All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

No. 41. Vol. I. CRESTON, B.C., THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1909 Single Copies 5c.

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Entertainment at Sirdar

(Communicated)

We cannot let this week's paper go by without a word of praise for the entertainment that was held in the school-house, Sirdar, on Wednesday, May 12th. Nothing could have been more enjoyable. The committee of ladies and gentlemen must have been greatly encouraged by the ready response, and the number of people that assembled at the school-house, overlooking the lake, where the scenery is most picturesque. A tent was erected and refreshments were served there. The concert was much enjoyed by an appreciative audience; the songs and recitations were admirably rendered by the children of the school, which speaks volumes for the teacher, Miss Wilson, whose popularity is the one great feature. Two gramophones played some excellent records. Addresses were given by Mr. Wright, of Kuskancok, and the Rev. Philip C. Hayman, vicar of Creston. After the concert, dancing was kept up till 2.30 a.m., when everyone went home, having spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The organ was kindly lent from the Creston school. The proceeds will go towards improving the school furniture, etc.

Old Coyote is dead. The familiar figure of the old Indian will be seen on our streets no more. He passed to the happy hunting grounds on Saturday last, and on Sunday the mission was in mourning for his departure. The decrepit old fellow was well known in Creston, and many are the conjectures as to his age. We learn from the Indians, who are qualified to speak, that he was about 83 years of age. His death was the result of senility. It has been popularly supposed that the old fellow was over 100 years old, but the Indians, who measure time slightly different from the white race, figure out that he was 83 past at the time of his death.

Church of England

Services in the Mercantile Hall, Fifth Sunday after Easter, May 30th: Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m. Evensong at Erickson Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.

(Offertories to be devoted to Canadian missions).

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

Services as usual next Sabbath. Morntng at Erickson, at 11 a.m. Evening at Creston, 7.30 p.m. Subject: "THE CANT OF THE NON-CHURCHGOER."

N. E. READ.

Ashley Cooper, of Calgary, accompanied by his wife, have been paying a visit this week to Mr. and Mrs. R. O'B. FitzGerald. Mr. Cooper owns 20 acres of land at Wynndel, and also 640 acres at Calgary. In conversation with our scribe, he related his impressions of this, his first visit to Creston. He said he had no idea of the vast possibilities of this district, and that his better acquaintance with the country was a revelation to him. He had quite made up his mind to dispose of his land in Alberta, and cast in his lot with the fruit growers of this country. He was particularly struck with our salubrious climate and the enormous opportunitiet offered from a sporting point of view. He visited many of our young orchards during his stay here, and he made no secret of his surprise at the quality of our soil and the wonderful growth of the young trees. Mr. Cooper left for Calgary on Tuesday's train, and his last words to us were, "I am coming back just as soon as I can get here."

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P.O. BOX 24 CRESTON, B.C.

Council of "Chosen Friends" Is Organized

A strong council of the "Canadian Order of Chosen Friends" was organized in Creston on Wednesday night last, organizer H. W. Madill performing the ceremony. The council will be known as "Creston Council 179, Canadian Order of Chosen Friends," and its objects are worthy ones, i.e., "Fraternity, Aid and Protection." It is a purely Canadian benevolent and beneficial society that has made rapid strides since its inception in 1887. The aim of the order is to be the leading purely Canadian fraternal society in the Dominion; to be the strongest numerically and financially; to be the most economically managed, consistent with safety and stability. They unite in bonds of fraternity, aid and protection, all acceptable persons of both sexes, of good character, sound bodily health, and reputable calling, between the age of 18 and 51 years, and provide a sure benefit for each member, payable at death, disability, or old age disability. They bestow the comfort of members when sick or in affliction. It provides relief in time of adversity and distress, and pays a sick benefit to members so desiring and also a funeral benefit on the decease of a member.

It has over $900,000 of surplus funds, $194,000 of which is invested in Dominion of Canada stock, and the balance in debentures or specially deposited in banks.

The officers elected are as follows:
Past-Councillor: J. J. Atherton
Chief-Councillor: J. W. Carver
Vice-Councillor: A. French
Recorder: N. Brown
Asst. Recorder: J. E. King
Treasurer: Dr. G. B. Henderson
Prelate: Rev. N. E. Read
Marshall: E. Malone
Warden: J. Atherton
Sentry: J. Hogan
Guard: J. Mackie
Organist (pro tem): Rev. N. E. Read
Trustees: Messrs. J. Cameron (1 year), P. Sherwin (2 years), J. J. Atherton (3 years).
Medical Examiner: Dr. Henderson

The next council night is announced for Wednesday next at 7.30 prompt, and at nine o'clock the charter members will entertain their friends to a social, for which a program of music, dancing and refreshments is being arranged.

We are aware that our little paper circulates to all corners of the earth, but we were not prepared for a friendly notice in the "Frankfurt Zeitung." Some of our German friends here have evidently been boosting good, for in a write-up of the Creston district the names of P. B. Fowler, our esteemed banker, and R. O'B. FitzGerald appear.

Frank H. Jackson is clearing his twenty acres that lie between the two government roads, south of town. He has built a substantial residence and fenced the whole.

Charlie Faas has returned from a business trip to Medicine Hat.

GRAND DAY'S SPORT

GLORIOUS WEATHER PREVAILED AND LOCAL PEOPLE TURN OUT EN MASSE TO WITNESS HORSE RACES

McCREATH'S HORSE "DEXTER" AGAIN VICTORIOUS

Creston celebrated Empire Day in a manner that will not readily be forgotten by the large crowd that witnessed the day's fun.

In the morning, about eleven o'clock, a large contingent of Indians arrived in town from the Reserve—bucks, squaws and papooses—and they brought with them about forty of their speediest horses They presented a very picturesque appearance in their best "go-to-meeting" attire—what there was of it—and they all contributed to the afternoon's enjoyment. The officials were as follows: Judges—Messrs. J. Wilson, Riel, Pope, Buckman, Hurry, Speers, H. McCreath and J. McPeak; Timekeeper—R. Bevan; Clerks of the Course—A. Morritt, M. Glaser and Ted Malone; Stakeholder—C. Merrill; Starters—Messrs. J. J. Atherton, E. Fulljames and T. Birt.

The first event was a squaw race, for which there were three entries. It was a quarter-mile dash, and the dusky maidens, as stoical as ever, went to the post as if racing was a part of their lives. En passant, they emulated the bucks by riding their cayenses astride. They broke away to a splendid start and they came down the home stretch neck and neck with all their lingeree floating to the breeze amid the cheers of the populace. We didn't quite catch the name of the winning lady, but it sounded to us something like two coughs and a spit, and the heroine who came in second had a name that resembled a grunt and a squeak. How the bucks did cheer.

Then eight bucks hiked to the starting post, mounted on range bred ponies, and the spectators were treated to the best finish ever seen on any track. Scarcely half a dozen yards separated the whole bunch at the winning post.

The next race had an entry of nine, and a white kid (Ernie Atherton) went to the post on a buckskin to try conclusions with the copper-colored men A tremendous ovation greeted him as he brought his horse in second, worrying the winning Indian to the last stride.

Another race for Indians followed, in which there were five starters, and a close race resulted. Then came the big event of the day, a match between a local horse, "Dexter," owned by McCreath Bros., and a Bonner's Ferry horse, named "Titchi," owned by an Indian. The purse up was fifty dollars, and a large sum changed hands in bets. Both horses went to the post well, although Dexter was said to be suffering from a chill. The public, however, made the local horse the favorite and it started at slightly smaller odds. The two horses met at Bonner's Ferry last fall, when Dexter gained the verdict by half a length. The Indian jockey was gaudily attired in yellow, and his tunic was trimmed with miniature bells. Tom McCreath, on the local horse, wore his stable colors—black. At the second attempt both horses broke away to a capital start, and for the first furlong Dexter held a lead of a trifle over a length. At the half distance the Indian called on his horse and he took the lead for another furlong. In the home run both horses were neck and neck, and it looked millions on the Indian. Fifty yards from the post the Indian horse was leading by a neck, but by a superb display of horsemanship Tom McCreath gained inch by inch on his rival as the winning post was neared, and as the line was crossed he seemed literally to push his horse's head to the front. There was tremendous excitement when the horses passed the post, and all awaited the judge's decision keenly. When it was known that Dexter had secured the verdict there was a spontaneous outburst of cheering. It was as pretty a race as anyone would wish to see, and Tommy McCreath received the congratulations of the crowd as he led his horse back. The Indian, like a good sport, shook hands and intimated that he was now satisfied.

Then followed more Indian races, for which large entries were secured. Another squaw race roused the spectators to a high pitch of enthusiasm. A pony race, with juveniles up, was a great betting race. Riel's "Billy," ridden by George Riel, was made a hot favorite, and he flattered his supporters by showing the required turn of speed, but the jockey evidently misjudged the winning point, for he pulled his pony up five yards from the post and thus let up Dick Bevan's pony, "Jack," ridden by Marshall Barton. The chagrin of Riel was immense. However, the judge made no mistake, and the race was awarded to Bevan's pony. Later, Riel's pony was entered in another race, and it again started favorite, this time there being no mistake, it winning easily by three lengths.

