.

Science of Bargains for All

The Theory as it Has Been Worked Out by the Student of Human Nature

(From the Province Journal.)

"The world is full of people who cannot resist purchasing a thing that is cheap, or rather low-priced, although they do not need it." The world may indeed be full of such people, but in these piping times of pinching prosperity it might be thought that they are but infrequently subjected to temptation. As Tweedledee sang to Alice:

You could not see a cloud because
No cloud was in the sky;
No birds were flying overhead—
There were no birds to fly.

At the same time, the bargain sale flourishes now as ever. Desirable goods are apparently sacrificed at ridiculously low prices, though the factories are running overtime to keep up with the demand that expresses an eagerness to pay any price if only the goods can be got. In its superficial aspect, the situation is as if the world were a vast auction to pay off insistent creditors clamoring for their dues.

The bargain sale is, of course, relative. Things are cheap only according to the prevailing scale; low-priced only by contrast to high prices. The bargain sale is the life of trade, and justly so. It contributes to keep money in circulation; and if it be indeed true that people buy things at bargain prices that they do not need — which unqualified statement might be difficult to prove as a general principle—it may also be said that no more do they need the money. The latter is useful only in propostion to the satisfaction that accrues from its use.

There is a satisfaction about a bargain, genuine or even only reputed, that far transcends the consideration of the intrinsic value of the goods. It is indeed not necessarily to be figured in dollars and cents. A bargain is its only value received and a sufficient quid pro quo.

It indicates but a poor appreciation of human psychology to deprecate such investment in things that are cheap because they seem to be cheap, and without regard to whether the things are really required, or are at all worth having at any price. Only the swine rejects the pearls that are cast before them, and no bargains in pearls take heed of the various stuffs that are offered far below their seeming value and seize upon the same greedily.

The bargain hunter may not always need the goods, any more than the swine would need the pearls. But the human mind is capable of exultation by the prospect of a good thing. Neither is this spontaneous impulse to be attributed to so mean a concomitant in the human make-up as is symbolized by the Shylockian pound of flesh.

The bargain buyer wishes no harm to the bargain seller, nor would he have him put out of business by a too reckless sacrifice of his cost marks. On the contrary, the offerings are accepted in the spirit in which they are made. If the merchant seeks by cutting his prices to reduce his stock of goods in anticipation of the new season, the public is eager to assist him. It realizes with the alert sympathy of a friend and brother, how commendable is his purpose.

If the goods are slightly soiled, the purchasing public will, in the same cordial way, if the price is made right, co-operate for the clearing of the counters. If the sale represents the stock of an unfortunate manufacturer who, needing ready money for the sustenance of his family, or to supply his automobile with gasoline, sacrifices it, the public instinctively feels that the merchant who has furnished the cash at such a crisis should not himself be left long to suffer the burden, and flies to the relief.

So the rush at the bargain sale is always on. It may be hosiery to-day and pianos to-morrow. The motive for establishing the bargain may be what. Relationships formed at the bargain and the explanation thereof are really but superficial evidences of a deeper, more appealing, sentiment.

Through it all runs the spirit of human good fellowship between the bargain makers and the bargain hunter. Relationships formed at the bargain counter, and frequently renewed and refreshed, are enduring. And there is nothing in the brotherhood of man like it, or, on the whole, quite so delectable.

WELSH MOST MUSICAL PEOPLE.

Good Singers Heard There Even Among the Laborers.

The Welsh for more than ten centuries have been noted for their love of music, and no people in the world can now boast of as large a proportion of good singers among all classes, including the laborers.

Concerning the trade in musical instruments, Consul D. W. Williams, of Cardiff, writes:

"They have an institution named the Eisteddfod, devoted to competitions in music as well as literature and the arts, and annual sessions are held in each neighborhood and a national session of five days at some important town in the principality, alternating between North and South Wales. Until this century the poverty of the masses prevented them from buying the more expensive musical instruments, but the great expansion of the mining industry is building up rapidly a well-to-do upper class of miners, shoppers, artisans and professional men. Representative men in the last-named class have sprung into great prominence from the greatest obscurity. This industrial prosperity is opening the way for a growing trade in musical instruments, and already there is a good market for the cheaper grades of pianos and organs even among the miners.

"The prevailing method of selling is the 'hire-purchase' system. The buyer can secure a piano and pay for it in twelve, twenty-four or thirty-six monthly payments or on special terms even more accommodating. Under this system an $80 piano costs the buyer $105 and proportionally on up. Several of the dealers in Cardiff, which is the largest city and best business centre in Wales, imported American pianos in the past, but they have now practically ceased to import them and the agencies for high grades have been surrendered. A Chicago piano retailing at $300 finds a sale occasionally, but only the upper middle class and the gentry go beyond that price, and such orders are usually filled in London.

TURKEY IN CHURCH.

Stories of Amusing Experiences Told by Clergymen.

Although the average person would scarcely look for humor in church services, ludicrous incidents arise now and again which make it an extremely difficult matter for the officiating clergymen to preserve the solemnity of the occasion and maintain a dignified countenance. How many men, for instance, could have successfully resisted the impulse to laugh outright if placed in the circumstances recited by a clerical correspondent of the Church Family Newspaper?

This correspondent tells how he had just commenced taking service one Sunday in a village in southern Manitoba, when on looking down the aisle he saw to his consternation that a turkey had strayed into the church. The novelty of the situation filled me with an almost uncontrollable desire to laugh,' the minister continues; "so partly on this account I resolved to ask the church warden to eject the intruder. But before I could do so a dog appeared and seated himself just inside the door. Visions of a turkey-dog squabble forced me to abandon ideas of offensive operations.

"Meanwhile, it must be admitted ,the turkey was behaving itself most devoutly, except that when the congregation stood up it exhibited symptoms of perturbation by protruding its feathers and stretching upward its neck to the furthest limit. Imagine the difficulty of preaching before that bird and maintaining one's equilibrium, especially when we sang, 'Happy Birds That sing and fly.' Fortunately the turkey did not take the hint, but remained quietly seated on the floor to the end of the service, when it walked out with the people."

According to the same paper, the Rev. W. Carrington, formerly vicar of Christ Church, West Bromwich, and now in New Zealand, was preaching in a strange church one Sunday evening. While he was having supper at the vicarage afterward a ring came at the bell. The maid entered and said: "Please, sir, there is a man at the door who says he wants to speak to the preacher." The clergyman, thinking he was going to interview someone who had been touched by something he had said in his sermon, got up with alacrity and went into the hall. Here he saw a tall, powerful looking man. "Well, my man, what can I do for you?" "Well, sor, I was thinking while I was a-listening to yer preaching as how you might have a pair of trousers as would fit me." Both were over six feet in height.

Wedding ceremonies are often attended by amusing incidents. The following is told of a small village church. The father of the bride, a simple villager, came to give her away, dressed in long black frock coat and with a tall hat. When the clergyman put the question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the poor father was lost for the moment, but, recovering himself, he touched his forelock and said, "I do, mate."

FOREIGN VESSEL AT CINCINNATI.

Clara Ramos Stopped There and Town Felt Like Real Seaport.

For the first time in the history of the city a steamer flying the flag of a foreign country tied to the bank in the port of Cincinnati last Saturday. She was bound for the Gulf of Mexico, and thence across its waters to the inland waterways of the republic of Mexico. Built at Pittsburg, unique in appearance, a three-decker, graceful in outline and flying light, the Clara Ramos dipped her flag in salute to the flag of the United States flying from the array of steamers at the wharf, and was saluted in turn.

It was an interesting incident in the history of the port of Cincinnati and is a suggestor of great possibilities. While the Clara Ramos gave the Cincinnatians the first sight of a foreign flag in port, Cincinnati in the olden time built ships which have sailed down the Ohio and the Mississippi and crossed the ocean to Liverpool and to other ports. They engaged and continued in the ocean carrying trade long before the days of steam in ocean navigation and when Jack Tar was not only a picturesque but a necessary attachment to trade and commerce between the United States and foreign countries. In Cist's "History of Cincinnati" the following interesting statement is given from the Liverpool Times of Jan. 30, 1845:

"We have received a file of Cincinnati papers brought by the first vessel that ever cleared at that port for Europe. The building of a vessel of 350 tons—the Muskingum—on a river seventeen hundred miles from the sea is, in itself, a very remarkable circumstance, both as a proof of the magnificence of the American rivers and the spirit of the American people. The navigating of such a vessel down the Ohio and the Mississippi and then across the Atlantic would a few years ago have been thought impossible. She brings a cargo of provisions, and we trust that the success of the first venture will be such as to encourage its frequent repetition."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Helping People to Self-Help.

In America we are just learning that the greatest gift you can give a blind man is the ability to earn his own living. Denmark extends that boon to the lame and maimed as well as to the blind. A workman crippled in a Danish factory knows precisely what to do. He goes to the School for Disabled Workers and learns to support himself without the lost arm or leg or finger, as the case may be. The school has made an exhaustive study of trade chances for crippled folk. It provides tools, food, medicine and free orthopedic treatment for its unfortunate pupils, buys their work as soon as it is salable and once they know a trade finds them positions.—World's Work.

HIGH JUMPING SHARKS.

Doubts of a Sailor Who Says He Knows Something About the Big Fish.

You published in your paper on Saturday a very curious story about a shark jumping fifty feet high in the air, writes a correspondent of the South China Post.

The writer or author of this story a captain of a British sailing vessel, bound for London, says that he fired a rifle shot at a shark and badly wounded it. The shark in question jumped so high out of the water that he cleared the mainsail with the ease of a seagull.

Now, dear sir, this is rather a trifle strong. The captain states that they threw some meat overboard to get the sharks closer to the ship. At the moment that the shark made a grab for the meat the captain fired his shot, which shot made the shark jump fifty feet out of the water.

We that have been at sea all know that there is one kind of shark which has to lay on its back to do so. The construction of their mouths compels them to take these attitudes. As a consequence, the shark in question was either lying on his back or on his side.

A fish jumping out of the water makes the following movement: The fish stretches his back and bends himself in the form of a crescent by bringing his head and tail closer together. At the moment he wants to jump he straightens his back again and hits the water with the tail end of his body. This force produces the power which enables him to jump a certain height.

As above stated the shark, when fired at was bragging for the meat and lying either on his side or back. In this position he was not able to jump out of the sea. His movements in this position were limited to three he could either move ahead, sideways or downward.

I will not deny that a shark is able to jump. I have seen sharks jumping five feet and six feet high, but that only when they were hunting some victim. The first movement of a shark when wounded is to dive downward into the element which is his natural abode, and not to go and make an airship performance around the mast of a sailing vessel.

I know a little about sharks myself, but little as this is it qualifies me to write. I know what they can do, and I know also how sharks "taste," having eaten them, for want of something better.

I heard once of an old sailor telling an acquaintance of a shark which, when caught and cut open had another shark inside; this shark cut open, produced another shark; and the last shark had in his stomach a canvas bag with twenty-five sovereigns.

I think that both stories are about of the same value concerning truthfulness.

VANISHED FARMERS.

Expedition to Discover the Lost Boer Trek.

In South Africa to-day is being discussed the advisability of an expedition to discover the lost Boer trek which marched out into the unknown and was swallowed up half a century ago.

What occurred to the vast caravan from the time it started on its journey is one of the mysteries of the Dark Continent, and the numerous Dutch Boers connected with the voyageurs still speculate upon their fate.

The trek, consisting of a large number of families, went north, taking a course that would bring them through the present Rhodesia. The older natives there speak of white people having journeyed through their country many years ago; but there is no record of the Boers having been opposed during their passage.

The intention of the emigrants was to make for the lakes, Tanganyika being roughly about two months' trek away, and it is probable that they got into the country of the Masai, since the natives about the Nyanzas, like the Matabele, speak of a caravan having journeyed through their region in the days of their fathers.

Mr. Rhodes took a very considerable interest in this mystery of the veldt, and one of the ambitions of his life was to have the missing families traced, and, if they were willing to return, restored to their friends in the Transvaal.

To this end in 1899 he fitted out an expedition to be led by Adrian Hofmeyer, the pro-British clergyman, who had been removed from the Dutch Church in Cape Town for political reasons. Owing to the unrest that preceded the war, the expedition only reached the neighborhood of Crocodile Pool, and thus ended the only attempt ever made to find the lost families.

Perhaps the late Sir Henry Stanley came near to finding the trek. In conversation with the present writer he said that when leading the Emin Pasha expedition to the coast and when skirting west of the Mountains of the Moon he was informed by several distinct parties of Arabs that to the southwest of Lake Albert Edward Nyanza was a large lake several days' march in circumference, called Lake Ozo. The lake, which is unknown to geographers, is about three marches in from the fringe of the great forest, and near it are the descendants of white men leading a pastoral life.

It is possible that an attempt to discover the settlement reported by the Arabs will soon be made; and should the people turn out to be the descendants of the Dutch families that went out into the unknown to get as far as possible from the British flag, one of the mysteries of the Dark Continent will be cleared up.

Limit of Human Strength.

Experiments upon a number of men have shown that a man five feet high and weighing 126 pounds will lift on an average 156 pounds through a vertical distance of eight inches, or 217 pounds through a height of 1.2 inches. Others 6.1 feet high and weighing 183 pounds could lift the 156 pounds to a height of thirteen inches, or 217 pounds to a height of six inches. Other men 6 feet 3 inches high and weighing 188 pounds could lift 156 pounds to a height of sixteen inches, or 217 pounds to a height of nine inches. By a great variety of experiments it was shown that the average human strength is equivalent to raising thirty pounds through a distance of two and one-half feet in one second.

If you are going to join a suicide club it is just as well to become a life member.

GIRLS' EMPIRE DRESS.

This dainty and becoming model is especially adapted to the soft, clinging materials now in vogue, and the style is girlish and pretty. Blue cashmere was used for its development, with cream peau de soie for the underwaist. The waist is cut with an added tucked sleeve and is gathered to the skirt under a ribbon sash or girdle as preferred.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Sights and Sensations Which Await the Deep Ocean Diver.

The bottom of the sea is a region full of mystery for all but the very few who either have made diving their profession or have put on the helmet in the cause of science.

One of the latter class furnishes to the Lady's Realm some very curious photographs which he himself took under water. He says that such pictures can be made with any excellent camera having an unusually luminous optic by inclosing it in a watertight case, capable also of resisting the pressure of the water.

The submarine scenery, as he calls it, is never still enough to give satisfactory results from a time exposure, but instantaneous pictures are made by the light given by fireworks burning under a crystal bell glass filled with compressed oxygen. The best results are obtained by this method when the waters are absolutely dark at night.