A match between "Titchi" and Indian Luke's bay mare was the next bon mot. The fancy made the bay mare a strong favorite. The latter animal had some time last year been defeated by Dexter in a quarter-mile dash by a few inches. Both animals were very fractious at the starting post and a false start was made, in which both horses travelled the full distance. At the second attempt Birt got them off together and a pretty race ensued. They travelled in close company for three-quarters of the distance, but in the final test the Bonner's Ferry horse gradually crept away from the bay and passed the post a full length ahead.

An Indian race, for which there was a large entry, concluded one of the best afternoon's sport ever witnessed in Creston. Beautiful Queen's weather prevailed throughout the day.

Chas. O. Rodgers has cleared his large block of land that lies fronting the Erickson road. It is now being plowed. Wonderful improvements have been made at this end of the town this spring.

ALICE MINE BONDED

CONSOLIDATED MINING AND SMELTING CO. TAKE OVER CRESTON MINE.

A deal of great importance to this district was put through this week. The Alice mine and surrounding group of claims, and the concentrator have been bonded by the Consolidated Mining & Smelting Co. of Canada. This mine has been lying dormant for several years, but in the interim it has been visited by many well-known experts. About the year 1898, the late Prof. Dawson, who, prior to inspecting this mine, paid a visit to the Sheep Creek district and other mining centres of West Kootenay, gave it as his opinion that this property had the best indications of any he had visited during his researches in this part of the world.

Messrs. R. Ley and Chas. Sherwin, of the Bluebell mine, Riondel, acting on behalf of the C. M. & S. Co., this week lifted the bond for a sum that is at present a secret. It is understood that work will begin at the mine on the 15th of June, but as yet nothing has been learned as to the program of the richest mining company in Canada.

The Alice mine was staked by a man locally known as Jap King, who made the rich discovery whilst hunting with a Siwash, in 1898, and it was recorded in the name of Capt. Haywood, who afterwards sold out to Geo. Alexander, of Kaslo. He later disposed of it to a Manchester, Eng., syndicate, known as the York and Lancaster Mining Co. That company did considerable work on the property, with good results, and in 1904 they accepted an offer from the Alice Broughton Mining Co., of Chester, Eng., who afterwards spent some $100,000 on erecting a tramway and building a concentrator. The two companies mentioned amalgamated and they have now leased their interests to Messrs. Ley and Sherwin, representing the bondholders.

The Alice concentrator is of a capacity of 50 tons per 24 hours. In her day she was the second largest shipper in the Kootenays. The ore is a splendid flux and is free from any trace of zinc, which is a refractory metal in concentration. The mill is known technically as a coarse concentration plant. There is a large body of ore blocked out ready for extraction.

T. Proctor, of Nelson, signed the papers on behalf of the York and Lancaster Mining Co. and G. Lowenberg represented the Alice Broughton Mining Co.

Capt. FitzGerald is making good progress on his recently acquired land. A few acres have now been plowed.

The King's horse, Minoru, won the Derby on Wednesday. Minoru started second favorite. St. Martin, the American favorite, threw his rider.

Arrived this week at Speers' Store. Consignment of figured Dolph. We offer them in any quantity.

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.

ROPY MILK.

Cause of Much Annoyance to Farmers Explained.

The milkmen and milk consumers have been caused much annoyance in recent times by the ropiness discovered in the milk, which in a few hours turned viscid and shiny. Many disgusted consumers quit their milkmen and sought other scurce of supply, only, perhaps, to find the same condition of things in a few days. The authorities of the Agricultural College were appealed to and they have investigated and discovered the cause and suggest remedies. They say that although it is possible for this condition of milk to occur at any time of the year, this is the season when it is perhaps most prevalent; and so, thinking that probably other farmers or handlers of milk may be so troubled, and entirely in the dark as to the cause and control of such an unsatisfactory state of things, we take the liberty of sending to the press a few lines on the subject.

Although it is possible for cattle suffering from inflamed udders or garget, to produce a slimy milk, we proved conclusively in each case investigated, that it was not any disease in any of the cattle that was the cause of the ropy milk. In fact, this kind of ropy milk is not caused by a disease-productive germ but by one that lives in water, and is not at all dangerous from a health standpoint, either for animals or man. So that this kind of ropy milk is not caused by a condition of the cow, nor will it cause any disease in man, but owing to its disgusting appearance, the slimy, ropy stuff is thrown away by the housekeeper, and the milkman who supplies it is told that his milk is not wanted any more.

A Germ Does the Work.

The germ that causes the trouble is known to bacteriologists as Bacillus lactis viscosus, that is, the germ which makes milk viscid. It lives indefinitely and multiplies in water containing organic matter. Some districts are troubled with it while others are not. We may liken it to a bad weed which may be prevalent on one farm or throughout a whole neighborhood, and other districts may not be troubled with it at all until it spreads to them from the infected areas in one or more of the many ways that everybody knows weeds spread. The germ, though small—it has to be magnified one thousand times before it can be seen has a comparatively thick, gelatinous covering when it grows in milk will increase into millions of its kind in twenty-four hours, we can easily see how the milk becomes sticky or ropy—it is simply because millions of these germs with their thick, slimy coverings, have developed in the milk, until the milk is practically nothing but a mass of them.

At the farms at which investigations were carried on, the cattle on inspection proved to be all right, and samples of their milk tested were proved to be free from the trouble. Samples of water from the wells, cisterns and cooling vats proved these to be the source of the trouble in every instance.

Found in the Water.

In one case the barnyard well proved to be badly infected, and from this well the cooling vats were filled, and these were badly infected. Just one spot of this water accidentally splashed into a can of milk would cause it to become ropy. If any of this water got on to the milkman's hands, he would be liable to smear it on the cans when he was putting them in the vats, or when he was putting on the can lids, the result would be ropy milk. In many other ways it would be possible for a little of the water to get into the milk. Then if the cans, pails and strainers were not thoroughly scalded after they had once had infected milk in them, the milk that was put into them afterwards would become ropy. As it takes from twelve to thirty-six hours for the ropiness to develop, the milk has usually left the milkman's or farmer's hands, before it gets ropy, and these men know nothing about it until they hear from their customers about it next day.

Keep Out the Germ.

Such, then, is the nature of the trouble, and its cause; now for the remedy. When once milk is infected, it cannot be prevented from becoming ropy unless it turns sour. The souring of the milk by the lactic acid germ will prevent the development of the ropy milk germ, and we have known farmers prefer to have their milk turn sour rather than have the reputation of being retailers of ropy milk, and so they did not put their cans into the cooling vats. The remedy for the trouble is to prevent the germs from getting into the milk, and to prevent them from getting in we must know how they get in, and where they come from. simple way of ascertaining where they come from is to take a series of vessels, such as tumblers, cups, bottles or jugs, thoroughly scald these, and put into them some milk immediately after milking. Then into one of these put a spoonful of water from the cooling vat, into another the same quantity from the well or cistern, into another a little dust from the stable or milk house floor, and so on, putting into one of these vessels of milk a little of the water or other material that may be suspected to be the infection. Then cover these over with a plate or saucer, or anything else that has been scalded, and put them away where they will not be disturbed for twenty-four hours or so. Then using a different spoon or fork for each one, test them for ropiness, and in this way one can find out where the germ is coming from.

Be Careful of Poison.

All cans, pails, strainers, etc., should be thoroughly scalded or steamed before use each time. If the source of the trouble be a well or cistern, the water from these places should not be allowed to touch the milk pans, pails, etc. Or if no other water is to be had for filling the cooling vats, a little potassium bichromate to one thousand parts of water. This will prevent the growth of the germs in the water. This is, however, a poison, so care must be used to prevent its access into the milk. The floor and walls of the milk house should be thoroughly disinfected with a five per cent solution of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), which may be sprinkled around with an old broom, as, if applied with a spraying machine, the acid will injure the machine. To put the remedy in a nutshell, find out, in the manner described, where the infection comes from, and then by taking particular care, prevent any of this infected material from getting into the milk or on the cans, pails and strainers, etc., or hands and clothes of all who have anything to do in the milking operations. If this is carefully attended to, there will be no more trouble with ropy milk.

Chicago or Heaven?

The most wonderful and inspiring town in the United States to-day is Chicago. For she has seen what a city might be—a place with perhaps few palaces, but with no slums; a place where the stockyard worker, the clerk, the stoker goes to his home through streets as broad and clean and peaceful as does the lakeside dweller; where every weary man and woman may rest in a nearby park as beautiful as men have learned to make parks; where there is a swimming pool for every boy, a shower for every tired laborer, a tub for every child and woman; where for a pittance men may travel comfortably and quickly between the most distant points; where children are always in schools, never in factories and shops; where the weak and homeless, the ill and strange are wards, not burdens; where opportunity holds out her hands at every corner; where music and pictures, games and lectures, lessons and the dance, all the stimulating and amusing and refreshing forces young and old love, are free for all; where every bewildered foreigner feels himself welcome; where every man says, "Our city, our beautiful city."

This is what one feels in Chicago today—in dirty, ill-smelling, badly behaved, crowded, pushing, ugly Chicago. Not only feels, but sees coming. —Ida Tarbell in American Magazine.

HER SOLUTION.