The effect of such a light is wonderful. The bottom of the sea looks like fairyland. Hosts of fishes, attracted by the light, gleam like gold and silver, while the transparent jellyfish move slowly through the glowing water like bells of opal.

The beauty of the sight is increased by an infinite number of minute gas bubbles which cover the seaweed, and in the illuminated water have the appearance of innumerable diamonds and myriads of delicate pearls.

On going down into the sea the diver soon enters a kind of twilight, which envelops him like a thick mist. The sky and the clouds, which may be seen at the beginning of the dive, soon fade and disappear. The sun alone remains visible to a great depth, like a small reddish disc through the green and blue films of water.

At the bottom objects seem nearer and larger than in reality, and appear under a color other than their own; for the rays of light traverse a thickness of green and blue water which absorbs them unequally; as the red rays, for instance, are extinguished long before the blue, a white rock appears blue, a red animal black.

Another phenomenon, which never fails to excite surprise at first, is to see night setting in completely at the bottom at the same moment in which at the surface it is broad day.

In illustration it is customary to depict divers walking upright on the bottom of the sea; it is not so in reality.

Just as a cyclist bends over the handle bar in order to overcome the resistance of the wind, the submarine walker is obliged, if he wishes to advance, to bend stoutly forward. Besides, his body takes this slanting position instinctively, which he could not assume on land without falling.

At first, you are not able to regulate your motions according to the resistance to be overcome, or you are inclined to overrate it, and you impart to your action a suddenness more detrimental than useful, and which fatigues to no purpose. On trying to seize a plant or a zoophyte, the hand either seeks it where it is not or crushes it roughly; and, if one endeavors to surmount an obstacle, the effort you make carries you four times as high as necessary.

If water as a medium has its drawbacks, it has its advantages, too. The diver can regulate its density at will and effect downright feats of strength. Thus it is child's play to him, merely by using his finger ends and his toes, without danger of falling, to climb up or down perpendicular rocks or dizzy precipices; to remain under water or rise like a balloon rapidly to the surface.

It is generally believed that marine plants kept perfectly upright in the midst of the water, and a celebrated writer has said: "At the bottom of the sea the vertical reigns." This assertion is incorrect. The seaweeds have never appeared to me to affect this position in a more marked degree than our land plants do. Like the latter, in calm places they spread out and bend their branches.

An inexperienced observer having descended to marine ground might believe that the life there is comprised in the fish that pass rapidly before the windows of his helmet and the crustaceans that escape from under his feet; but he who stops and looks closely as astounded by the number and diversity of the beings that hide under every stone and swarm on the rocks or among the grasses.

One has not to walk long on the bottom of the sea before meeting with objects recalling the things of the surface and the treachery of these billows, so calm in appearance. Now it is a long chain trailing across the seaweed, now an anchor or propeller, half buried in slime; a chest, a barrel, a piece of a mast or rigging.

Covered with a layer of plants or mollusks, these wrecks have taken the general color of the surrounding soil, and only their forms reveal them. But sometimes a great dark wall all at once becomes visible through the transparent mass, and soon one distinguishes in it the hull of a shipwrecked vessel.

If the sinking of the vessel has been sudden, if it is of recent date, if some large breach enables one at the same moment with the luminous rays of the submarine lamp to peer in the side of the ill-fated vessel, one often recoils in horror from the scenes which await one.

The glaucous color of the place and its sinister calm give such intensity to these mournful pictures that in spite of oneself one flies from it with the mad desire to ascend forever to the surface, detesting the pitiless sea, creator of such horrors; but at two paces, see how one's eyes fall on the radiant forms of the lives it supports, and the beauty of its living makes one forget the ugliness of its dead.

Outside the professional divers who descend to the bottom of the sea for definite work, and have no leisure in which to contemplate the submarine world, very few people have donned the diving dress and braved the dangers of compressed air. In the future it will be so no longer. The steel armor victoriously resisting the water pressure throws open wide depths till now inaccessible.

Why Willie Was Sent.

The school teachers of a great city have many and curious experiences with the small people whom they are supposed to inform with that learning to which there is no royal road. There was a large kindergarten convention held recently in New York and the Canadians who attended have brought home some uncanny yarns of the ways of the youngsters in the metropolis. There was a teacher who had in her charge a small boy who evidently belonged to the Great Unsoaped. She sent him home to be properly scrubbed, but Willie returned, more malodorous than ever. Once more the teachdr, true to that quality which is next to godliness, sent him to his mother with a note to the latter telling her that her small son was not pleasing to the sense of smell. Willie patiently trudged home and then to the school with the following letter to the fastidious young woman:

"Deer teechur—Willie ain't to be smelt—he's to be learned."—Canadian Courier.

When Things Go Wrong.

(Christian Guardian.)

It is an easy thing to be kind and pleasant "when we feel like it." When the mind is at ease, the body in full vigor, the conscience at rest, how natural and easy it seems to speak kindly, to smile cheerfully, and to look at the bright side of things. Some people call this religion, and think it is the only genuine article. Surely this is a mistake. This kind of amiability is simply the result of bodily fitness, and may exist with little or no real piety. The amiability that counts is different to this. It is all that this is—and vastly more. A touch of indigestion, a twinge of rheumatism, a trifling annoyance puts this kind of amiability to flight. The smile disappears, the kind word dies, the outlook chance less. Thank God, religion gives a the mercy of every east wind, of every chance loss. Thank God, religion gves a smile that persists, kind words that do not die with pain, and a cheerful outlook that no misfortune can obscure. The true Christian life is not at the mercy of the "feelings." The Christian smiles when his heart is full of trouble; he speaks kindly and scatters sunshine when his own spirit is sore oppressed; he lightens the burdens of others when his own burden is heavy and hard to bear. Have you this kind of religion? Do not think it is right to act as you feel. Christians act as they ought, no matter how they feel. If your heart be full of sunshine, let it out; if it be full of lurid lightning, shut it in. Your duty is to make the world brighter, and in doing it your own gloom will disappear. Costly goodness is the cheapest kind; it always pays.

SPECTACLES MODERN INVENTION.

Glass Made by Ancients Not Perfectly Transparent.

Did Nero wear spectacles? Pliny relates that the Emperor Nero used a precious stone through which he gazed on the gladiatorial combats. Dr. Magnus, the latest authority to examine the passage critically, holds that this means that the emperor was in the habit of gazing upon an emerald which he used to carry with him for the purpose of resting his eyes when they became tired of looking at the shows.

This view is corroborated by the belief of antiquity that green has a restful effect upon the eyes. Contrivances for bringing the rays of the sun to a focus in order to produce combustion have been employed almost from time immemorial. Burning glasses were used to kindle fires, and these must have been of considerable size even in a country like Greece, where the sun shines hot most of the year. Moreover, we are told they were kept in chemists' shops for the purpose.

Though the art of making a glass of certain kinds is old, spectacles had to wait the discovery of invention of some method that would produce it perfectly transparent. Specimens of glass have been found in Egyptian tombs more than 4,000 years old, and glass bottles are represented on tombs at least 1,500 years earlier. In Mesopotami the art of making glass has been traced for at least 2,000 years B. C.

But all the glass of antiquity was of inferior quality and was almost useless for purposes where the rays of light were to be transmitted unbroken and with undiminished energy.

Mirrors also were made in Egypt thousands af years before the Christian era.

BOOKS THE CONVICTS READ.

Works on Trade Are Most Popular, Followed by the Languages.

What kind of books do convicts read? Contrary to the general belief, this class of men, at least in the federal prison at Leavenworth, do not show a marked desire for the "blood and thunder" stories, nor even for other light fiction.

The most popular books among the prisoners in the 7,000 volume library of the penitentiary are text books and works on the various trades and languages.

Among the languages Spanish is the most popular, and in the last few years several prisoners have taught themselves to read and write the language. The text books upon French and German come next in popularity, and these, as the Spanish books, are always out of the library.

The trade books are even more popular than the works on languages, and those upon plumbing and engineering especially are often spoken for months in advance.

The demand for books on blacksmithing, bricklaying, stonesetting and other artisan labors are always out of the library. Many of the prisoners are excellent workmen, as the new buildings which are being built by convict labor indicate.

Books of poetry and the standard novels are read by the prisoners to a great extent and the mathematical works are always in demand. Many of the prisoners read Shakespeare and the works of Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier have many admirers. Dickens is a popular author often asked for. Robert Louis Stevenson's novels find many friends among the convicts, as do the works of Edgar Allan Poe.

It is not unusual for prisoners to ask for books upon theology. A prisoner is allowed to take a book from the library for two weeks at a time. If no other prisoner desires it then he may have the time extended another two weeks. Dozens of the prisoners subscribe for newspapers and magazines. Among these are many technical journals.—Kansas City Journal.

The Hermit and the Pilgrim.

Within, the holy hermit knelt and prayed.
With arms upraised above his bended form,
He called aloud amid the beating storm,
Invoking for the homeless, heaven's aid.

"O, God," he cried, 'if in this bitter night
There be but one who seeks a shelt'ring rest—
E'en as thou givest to the birds a nest—
Lead thou, O Lord, his faltering steps aright."

Without, a lonely pilgrim, faint and sore,
Drawn thither by the laura's flick'ring light—
A star amid the tempest-ridden night
Stood knocking at the hermit's welcome door.

"O man of God, take pity ere I die
And grant to me the refuge of thy cave!"
But to the anchorite, absorbed in prayer,
There came no sound of knock nor pleading cry.

When darkness with its stormful wrath had sped,
His duty done, the weary hermit slept;
While he for whom that night he prayed and wept
Lay at the door, unrecognized and dead.
—Clifford Howard in Scribner's Magazine.

The Ownership Doctrine.

(R. M. in London Daily Mail.)

Do you believe in municipal trading?
I do.
What is your definition of municipal trading?
Provision of all public necessities by the municipality.
Should municipalities then provide everything?
Everything except hats.
Why except hats?
Because I am a hatter myself, and it would be iniquitous for a corporation to make me pay rates to ruin my own business.
This does not apply to other trades?
No, the hat trade is an exception.

They draw lots—Busy artists.

CAMILLE.

Short Story.

Camille's eyes were apt to linger on the red tiled attractive house until a gray-haired man with a slight stoop came slowly out on the stone pillared porch, and sinking in a cushioned chair would lean back wearily, letting the sun creep up and pour over him as it flooded the garden with warmth and light, among a storm of joyous twittering from sparrows, thrush and redbird.

Camille, young and energetic, while busy with her sweeping and dusting and the care of her flowers in boxes in the bay window, felt a profound compassion for the invalid across the way, whose great wealth could not give him health or the sympathetic companionship he must crave, Camille felt sure. His valet and butler and respectable looking housekeeper, whom Camille met one evening when taking a short cut to the shopping street of the little town, as she passed in front of the gate, were all very attentive to their employer. Money could command that, of course. But Alexander Reed, who was not yet middle aged, seemed very lonely, had a highbred, handsome face, in spite of its thinness and pallor, and his smile, was very attractive, Camille thought, the day his horses plunged and reared at sight of her sitting by the roadside reading. He had raised his hat and bowed, smilingly, when the coachman, quieting them, drove off rapidly.

Camille's life was a very busy one. What time she could spare from her ministrations on her sweet, timid mother, for whose health Camille had taken the cottage in the pretty town among the mountains of the Blue Ridge, was devoted to giving French and music lessons, even up to 9 o'clock at night, when Carl Taumpton, a rich coal dealer, insisted on learning verbs and genders three times a week.

How was Camille to guess it was the beauty of her gray eyes and oval face and admiration for her courageous acceptance of life's burdens, and her loving devotion to the invalid, which had induced the stout and prosperous German whom she had met casually to plunge into the study of French, which he abhorred?

"Money! Money is the most important thing in life, little mother," Camille declared, while kneeling in front of the fire toasting muffins and making chocolate for the invalid.

"I thought you said love and home happiness were the most important," her mother answered, smiling.

"That was long ago. To-day I put money first, because money gives health and happiness," Camille declared, brightly. "Just think of all I could do for you mumsey, if we were rich. The doctor says you ought to go out for hours every day. Wouldn't it be glorious if I could order up a comfortable carriage and take you driving every afternoon?"

"If money could give back health, our neighbor across the way, who owns such a beautiful home, would get well and strong. The doctor says he is gradually sinking. He does not seem to take the least interest in anything. Dr. Perrin told me yesterday he scattered his wealth lavishly to help others, and that while he professes no religion, he is a great philanthropist. He is always doing kind deeds in an unostentatious way."

Ann, the small country girl whom Camille employed to help in household matters, ran in excitedly to say that Mr. Reed's carriage was at the front door. His note to Camille's mother, handed in by the bootman, begged her to make use of it for a drive, the weather being so fine.

"Did I not say, little mother, that money is the greatest blessing in the whole world?" Camille said joyously, having accepted in a formal note of thanks their neighbor's Victoria, while getting her mother into some warm wraps and gayly pinning on her own hat.

"Money gives the means to do a kindness, child, but not the heart or the goodness to execute it," her mother rejoined, whereat Camille laughed an dhurried off for the drive.

It was the beginning of a very pleasant acquaintance with the invalid master of Stone Lodge.

As the spring days lengthened and drew into summer, whenever Camille could command the time the little maid Ann was dispatched down the path behind the cottage to Stone Lodge with a message, and a long drive through the odorous woods and mountains that evening, gave Camille's mother a good night's rest.

Alexander Reed was too important a personage to be overlooked. The notables of the bright little town and the wealthy tourists, owning summer residences on the heights around, all called on him, but a formal return visit usually ended their acquaintance—except with Dr. Perrin, a keen-eyed old physician who had a cynical knowledge of life and an abhorrence of the sham and flatteries of society, and whose carefully hidden good deeds kept him poor in spite of a lucrative practice; for this pretty town was a favorite resort of the millionaire health seeker.

"It is as rare as it is refreshing to come in contact with real merit," remarked Dr. Perrin, rubbing his knees refrectively as he sat in front of a bright wood fire in the library at Stone Lodge, for the early June days were cool, and fires were pleasant in the morning.

"Yes," Alexander Reed answered with polite listlessness, while seeing Camille's face in the dancing flames.

"Yes, real merit," repeated the doctor.

"Now, this child Camille, Louis Herndon's daughter—why, there is more downright merit in her life than in that of the pretentious benefactors rolling in gold with hteir ostentatious gifts and donations who parade themselves in the public eye.