Miss Jinks—I am always embarrassed when I want to say the word v-a-s-e. I don't know whether to say vaze, vace, vahz or vawse.

Miss Binks—You might take a hint from our servant girl. She simply speaks of all ornaments as "them there."

Signs of Rain.

Scene—A connubial apartment.

She—It looks like rain.

He (apparently not wishing to talk about it)—Does it?

She (tossing her head)—You'd better order a carriage.

He—Perhaps it won't rain.

She—If it does, my gown—

He—Can't you wear something else?

She (ignoring his remark)—You can do as you please. Of course, if it rains and the gown is ruined, why——

He—I said: Can't you wear something else?

She—You know, or ought to, that I have only one decent gown. Besides, if by any chance I should have happened to have another, it would be the same. That would be ruined also.

He (assuming the didactic method)—You have waterproofs and umbrellas and overshoes?

She—A mackintosh over that gown would ruin it just the same, but (tilting her nose) I don't care to discuss the matter.

He—It isn't going to rain. I can't believe it. Let's hope it won't.

She—It's a matter of supreme indifference to me whether it does or not. When I first married you, you wouldn't even have permitted the question to be brought up.

He (quietly)—Perhaps I had more money then.

She (furious, beginning to undo her hair)—Very well. You can go alone.

He—Oh, come now!

She (starting to take off her gown)—Nothing could induce me——

He (his voice strangely mild)—Now, dear, please don't!

She (startled out of herself as certain sounds are heard through the half-open window)—What's that?

He (who has heard the sounds on the gravel before she spoke)—The carriage I ordered for you an hour ago, of course.

She (rapidly mollified, but still querulous as, rearranging her hair, she turns her gaze upon him—Huh! Did you do it because you didn't want that gown ruined, or because as I've heard you say, you "would rather spend the money than have the fuss"?

He (coming over and patting her on the cheek)—There, there, sweety! I did it because I really thought it was going to rain.—Town Topics.

Trades of an India Town.

"When I was last in India," said a traveller, "they were taking the census. The returns were most remarkable.

"In the Allahabad census thirty-five citizens described themselves as 'men who rob by threats of violence.' There were 226 'flatterers for gain.' There were twenty-five 'hereditary thieves.' There were twenty-nine 'howlers at funerals.' There were 145 'ear cleaners.' There were seventy-six makers of crowns for idols.' There were fourteen 'hereditary painters of horses with spots.' There were nine 'professional false witnesses.' —From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Lots of people get fat without broadening themselves.

WITH POETS

The Way to Sleepytown.

Which is the way to Sleepytown?
Look in the blinking eyes of brown,
Or you may find the misty track
Hid in the half-closed eyes of black;
Winding about and in and through
The slumbrous eyes of dreamy blue,
Or stealing across the eyes of grey—
Oh, there you may find the drowsy way.

Follow along the crooked street,
Twisting about two tired feet—
Feet that the whole day through have trod
Paths that lead to the Land of Nod;
Keep on going until you come
To weary fingers and weary thumb,
Or the lips within those gates of pearl
Is the languid tongue of a boy or girl.

The paths you seek may lead, mayhap,
Into the peace of a downy lap,
Where angels have sprinkled the dews of rest
In a gracious cradle of arms and breast.
Further along and the way has led
To the calm of a prayer-encircled bed,
Where mother is kissing the eyelids down,
And that is the way to Sleepytown.

—Nixon Waterman.

The Hill of Dreams.

How back across the vanished years our thought at times will roam,
Ere for the wide and busy world we left our childhood's home;
We think of how the old house looked, with vines about the door,
And how we used to marbles roll across the old barn floor.
We view the meadows far away where daises used to blow,
And meet again the boys and girls who left us long ago;
And if to think of mother's pies, we sometimes lie awake,
We ne'er forget the castor oil she used to make us take.

Our thoughts go back to the old barn with swallow-covered eaves
Where from the spring amid the trees we'd push the fallen leaves;
Again we'd climb the old haymow to find the stole nest,
And, with a caseknife in our hands, of spring-greens go in quest,
Once more we wade the meadowbrook, the butterflies we chase,
And wipe again with checkered sleeve, the sweat from off our face;
The boyish appetite comesback, which nought on earth could spoil,
Not e'en the dose that mother gave, the dose of castor oil.

That was before the styles came in that we enjoy to-day,
For then the nearest doctor lived a dozen miles away;
On every corner that you passed a druggist was not known,
So every family then must have a doctor of its own;
And if the children e'er took sick, disease to quickly foil;
Our dear old mother always ran and got the castor oil;
And though the very sight of it would make us cringe and shake,
No doubt it often saved our lives, the dose she made us take.

A Boy's Troubles.

The time we ast the preacher her fer afternoon an' sea
My mother sed I had t' ack as good as I kin be;
I had t' keep my necktie on an' ansur "mam?" an' sir?"
An' use my handkerchef without no reprimand from her,
An' bow my head an' keep it bowed until "fer Jesu sake,"
An' mustn't ast fer sugar er anuther piece of cake,
An' be a little gennleman, an' nevur say a word
'Cause fellers 'bout the size o' me is seen an' nevur heard.

An' me she told my father 'at he'd have t' polish up
His manners an' he mustn't stick his crackers in his cup
Ner souse his bread in coffie like he allus likes t' do,
An' had t' keep his elbows off the dinner tabel, too,
An' had t' wear a napkin, an' not chuck it in his chin,
But lay it crossways on his lap an' stick a corner in—
An' lock the puppie in the barn because she didn't keer
T' have no pup t' bother when the ministur was here.

An' when the preachur got around that evenin' pa an' me
Was 'zackly like she told us, jes' as good as we cud be,
An' listened to him tell about "the hippocrites in church
Who prey on holy peopul, an' who tarnish an' besmirch
The house of faith," an' give "the cause of piety a taint
By trying t' make the world believe that they were what they ain't;"
An' ma an' pa agreed with him in ever'thing I gess,
'Cause ever'thing he sed to 'em the both of 'em sed "yes."

An' when the preechur'd gone away then ma sed t' me
T' come an' set beside her 'cause she sed she'd like t see
How much attenshun I had paid, an' if I'd paid a bit,
An' then she ast me out an' out "what was a hippocrite?"
I dun my best t' reckolect an' then I sed t' ma
I reckined that "a hippocrite was jes' like me an' pa."

* * * * *

An' ma she cuffed my head
An' pa gave me a wallopin' an' sent me off t' bed.

JOHN D. WELLS.

The Little Quaker Sinner.

A little Quaker maiden with dimpled cheek and chin
Before an ancient mirror stoode and viewed her form therein.
She wore a gown of sombre gray, a cape demure and prim
With one simple fold of lace, yet dainty, neat and trim.
Her bonnet, too, was gray and stiff, its only line of grace
Was in the lace so wide and soft, shirred round her dainty face.
Quoth she: "Oh, how I hate this dress! I hate this gown and cape!
I do wish my clothes were not made in such outlandish shape!
The children passing by to school have ribbon on their hair,
The little girl next door wears blue—Oh, dear, if I could dare
I know what I would like to do!" The words were whispered low
Least such rebellious murmuring should reach the aunts below;
Calmly reading in the parlor sat the good aunts, Faith and Peace,
Little dreaming how rebellious throbbed the heart of their young niece.
She with trembling heart and finger on a hassock sat her down
And the little Quaker sinner sewed a tuck into her gown.

"Little Patience, art thou ready? Faith Day's meeting time hath come.
Mercy Jones and Goodman Elder with his wife have left their home."
'Twas Aunt Faith's sweet voice that called her, and the naughty maid
Gliding down the dark old stairway hoped their notice to evade.
Creeping slyly in their shadows as they went out at the door,
Ah, never a little Quakeress a guiltier conscience bore!
Dear Aunt Faith walked looking upward, all her thoughts were pure and holy,
Aunt Peace walked caring downward, with a humble mind and lowly.
But "tuck! tuck! tuck!" said the sparrow at the maiden's side
And in passing Farmer Watson's where the barn door opened wide,
Every sound that issued from it, every grunt and every cluck,
Seem to her affrighted fancy like "A-tuck, a-tuck, a-tuck."

At the meeting Goodman Elder spoke of pride and vanity
And all the Friends seemed turning 'round that dreadful tuck to see.
How it swelled in its proportions till it seemed to fill the air
Oh! the glad relief to her, when prayer and exhortation ended,
Beside her two old aunties her homeward ways she wended.
The pomps and vanities of life she'd seized with eager arms,
Aye, to the dregs had drained them, and only there to find
All is vanity of spirit and vexation of the mind,
So repentant, saddened, humbled, on a hassock sat her down
And the little Quaker sinner ripped the tuck out of her gown.

Unidentified.

Up the Street and Down.

Up the street and down they pass
People, all the day;
Man and wife or lad and lass,
Sad, or grave, or gay;
Here a bit of ribbon red,
There a bowed and weary head—
Hundreds pass each day, 'tis said,
Up the street and down.

And I'm thinking, as I go
In among the throng,
That their hearts I'd like to know
As they pass along;
What their business is to-day—
What they have to do or say—
As I meet them on their way
Up the street and down.

Oh, the world's a busy place,
And they hurry on;
There's no time to know each face
That I look upon;
Yet I wish we had a while
Just to ask, and learn, and smile,
As we meet through every mile—
Up the street and down.

—Youth's Companion.

Who's in Our House?

Somebody is in our house,
His name I do not know;
I've been here five years yesterday,
He came three days ago—
Yet everybody, great and small,
Talks of him all day long,
Of how he looks and how he eats,
And if he's well and strong!

Yes, only think—three days ago
It was when first he came,
And not a person in this house
Seems yet to know his name,
For when Papa comes down the stairs
To breakfast he will say,
"Can anybody tell me how
The stranger is to-day?"

And when nurse dresses me she holds
Her finger in my face,
And says, "Now don't you make a noise,
Or romp about the place,
For there's a darling little man
You must not dare to wake;
So now, my dear, just tiptoe fine
'And keep still, for his sake."

I cannot shout, or run, or play,
But am obliged to creep—
And all because some fellow comes
In our house to sleep.
But Papa says that I may see
This little stranger man
And then you will be very sure
I'll find out all I can.

—Little Folks.

HINTS FOR THE PROFESSOR.

Student Rules for Faculty Folks Who Are Late Getting to Classes.

The mishap to the faculty elevator in Hamilton Hall at Columbia recently, which made several instructors late getting to their classes, doubtless recalled to many a man the amusement he got out of giving an instructor a cut in his college days.

Of course whenever a student shows up late the instructor gives him a cut or a half cut. No university, however, appears to have any rule governing the matter of lateness on the part of the teacher. For that reason the students themselves are apt to make rules, which the instructor soon learns for himself without having to be told.

For instance, one man at Columbia, who wasn't overpopular, was occasionally so unfortunate as to be a minute or so late. If he came only a minute late he found the classroom empty. He tried once giving the whole class a cut, but the case wasn't helped in that way and the men insisted on leaving each time he was late.

If he had kept on giving full cuts every time he soon would have had his entire class debarred from the final examinations because of overcutting, and that state of affairs would have produced an inquiry that might not have been pleasant to the instructor.

Some other instructors used to get as many as five minutes leeway. The popular profs never were surprised if they came in ten minutes late to find the majority of the class still waiting.

When that happened the instructor was apt to acknowledge that it was his fault and he never charged the absences against those who had left. In theory, of course, a university expects a man to wait for the full forty minute period before leaving the classroom if his instructor isn't there when he should be.

At Colgate there used to be a system whereby freshmen waited for their instructor five minutes, sophomores three and juniors two. This plan worked out nicely.

It always is rather a pleasing thing for a man who gives the instructor a cut to wander gently down the stairs in time to meet the faculty man puffing up the lower steps and to bow to him with dignity and sadness as he goes by, tempted always to say: "No use, professor. There isn't a soul upstairs." But the reflection that the exercise will do him a world of good always intervenes, so that the student lets the instructor keep right on up the stairs.

Phonetics.

A certain old farmer's lack of polish is a sad trial to his eldest daughter. Not long ago the family gathered in the library, one of the windows of which was open.

"That air—" the father began, but was quickly interrupted. "Father, dear, don't say 'that air'—say 'that there,'" the daughter admonished.

"Well, this ear—" he again attempted, but was as quickly brought to a halt. "Nor 'this 'ere.' 'This here' is correct," he was told.

The old gentleman rose with an angry snort. "Look here, Mary," he said, "of course I know you have been to school and all that, but I reckon I know what I want to say and I'm going to say it. I believe I feel cold in this ear from that air and I'm going to shut the window." —Philadelphia Ledger.

THE EMPIRE.

IMPERIAL PROBLEMS DEALT WITH BY LORD MILNER.

Conception of Empire—Mutual Helpfulness for the Common Good—Imperial Defence—Self-governing States Should Develop Their Defensive Force.

A Toronto despatch says: In a sane and statesmanlike manner, as only was to be expected of a man of such high attainments as Viscount Milner, the former High Commissioner for South Africa dealt with some aspects of the Imperialistic problem in an address before the Canadian Club in University Convocation Hall last night. It was an address of a man seized with the greatness of the heritage which has descended to the present generation, and of the responsibilities which that heritage involves. Lord Milner takes the view that the creation of a central Executive Council was not the commencing point of Imperial federation. He urges that the various self-governing States should in their mutual interest, avail themselves of the opportunities ready at hand. Particularly interesting was the manner in which he dealt with the important question of imperial defence, and his outlining of existing situations and the manner in which they might be met was a masterly exposition.

Proceeding to his address, Lord Milner said he took it for granted that there was a preponderant desire in Canada to maintain, and, if possible, improve, the relations between the Dominion and the motherland. "Underlying that desire," he said, "is the conception, imperfectly grasped, perhaps, but growing constantly more defined and stronger, the conception of the empire as an organic whole, consisting no doubt of nations completely independent in their local affairs and possessing distinct individuality, but still having certain great ideals and objects in common, by virtue of which they are capable of having a common policy and a common life. As to how that end was to be attained opinions differed.

"My own view is that if people already friendly and closely related are anxious of becoming more friendly and more closely related, to develop a greater intimacy and interdependence the only way is for them to do something together. (Applause.) To do a big thing if possible, but in any case to do things of some moment and things that are worth doing; to take up this or the other piece of practical business and co-operate, and not stand talking of your great sympathy and affection. That seems to be the true method."

Some people seemed to think, Lord Milner went on, that no progress could be made without the creation as a first step of some Imperial Council representative of all parts of the empire. With that he did not agree, although at the same time he could not conceive the effective, permanent, all-round co-operation of the self-governing States of the empire without a common executive, which should be responsible for the defence of their common interests and armed with power to defend them effectively. That, in his mind, was the natural end and not the beginning of a natural process of development, and they could only arrive at an ideal system of co-operation by actually beginning to co-operate in the problems immediately before them. Difference of opinion as to the future constitution of the empire should not prevent them working together. Let them utilize the instruments which lay to their hands, for it was only by so doing that they could learn to make better tools. It was his intention to take another opportunity to deal with the question of trade relations, and his desire that night was to draw attention to the subject of co-operation for defence. He did not like the way in which the case was sometimes put, as an appeal that the self-governing States should relieve the mother land of some portion of the burden. He thought there was something in the argument that the United Kingdom, even if the self-governing States were to separate, would require the same naval and military strength if India and the great dependencies were retained.

"I think," he said, referring to the self-governing States, "that even under present conditions their membership in the empire adds more to its collective strength than liability for their protection adds to its responsibilities." He welcomed proposals such as those of Australia to establish a national militia and laying the foundations of a fleet. "Not as effecting relief to the United Kingdom, but as adding to the strength and dignity of the empire as a whole, to its influence in peace, as well as to its security in case of war. It is not a question of shifting burdens, but of developing fresh centres of strength." He had no sympathy with the view that individual strength would make for separation, but he believed that as the the States grew in power they would feel a greater desire to share in the responsibilities and glory of empire.

The professional and technical, not to say strategic, arguments for a single big navy were enormously strong. He felt the political objection to that strongly. If the self-governing States merely contributed material or money, he did not think they would take the essential pride in the matter, but have too great a tendency to remain immersed in local affairs. It would save trouble at the outset, but be a poor substitute for a real Imperial partnership. "The true line of progress is for the younger nations to be brought face to face themselves, however gradual and however piecemeal, with the problem of the defence of the empire, to undertake a bit of it, so to speak, for themselves, always provided that whatever they do, be it much or little, is done for the Empire as a whole." He thought Mr. Haldane's idea of a general staff of the empire an idea of great value.

Proceeding, he said: "In any tariff making commission the aid of men from any British countries which already have widespread tariffs would be invaluable." The great value of British citizenship was touched upon by the speaker, who expressed his belief that there should be a common system for naturalization, but that the conditions under which naturalization could be obtained should not be too easy. The component parts of the empire were doing more for mutual helpfulness than formerly, but still not enough.

He repeated the fact that the citizens of the empire did not read more of the doings of their felows, but hoped that with cheaper rates for mailed matter and cheaper cable rates they would be given improved opportunities for obtaining information.

In conclusion Lord Milner said that when he contemplated that British Empire and its great potentialities as a factor in the march of progress "I do not feel inclined to wave a flag or sing 'Rule Britannia,' but rather to go into a corner and pray."

EXECUTIONERS AS SURGEONS.

Reasons for the Exemption of Doctors From Jury Duties.

When our statue book was still in the Draconian state from which it was redeemed by Sir Samuel Romilly, and the penalty of death was inflicted for the most trivial offences, surgeons were exempted from serving on juries in capital cases. It must not be supposed, however, that this was because their profession was believed to make them too humane for such work as was then imposed on jurymen. We are sorry to say it was for the opposite reason. They were exempted on the same ground as butchers, whose occupation, it was thought, tended to make them too bloodthirsty! This ought not, perhaps, to surprise us, since two or three centuries ago executioners not infrequently performed surgical operations. This seems to have been particularly the case in Denmark; at any rate, we have more knowledge on this point in regard to that country than any other.