"Do you know," Dr. Perrin continued, turning his string, rugged face toward the pale, melancholy man reclining nervously in his chair, speaking with softened emotion, "not only does that child support her mother and herself by her clever, courageous efforts, but she looks after a poor, bedridden old hag, Ann's mother's a pitiful wretch who doesn't know the meaning of the word gratitude, and now I hear she has got work for the boy, Ann's brother. She sews for the orphans; and her life is spent helping others. Not one moment of her time is misused. A brave, noble child. If ever the sun shone on a being of superior worth it does on Camille. Her father, John, and I were college mates," the doctor concluded, getting up to go.

A look of keen interest came over the invalid's face. He made a motion to stop the doctor. Would she consent to give some of her time to an invalid, he asked. "If she will read to me daily it will soften the long, tedious hours. Persuade her, doctor. The remuneration will be large, for the service would be great."

"I will bring her to-morrow at 12.55," said the doctor, as he turned and left the room.

Camille was delighted, for the price offered seemed fabulous to her. By getting up one hour sooner and giving a music lesson before breakfast, she had ample time for reading daily to Alexander Reed. Her voice was sweet and low, and she had the gift of throwing herself into the story she read, and she was a good French scholar. Her mother was of an old Creole family, originally titled folks, who came over from France in the earliest centuries.

The daily reading often occupied only a few moments. Alexander Reed was a man of culture and many attainments, and his leisurely wanderings had taken him to far-distant lands and among strange people. Camille found an indefinite charm in his vivid impersonal descriptions and word painting, and to the world-worn man the young girl's fresh enthusiasm and wholesome, keen sighted appreciation were a perpetual delight.

The hour was apt to lengthen out, and it was always a surprise to Camille when Mrs. Harris, the sedate housekeeper, appeared with a tea tray.

Mrs. Harris' satisfaction was obvious at the increased animation plainly visible in the invalid's manner, while the faint flush on his cheek and the glow in his dark eyes were symptoms of a long forgotton contentment of spirit, possibly signs of returning health. Therefore, the old housekeeper approved of the reading lessons and their effect.

One day a joyous color swept over Camille's face when Ann rushed in to announce breathlessly that Mr. Reed and the doctor had called.

"What a delightful surprise," Camille said, ushering them in the little sitting room, filled with her plants and flowers.

How kindly was the light in those deep, gray eyes, and how handsome was the smile with which he took Camille's hands in his and held them fast.

"I have come," he whispered, "to crave a boon. Be generous, little one, and grant it. Shed the light of your lovely presence on the few remaining years left me, and accept a devotion as boundless as eternity. Give me the right to protect the being I love beyond life, or the hope of eternal bliss."

Camille raised wondering eyes to his, the color receding slowly from her face. She quivered slightly.

"It is no boon," she said gently. "It is my heart's desire. How could I ever part from you?"—S. Rhett Roman in the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

IT WAS JEAN B'TISTE, AFTER ALL.

Ambition Fails to Avert the Common Name of French-Canadian Children.

"Fader Lajeunesse 'e say 'W'at for dat chile ain't christianed yet?' An' I say 'We ain't got no name yet, we hain't.'

"An' Fader Lajeunesse, she say 'You call dat chile Jean B'tiste.' An' I say 'No, sir; no, bagosh. Ah don' care we have two, tree, couple dozen childrens—an' we got nice start, me—we don' have no chile Jean B'tiste, no, sir; nevaire, nevaire. Dat chile goin' have nice good Yankee name an' dat chile goin' be nice good Yankee man, w'en she's beeg; yes, sir.'

"Ah'm not eggicated, me, but ma oldest boy, Emile, she jus' lack two day for be one school teacher, an' eets fader she say 'Emile, you fine us nice Yankee name an' de nextes' tame Ah go on Mon'real Ah brought you nice red tuke from Canadaw.'

"Emile, 'e t'ink an' t'ink, an' her fader ever'day 'e say 'Wall, Emile, w'at name we goin' call dat leel babee here?' An' Emile ever'day she say 'You wait.'

"Along bimeby one day Emile w'en 'e come from de work—'e deliviair for Frechette—Emile, she t'row hees cap in de hair, an' say ''Urrah! Ah got de nices' Yankee name you hain't nevaire 'eared.'

"Eets fader say 'Good; I go tell Fader Lajeunesse hall righ', we get dat babee christianed.'

"An' ma sister an' all its childrens an' its man an' Mis' Bodah an' Mis' La Fave, may neighbor, we go to de church for see de babee christianed.

"An' Fader Lajeunesse 'e tak' de young one in ee's harm an' 'e say 'W'at name'

"An' ma man she say 'Syracuse.' Den Fader Lajeunesse 'e get so mad 'e mos' drop de chile.

"'W'at kine name dat for chile cat'olique?' 'e yell. 'W'a for you don't tack on Cherubusco, too?'

"An' so we name her Jean B'tiste, jus' de same, bagosh, an' Emile 'e don' get 'ees nice red tuke from Canadaw."

GUIDE TO SUCCESS.

1. Be critical with your work, that others may judge it less harshly.
2. If a man misjudges you, forgive him. To err is human; to forgive divine.
3. You may have to pay the price for standing by right principles, but your work will show the result.
4. Do not have one set of morals in your home and another in business Right is right and wrong is wrong.
5. The real worker loves his work, and to it will sacrifice any pleasure.
6. There may be plenty of clouds in your workday life. Remembers that the most beautiful sunsets come often after cloudy days.
7. Hesitate about giving explanations, unless you are asked for them. Apologies are often mistaken for confessions of wrong.
8. Do more than you are paid for, Remember it takes some people a long time to pay their bills.
9. Allow people to criticize your work all they like, but resent any unfair attack on your character.
10. Know more than your work demands. Extra charge is a convenient thing.
11. When you get discouraged, try and begin anew.
12. There are those who achieve much when they are young; more learn their rewards with years.
13. Don't be a coward. The sun hates to shine on those who are afraid of their own shadows.
14. Recall some of the things your mother taught you when young—they are worth remembering.
15. You can beat a dray horse, but a race horse needs sympathy and encouragement.
16. To-day and to-day make the morrows.
17. Never lie. Honest work is built on true principles.

His Only Escape.

There is a story often told to illustrate the manner in which President Lincoln was beseiged by commission-seekers. Hearing that a brigadier-general and his horse had been captured, and the general taken to Richmond, he asked eagerly about the horse.

"The horse!" exclaimed his informant. "You want to know about the horse?"

"Yes," said Lincoln. "I can make a brigadier any day, but the horse was valuable.'

To this John Russell Young, in his memoirs, adds a similar tale. He was calling upon Lincoln one day at the White House.

"I met So-and-so on the steps," he remarked.

"Yes," replied the President. "I have just made his son a brigadier."

"A general!" exclaimed Mr. Young, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, with a great weariness. "You know I must have some time for something else."—Youth's Companion.

Grade Crossings in Belgium.

The question of abolishing all level crossings on Belgian lines is now being considered by the Ministery of Railways. It is estimated that the entire sum needed to meet the expense that such a measure would entail would be about £12,000,000. At present there are as many as 6,125 level crosings on the Belgian lines, and in most cases where it will not be possible to change the direction of the roadway it will be necessary to arrange to carry it either over or under the railway.

Indignant Disclaimer.

Vanilla Beane—How odd! That solid gold ring of yours makes a black mark around your finger.

Hazel Nutt—The ring didn't make that mark! That—that's dirt!"

TOO BAD.

Mae—Our pastor preached a sermon on marriage last Sunday.

Edythe—Did it seem to have a stimulating effect?

Mae—On the contrary, it was so solemn and conveyed so many warnings that two engagements were broken.

GRACE DARLING.

Facts Concerning the Personality of the Brave Woman.

Few women have retained a more affectionate hold on the public mind than Grace Darling. Her name had, doubtless, something to do with the enormous popularity she achieved, but far more than all this her heroism was applauded because of her youth and her humble conditon.

Born at Bamborough, Northumberland, in November, 1815, she was the seventh child of a family of nine. Her grandfather was the lighthouse keper on the Farne Islands, a post to which her father eventually succeeded. Little is known of her childhood; her parents were severely religious, and brought up their children accordingly. Story books were not allowed in the house; games were not encouraged, while as for cards, they were looked upon as the "devil's books." Despite the very humble position of the family, Grace seems to have enjoyed a very fair education, a fact which, considering that she spent her childish days in the Farne Lighthouse, says much for her parents. Naturally she knew and saw little of the world. She is described by a contemporary writer as being very retiring and little given to conversation, "gentle in aspect and mild and benevolent in character." As to her appearance, says The London Globe, she was decidedly good-looking. She had a small, round face, with large eyes, a well-shaped nose, and small mouth. Her complexion was fair. It is said by her biographers that she was the most feminine of all women.

It must have been a painfully dull life in the Farne Lighthouse,, but Grace, in addition to assisting her mother to keep house, was of the greatest service to her father in his daily work. With few opportunities of going on shore, her one mode of exercise was rowing, which was almost a daily practice with her. Thus she became thoroughly inured to the sea, the wildest storm having as little terror for her as it had for the oldest sailor.

It was on September 6th, in the year 1838, that Grace Darling performed the heroic act which, one might almost say, has made her immortal. She was but 22 years of age at the time. One evening, toward sunset, in boisterous weather and a high sea, as Grace and her father kept watch in the lighthouse, a ship was suddenly observed laboring in a gale. It was the steamer Forfarshire, bound from Hull to Dundee, with a rich cargo, a crew of 20, and 41 passengers. She had started on her voyage with a patched-up leak, which it was thought would carry her through her journey. Very soon, however, the repairs gave out, the water increased, and with the fires extinguished the vessel drifted on to the rocks.

It does not appear that Grace and her father realized the helpless condition of the vessel until the next morning. At daybreak, looking across the sea, they espied a vessel a mile off, beating against the rocks. By the help of a glass the sufferers were distnictly seen clinging to the wreck. Darling was no coward; he was accustomed to all the dangers of the sea, but on the present occasion the gale was so strong and the waves so high that he saw that to put out to the rescue in a small boat was not only useless, but almost certain death. But Grace had no such forebodings. It was sufficient for her that there was a ship wrecked, and help was needed. And so she begged and implored her father to allow her to launch the boat and row to their assistance. At first Darling treated her solicitations as arrant madness. At last, however, he was induced to give way, the boat was launched, and together they rowed off to the wrecked ship. The journey was a perilous one; at any moment the little boat was in imminent danger of being swamped. At last the vessel was reached and the nine remaining survivors of the ship's passengers and crew were taken off the rock and conveyed safely back to the lighthouse. For two days the gale held on its course, thus absolutely preventing any communications with the mainland.

Once landed, the survivors were not slow in spreading the news of their rescue. In the space of a few days the whole country rang with admiration of Grace Darling. From all parts of the Kingdom tourists came to see her; a public subscription was raised on her behalf, and in a very short time £700 was collected; as in the modern day managers of theatres and music halls offered her large sums if she would consent to appear on the stage. But she refused absolutely to consider any such suggestion. The lighthouse was her home, and nothing would take her from it, despite the fact that she had many offers of marriage. But her life, though she little knew it, was drawing to a close. For some years she had suffered from ill-health, which eventually turned to consumption. A little more than four years after the event which had brought her such fame she died in the lighthouse, at the age of 27. Many were the stories, poems and memoirs written in her honor, some of which she read during her lifetime.

IDENTIFIED.

Francis Wilson was speaking at the Players' Club not long ago of the all too prevalent ignorance of dramatic literature in the country to-day.

"Why," said Mr. Wilson, "a company was playing "She Stoops to Conquer" in a small western town last winter when a man without any money, wishing to see the show, stepped up to the box office and said.

"Pass me in, please"

"The box office man gave a loud, harsh laugh.

"Pass you in? What for?" he asked. The applicant drew himself up, and answered, haughtily:

"What for? Why, because I am Oliver Goldsmith, author of the play."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," replied the other in a meek voice, as he hurriedly wrote an order for a box."—The circle.

Jollying Her.

"But," said she, pouting, "I don't see why it is you find poker so fascinating."

"Well, you see," replied her husband, "it's the queens in the deck, my dear. They remind me so much of you."—Philadelphia Press.

"He can't earn his salt." "I shouldn't think he could. He is so immensely fresh."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CAUGHT.

Wife (examining bill)—Do you remember, my dear, how many fish you caught last Sunday?

Husband—There were just twelve—all beauties. Why?

Wife—The fish dealer has made a mistake; he only charges for half a dozen.

A STORY OF DUNOTTAR

I had been watching him for more than half an hour before it occurred to me to do anything. But I saw that unless he wakened during the next three minutes, the little waves would reach him and rush over his feet. And that would have been a pity because he was wearing white buckskin boots, and salt water isn't good for buckskin. He didn't seem a bit as though he intended to get up, and that was why it occurred to me that there was only one thing to be done, I must waken him myself.

I was sitting at the top of the cliff and near Dunottar Castle, and he was lying on the shore far below me, with his feet towards the sea and his hands clasped below his head. I had noticed him lying there as I was walking towards the castle, and because I had nothing else to do, and it was such a jolly evening for sitting still I—well, I sat still, and looked at him and thought silly thoughts to myself.

I couldn't see his face, clearly, of course, but the little I did see looked awfully nice and awfully brown. And then when I had thought of this for about the twentieth time I suddenly noticed that the waves had almost reached him, so I jumped to my feet and scrambled down the bank as fast as I could. I almost ran across the shingle. I hoped that the noiise I made might waken him, but he never moved. When I reached his side and saw his face I nearly cried out, for I knew the face, had seen it often and often on a photograph, and now and then, I suppose, in my dreams as well. For a moment I wondered if there could be two such faces in the world, and next, I called myself a little fool. There never was another face like that since the world began.

The waves were coming nearer now—one almost touched his boots—so I coughed, thinking that that would waken him. But he didn't hear. With a desperate effort I said, "Wake up, please," and it sounded so silly that I laughed, and bending over him shook his shoulder a little.

He gave a sort of sigh, stretched out his arms, half opened his eyes, and sat up and gazed at me. "Peggy!" he murmured sleepily, "I'll bet my last roupee that it's Peggy."

I gasped and almost fell through the sand. Peggy is my name, you know. I couldn't think what on earth to do, so I just stared back at him. And at that he rose quickly to his feet and blushed—I'm sure he blushed—only the tan on his face was so deep that I couldn't see very well, and made a sort of jerky bow.