In Janus some time ago Dr. K. Caroe, of Copenhagen, published a number of documents bearing on the subject. The most ancient of these bears date July 24, 1579, and is a license issued by Frederick II. to Anders Freimut, executioner of Copenhagen, granting him the right to set bones and treat old wounds; he was expressly forbidden to meddle with recent wounds. In 1609 it is recorded in the municipal archives of Copenhagen that Gaspar, the hangman, had received four rigsdalers for the cure of two sick children in the infirmary.

In 1638 Christian IV. summoned the executioner of Gluckstadt, in Holstein, to examine the diseased foot of the Crown Prince. In a letter addressed to Ole Worm, a leading Danish physician of the day, Henry Koster, physician in ordinary to the King, complains bitterly of the slight thus put upon him. He says that for two whole months the hangman, "who is as fit to treat the case as an ass is to play the lyre," had the case in hand, and the doctor was not asked for advice, and although the case went steadily from bad to worse the executioner received a fee of 200 rigsdalers and a large silver goblet—"rewards," said the doctor plaintively, "which the greatest among us would not have received had he succeeded in curing the prince according to the rules of art."

Again, in 1681, Christian V. gave a fee of 200 rigsdalers to the Copenhagen hangman for curing the leg of a page. In 1695 Andreas Liebknecht, the Copenhagen executioner, was in such repute for his treatment of disease that he wrote a book on the subject "in the name of the holy and ever blessed Trinity." In 1732 Bergen, an executioner in Norway, was authorized by royal decree to practice surgery. Even up to the early years of the nineteenth century this extraordinary association of surgery with the last penalty of the law continued. Erik Petersen, who was appointed public executioner at Trondhjem, in 1796, served as surgeon to an infantry regiment in the war with Sweden, and retired in 1814 with the rank of surgeon-major. Frederick I. of Prussia chose his favorite hangman, Coblenz, to be his physician in ordinary.

It might be suspected that this peculiar combination of functions had its origin in a satirical view of the art of healing, but in the records we have quoted we can trace nothing of the kind. Perhaps the executioner drove a trade in human fat and other things supposed to possess marvelous healing properties; he may thus have come to be credited with skill in healing, though the association surely represents the lowest degree to which the surgeon has ever fallen in public esteem and social position. Compared with the hangman, a gladiator, and even an undertaker, may be considered respectable. It may be remembered that Martial scoffs at one who had been an oculist and had become a gladiator, but, says the satirist, though he changed the name of his trade his work remained:

Hoplomachus nunc es, fueras opthalmicus Ante.
Fecisti medicus quod facis hoplomachus.

Martial evidently thought the jib so good that he used it again about one Diaulus, who had exchanged medicine for the business of an undertaker:

Nuper erat medicus, nunc est Diaulus vespillo;
Quod vespillo facit fecerat et medicus.

The point is somewhat thin. But what would Martial have said on so tempting a subject as the hangman surgeon?—British Medical Journal.

Upper Circle Gossip.

When Jupiter and Venus met in autumn's azure sky,
He wondered if she'd pause to say a word in passing by;
But Venus, very modest, only tossed her pretty head,
As glancing back she sailed away, "By Jove" was all she said.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Her Assistant.

The authoress of whom Fliegende Blaetter tells had said that she was very happy in her married life.

"I find my husband such a help!" she added, fervently.

"Indeed!" said her friend. "Does he cook or write?"

High Diplomacy.

Mrs. Gramercy—You look all tired out.

Mrs. Parke—No wonder. It's so trying to find out from your friends what they'd like to have for Christmas without conveying the impression that they may expect it from you.—December Smart Set.

ORIGIN OF OLD TAVERN SIGNS.

THE BUSH ONCE THE COMMON TOKEN OF ALL INNS.

For many centuries no other sign than the bush—a bunch of ivy or evergreens—hung over the doorway of town and country inns alike.

The bush was very common in ancient Rome. Its popularity seems to have spread in all the provinces of the old Roman Empire, and it has remained a distinctive inn sign in these islands and on the Continent ever since.

But while the roadside hostelries were content with a bunch of foliage, says the Wine Trade Review, more distinctive signs became necessary in towns and cities, where taverns or inns were often in close proximity.

Arms, badges and crests of the noble lord whose residence was near the inn would usually be put up over the door to attract his numerous retainers or partisans. Thus at Lewes The Three Pelicans took its name from the fact that these birds constituted the arms of the Pelham family.

In many cases, however, the innkeepers as well as the travellers being unacquainted with the mysteries of heraldry lion gules or lion azure went by the name of Red Lion or Blue Lion, while the two leopards argent in the arms of the Dorset family were familiarly called The Cats. The numerous lions, bulls and dragons of all shades as well as magpies, crosses and crescents, which have survived to the present day have all some heraldic origin.

The Royal Arms were, of course, a favorite sign then as they are now, and the Crown is undoubtedly one of the oldest English signs. In 1497 a certain Walter Waltens, who kept the Crown in Cheapside, lost his life for having made the innocent cockney pun that he would make his son heir to the Crown.

The different Kings' and Queens' heads which have adorned English inns for the last five centuries are too numerous to record. Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth have been by far the most popular figures of all royal modern signboards, the former being usually represented as a merry, bloated Bacchus, the personification of jollity and good cheer.

After royal and heraldic signboards, none were more numerous in mediaeval England than those of a religious character. Besides the numerous church, church gates and church style inns which are still to be met with in the country there were many dedicated to the Virgin, saints and dignitaries of the Church.

The Salutation was a very popular sign in pre-Reformation times, representing the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary. Even now this sign is still to be seen, one of the best hotels in the Lake district displaying it to this day. But it was almost universally changed soon after the Reformation for the Angel, the Virgin Mary being painted over and the Angel Gabriel left alone on the board.

Curiously enough, many other tavern signs of Catholic England retained their popularity during and after the Reformation. Such are the Cross Keys, a sign which is far from uncommon now, and which is intended for the keys of St. Peter, the papal arms.

The Pope's Arms and the Pope's Head also survived the Reformation; there were four Pope's Head taverns in London in 1636, the most famous of which was that in Cornhill, which dated back to the reign of Edward III. and was not definitely pulled down until the close of the eighteenth century.

The Cardinal's Hat was the sign of a London tavern situated in Lombard street in 1459. This sign became common when the popularity of Cardinal Wolsey was at its height, but there are no such signs in England known to the writer at the present time. Not so the signboards representing saints and martyrs. St. George, with or without a dragon, is the most popular in England, and St. Patrick in Ireland, while the Scots are fond of raising St. Andrew to the dignity of a public house sign, the same being also true of the Welsh saint, David.

One of the old religious signboards the origin of which is not commonly known is the Catherine Wheel, sometimes degenerated into the Cat and Wheel, which was originally intended as a dedication to St. Catherine. This martyr was placed between wheels armed with spikes, a device which was adopted in the Turners' arms.

St. Martin, the patron of vintners, was often to be seen in signboards, as also St. Dunstan, St. Luke and many others. One of the signs under which some of the most famous of English taverns have flourished is the Mitre. The most famous was the Mitre, in Mitre court, Fleet street, one of Dr. Johnson's favorite haunts, where Goldsmith and the other literary celebrities of the day used to meet.

There are quite twenty Mitre taverns of more than passing interest, either from a literary or historical point of view, which shows what a general sign it was. In the "Quack Vintners" (1712) the reason of the partiality of the tavern keepers for this sign is explained as follows:

May Smith, whose prosperous Mitre is his sign,
To show the Church no enemy to wine,
Still draw such Christian liquor none may think,
Tho' e'er so pious, 'tis a sin to drink.

Besides royal, heraldic and religious emblems, inn keepers adopted at a very early date as a sign the arms or badge of the class of customers they particularly wished to attract to their house; thus he who wished for the patronage of soldiers would hang two crossed swords as a sign, while another, whose tavern stood near the wharf or quay, would attract sailors by choosing a ship or the head of some famous naval hero.

As the population increased so did the number of inns and taverns, and signs became more and more diversified. Reading being a scarce acquirement, the inn keeper always endeavored to catch the eye of the passer-by with an easily understood picture, and one, at the same time, quite distinctive from any of the surrounding houses.

Some would put up their own name in the shape of a rebus picture, two cocks standing for Cox, a hare and a bottle for Harebottle, while many individuals named Fox, Bell, Bull, etc., would put up a fox, one, two or three bells, or a bull of blue, pied or red, respectively, as a sign.

Most of these names being common, some other sign had to be added to distinguish the inn of John Fox from that of Robert Fox or Thomas Fox. The result was a great diversity of more or less incomprehensible double signs, such as the following: Fox and Cap, Fox and Crane, Fox and Crown, Fox and Duck, Fox and Goose, Fox and Knot, Fox and Owl, Fox and Punchbowl, etc., also the Bell and Candlestick, Bell and Blackhorse, Bell and Anchor, etc.

Later, however, the ever increasing number of taverns forced the landlord to adopt more original signs than those derived from heraldry, the saints or dignitaries of the church, or his own name. The animal kingdom was ransacked—quadrupeds, birds, insects and fish, the vegetable kingdom, from the palm to the daisy—everything on earth and in the firmament above it was put under contribution.

ANTS GOOD EATERS.

There is a Perpetual Feud Between Different Species.