"Excuse me," he said and he smiled. He had lovely white teeth—"I didn't mean to say that. I was—er—I was just talking in my sleep, you know. But," I knew he was looking at me keenly, "I thought I had seen you before somewhere. I—I knew someone called Peggy who was just like you."

I didn't know what to say, so I said—"If you had lain there much longer you would have been drowned. That's why I woke you. The tide's been coming in fast."

"So it has," he answered, stepping back from a wave, "so it has, by jove. And you rescued me from it?" he glanced up at me and smiled again, "that was awfully good of you, you know." Then he added reflectively—"I must have been asleep a good long time."

"You have," I said. "I've been watch——" then I broke off in a hurry. "I mean, yes, you must have." I finished severely.

"Hadn't we better go and sit on the rocks over there?" he asked easily. "If we stand here we'll be washed away by the tide. Come away, Peg—that is, come away, please."

I started again; he had been going to say Peggy. Then an idea occurred to me, and looking at him innocently—I'm sure I did it innocently—"I'd like to," I said, "but—but we haven't been introduced, you see. I don't even know your name."

His eyes twinkled at me. "Oh, we've been introduced all right," he returned. "The tide did that. As for my name, well, my name is Kennedy—Owen Kennedy."

"Owen Kennedy!" I cried, feeling that I would like to faint or go into hysterics, or something like that. "You are Owen Kennedy?"

He took a step towards me, and held out his strong, brown hand. "Yes," he said, with a little laugh, "and you are Miss Peggy Harper, aren't you?"

I nodded. "Yes," I murmured, shaking his hand, "yes, I'm Peggy."

"Well," he remarked, contentedly, "that's all right, and we're introduced now. We're not only introduced—we're old friends."

"Yes—yes, I suppose we are." And then I drew my hand out of his, not because I particularly wanted to, but because I thought it was the proper thing to do. So it was.

We walked up the stony shore until we came to a big flat rock under the cliff, and then we sat down. "Fancy meeting you—like this," I said, slowly. I was rather bewildered at it all.

"Yes," he answered, "it's funny, and yet it's rather nice, too."

"What's rather nice, please?"

"Oh, meeting you here; in this sort of unexpected, informal way. It's—it's quite romantic."

I said nothing.

"I said it was quite romantic," he repeated, in an injured tone.

I looked out to sea. "I know," I replied. "I heard you. But I don't see that there's much romance about it. Especially after Ceylon. There's such heaps of real romance in the East, they say."

"They," he answered, contemptuously, "don't know anything about it. If there is any romance in Ceylon, it has got there within the last six weeks."

I smiled at him. There didn't seem to be anything else to do. Then, "And how did you know me?" I asked.

He seemed surprised. "How did I know you! Good gracious me! I've known you for ages! You know that your brother Ted and I have been staying in the same 'chummery' in Colombo for the last three years?"

I nodded.

"Well, then, that's how I came to know you. You sent him out some snap shots just after I joined him. The snap shots were so—so nice, that I studied them. And—that's how I came to know you," he repeated.

He paused for a moment and then went on.

"There was one of the photos—the best of the lot—taken of you standing at the front door of your house and holding a kitten in your arms. Do you remember?"

I nodded again and waited.

"I stuck to that one," he said.

"I beg your pardon."

"I stuck to that one—kept it for myself, you know. I didn't tell Ted, of course. He thought he had lost the photo, somewhere, so that was all right."

He seemed to be quite pleased with himself, and it struck me that I had better squash him a little. "You had no right to take the photo," I remarked, sternly.

He glanced up at me, and I saw the gleam of his teeth again. "Oh, nonsense," he said. "If it hadn't been for your photographs, and especially that one with the kitten, I'd—I'd never have done it."

I started. "Done what?" I exclaimed.

There was silence for a little, and then he said, very softly. "I'd never have fallen in love."

"Perhaps we'd better not say any more about the photos," I murmured. I was going to add, "There'll be plenty of time for that later on," but I didn't. Probably it was just as well.

When I looked at him again I saw that his face had grown grave. "I'm sorry," he said, "if I've annoyed you by saying that. But its' true, you know. I am in love. I've been in love for three years, and I'll be in love for all my life. No matter what happens—or what has happened, perhaps," he finished, gloomily. Then he put his hand into an inner pocket and drew out a pocket book. "It's here," he said; "I'll show it to you."

But I laid my fingers on his arm. "Please don't," I said. "I want to know why you haven't called on us; we were expecting you, you know. Are you staying in Stonehaven?"

"Yes," he answered, "I came yesterday. I called at your place in Edinburgh, but the maid told me that you were all up here—all except your father, and he was at his office when I called."

"Didn't you go to him?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No, I—you'll pardon me—but it wasn't your father I wanted to see. It was you. And now—and now——"

"Yes?"

"And now," he continued, moodily, "you're displeased with me."

"I'm not," I returned. "I'm delighted to see you—any friend of Ted's, and you must call on us to-morrow."

There was a long silence, and then he muttered thoughtfully, as though speaking to himself. "I've often envied that kitten."

I didn't speak, and he turned to me sharply. "Is there any other wallah?" he demanded.

"Any other what, please?"

"Any other man, I mean. Because"—he was speaking lowly now—"I don't think I could quite bear that. I've loved you so long, Peg—Miss Harper—and though I have never spoken to you until to-night, I know you so well—from your photograph, and from Ted and from my ideas of what your nature must be, that it doesn't seem a bit strange to be talking to you like this."

"Yes, but," I couldn't resist being flippant, "but where exactly do I come in, Mr. Kennedy? You see, perhaps, I don't know you so well as you know me." That made him think for a bit; it made me think, too. It made me think that I was a horrid, deceitful little cat.

"Imphm," he said, musingly, "there's that, of course."

For a long time after that we sat still, looking about us to the pale evening sky; looking out to where we could see one or two small-sailed fishing boats on the horizon; looking to the rugged, stately old castle near at hand; looking everywhere but at each other. At last he spoke again, but there was something almost sad in his voice.

"Miss Haper," he said, "forget all that I've said just now, will you? I meant it—every word—for forget that, too. I shouldn't have told you like this—so soon. But I had waited so long, you know; that's my excuse. Some day when you know me better I will come to you again and tell you. Then perhaps you—perhaps——"

I couldn't have stood it another moment. So I jumped off the rock and stood looking down at him. "Perhaps, perhaps," I echoed, gaily. "But now I must be going home. Mr. Kennedy. Are you coming?"

He nodded gravely, and next minute we were clambering up the side of the cliff. I put my hand on a boulder to steady myself once and my bangle slipped open a little and dropped a little way down the cliff.

I was going back for it, but a voice below me cried, "You go on, I'll get the bangle." So I clambered up by myself, and waited for him at the top of the cliff. I hadn't to wait long.

He came up to where I was tanding, and I noticed that his face was all flushed and smiling. "Look!" he said, "and don't blame me. It opened of its own accord."

"Then he held out the bangle to me, and I saw that the little locket on it was open. He had seen the photograph inside; the photograph of himself which I had worn there ever since Ted had sent it home three years before.

"Well?" I quavered, almost tearfully, "I—I suppose there's no use saying anything, is there?"

"Peggy," he cried. "Peggy, you tantalizing little darling?" And then he caught me in his arms.—People's Friend.

Foremost European Statesman.

In broad statesmanship and effective diplomatic tact King Edward of England easily excels every other European ruler. In quiet, but none the less potent, ways he is building up British prestige and influence to a greater height than ever before attained. However able may be his ministers the personality of the king is one of the mightiest factors in the successes abroad of the government. The alliance with Japan, the restoration of the entente cordiale with Russia and the good understanding with France, Spain, Portugal and Italy are some of the achievements which add luster to his reign, to say nothing of the increasing cordiality between the United States and Great Britain.—Leslie's Weekly.

Happiness is merely not being miserable.

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PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

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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

Rev. Scott is circulating a petition opposing the application for a wholesale liquor license by P. R. Godfrey. This is a straight legal business that is countenanced in every city of growing importance in Western Canada, and the circulation of this petition, is, to our way of thinking, a malicious attempt to put somebody out of business in a pin-headed manner. Mr. Godfrey represents a reputed house of wholesalers, and it is his intention, if successful in securing a license, to locate in the Mercantile Block. A counter petition has been circulated, praying for the immediate removal of the Rev. Scott to the coal district.

If there is a chance to boom business, boom it. Don't put on a long face and look as though you had a stomach ache. Hold up your head, smile and look for better things. Hide your little hammer and try to speak well of others, no matter how small you may know yourself to be.—Kootenaian.

The Man With A Millstone About His Neck

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

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WILD ROSE LODGE No. 39
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Creston, B. C.

Meets every Monday at 8 p.m. in Speers' Hall.

F. C. Corry, C. C.
A. E. French, K. of R. & S.
G. Hendren, M. of F.

Visiting brethren cordially invited.

The next Council meeting of the "Chosen Friends" will be held in the Mercantile Hall on Tuesday evening next at 8 o'clock sharp, when the charter work will be closed and those who have had their application written up are requested to be present, as organizer Madill will be leaving for Cranbrook on Wednesday next.

ROD AND GUN FOR JUNE.

The winter campaign against the wolves in Northern Ontaria, suggestions for thinning out these pests in the Algonquin National Park, and the need for some further action in that portion of the province bordering on Manitoba, are prominent features of the June number of Rod & Gun in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, Ont. Sportsmen everywhere are deeply interested in this wolf campaign, because it is felt that the future of our big game depends to a considerable extent upon keeping down the numbers of their relentless and ever vigorous foes. What has been done and what is proposed applies to a much wider field than Ontario, and the lessons learned will no doubt be put to use in several of the other Provinces. Even where the wolf is not a pest and a trouble, sportsmen will read with sympathetic interest of the good work done and of the proposals for renewing it with increased zest next winter. Fishing, including a fine illustrated paper showing how anglers may, with much pleasure and profit to themselves, mount the best of their specimens, occupies the next place, seven stories being given up to topics of which the fisherman is never weary. As a change, one paper descriptive of fishing in the West Indies, will show Canadians that they have no need to envy their fellows elsewhere. A fine dog article by Mr. Clapham, "Dogs as Companions at Home and Afield," a paper on "Grouse in Alberta," a description of a new British Columbia Canoe trip, a couple of big game hunting stories, fish and game protection topics a summary of the report on the Canadian National park, and a paper on Physical Culture, ars representative of the wealth of other good things appearing in the number. Indeed, sportsmen, whatever may be the special line they favor, will find something in this issue appealing to them with particular force, while the whole of the contents will be found of general interest to all concerned in the sporting advantages of the Dominion.

Cranbrook Co-Operative Store is known as C. C. S. It is also known as the one store in the country where value cent for cent, may be obtained. Anything readers of the Review require in the furnishing line may be obtained at our store, and we guarantee a square deal or money refunded.

The Mercantile Co. is building a showroom for carriages and democrats alongside the present block.

Sirdar Avenue is about to be graded.

MINING STOCKS
(Beale & Elwell, Brokers, Cranbrook)
May 30th, 1909

	Bid	Asked
Aurora Consolidated		.25
B.C. Amalgamated	.02½	.03
B.C. Copper	6.50	7.50
Consolidated Smelters	77.	95.00
Canadian N. W. Oil	.16	.20
Can. Goldfields	.03½	.05
Canadian Marconi	1.00	1.75
Cranbrook Fire Brick		1.10
Diamond Coal	.57	.61
Diamond Vale Coal	.09	.11½
Int. Coal & Coke	.68	.72
Nicola Coal Mines	.04	.4½
Nipissing	10.75	11.25
North Star	.09½	.12
Nugget Gold Mines		.82½
McGillivray C. Coal	.25	
Pincher Creek Oil Co.		.82½
Rambler Cariboo	.12½	.14½
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Pure Mountain Spring Water used in the Manufacture of our Beer.
J. MUELLER, Proprietor, Moyie, B.C.

Notice of Application for Renewal of Liquor License

NOTICE is hereby given that we, George Mead and John B. Moran, of Creston, B.C., intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of our retail liquor license for the premises known as the Creston Hotel, situated at Creston, B.C.
Dated at Creston, B.C., May 1st, 1909.
GEORGE MEAD
JOHN B. MORAN

NOTICE is hereby given that I, George Munro, of Creston, B.C., intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of my retail liquor license, for the premises known as the Munro Hotel, situated at Creston, B.C.
Dated at Creston, B.C., May 1st, 1909.
GEORGE MUNRO

Notice is hereby given that we, J. R. Campbell and H. Graf, of Sirdar, B.C., intend to apply to the superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of our retail liquor license, for the premises known as the Sirdar Hotel, situated at Sirdar, B.C.
Dated at Sirdar, B.C., May 1st, 1909.
J. R. CAMPBELL
H. GRAF.

NOTICE is hereby given that I, Joseph Walker, of Erickson, B.C., intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of my retail liquor license for the premises known as the Erickson Hotel, situated at Erickson, B.C.
Dated at Erickson, B.C., May 1st, 1909.
JOSEPH WALKER

NOTICE is hereby given that I, John Marshall, of Kitchener, B.C., intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of my retail liquor license for the premises known as the Marshall Hotel, situated at Kitchener, B.C.
Dated at Kitchener, B.C., May 1st, 1909.
JOHN MARSHALL

LIQUOR LICENSE ACT, 1900 AND LIQUOR LICENSE AMENDMENT ACT, 1908

TAKE NOTICE that I, Percival Reginald Godfrey, of Creston, B.C., intend to apply one month after the date hereof, to the Superintendent of Provincial Police, for a Wholesale License to sell intoxicating liquors under the provisions of the Statute in that behalf, in the premises known and described as the Mercantile Block, situated at Creston, B.C., to commence on the First day of July, 1909.
Dated at Creston, B.C., this 21st day of May, 1909.
PERCIVAL R. GODFREY

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A reliable party to act as agent and salesman in Creston and surrounding district for the sale of Hardy Ontario grown fruit and ornamental trees. Good pay weekly. Exclusive territory. As we guarantee delivery of first grade stock in good condition our agents have every chance of doing a splendid business
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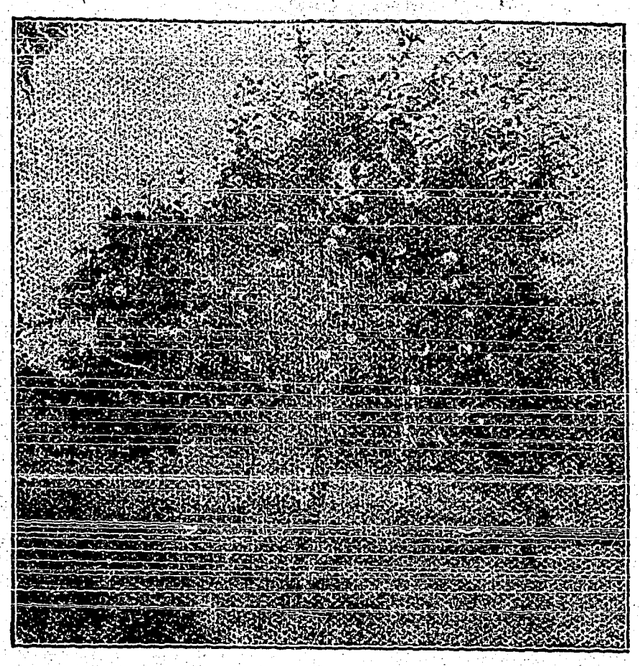

APPLE TREES BEARING

Exposition at Seattle

(Continued)

the fair and this was continued throughout the atternoon. With the close of the program a luncheon was served to distinguished guests and was attended by many prominent ladies and gentlemen, guests of the exposition management. In the evening an official banquet was tendered visiting dignitaries. at which short addresses were delivered by the Governor of Washington, the Mayor of Seattle, visiting governors and a number of distinguished visitors.