"On the morning of Aug. 11," says a writer in Suburban Life, "I gathered a few black ants and a number of their small, brown, egg shaped cocoons from an ant hill in my yard and placed them in a shallow glass box, an artificial nest, where I watched their behavior.

"Not long after this I discovered a winged black queen promenading under the apple tree—very likely a blood sister of the others, for when I placed her with them she was not attacked, as was a large ant with a red thorax that later I introduced among them.

"Strange how ants recognize both friends and enemies through the sense of smel rather than by the sense of sight. No sooner do two ants meet than they cross noses, so to speak, in order to ascertain who is who. If the insects find that they belong to different communities war is at once declared.

"This was the case when the ant with the red thorax was confined with the black ants. How vicious both species were, how they snapped at and bit each other! One black ant succeeded in grabbing an antennae, or feeler, of her antagonist, to which she held as the big red ant dragged her from place to place.

"Another black smelled her opportunity and caught the hind leg of the enemy, who was thus greatly handicapped in her movements. Still she succeeded in killing both black ants, although she could not free herself from their death grip until I came to her assistance.

"The queen had remained inactive during the conflict and had taken no part in cleaning up the nest; when all was again in order a worker ant approached her and after a short antenna conversation began to tug at her wings. Apparently this was to give the royal sister to understand that she must now discard them and assume the responsibilities of egg laying, the work for which she had been most carefully reared.

"The young queen was not inclined to give up her gauzy appendages, however, so presently the worker resumed her efforts to loosen them, but with no show of animosity. Failing to acomplish her purpose, she next caught the queen by her antennae and led her gently about the nest, and then held her in a corner for at least twenty minutes.

"During this time the other ants came and touched her caressingly with their antennae, and one went so far as to offer her food from its mouth. It was a clear case of coaxing. They wanted this queen mother to deposit eggs and found a new colony. I do not know what arguments finally overcame the queen's reluctance to give up her freedom. The next day I saw that she had yielded to the entreaties of her sisters. She was wingless and depositing very minute eggs.

"The black ants have what appear to be good natured wrestling matches among themselves. They are constantly on the move doing something, carrying the unwieldy cocoons from one place to another, regurgitating food for a companion, or making elaborate toilets."

LITTLE GIRL'S FRENCH DRESS.

The full body portion is mounted on a lining and attached to the short gathered skirt. A deep pleat over the shoulders is a pretty feature that renders the mode exceedingly becoming. Nainsook, lawn, dimity and gingham are all suitable for the making.

MUSCLE STRAIN TREATMENT

Pains Often Mistaken for Rheumatism—Rest the Cure.

A muscle which has been strained either by overuse or by use in some unaccustomed way often gives rise to such severe symptoms as to lead to a diagnosis of some other and more serious trouble. This affection is not the same as that called myalgia, which indeed means pain in a muscle, but is usually of rheumatic or neuralgic nature. The trouble here meant is something less serious, being nothing more than a strain.

It is easy to see that any muscular pain may be mistaken for rheumatism or some acute inflammation, as it may give rise to precisely the same painful symptoms. For example, when it occurs in some muscle on the right side of the abdomen it has been known to look for a time exactly like the colic of appendicitis, and it has time and again been treated as true rheumatism.

There are several ways in which the facts may be discovered. On questioning it will be found that some muscle or certain set of muscles has been subjected to an unusual strain and is in a state of mutiny in consequence. The pain will be worse at night and better in the morning after the night's rest, proving that it has a basis of fatigue. Furthermore, it will yield entirely to a proper amount of rest. In fact this one thing—rest—comprises the whole of the treatment.

When the abdominal muscles are involved there must be rest in bed, with perhaps some anodyne to deaden the pain at first—this, of course, to be given only under the order of a physician. In milder cases the patients can go about their usual duties if fitted properly with an abdominal belt.

When the muscles at the back of the neck are affected it is a great relief always to use a highbacked chair, and when the pain is in the arm a sling should be worn.

When this condition of painful muscle is found in conjunction with a general loss of tone, as shown by lack of appetite, pallor and debility, then in addition to local rest to the particular muscle involved a general course of tonic treatment should be instituted. When the trouble can be traced directly to the daily vocation of the sufferer a change should be made in the habits for a time where this is possible. Unfortunately with most persons their daily bread will depend upon the use of just this particular muscle, and in these cases there is nothing to do but placate the part with all the rest that can be given it and help it with mechanical support for a time if this is feasible—From Youth's Companion.

Sincerity.

Sincerity is just whole-heartedness. It means, literally, "without wax." You have seen figures put together with wax—they seem entire, uniform, all of a piece; artifically put together. At first sight you may look at them long without detecting the imposture. If you wish to detect it at once apply heat to them: the fire will try every man's work, of what sort it is. Put heat to your wax figure and it will go to pieces in a moment. The fire will not so much destroy it, as destroy its deception; it will send it back to its original elements—ashes to ashes, dust to dust. The fire of God does not destroy; it restores things to their normal state. The wax figure is the real destroyer. It breaks the harmony of nature; it takes things out of their place; it joins together what God has put asunder. And the fire breaks the false union. It annuls the marriage between a saintly aspect and a selfish soul. It forbids the banns between rest and selfishness. It burns the gorgeous raiment of the despairing heat, and tells it that it is despairing. It withers the leaves of the fig tree which deceive by false promise of maturity; it separates the beauty and the barrenness which have made their home together.—George Matheson.

Valued Advertising.

Fifty years ago Mr. Thomas Beecham, who recently died, and who founded the famous pill-manufacturing firm, was selling pills in the market-place of St. Helens. The stall from which he sold them consisted of a fish-tub and a tray which was formerly part of a door. One day a woman came up to him and said that his pills had done her so much good that they "were worth a guinea a box." The phrase gripped Mr. Beecham, and he spent hundreds of thousands of pounds to advertise it, and to point the moral of the pill. The vast business at St. Helens is the result. Mr. Beecham was a model business man, and a great believer in the value of advertising. He once stated that his firm spent £100,000 a year in letting the public know all about the value of Beecham's pills. He himself managed and controlled his advertising department for a great number of years, and no man knew better how to get the greatest possible value from an outlay on printer's ink.

An Elastic Compliment.

Could anything exceed the politeness of the Irish cabby? An old lady, called for a cab and said to the driver:

"Help me to get in, my good man, for I'm a very old lady, you see."

"Begorrah, ma'am," was his reply, "no matter what age ye are ye don't look it."—"Tit-Bits."

California Gold Dollars.

There Are Many Varieties Which Attract Collectors' Interest.

The newly discovered variety of pattern California gold dollar, struck in copper, which brought a high premium at a Philadelphia auction of old coins, adds still another specimen to a series to which much attention is being directed at present by collectors. One Massachusetts collector has gathered no less than sixty-one varieties of these small pieces of gold coined money of the denomination of a dollar, in addition to numerous gold pieces of the denomination of 25 and 50 cents.

The new variety of dollar bears the name of "J. H. Bowie" and shows the figure "1" in the centre, with the abbreviation "Dol." below, at either side of which is inscribed "24G 24C"—that is, of a weight of twenty-four grains and twenty-four carats in fineness, which indicated the intention of the private coiner to have his coins contain the purest of gold. On the reverse was a pine tree and the inscription "Cal. Gold." The coin brought $35, notwithstanding the baseness of the metal in which the piece was struck.

California gold dollars were first struck in 1852 and were at one time in active circulation in the Western States, although in the majority of cases they were used as pocket pieces or souvenirs. It is thought that the majority of them were struck by jewellers, although there were two varieties which seemed to indicate that they had been struck at the mints of the private coiners who flourished in the pioneer gold days and who struck gold coins of the denomination of $5, $10, $20, $25 and $50, which have since become so rare.

These exceptions include the gold half and quarter dollars which bore the seated figure of Minerva, such as is seen on the State seal of California, the reverse showing an eagle similar in design to that borne on the large octagonal fifty-dollar gold pieces which were struck by United States Assayer Augustus Humbert at the mint of Moffat & Co., then Government assaying contractors, with an establishment at San Francisco.

The similarity of the devices has led persons to think that the gold dollars were the product of Moffat's private mint, but if this is so it is a fare exception, and nothing in the history of Moffat's establishment for gold coinage, which supplied for a long period the necessity of a United States mint at San Francisco, would seem to bear it out.

The gold in these little coins at first was fairly fine, but soon deteriorated, and as early as 1876 gold dollars, halves and quarters were sold in San Francisco at a discount from face value of from 10 to 25 per cent. In some instances the "gold" dollars were offered as low as 35 cents each. The mint assayers at Philadelphia assayed two specimens of the gold half and quarter dollars dated 1859, and found them to contain gold of a fineness of the United States gold pieces. The intrinsic value of these half and quarter dollars was respectively 11 and 6½ cents.

In the latter part of 1876 the United States Marshall at San Francisco seized a jeweller's outfit in that city which contained 4,000 unfinished gold dollar pieces, 120 finished specimens, 330 gold half dollars and 370 gold quarter dollars, together with fourteen dies.

While the jeweller was charged with manufacturing spurious coins, still nothing was done with him, for it appears that he escaped through some technicality in the law, and this action by no means put an end to the making of the gold fractional parts of a dollar. Jewellers were in constant trouble with the United States authorities, but there seemed to be no diminution in the production.