The opening of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition was worthy of the occasion. The presenting of a world's fair, complete and finished, was something remarkable in exposition history, and when the fair presented had justified the claims of its builders, and made good the expectations of being the most beautiful exposition ever built, the natural enthusiasm of the boundless northwest had sufficient cause for liberal expenditure.

The McLaughlin carriages are the best on the market, easy running and durable. We are agents and can supply them on easy terms.—McCreath Bros.

Mrs. C. Moore is upon a visit to her mother at Kaslo.

C. P. Riel is visiting friends at Mount Angel, Oregon.

James Dickson, Nelson, was a visitor Thursday.

G. D. Ehle, Kaslo, was here Thursday.

J. B. Steneerson, of Lajord, Sask., arrived Thursday.

Kitchen chairs, 65 cts. C.C.S., Cranbrook, B.C.

We are the sole agents in Creston for the famous McLaughlin carriages, democrats, buggies, wagons, etc. Only one grade, and that the best.—McCreath Bros.

A three-year old cinnamon bear, captured by an Indian, and weighing 550 lbs., has been purchased by Tommy Birt, acting for Mr. Woodyard, of the P. Burns Co., Cranbrook. The pelt was on exhibition this week at the shop of C. Merrill.

A meeting of the Erickson Rifle Association will be held on Friday evening in the Mercantile store. All members are urgently requested to be present.

Write the C.C.S, Cranbrook, B.C., for prices on furniture.

School re-opened on Monday, after a close down of a few days, owing to a case of scarlet fever.

Ten passenger coaches, laden with Doukhobors, passed through this morning. The human freight is consigned to a new settlement on Arrow lakes.

P. B. Fowler, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, in Creston, leaves tomorrow for Vancouver to meet his son Dick, who is leaving school.

An extra storey is put on the Howarth jewelry store.

The Riverside Nurseries, Grand Forks, B.C.

Are the Largest Nurseries in B. C., and the Nearest to CRESTON.
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Headquarters for mining men.
First class in every respect.
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Campbell & Graf,
Proprietors,
Sirdar, B. C.

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STOP!!
STOP!!!

FREE SHAVES
AT
MERRILL'S Barber Shop
TO-MORROW

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.

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$25 down and $10 a month

Write or wire to, call on or phone J. I.

ATHERTON

AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION AGENT

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Paper Becoming Substitute for Everything.

Washington, D. C., Saturday,—If paper, which has been so tightly compressed as to be available for car wheels, is to be metamorphosed into leather for shoes and felt for hats, as is being done in Plauen, Germany, according to consular reports, it promises to become an all around substitute. Perhaps it will yield to the modern alchemist, the indefatigable experimenter in the laboratory, and in time solve the problem of more economical living. If daily apparel can be made of paper as well as hats and shoes, then the question of living within one's income will have been partly solved. It will be wholly solved when paper can take the place of steaks, mutton chops, eggs, butter and bread.

Paper, like cement in the building world, promises to revolutionize the everyday world, which is daily becoming more and more a struggle, and which every minute tells the tale of the survival of the fittest.

Germany is leading in its discoveries of the new uses of paper, as it leads in everything in which painstaking, systematic research is required for results.

The United States is now the greatest producer of paper in the world, but the smallest exporter. That is because we use more paper than any other nation.

In some lines of manufacture Germany incontestably leads the world. The adaptation of paper to its present manifold uses is a matter of applied chemistry, and in this science the Germans have long been pre-eminent. But even in Germany and France, where paper making has reached so high a stage of advancement, it is still Yankee brains that furnish the machinery with which the fabric is produced, and not only are American paper-making machines exported to Europe, but American skilled workmen are employed to go with the machines and operate them in the paper mills on the other side of the water.

An example of this was recently afforded in the great copper mining company of Falun, Sweden, which added to its own producing plant several large paper mills. As part of its equipment four paper making machines were ordered in this country, and expert paper makers were engaged to go abroad with them, put them up and run them when they are in working order.

The Swedes have invented a grease proof paper which is superior to any other so far produced. One of the uses of this grease proof paper abroad is for the wrapping of butter for shipment. While there is plenty of grease proof paper made here and used extensively for the wrapping of hams, bacon and similar food products, it has not the merit of being odor proof as well, and butter is so sensitive to odors that this paper would not serve in packing it for shipment.

The Swedish grease proof paper on the other hand, is odor proof also, and nearly all of the butter shipped from Denmark to England is wrapped in it. The butter reaches Great Britain in pound packages enveloped in the grease and odor proof paper—packages that in a sense are hermetically sealed.

As for articles of daily use that are now made of paper their number is surprisingly large. Eliminating such things as car wheels, in which paper long ago demonstrated its superiority over steel, water buckets, covering for hay ricks and similar articles of familiar use, there are now hats, shoes and cups, but the shoes are not as durable as reported as the latest discovery in Germany.

In Detroit is a concern which is doing a large business in the manufacture of paper clothing, which, however, does not meet everyday demands. Paper, of course, as demonstrated in the water-buckets, can be made almost as impervious to water as India rubber itself. When combined with layers of thin cloth a material is made which is put into undershirts, waistcoats and jackets. They present a good appearance, and are very durable.

Without paper cloth it might almost be said that the ballroom sleeves worn by women not long ago would have been next to an impossibility. The strong, stiff but yielding fabric was precisely what was needed to make the sleeves remain in the form that fashion decreed for them.

In dress linings, skirt linings, coat linings and in facings paper cloth is coming more and more into use, and is giving very good satisfaction. It was Mr. Whistler, brother of the artist who, had the first paper rifle barrel made in this country, and although it stood the strain of firing it was considered only as a curiosity, illustrative of paper possibilities. Water mains of paper, however, are a practical possibility, and are in actual use. Where the conditions are such as to warrant the extra expense of paper water mains—as, for instance, where, from the nature of the bed in which they must lie, cast iron mains would oxidize—paper water mains, costly as they are, become a matter of economy and are generally used.

Window panes of paper, likewise, are used in case where there are such constant vibrations or such sudden jars as would break glass. By a chemical process paper may be made so translucent that a printed page can be read through it with perfect ease. Put in a window frame it gives a soft light sufficient to illuminate a room for nearly all purposes not requiring a particularly strong light. Waterproofs of paper are made in considerable quantity. The material consists of a lining of waterproof paper on both sides of it. Out of it excellent ponchos are made, although Uncle Sam still sticks to the old India rubber for his soldiers. Nearly all articles formerly in leather are now made of paper—such as suit cases, travelling bags, etc.—and so successful is the imitation that a man who had himself been in the paper business nine years bought an article of this kind in London recently under the conviction that it was leather he was purchasing.

"The idea that the waste and refuse of today is the raw material of tomorrow in modern industries is as true in paper manufacture as in everything else. For instance, the pulpy mass called bagasse, left after the sugar cane has been crushed and squeezed dry of its saccharine matter, and formerly burned as a nuisance, is now used for the manufacture of paper. The Cunningham Brothers, sugar men of Texas, have two paper mills, which make several grades of paper out of begasse, and the business is so profitable that they are about to open new mills.

One of the most profitable side industries growing out of the manufacture of paper came from the discovery of the fact that casein was better than glue for putting the heavy coating on the finer grades of paper. The discovery was not only a bonanza for the man who made it and for those who backed him, but also for the dairies. The skim milk which is left after the cream has been taken off for butter and other purposes, was mere refuse for the big dairies, but it is now turned into a source of profit almost as great as that from butter itself.

An insurmountable obstacle to the making of old newspapers into a good quality of paper was the fact that the ink, with its resin and heavy linseed oil, could not be got rid of by any known process. Paper was made of old newspapers, but it was poor in quality and always betrayed its origin. So old newspapers became in a certain sense waste until about six years ago, when a young man named McEwen, of New Jersey, found that the resin and oil in old newspapers, when the mass of ink and paper fibre together was subjected to a high temperature, would be just the thing for sizing for boxboard paper. Mr. McEwen had no capital and he had difficulty in interesting persons who had, but succeeded at last, and now he is wealthy. He himself ships from his mills 5,000 tons of boxboard paper to England alone every year, while he derives a large income from royalties on his patents.

The great problem of the future is the source of supply of wood and of other materials which enter into the manufacture of paper. The raw materials are rapidly disappearing. The wood supply shows signs of exhaustion.

When the exhaustion begins to pinch other raw products may be found. It is safe to say that the paper industry will be transferred from the woods of Maine, the Northwest and Canada to the South, where white and yellow pine, the "second growth" trees, will take the place of the spruce and the hemlock as pulp.

A Lynchburg, Va., inventor has recently perfected a process for utilizing the long leaf yellow pine, or pitch pine, in the South in the manufacture of paper, and an experimental factory is in operation in Lynchburg. Hitherto the large quantity of resin in pine has made it impossible to use for making pulp, and as a result vast pine forests in the South have gone to waste.

The discovery that pine wood might be used for paper making was made by accident. For a long while the discoverer had been seeking to perfect a process for extracting turpentine and resin from the wood in an economical manner. He was finally successful, and then it was noted that one of the by-products of his process was a large quantity of wood pulp. This pulp, it was found by the experiment, contained little or no resin. Then the idea of using it for papermaking came to those interested, and a new Southern industry was born.

The forests of New England and Michigan have been devastated during recent years to supply paper manufacturers with spruce and similar woods to make their pulp. The question of the future wood supply in the manufacture of paper has been a serious one. The eyes of paper manufacturers have been directed for years on the almost unlimited supply of pitch pine, as it is commonly called in the South.

The South also promises another source of paper, and that is cotton stalks, which have long been regarded as a nuisance.

They have been an expense to the planter, because they must be burned to prepare the ground for the next crop. To make paper from them not only gives them value, but also puts the raw material at the back door of the mill, eliminating the cost of transportation. Some say there are thirty million tons of cotton stalks in the South, and that for use as paper stock they will be worth $1.50 to $2.50 a ton. This would mean $60,000,000 added to the receipts of the cotton planters. Another estimate, however, is a ton of stalks to the bale of cotton, which would make the amount less. Both estimates are guesses, but the fact remains that the success of this scheme means that cotton stalks will be a source of revenue instead of an expense to the planter.

Harvey Jordan says that the making of paper from the cotton stalks is one of the interesting developments of this century, and has already passed the experimental stages.

"It has been demonstrated that all grades of paper from the best farm of linen grades to the lowest, can be manufactured from cotton stalks. In addition to this, a variety of by products, such as alcohol, nitrogen, material for guncotton and smokeless powder, can also be secured in paying quantities."

SHIPWRECKS OF A YEAR.

Long List of Marine Disasters—The Losses for 1903.

The numerous and spectacular shipwrecks of the past winter have led to a general discussion in Europe of the statistics of marine disasters. The figures of the Bureau Veritas, a French institution somewhat analogous to Lloyd's but said to excel it in statistical information, give a fearful idea of the tribute that the peoples of the earth pay to the sea from year to year.

The latest complete accounting guaranteed by the bureau is that for 1905, and this, it is stated, represents a fair average of loss. There were altogether 1,038 losses of ships, including 389 steam vessels and 649 propelled by sails. This takes no note of mishaps in inland waters and none of losses of fishing smacks and other small harbor craft. It refers only to seagoing ships. Users of vessels engaged in the ocean carrying trade. The worst year of which the bureau has definite records appears to have been 1899, when the losses were: Steamships, 339; sailing vessels, 1,002; total, 1,341. The bureau keeps no tally of the lives lost, the figure not being commercially important; but they are estimated at many thousands each year.

Among the disasters of 1905 fire caused twenty-nine, with fifteen sailing vessels and fourteen steamers. The greatest number of losses was due to grounding, 284 sailing vessels and 171 steamships being wrecked in that way. Eighty one vessels, fifty-one sail and thirty steam, disappeared utterly, leaving no sign as to their fate.

The lost vessels represent these tonnages; sailing ships, 283,737; steamships, 527,808. The losses of the principal maritime nations were:

Steamers—England, 181; Norway, 32; Japan, 23; Germany, 21; Spain, 19; France, 19; Sweden, 16; United States, 15; Russia, 13; Greece, 11; Italy 9; Holland, 7; Denmark, 5.

Sailing vessels—England, 165, Norway, 107; United States, 104; Italy, 69; Sweden, 59; France, 47; Russia, 29; Germany, 26; Denmark, 10; Holland, 10.

Besides the list of total losses the Bureau Veritas has records of 5,418 serious accidents, including groundings, collisions, leaks and accidents to machinery. Of these mishaps 3,283 were to steamships.

A SMART TAILORED BLOUSE.

The mode is characterized by trimming straps that extend over the shoulders rendering the style exceedingly becoming. The regulation shirt sleeves are finished by laps and straight cuffs. Linon, pongee, taffeta and Madras are all suitable for reproduction.

Stroke of Genius.

Knicker—So Outlate has a good scheme?

Bocker—Yes, he starts a phonograph striking ten when he gets home.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Don't imagine, my boy, if you throw up your job
That the firm that employs you will fail.
That the whole office in their anguish will sob
And the senior partner turn pale.
You are highly efficient and active and bright,
But the chance of all this is incredibly slight
There are plenty of others without you.

Don't get mad with the girl, and to make her feel bad
Fail to go for your usual call,
It's the truth, though I know it sounds awfully sad,
That she may never miss you at all.
It's a mighty poor policy staying away,
Though I grant at times she may flout you,
But I know that I'm in a position to say
There are plenty of others without you.