In 1882 a law was passed that these jewelers 'tokens should not bear the denominations of "dollar," "half dollar" and "quarter dollar," and with these words omitted the coins seemed to lose much of their interest. In their place came a steady stream of pieces of similar character both of octagonal and round form, with an Indian head, the words "Eureka" "California Gold." The latter have absolutely no value in the eyes of collectors, although every one of the coins bearing the denomination is sought.

In 1884 some of the gold charms were struck of both the quarter and half dollar denominations, showing on one side the arms of the State of California and the word "Eureka," although later issues showed only the inscription, "California Gold."

The value of the little pieces depends upon the variety, which usually consists of certain distinguishing marks, such as a tiny letter or letters on obverse or reverse, which are thought to have been placed there by the engraver of the dies. Some of the letters are "G," "GG," "N," "FD," "H," "GL," "NR," and "DERI."

It is supposed that the small gold coins with the letter "G" were engraved by a San Francisco engraver named Guion. Those bearing the letters "GG" were probably issued by the firm of Gaime, Guillemot & Co., who had a jewelry business in San Francisco during this period. "FD" stood for an engraver named Frontler, the second initial representing the name of an unknown partner.

The gold pieces showing the letters "DERI" have caused much speculation among numismatists as to their meaning, but when it is considered that an engraver by the name of M. Deriberpie was doing business in San Francisco at 58 Kearny street in 1852 there should be little doubt of the significance of the letters.

The designs on the three denominations of gold dollars, halves and quarters were much alike, and the coins were both round and octagonal in shape. Most of them showed the head of Liberty as an Indian queen surrounded by stars, which varied in number from four to fifteen. The other principal design showed the usual style of Liberty head as borne by the regular United States coins.

The obverse of certain half and quarter dollars of 1872 bore the head of Washington, and the reverse half bore the inscription: "California ¼ Gold Charm." The reverse of one variety of the gold dollar of this year showed a wreath enclosing the inscription, "1 Dollar Token" instead of the usual simple word "Dollar." Another variety of the gold half dollar of 1853 showed an eagle on the reverse and the inscription "California Gold 50 Cents."

All of these gold pieces are now held at a premium of several times their face value, but none of them is extremely rare, with the possible exception of a gold dollar of the Pacific Company.

This piece, which was first described by a well known Philadelphia numismatist, apparently belongs to the series of coins of $5 and $10 denominations which were struck in San Francisco in 1849 by the Pacific Company, which conducted a private mint for gold coinage. The varieties of this company are regarded as the very rarest of the much sought California coins. Like the pieces of larger denomination issued by the Pacific Company the one dollar piece shows on the reverse a radiated liberty cap with three stars between the radiations.

The obverse shows an eagle holding an olive branch, surrounding which is the inscription, "Pacific Company, California, 1849." This gold dollar was the first of the California coins of the denomination to be struck, and evidently made its appearance at the same time that the first United States gold dollar came into general circulation by the authority of the law of 1849 instructing the mint officials to issue the new gold pieces of the denominations of one and twenty dollars.

Like the Bowie one dollar piece, so far as known the Pacific Company dollar is unique, and probably would bring a much larger premium were it offered for sale than did the Bowie piece.

Hopeless Case.

Dill—I lost my silk umbrella yesterday at the club.

Pickles—Too bad! But you'll get it back, won't you? Aren't your initials on it?

Dill—Well, come to think of it, there are some initials on it, but they ain't mine.—Somerville Journal.

The self-made man ought to wear a union-label.

THEN HE FLEW.

He—Do you think a man should marry when he's getting twenty-five.
She—If it's twenty-five millions, yes.

IN THE ART GALLERY.

He—Well, for my part, I like a picture that tells a story.
She—Mrs. Withesby's portrait ought to suit you, then. It makes her positively handsome.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

B. E. WALKER, President
ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager

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

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SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed at current rates. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons and withdrawals made by any one of them or by the survivor. 124

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

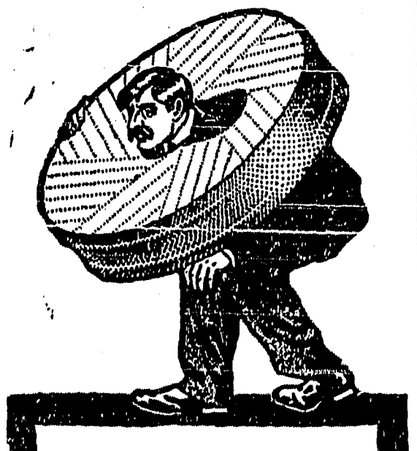
Published every Thursday at Creston, British Columbia, by the Creston Publishing Co., at their office, Fleet Street, Creston.

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

Subscription, $2 00 a year, strictly in advance. No pay, no paper.
No stand off for Legal Advertising.
Quack ads. introduced to waste paper basket; same with unsigned contributions.
30-Day Notices, $5; 60, $7.50; 90, $10

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

Our readers will notice with this issue that we are endeavoring to keep pace with the times. We have increased our size to eight pages, and without making any talk about it, we feel sure our large circle of friends will appreciate our efforts to fill the bill. In a few weeks all our early subscribers will note that their subs. run out, and that they can best help us keep up the advertising campaign by prompt renewal. It takes money to run a paper, it takes a scintillating imagination and a pessimistic gall to bleed the wherewithal to keep the wheels grinding, but up to date we have succeeded in pleasing our patrons. True we have made a few enemies, and we expect to make a few more, but we shall survive. We are still of the opinion that Creston is the only place on earth for the chosen. We still believe that if we persevere we shall accomplish some good. In a few weeks we shall begin a serial story that should hold our friends spell bound until the curtain is rung down.



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.

To find out how, simply write the I. C. S., stating the position you wish to gain. In return, an institution with 17 years of successful experience in training thousands of others for advancement will tell you how it can fit YOU for a better-paying position. No risk to run. No books to buy. *Isn't such a chance for advancement worth this much to you?*

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Box 799, Scranton, Pa.

Or their Local Representative:
J. W. BENNETT
(P.O. BOX 95
FERNIE, B.C.
WHEN CRESTON EVERY MONTH

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.

Great indignation is noted at the action of George Huscroft, who has fenced in that portion of the land by which vehicular and foot passengers have hitherto traversed the flats. On Sunday last their was an exodus from Creston to Goat River Landing, and when the flats were struck, it was found that the usual line of travel was fenced. Some very uncomplimentary remarks were heard.

It seems strange to us that a road that has been known for the past seventeen years as a Government road, should now be closed by the individual action of anyone. We should not have been at all surprised had the fences been pulled out, and the wires clipped, so great was the indignation. But good judgment overcame heat, and the excursionists made a wide detour and traversed a road that is no road at all. The question is: Does the man who fenced the land under notice own it? The next question is: Is a road that has been considered a Government road for more than seventeen years liable to be fenced at the whim of any individual? This matter should be sifted. If Mr. Huscroft is in the right, then there will be no kick coming, but if he is in the wrong we feel sure he is a man who will admit his error and make amends. On Sunday night the closing of the old road was the topic of conversation, and at one time it looked as if a large number of indignant citizens would go and tear down the fences. The land under notice is the immediate approach to the "ballground."

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondents, nor does he always agree with them.]

Wyndel, B.C.,
May 25th, 1909.

To the Editor, Creston Review.

Dear Sir,

Can it be that your modesty or consideration for personal feelings, has anything to do with your apparent tardiness in expressidg any view regarding the service of our local telephone system? If so, I feel called upon to forestall you.

As one of the promoters and stockholders of the company, I am sorry to confess, that the company apparently suffer from, what I should term, "Dry Rot." This is a disease that should not be tolerated in any live fruit section, although it should spare our fruit trees but attack one of our public institutions.

Individual persons as well as corporations often have to suffer and tolerate unfair treatment by the public, but you reverse this and the public should not have to. Through the columns of your paper some time ago the public was informed that a relief from the present condition would follow as soon as the building for the company's new office was up and ready to receive the installation of the central. This building is now ready, but the executive officer of the company informed me yesterday, that we need entertain no such hope, as the central exchange would not be moved for at least one month, which, given the usual latitude, should mean from one to two months.

The strawberry season will then be over, and the hope of those patrons expecting a satisfactory service during season blasted, if the board of directors should fail to infuse more executive force and energy into the executors of their orders.

Should it prove that 15% of the patrons of the company report to you that I am unjust im my complaint, and that the service has been satisfactory to them for the last six months, then you are hereby authorized to apologise for me, in words of your own dictation.

Respectfully yours,
O. J. WIGEN.

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.

R. G. Pope, of Calgary, who has been clearing Cartwright's land for the past month, left for Calgary to-day. He has cleared six acres to plow and has three acres planted with potatoes. He will return in a few weeks and clear another ten acres.

Five acres have just been cleared on Chudleigh's land by the Watson Bros.

Twenty acres of the Balm ranch, owned by Broderick Bros., is now being cleared and forty acres fenced.

Arrived this week at Speers' Store. Consignment of figured Delph. We offer them in any quantity.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS—CRESTON SCHOOL.