Don't get soured on the world and do anything rash,
Not to speak of the good of your soul,
If you jump into the lake you may make a small splash,
But you'll never make much of a hole.
Don't expect folks to make such a terrible fuss
When they think very little about you,
And, to use common language, aren't caring a cuss,
There are plenty of others without you.

—Chicago News.

Asking the Impossible.

"Have you any alarm clocks?" inquired the customer.

"Yes, ma'am," said the man behind the counter. "About what price do you wish to pay for one?"

"The price is no object. If I can get the kind I am after. What I want is one that will rouse the hired girl without waking the whole family."

"I don't know of any such alarm clock as that ma'am," said the man. "We keep just the ordinary kind—the kind that will wake the whole family without disturbing the hired girl."

A SMART TAILORED WAIST.

This smart design for a shirtwaist is thoroughly up-to-date and suitable for most of the shirtwaist materials. Groups of tucks are laid in at each side of the front closing and a Gibson tuck extends over the shoulders and down to the waistline in the back. Linen, madras, silk and wool batiste are all adaptable for development.

Millions Without Owners.

PROPERTY FOR WHICH NO HEIRS CAN BE FOUND.

"Did you ever realize that millions of dollars are in the hands of the Chamberlain of New York city and the State Treasurer awaiting owners, and that lawyers are working on the task of searching for heirs of these funds all the time, succeeding or failing in the most unusual ways?

"There is $6,000,000 in the hands of the City Chamberlain alone, which would be given over to the heirs of the people who died and left the money if those heirs would only appear.

"Another odd thing, do you realize that some of the most valuable property in New York city is not improved and remains occupied by ramshackle buildings because the owners have disappeared and that large rents are collected by people who have no right whatever to them?"

The speaker was a lawyer who makes a specialty of finding lost heirs to estates and owners of bank accounts who have disappeared.

"I often think that no man gets so strong an impression of the twisting paths of life, of the obscure eddies into which people drift, and of the mysterious ways in which they can be murdered or die in lonely places or just sink out of the current of life and disappear as a lawyer engaged in such work as this," he went on. "Dozens of men have disappeared in this way in cases which I have investigated.

"Who knows whether they have been knocked on the head or have taken to the river or have changed their names, although without apparent motive to do so, and are quietly living in some retired hamlet?

"If you came into contact with such cases as I have before me day in and day out you would wonder, too, what becomes of all these people that were well known and prominent one day and the next day have disappeared as utterly as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

"An odd case I remember—not the oddest, but still rather out of the ordinary—was that of a Belgian artist named Jean van der Stock. He landed in this country in 1888, when he was about 30.

"He was a portrait painter and soon after arriving here received numerous and lucrative commissions, and, in short, was on the high tide of success in no time. He had a studio and living rooms in Waverley place fixed up in biazrre fashion, and it was a favorite stunt of his friends to have tea there every afternoon and rabbit suppers in the evening, and that sort of thing.

"In 1892 he hired a safe deposit box from a Broadway company and put in it between $5,000 and $10,000 worth of securities. The next day he disappeared.

"We have hunted for him ever since, but in vain. We have found his old mother, who had not heard from him for three years before his death.

"The trust company would like to hand the securities over to her, and she is in poor circumstances, but it cannot do so as things are.

"What was his fate? Did he voluntarily disappear and simply forget the money? Or was he knocked on the head in some brawl along the water front as the end-up of a crazy spree? Or was he suddenly stricken with aphasia and is he living in some interior city or perhaps right here in New York?

"Who knows? No one has ever been able to find any trace of his whereabouts or any proof of his death.

"About the largest fortune I know to have been tied up by lost heirs is that of William A. Kinelly, a wealthy wholesale grocer of this city, who died in 1868. Kinelly had a brother, Edward, with whom he had a violent quarrel about some trifling personal matter.

"Both men were violent tempered and Edward ended the quarrel by telling his brother that he hoped he would never see him again, and getting out of town the same night. Kinelly didn't care at the time, but on his deathbed he had a fit of repentance quite as violent as his anger. He wrote a will leaving his entire fortune of close on to a quarter of a million dollars to his brother, disinheriting all his other relatives.

"Edward was traced to Michigan and there the trail stopped. We have never been able to get any further. The State Treasurer took over the entire estate under the law and still has it.

'Did Edward resolve not to touch a cent of his brother's money on account of their quarrel? He must have seen the advertisements we published if he was still alive. It would be quite in keeping with his nature to ignore them and refuse to touch the money.

"Another odd case was that of James J. Pomeroy, of Joplin, Mo., and Missoula, Mont. In his case we found the heir, but can't get the money on account of a quirk in the Montana law.

"Pomeroy was another strongheaded man, as many of the actors in these queer dramas seem to have been. He was a prosperous business man of Joplin, back twenty years ago, married and had one son.

"He apparently got tired of his wife, for one day he up and left her and the boy and all they ever heard of him was a letter received a week later from San Francisco. It told them never to expect to see him again, as he was going to the Sandwich Islands not to return, and would change his name and his identity so as to baffle all attempts to find him. Later on had messages sent from the islands that he had died.

"Well, he went to Missoula, Mont., instead. He changed his first name, but that was all.

"His familiarity with mining methods gained in Joplin made him a valuable man in the Montana town. Before he died he became one of the wealthy men of the place, the grand master of the Masonic order for the State.

"His first wife died of a broken heart. He married again and his second wife divorced him. When he died, leaving a fortune of nearly $100,000 and no will, we were able to trace the son through the evidence brought out in the divorce proceedings.

"We went back to Joplin, found the son and started proceedings to get the money, which had been turned over to the State. It will be necessary for the Legislature to pass a special bill to enable the son to come into his own.

"There is a touch of human weakness and passion too in the story of the $25,000 that is awaiting the grandchildren of Peter Knell, the sexton of the First German Reformed Church, which used to be situated at Delancey and Sheriff streets in the first quarter of the century.

"Peter was a blacksmith and a pleasant, handsome, attractive man. Rhoda Whitehead, daughter of one of the old merchants of New York, fell in love with him at first sight. They stole away one day and were married.

"The Whiteheads were enraged at the match and cut the girl dead. When Rhoda's rich father died she was disinherited. But his son, to whom all the Whitehead wealth descended, became very regretful in his latter days that he had acquiesced in his sister's disinheritance.

his son, to whom all the Whitehead wealth descended, became very regretful in his latter days that he had acquiesced in his sister's disinheritance.

"She was dead then and left grandchildren growing up. On his deathbed he made a will leaving a good share of his fortune in partial restitution to the grandchildren of Peter and Rhoda Whitehead Knell.

"Then came the search. We found that the pair had left at least two children. One, Christina, had married a Dr. Lawrence and there had been no children from that union. The other, George, had married too, and had seven children.

"After living in New York for several years the family had moved to some place on Long Island, we understand Where, we have not been able to discover. They are the only grandchildren so far as we know, and there you have it—these seven people living in some Long island village probably hard up, and we eager to find them and give them the money, but just unable to go a single step further in our search.

"Another case of mysterious disappearance is that of a pretty Alsatian widow named Fanny Celier. She came here following the death of her husband in 1860. She was then only 25, I think.

"She taught German and French in Wells College for a year and then disappeared. A legacy of $10,000 awaits her or her heirs if they ever turn up, but we have little hope of this happening.

"There are some queer cases of property practically ownerless in the best business and residence parts of New York. This arises from the same freak that is doubtless at the bottom of many of the lost heir mysteries.

"The owners suffered a sudden attack of aphasia or just took it into their heads to disappear. The fact remains that these properties are practically ownerless through these disappearances.

"People who collected the rents as agents or others who learned of the disappearance of the owner have succeeded in collecting the rents ever since, and are in many cases pocketing them and posing as the real owners. Oh, I know of several cases of this sort. Some of these properties are situated next to skyscrapers.

"As sites for high, modern buildings they are very valuable, but they are covered with ramshackle edifices which pay a low but steady rent to the pseudo owners.

"The latter can't afford to take the risk of putting money into improving the property for fear the real owner may turn up some day and turn them out. So they remain satisfied with the low rent and let the property remain an eyesore to the neighborhood.

"Another interesting phase of tied up legacies and lost heirs and all that business is the numerous fakes and frauds that are put up. Schemes are constantly being devised to get possession of property in this State."

Society Reporter at the Fire.

The regular reporter was taking a vacation and the editor was busy in the office, so when it was learned that on the previous evening there had been a fire in a remote part of the city the young woman who writes the society news was sent to bring in a report of it for the paper. She came into the office an hour later with the following interesting account:

"Quite a number of people in this part of the city attended a fire last night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Blank, in Thirteenth street. Some went in carriages and buggies, but a majority walked. The alarm was sounded about 9.30, and many who attended the fire had just returned from church, consequently they were already dressed for the occasion.

"Mr. Blank was not at home, being out of the city on business, hence the affair will be quite a surprise to him when he returns. Mrs. Blank wore a light porcele kimona and had her hair done up in kid curlers.

"The firemen responded readily and worked heroically to subdue the seething flames. Most of them were young and fairly good looking. They were dressed in oilcloth coats, cut short, with trousers to match. Their hat rims were narrow in front and broad behind, and sagged down in the rear. The chief's hat was ornamented with an occasional brass spike, which stuck up above his head like a horn, giving him the appearance of a unicorn.

"When the flames broke out through the second storey and cast a lurid hue over the surrounding buildings, the view was one never to be forgotten. At a late hour the sightseers went home, and all felt that they had passed an evening full of excitement and interest."—Nebraska (Kan.) Sun.

Uncle Jerry.

"Well," remarked Uncle Jerry Peebles, laying aside the newspaper in whose columns he had been reading the despatches from New York, "I s'pose this is the last we'll hear about that fashionable weddin' until the divorce proceedin's begin."

Yvonne's Beacon

BY
ROMA WHITE
—In—
Chicago Chronicle.

On a certain point of land which runs out from the coast of Brittany there stands a lighthouse with white walls that glisten snow white in the summer sunshine. Behind the building the country stretches flat and sandy to the distant hills and plains. Few houses are scattered about the neighborhood and the fields, hedged with gorse, show successive crops of carrrots and artichokes, cultivated by the women of the district. In front of the lighthouse is the sea; no calm stretch of blue waters, but a seething, whirling pool of currents which race around the jagged islands of rock. It is a part of the world that is described as "wicked looking" by all the travellers who visit it. The inhabitants of the low mud houses have long hair and wild eyes; they look like the human embodiment of the cruel and imperious forces of nature among which they have their being.

"And the wreckage of the sea, coming to enrich these people, causes them to turn their faces to the south, while they pray that heaven will send a gale. For pirates and wreckers were they born, and pirates and wreckers will they die."

So wrote an old chronicler once of the fisher folk of St. Jacques. For hundreds of years they were left to grow as fat as might be on such tragic spoilage. Strange pieces of furniture, which have been handed down from their ancestors, are still to be seen in their kitchens. Curious cupboards, and tables were there, such as must have come from the east; and the wood is warped and battered as if by angry tides. The landlady who occupies the solitary inn a mile or two away from the lighthouse, is the proud possessor of a dozen silver teaspoons. If you ask her where they came from, she will shrug her shoulders and look out of the window toward those terrrible rocks in the distance.

"It pleases heaven to send us many strange things in many strange ways out here," she will tell you. "One does not ask questions."

Yet the teaspoons have a hall mark upon them, and may be traced to English makers of the year 1855.

Pierre Chollet, the oldest fisherman of the district, whose long, white hair and beard give him a patriarchal appearance, and whose waist is girt with a folded blue sash, will, if you are friendly with him and treat him to a long, thin glass of cider brandy, that he calls a "mique," tell you the prayer he used to say at his mother's knee in his childhood. It is a plea to the Almighty that he would be pleased very soon to send St. Jacques a wreck.

But a modern government stepped in and decreed that the fisher people were no longer to cast proprietary glances upon the great ships that might be seen sending up their long spirals of smoke into the red light of the sunset. An English passenger boat had been wrecked on its way down into the Bay of Biscay, and immediately afterwards a temporary lighthouse was rapidly thrown up at the end of the point of St. Jacques, with the promise of a more durable structure, which should fling the light from its revolving beacon far and wide across the terrible currents and the high jagged rocks.

Now the lighthouse keeper appointed to the post at St. Jacques was a young Malouin. He came down to St. Jacques one day in a large wooden cart, with his wife on the seat beside him. The cart was drawn by one of the immense Breton horses that you meet on every road, with their blue collars like rugs and their due accouterment of bells. The cart contained Jean Marie's worldly goods and some of them were very beautiful. There was the tall clock of bog oak from Dol, which had belonged to his family from all time; there was the wardrobe of the same carved wood, and there was the bunk bed that was like nothing in the show. Added to these he brought world so much as a Punch and Judy show. Added to these he brought two enormous milk cans of curious shape, with Greek curves in their composition, that came from Guernsey.

As Jean-Marie and Yvonne, his wife, passed through the village of St. Jacques, curious glances were cast upon their progress. For the present the greatest amount of interest was bestowed upon the furniture of the newcomers. Breton housewives love their old oak almost as much as they love their children. Unwilling admiration was won from them by the sight of Jean-Marie's beautiful clock and beds. They felt that Yvonne was a woman to be envied, and this conviction added to their sullen dislike of the couple who had come to make their home in the new lighthouse.

The building was in ill favor. The fishermen did not think that anyone had a right to build such a thing upon their coast. When the light shone out that night, clear and full, over the dark ocean the whole village turned out to look at it and to make unfavorable comments on the government that had caused its erection.

"The ships on the sea have hitherto been left to the care of the good God," said one. "They who doubt His wisdom hang great lights upon their coasts. What will he will be—and if the wreckage had come to us, so much the better."

"They carry infidels, too, do the big ships," put in a woman in a close white cap and short skirts above her wooden sabots. "The storms are a judgment sent by the Holy Virgin. She will surely no longer work her miracles at the fountain of St. Anne when she sees great lanterns such as these. They are enough to drive all the saints away."

Many other things of this nature were muttered to each other by the crowd that watched the light upon the point of St. Jacques. For these were the days when, after the death of a professed atheist in one of the largest towns in Brittany, 1,000 people had gathered upon the walls of the cemetery to see this unholy burial, because they firmly believed that the devil would appear upon the scene and fly away with the corpse.

Nevertheless, the women of St. Jacques were compelled to visit the lighthouse-keeper's wife. Curiosity and a desire to hear the history of that wonderful furniture drew them to the little round building, one by one. Yvonne was quite willing to tell them the story of her household goods. The bunk-bed was her own and had been left to her by her grandmother. The mattress was stuffed with pluckings from the geese on her aunt's farm, which had been saved for her since she was a little girl in a tight white cap and tiny sabots. The milk cans her uncle, who was a sailor, had b rought from Guernsey, and she believed that they were very valuable indeed. Yvonne could have prattled the whole afternoon about her possessions, for did she not love them better than anything in the world but Jean-Marie and her mother's grave?

She was a careful housewife, too, was Jean-Marie's wife. Every morning saw her polishing the carvings of the wardrobe until they were as smooth to touch as satin to the touch of her finger tips. She would sing at her work with sheer delight as she rubbed. And the women who passed to and fro upon the cliffs heard the singing floating out over the gorse and muttered surlily to themselves because of her joy.

"She's tete montee with her furniture and her lantern," said they. "She thinks herself a duchess in the midst of us."

But Yvonne went on rubbing her furntiure and the lighthouse beacon burned clear and steady night after night in spite of the grumblings and prophesies of the folk that occupied the scattered houses around. Then came a time of poverty, when the vegetable crops failed and many of the fishermen lost their boats in a gale. The spring after that terrible winter at St. Jacques nearly half the population accepted the offer of a firm to carry them to the cod fisheries of Newfoundland. They went away at the beginning of March and their wives and children were left to struggle through the summer as best they could.

A second time the crops fail. The money left by the men—whose wages were paid in advance—was nearly all exhausted, and the shadow of famine seemed about to fall across the land.

It was then that the women of St. Jacques revolted.

They were brawny limbed and coarse faced for the most part, and they were in despair. No wrecks had come to the coast since the erection of the lighthouse and they believed that their general ill-luck dated from the evening when Jean-Marie had brought all his worldly possessions to St. Jacques in the big cart. One day the clouds came up heavy and black from the southwest. The wind rose with a whistle and sent these clouds scudding across the sky, while their shadows upon the sea were as the shadows of the angels of death. A roaring sound came from the point where the waves were beginning to pour themselves in white foam among the creeks. The salt of the sea was in the storm-rent air, and the wind tore handfuls of the churned foam from the face of the waters and blew it to the land like great flakes of snow.

That night the twilight fell early and at 8 o'clock the lighthouse beacon shone out over the wild waters. The women of St. Jacques had congregated upon the cliffs, as their forefathers used to congregate when watching for a wreck. As the light suddenly pierced the growing gloom the crowd with one accord turned their faces toward the building whence it came.

Then it was that low curses began to run through the assembly of watching women. A thrill of resolution seemed to communicate itself silently to each member of the little assembly. As if stirred by a common impulse they twisted round and set off on a steady tramp toward the lighthouse.

Strange passions were at work within them. But for the warning beacon this stormy night would have sent them many wrecks. Their faces, reddened by the wind, were set and gloomy. Their dark eyes flashed under their white caps, and their hard mouths spoke no words save an occasional curse.

With rapid, unhesitating steps they streamed away across the cliffs. Then they formed up into a compact body, and their leader knocked at the lighthouse door.

Now Yvonne was that night alone in the lighthouse. Her husband had gone on a journey to see his sick father, which would keep him away for a couple of days. The prefet maritime, a round-faced stout little man, had given his consent to the absence of the light-house keeper with a queer look in his eyes. He had been a fisherman himself and possibly his hereditary instincts and sympathies tolerated the hostile demonstrations of the people of St. Jacques. The wife of the lighthouse-keeper had no fear of her solitude. She was accustomed to trimming the wicks and to keeping the lamps burning throughout the night, for she often performed the work for her husband. Only half an hour ago she had ascended the stairs to the top lightroom and had made all ready for the night. Then she returned to the little kitchen and began to prepare her supper of vegetable soup and sour bread.

When the sharp blows of the women resounded upon the door Yvonne's face appeared at the window. She looked upon the crowd without and her face went very white. But she was a Norman woman of resolute will. Stepping forward to the door she flung it open.

"What is it?" she cried. "What is the matter? Is there a wreck?"

"There's no wreck," said the foremost woman. "We want you to put out the light."

"To put out the light!" echoed Yvonne. "You must be mad."

"We are not mad," cried several voices in the crowd. "Put out the light."

Yvonne stood facing the little multitude. Her head was thrown back and her eyes looked very angry.

"You are mad!" she repeated again. "Go away."

And she shut the door in their faces and rammed the bolts across it.

"Misery has turned their heads," she thought to herself. "I wonder what they are going to do next?"

She pulled the curtain quickly before the little window. The stuff was not thick enough to hide the comfortable flickering of the wood fire within from the eyes that watched the casement.

"They have always hated us," thought Yvonne. "This is the end of it."

Standing in the middle of the floor with her fingers tightly interlaced, she waited for what was to come to pass. During a few moments there was dead silence without, but for the long hissing of the wind through the gorse. The lighthouse had only one door and a couple of windows on the ground floor. On the side which faced the sea there was a blank wall. It seemed as if it would be impossible for anybody to break into it. But the women outside were in a desperate mood, strong and brawny limbed as their men folk, they set about effecting an entrance into the lighthouse as resolutely as their husbands might have done. Simultaneously two of them made a dash at either window. The crash of falling glass sounded in the little lighthouse room and the sudden guest of wind sent the sparks out of the wood fire flying about on the hearth, as the assailants dragged back the curtains.

Yvonne sprang to the window nearest to her. She struck at the face that appeared at the casement and raised a black bruise upon the forehead. The countenance of the woman who strove to enter became distorted with passion and rage. Her companions behind her pushed and assisted her with all their strength. Now, although Yvonne was brave, she was small and slight in comparison with her assailants. She fought desperately to guard the window, but although she was able to keep back for a moment the daughter of Pierre Chollet, whom she had struck upon the forehead, the other window was undefended and broen. Jeanne Orian's head and shoulders were already through the bars, and her face was barely human in the leaping firelight. In another moment she was in the room, and, springing to Yvonne, had pinned her hands behind her back.

Yvonne knew then that she was powerless. Before five minutes had passed the kitchen was full of the shouting, desperate women, and the wife of the lighthouse-keeper was bound haad anf foot and flung brutally upon the floor.

Then the women of St. Jacques were able to work their will. They mounted to the top lightroom and they poured water upon the lamps until the flames were extinguished. Then, using chairs and planks, and anything they could lay hands upon, they dashed the glass and the receivers to pieces, and tearing the wicks, scattered them over the floor. Their work of demolition completed, they tramped down the stairs again and passed away into the shrieking wind and darkness of the outer night.

Yvonne remained bound and helpless. The wind from the broken casement rushed round the room and set the red cotton curtains of the bunk bed flapping to and fro. Yvonne stared about her and her eyes were full of grief and terror. Dropping her forehead down upon the clay floor, she burst at last into a flood of tears.

For ten minutes the sobs broke ceaselessly from her lips. The cord with which the women had bound her was cutting deep into her wrists and ankles. She tried to work her wrists against each other, but found that her efforts were unavailing. So tightly was she tied that the ropes must be cut before she could be set free.

She lay quite still for a few moments, looking vaguely and wildly round, as if to discover some possible means of escape. Then her eyes fell upon the log fire. The wind had set it blazing again and there came upon her all at once a desperate resolve. Rolling over and over upon the floor, she approached the blazing wood, then, holding her bound hands to the flames, she set the pieces of rope on fire. The hemp charred and smouldered and the pain in her wrists was so great that she cried out. Still she never flinched from her purpose, for she knew that many lives beside her own depended upon immediate action.

In a few minutes the cord, weakened where she had set it on fire, gave way, and her hands were free. Struggling to her knees across the kitchen to the small flour tub, she plunged her burnt wrists into the soft, powdery stuff. It eased the pain of the scorched skin a little and she was enabled to use her fingers and to untie the knots which bound the ropes about her feet.

It was then that she did the thing which has made her name famous in Brittany. Mounting the steep wooden stairs, she entered the top lightroom. When her eyes fell upon the damage that had been done she wrung her hands. There was no possible method of rectifying the evil. Receivers and mirrors were alike battered to pieces.

"But yet there must be a light," said Yvonne to herself. "There must be a light or there will be human bodies on the shore to-morrow."

Looking out from the lighthouse window, her eyes strove to pierce the great, windy darkness of the night. As she looked she saw the moving, tossing sparks of light from the ships out at sea.

"There must be a light!" repeated Yvonne, beginning to sob again. "But what shall I do? What shall I do?"

All of a sudden a thought struck her. The oil can with which Jean Marie was in the habit of filling the receivers was on the floor beside her. Yvonne caught it up, and, hurrying to the basement, filled it full from the cask which stood just outside the kitchen door. Then she set it down and prepared to fulfil the task which she had set herself.

Opening the lighthouse door, she peered cautiously out along the narrow track that ran to the lighthouse from the distant village. A wide stretch of grass and blackthorn bushes lay on either side of this little grassy path. She could see this thick undergrowth lying grotesque and ragged under the light from door and window. Then it faded off into the blackness of the wide, impenetrable night beyond.

A mile and a half away the lights of the village shone like a scattered handful of glowworms. No sound fell on Yvonne's ears but the sweeping of the wind and the reverberating thunder of the crested waves upon the rocks below. Listening intently for any alien noise, she began to carry the chairs from the kitchen round to the side of the lighthouse which faced the ocean. Piling them up as far from the lighthouse as she could and as near to the edge of the cluf fas she dared, she worked away until nearly all her household goods were disposed in a high pile upon the point.

Besides the chairs there were the mattresses from the bunk bed and the little carved oak tables that had belonged to her great-grand-mother. The clock was heavy and difficult to carry, but Yvonne added it resolutely to her pile. The wardrobe she could not stir, but she took her husband's ax and broke away large pieces of wood from the doors and stacked them up about the clock, the tears streaming about her face all the time.

When the huge stack was ready she poured half a dozen cans of petroleum over it, soaking the furniture through and through with the oil. Then she went into the house and brought out a blazing faggot from the fire. Thrusting the burning stick straight into the middle of her furniture, she turned away, covering her face with her hands and burst into sobs.

The flame from the oil leaped up in an instant bright and clear. It bathed Yvonne's slight and supple figure as she stood swaying to and fro in her grief. It flung a strange glare over the side of the cliff and the crests of the waves leaped white and gleaming into the brightness and sank again into the churning, inky whirlpools below. Then the bluish flames turned to yellow and a red glow grew slowly out of the pile, for the wood was fairly on fire and showed glowing and crimson in the hight.

"If the women come again they will kill me," thought Yvonne to herself with the calm of despair. She felt as if life were slipping away from her in her exhaustion and pain. Turning away from the bonfire, she went and leaned against the lighthouse wall, her hair flying in the wind and her eyes fixed dully upon upon the blaze. It seemed to her as if all power to think or act had been taken from her.

On the shore in the wide bay, half a mile from the lighthouse, the women of St. Jacques watched the leaping blackness of the sea. When the first light from Yvonne's bonfire leaped out upon the cliff they turned their eyes upon it and looked at each other without a word.

"The lighthouse is on fire!" said one, crossing herself. "The holy Virgin herself has done it. There will be no more lanterns hung out on the point of St. Jacques."

"With that great light up there," cried another, "there will be no ships on the rocks to-morrow. Let us go and put it out."

But nobody stirred all the same. They continued to gaze, fascinated at the red pennons of fire that streamed northward upon the wind.

"If the lighthouse is on fire, what has become of Jean-Marie's wife," said a woman, all at once, "she will be burned alive."

"Let her be burned!" cried the daughter of Pierre Chollet, whose forehead was still black and aching from Yvonne's well directed blow. "Let her be burned. It matters nothing to us."

But an old woman in the crowd suddenly cried out;

"I have a daughter out at service," said she; "her hair is the color of Jean Marie's wife. I am going to the lighthouse."

She set off up the cliff path in her thick sabots, her short, stained skirt flapping in the wind. The women of St. Jacques needed but a leader that night to perform any strange premeditated deed. With one accord they set off to follow the old woman and hurried up the cliffs together in the direction of the lighthouse.

When they were near to it they saw that the building remained intact, and that the flames were streaming out from a bonfire on the point.

"She has made a fire," cried the women of St. Jacques, "because we broke her bacon lights."

They began to run heavily and awkwardly across the furze. The foremost among them entered the lighthouse door and for a moment stood amazed.

"She is not here," they said, turning back to those who were behind. "She and her furniture have both disappeared."

They hastened round to the side of the lighthouse, where the bonfire blazed. Yvonne still stood propped up against the lighthouse wall. Her head had fallen back and she was unconscious.

The old woman whose daughter was in service stepped forward and touched her on the shoulder.

"She is dead! We have killed her!"

The other women crowded round, making the sign of the cross upon their breasts. They looked at Yvonne's white face, and then they looked at the flaming pile upon the edge of the cliff. One of them, in a strange, thrilling voice, expressed the sudden conviction that was in the minds of all.

"She has burned up her furniture! She has made a light for the ships at sea!"

They were of strange temper, were these Breton women of St. Jacques. They thought of their own wardrobes and their clocks and their bunk-beds. They were touched in a spot in their hearts which was difficult to find. With a little sob the old woman fell upon her knees and began to pray aloud for forgiveness from heaven.

Pierre Chollet's daughter was the first to follow her example. She was followed by Jeanne Orian, and then, one by one, the prayer was taken up, and the brawny-limbed women, thrilled by strange emotion, until with one accord, in the light of Yvonne's bonfire, they called upon the good Lord to forgive them their trespasses.

"We will keep the bonfire alight," said one, "for the sake of her who has made this sacrifice."

So it came to pass that when Yvonne opened her eyes and recovered from her long swoon she found herself carefully tended by Pierre Chollet's daughter, who had the black bruise still upon her forehead. And round the blaze of the bonfire the shadowy figures of many women passed to and fro, cutting piles of furze and stacking them up upon the flames. For what Yvonne had done that night would remain cherished in the hearts of the housewives of St. Jacques forever.

When morning dawned Jean-Marie came back to St. Jacques. He found his wife tenderly installed in the best bunk bed of the village, which was that belonging to Jeanne Orian. He heard the story and the abbe heard the story and they all combined to send a doctored version of it up to headquarters, for Jean-Marie knew well enough that what his wife had done had installed her in the reverence of the people for ever more. The tale that went abroad to the world was that an accident had happened to the lamps, and that Yvonne and the women of St. Jacques had kept a bonfire all night along the cliffs. A subscription was made to cover the loss of Jean-Marie's furniture, and from the night of Yvonne's deed it seemed as if the curse which had fallen upon the village had been removed. And if you go to the rock point and make friends with the son of Jean-Marie and of Yvonne, who is now keeper, he will perhaps tell you the tale as it occurred, and show you the very spot on the cliffs where his mother offered up her household goods.

"You see," he will say, pointing to the brittle flowers that love the salt breezes of the ocean, "from that time the sea thrift has grown here as it will grow nowhere else."

Whether this is his fancy or not the sea thrift certainly blows pink and fragrant in the sunshine, a strange contrast to the dark and foaming currents that surge round the rocks below.

SUITE A SHERLOCK HOLMES.

Mr. Neighbor—Do you know that your chickens come over into our garden?
Miss Sweet—I thought they must be doing that.
Mr. Neighbor—Why did you think that?
Miss Sweet—Because they never came bac

IN A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDIO

From Jeems Kaye.

Ye may think it strange, Baillie, but ye ken Burns, or Shakespeare, or somebody, says "Truth is stranger than fiction," and it's true. Betty and me had never got oor portraits ta'en, and as we're gettin' weel up noo, and life is uncertain, for in this toon ye're no' sure o' yer life for a meenit atween tramway caurs and motor carriages, and bicycles and like, we determined the ither nicht tae get a dizzen o' kerds ta'en tae send tae oor freens. Last Wednesday, therefore, I got on my hauf-dress suit, shepherds' tartan troosers, bird's-eye necktie, etcetra, and Betty dress't hersel' in a goon and her bonnet, and takin' the caur we got landit in Jamaica street, where there's ony number o' photographers, etc. We studied the gless cases a wee, and at length fixed on ane and up we gaed. The laeste said jist tae look roon till the operator was disengaged, so we sat doon. After a while I thocht I micht as weel be gleing mysel a bit tosh up, say I got opposite a big gless, and, taking aff my hat, I brushed my hair and gled it a bit graceful curl at each side, and smoothed my whiskers awa' tae let my tie and white shirt be seen, and pulled doon my waistcoat and my shirt sleeves. I'm no' vain, as doubtless ye ken, Baillie, but when yer picture's tae be ta'en and handed doon tae posteritie, ye may as weel look decent. Weel, jist as I wis screwing my face first tae the tae side and then tae the thither, and turning my een tae see what wis the best way tae get a pleasant expression, I got a glimpse ower my shouther o' something like a full moon, and turning roon there wis Betty at my back.

"Gae awa, Jeems," she says, "I didna think ye were sae fullish; let me in tae the gless, for my bonnet's a' thrawn."

I at once stepped tae the side, and busied mysel' for a wee arrangin' my pocket-nepkin jist so as tae let twa or three inches hing gracefully oot by accident. By-and-by oor names were cried oot, and awa' we gaed up a wheen gey shoogly wudden stairs tae the vera tap o' the hoose; past the tap, I think, for it wis a gless hoose, nae slates ava, and an extror'nar smell o' medicine and veetrol pervadin' the whole.

Having explained we wanted a group, for I had made inquiries and found that a group wis fully cheaper than twa single anes, the photographer got a haud o' me and placed me wi' my tae haun gracefully hauding on by the back o' a chair, and my ither thoom in my waistcoat, while Betty wis set doon in the chair wi' her hauns in her muff. A' bein' ready, the man gaed awa' intae a back room, and a' wis silence for a wee. Betty then whispers:

"What's that kin' o' trumpet-lookin' thing on the three legs, Jeems, wi' its neb pintin' stracht at us?" says Betty.

"Weel," I said, "I'm no vera sure; I widna wunner if it's some kin' o' new-fashioned Armstrong gun, it's desperate like ane, onyway; maybe he invents guns in his spare meenits. I wid jist aboot as sune the neb o't wis turned the ither way," and I slipped ower and jist got it nicely pinted tae the ither window when in ran oor frien'. He looked kin' o' dumbfoundered-like when he saw the gun turned roon, and he turned it facin' us again. Says I tae mysel', "This disna look weel," and noo I began tae notice the man wis a wee kin' o' raised like. His hair was lang and fleein' behin' him, his een rolled aboot extraor'nar, he had a mustache and nae whiskers, and his cheeks were a' blue-black wi' shaving. That's a thing I canna say I like tae see, it's sae kin' o' actor-like, ye ken. "Faith, I wish ye were safely oot o' this," I whispers below my breath, but I said naething to Betty, for fear of frightening her. However, I determined tae watch narrowly a' that passed, and tae spring on him whan I thocht he wis getting dangerous.

"Of course, ye understaun we cam' tae get oor portraits ta'en," I remarks.

"Good gracious," he says, "you don't suppose I think you came to be shot," an' wi' that he looked daggers at me, then in he goes once more tae the wee room.

"Jeems," says Betty, "dae ye think it's a' richt?"

"Faith," says I, "I'm no' sure o't at a'. Ye see shootin's rinnin' in his heed, and that confoondit gun's aye pintin' ower this way. I wunner what the blamed thing is there for at a'. I'm jist thinkin' we wad maist be as weel tae slip doon the stair afore he comes oot. We micht be murdered up here, an' nacbody a bit the wiser. Then what's he aye rinnin' intae that wee dark room for? If he's daein' nae ill, surely he disna need tae hide hissel!"

"Maybe he goes in for a dram," says Betty. "I hear a heep o' bottles an' glesses clinking when he's in."

"I wish that may be a' he goes in for," I says, "maybe it's the poother he keeps in there."

However, before we could dae onything, out he cam' again, an' took aff the front o' the gun, slippin' a bit square thing in behin'. Noo, a' the cannon ba's ever I saw were roon an' this wis square, so I wis a wee reassured. He then began tae keek alang the tap o't, like takin aim. I watched wi' a critical e'e tae see whether it wis my heid or Betty's he wis aiming at, but sae far as my judgment went he wis richt atween us. Wi' a' this, min' ye, I gled tae body the benefit o' the doot, an' wis inclined to think he micht jist be a wee silly, an' no' a'thegither bad; but jist then he throw a black cloot ower his heed sae as tae disguise himsel' that we couldna sweer tae him again in a court o' justice. This wis too much, so as he stooped doon an' cried "Steady!" I on wi' my hat an' roarin tae Betty:

"Rin, woman, rin! or in five meenents ye'll be as deed's a herrin'!" I doon the stair an' Betty after me, heeds ower heels, wi' her muff floein' awa' before us, an' the wudden stairs like tae be knockit tae bits. The lasses below ran tae the fit o' the stair tae see what wis wrang, an' I made a bringe an' nearly knockit yin' o' them thro' a big gless case o' portraits, while Betty tripped ower the ither an' nearly smothered her. Up, however, I pulled Betty, an' haurl'd her doon the ootside stairs—doon—twa three, fower steps at a time, an' roon the corner we ran an' never stoppit till we got intae the 'Shaws caur, faur awa' up at the heet o't oot o' sicht. Then I gled a sigh o' relief as I took aff my hat an' wiped my broo"; Betty put her heed on my shouther and murmured—"Oh! Jeems, this is an awfu' worl'; I never wis as near death as I wis the day."

The guard thocht we had been at a funeral, we were sae dislaskit like, an' he never asked us for the tippence, an' I quite forgot to pay him't, but I'll gie him't yet—he kens me fine.

Why She Declined.

"Really," said the stylish lady, enthusiastically, to her friend, "it is quite worth while going to the Zoo, if only to see the wonderful display of rhododendrons." Is it?" replied her friend languidly; "I like to look at the great big clumsy beasts, too, but it always smells so unpleasantly round the cages."—London News.

Ostrich Feathers.

Ostrich feathers can be taken every eight months. The plumes are not, as some suppose, pulled, but are cut with a sharp knife. The stumps wither and fall out. For a pair of good ostriches the average price is $200 to $250.

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A. C. BOWNESS
Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchant
Cranbrook - B.C.

With a Local Flavor

F. Woodyard, of the P. Burns & Co., Cranbrook, was in town last Tuesday.

C. Johnstone arrived Friday from Sunny Slope, Alta.

R. H. Ley and C. F. Sherwin, who recently bonded the Alice mine, paid a visit to the property last Friday, returning to Nelson the following day.

The many friends of Ross, o' Sirdar, will be glad to hear of him successfully coming through a surgical operation.

We understand that Victoria Avenue will be graded in the near future.

Angus MacAuley, assistant organizer of the order of "Chosen Friends," arrived in Creston Wednesday.

Last Saturday evening a surprise visit was paid to Charlie Wright, "Mayor" of Kuskanook, by a crowd of Sirdar elite, the occasion being a birthday anniversay of the visited gentleman. Mrs Wright, in true western style, gave open house, and a glorious night was spent by the large crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Briggs, of Saginaw, Mich., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Rodgers.

D. B. and V. Christie, were visitors from Island Brook, Quebec, on Tuesday.

Harry Wright, government agent, returned to Nelson on Tuesday, after spending several days in Creston. Mr. Wright acted as arbitrator in the case of Simmons vs. Paterman, an action for trespass, and after hearing the evidence brought forward, decided to dismiss the action.

Superintendent Bowen, of this division of the C.P.R., was a through passenger on Tuesday's eastbound train.

Messrs. Graf, North and Morris were visitors srom Sirdar on Saturday. They have an irrigation scheme on the taplS.

Large catches of trout are reported at Sirdar. Silver bait is the most popular.

A long article from the pen of Dr. G. B. Henderson, "How to grow angle worms," is unavoidably crowded out.

Jas. Compton is recovering from an attack of lead poisoning.

Chas. O. Rodgers left on Thursday for Sand Point.

R. Long returned from a business trip to Nelson Thursday.

M. D. Spencer, organizer of the B. C. Local Option League held forth here in the Opera House on Friday night, there being a very poor attendance of the public. The lecturer is a very eloquent speaker, and should have been faced by a larger crowd. At the conclusion of the meeting a local option league was formed.

There is no truth in the rumor that the Rev. D. W. Scott is buying out the present editor of the Creston Review.

The Government bridge at the foot of Fourth St. is now finished and the crew that have been grading the street have all been called off.

Kootenay flats now resemble a lake. The water is rising rapidly.

Creston was visited by a thunderstorm, the first this year, on Tuesday evening, and it was followed by a heavy warm rain that was much appreciated by the ranchers.

On July 1st, Dominion Day, the ladies of the Catholic Church will give a grand dinner and social in Baast's Hall.

Owing to a bridge going out, the westbound train Wednesday arrived ten hours late.

One of our ranchers has this week received an order from far away Saskatoon, for a car-load of vegetables, which will be shipped.

Kitchen chairs, 65 cts C.C.S., Cranbrook, B.C.

The chicken thief is abroad in the land at Creston, and we would infer from an item in the Review the editor's hen roost was among those "touched." The editor intends to "hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may." He will "bawl" them our, regardless of their station in life, and the guilty ones no doubt be burned at the stake. More power to your elbow, Bro. Atherton; more power to your elbow.—Moyie Leader.

WANTED
STRAWBERRY PICKERS
Highest wages paid. Season nearly at hand. Apply—
R. BEVAN
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THE CRESTON BARBER
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Fine Cigars and Cigarettes.
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The Only
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Best Workmanship
Boots and Shoes made to Order
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THE SHOEMAKER
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LAND ACT.
Nelson Land District—District of West Kootenay.

Take notice that Charles Moore, of Creston, B.C., a Provincial land surveyor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at a post planted at the north west corner of Lot 8980, G.1, (C. J. Stephen's purchase claim), thence north 40 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 20 chains to point of commencement, and containing 80 acres more or less.
Dated at Creston, B.C., this 23rd day of April, 1909.
37-43 CHAS. MOORE, B.C.L.S.

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 land in Lot No. 8980, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement, and containing 40 acres more or less.
Dated this 26th day of April, 1909.
WILLIAM BURTON.

FOR RENT.—A three-roomed house, $8 00 per month. Apply Mrs. Mallandaine.

FOR RENT.—A six-roomed house. Water laid on. Tenant may cultivate one, two or three acres of improved land on estate. $16.00 per month. Apply Atherton.

FOR SALE—Eggs for Hatching from thoroughbred Brown Leghorns, $1.50 a setting of 13 eggs. Apply Box L, Review office.

FOR SALE.—Ten acres of fruit land, three acres cleared and fenced, and partly in crop. Apply Review office.

Iron beds, brass trimmed, $5.25. C.C.S.

The many friends of Mrs. J Marshall of Kitchener, will regret to learn of her illness.

The little daughter of Fred Clifton, of Sirdar, was treated by Dr. Henderson for a severe gash on its head, the result of an accident.

Kitchen chairs, 65 cts. C.C.S., Cranbrook.

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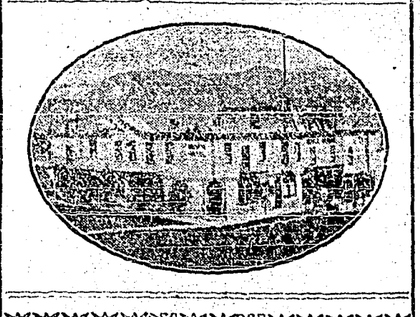

THE MUNRO HOTEL
CRESTON -:- B.C.

TENDERS WANTED FOR THE PURCHASE OF A MINERAL CLAIM.

Tenders addressed to the undersigned, at his office in the courthouse, in the city of Nelson, will be received up till the hour of five o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, May 28th, 1909 for the purchase of the Magpie Mineral Claim, Lot 422, Group 1, Kootenay District, which was forfeited to the Crown for unpaid taxes and costs, at the Tax Sale held in this city on November 6th, 1905.

The upset price upon the mineral claim, which includes the amount of delinquent taxes and costs at the time of forfeiture, with interest, taxes which have since accrued, costs of advertising, and fee for Crown Grant ($25.00), is $149.39, which is the least amount that will be considered as a tender.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque for the full amount of the tender, payable to the order of the Assistant Commissioner of Lands & Works at Nelson, B.C.

Dated at Nelson, B.C., this 26th day of April, 1909.
HARRY WRIGHT,
Government Agent,
37-41 Nelson, B.C.

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J. Buckman - Creston

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Houses and Lots for Sale and to Rent
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Also partly cultivated lands near Creston.
For further particulars—
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Photographer CRESTON

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The LOCK is Solid with no Loose Ends to Spring
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Write, stating wants, and I will call on you. WALTER V. JACKSON,
Box 53, CRESTON, B.C.

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