Sealed tenders, superscribed "Tender for School-house," will be received by the Hon. the Minister of Public Works up to noon of Wednesday, the 26th day of May, 1909, for the erection and completion of a two-room frame School house at Creston, B.C.

Plans, specifications, contract and forms of tender may be seen on and after the 3rd day of May, 1909, at the offices of the Government Agent at Nelson; of James Compton, Esq., Secretary of the School Board, Creston; and at the Public Works Department, Victoria, B. C.

Each proposal must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque or certificate of deposit on a chartered bank of Canada, made payable to the Hon. the Minister of Public Works, for a sum equivalent to ten per cent. of the amount of the tender, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering decline to enter into contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. The cheques or certificates of deposit of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them upon the execution of the contract.

Tenders will not be considered unless made out on the forms supplied, signed with the actual signature of the tenderer, and enclosed in the envelopes furnished.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

EVERED CRIDDLE,
Supervising Architect.
Public Works Department,
Victoria, B. C., 27th April, 1909.

J. C. Hetherington, representing the Canada Marble Co., is in town, a guest at the Munro.

Get Your HARNESS REPAIRED at

THE ONLY

HARNESS SHOP

Carver's Harness Store

Opp. McCreath's Barn — Best Quality. Cheapest Prices

Moyie Brewery

MOYIE, B.C.

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

Apartments

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

FRANK BAAST

LOOK!
FURNITURE

Iron Beds
Springs, Mattresses and Cots

Homes completely furnished

Creston Furnishing Co.

E. Ryckman

Tinsmith and Plumber

Tinware
Stoves
Piping

Hot Air and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

I MAKE IT STICK

PARTICULARLY IF IT IS PLASTER.

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

Ed. Fulljames
PLASTERER

Starkey & Co.

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

FISHING SEASON

IS NOW HERE

BUY YOUR FISHING TACKLE
— AT THE —
CRESTON DRUG & BOOK STORE

Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

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

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

Moran & Mead - - Props.

We are Agents for McLaughlin
Democrats, Buggies, Wagons, etc.

You Save Money by consulting us before Buying Elsewhere. EasyTerms

McCREATH BROS.
CRESTON

CRESTON BAKERY

WE ARE HERE FOR BUSINESS

The Excellence of our HOME-MADE
Cakes
Pastry
. and .
Confectionery
IS UNSURPASSED

T. G. MAHON

We can supply you promptly with
Fresh Eggs, Butter
Fresh Meat
Fish
Cured Ham and Bacon
Sausage, etc.

Shamrock Leaf Lard

Highest Price paid to Farmers for
CATTLE
HOGS
POULTRY, Etc.

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

THE PLACE TO GET

Your Furniture; Carpets, Rugs, Lace Curtains Linoleums, Ranges, Stoves and Crockery.
We Furnish your Home Complete.

Standard Furniture Co.
Complete House Furnishers and Undertakers
Write for Prices *NELSON, B.C.*

Rifle Association Shoot

The spoon shoot, held in connection with the Erickson Civilian Rifle Association, resulted in some very good scoring, the members showing thei interest in this competition by turning up in strong force. Appended are the scores:

	200	300	500	600	
Geo Cartwright	26	27	28	16	97
J Stocks	27	19	28	16	90
E Cartwright	24	28	27	18	97
F Jackson	22	11	19	18	70
A Weston	23	15	17	17	72
T C Deckson	22	19	13	19	73
J E King	25	21	16	12	74
A FitzGerald	30	24	31	28	113
M McLeod	19	19	12	16	66
E Croft	21	17	18		56
T Campbell	21	24	18	19	82
Geo Hogan	28	20	18	17	83
W Wilson	17	17	13	12	59
A Loyst	28	27			55
A Dewey	16	17	16	15	64
E C Wilson	27	23	27	27	104
J Cherrington	22	22	20	17	71
F Broderick	27	28	25	23	103
C O Wigen	27	13	24	10	74
H Dickson	21	14	25	12	69
A Duperry		17	11	16	44
J. Hayden		14	21	17	48
W Gobbett		14	11	13	38
O Harrigan			24	19	43
C Havaston			10	15	25

There will be one of these spoon shoots held every Saturday afternoon during the season, to commence at one o'clock sharp. Those members who are unable to attend the range on Saturday afternoons, may practise any evening after six o'clock, and providing there are not less than six members present, will have the privilege of competing for one of these spoons. The secretary or captain, as well as a competent marker must also be in attendance. Each spoon is to be competed for three times, will become the property of the competitor winning it each time. In the event of any of the spoons not being won outright, they will be again competed for at the regular annual shoot of the club, to be held in the fall.

Bell-Hurry

The home of Mr and Mr. Fred. K. Hurry on Wednesday evening, when, in the presence of a few intimate friends and relatives, Olive Ellen, their eldest daughter, was joined in the holy bonds of matrimony with Jesse F. Bell, eldest son of Frank Bell, of Didsbury, Alta. The beautiful young May bride entered the drawing-room leaning on the arm of her father, where they were met by the groom and groomsman, Mr. Ramshaw, and Rev. D. W. Scott, who, after a few remarks, spoke the words that united the happy couple. Miss Vera Huscroft was a sweet bridesmaid. After congratulations were bestowed the assembly sat down to a banquet comprised of in and out of season delicacies, prepared by Mrs. Hurry. In the center of the table stood a magnificent bride's cake, manufactured by Mr. T. G. Mahon.

Then followed music and games. Mr. and Mrs. Bell, we are glad to learn, will remain in Creston, and they will reside in the handsome new villa, lately constructed for the groom, on Victoria Avenue.

We join with their large circle of friends in wishing them both a long and happy life.

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.

A. Sullivan, school inspector, paid our schools an official visit on Wednesday.

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

WANTED NOW

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

Write Now—

PELHAM NURSERY CO.
Toronto, Ont.

N.B.—Salesmen book orders for Fall delivery from now on.

R. W. Speers, of Toronto, Ont., has been spending a holiday in Creston, the guest of his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Speers. He left on Tuefday for Cranbrook, where he will take up a position with the C.P.R.

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

It is definitely announced that S. S. Taylor, K.C., lately of the firm of Taylor and O'Shea, of Nelson, and J. A. Harvey, K.C., lately of the firm of Harvey, McCarter and McDonald, of Cranbrook, and Harvey, McCarter & Pinkham, of Revelstoke, have formed a partnership, and will upon June 10 remove to, and practice law at, Vancouver, under the firm name and style of Taylor & Harvey. Their offices will be over the Imperial bank of Canada on Granville Street.

The Riverside Nurseries, Grand Forks, B.C.

Are the Largest Nurseries in B. C., and the Nearest to CRESTON.
NO FUMIGATION
Our Apple Stock is grafted with Scions cut from Bearing Trees.

Address WALTER V. JACKSON, Agent.
CRESTON, B.C. 'Phone 9. Line No. 8

The Sirdar Hotel

A Home from Home.
Headquarters for mining men.

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

Campbell & Graf,
Proprietors,

Sirdar, B. C.

STOP!
STOP!!
STOP!!!

FREE SHAVES
AT
MERRILL'S Barber Shop
TO=MORROW

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 ga l 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

WRITE FOR ANY INFORMATION

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.

TOWN LOTS

If you are looking for a Location
Where you can Build A HOME

Buy Schofield Avenue Lots

$75 and $85

Beautifully situated south of town, quite close to business centre; one minute's walk from the depot; three minutes from public school; overlooking the beautiful Kootenay Valley. A beautiful location for a home.

Secure one of These Lots
They will be Valuable
$25 down and $10 a month

Write or wire to, call on or phone J. I.
ATHERTON
AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION AGENT
Tel. 20. P. O. Box 38, CRESTON, B.C.

Giant Machines In Big Chicago Plant Among the Wonders of the World.

(By Hollis W. Field, in Chicago Sunday (Tribune.)

Sawing off a twenty-four inch steel "I" beam in the time of the old circular saw's running through a piece of stubborn cordwood in a woodyard and slicing a sheet of two-inch steel plate twelve feet long in the time required for a kitchen knife to cut a finger length of cheese from the slice already on the board—these are everyday wonders in Chicago's age of steel

To the man in the Chicago downtown street, looking up as a crane swings a great I beam inward into the skeleton framework of a skyscraping building, the impressiveness of the age of steel may come, although he sees only a trifling detail in the history of the beam. He may pass over the glare and thunders of the Titan mills which rolled the sixty-foot length of steel weighing 100 pounds to the lineal foot. He may ignore the transportation intricacies and powers which brought the structural steel to the hands of the builders a hundred feet in air.

The beam swinging out above him may be no longer than twenty feet. But he forgets the process of shortening. It may have a hundred holes an inch in diameter, making honeycomb of its flanges above and below. How were the holes made? In the dim light of the steel skeleton work he marvels at the white hot rivet, tossed to the workman, who catches it, fits it to place, and turns the pneumatic rivetter upon it, which, like a giant woodpecker, strikes its hundreds of blows a minute in driving the rivet home.

Done by Melting Friction.

But in comparison with these things the shrieking, sizzling, fiery saw cutting the steel beam to its sectional measurement by sheer, melting friction still remains one of the most spectacular of all the enginery which has been reducing the huge beam to the requirements of the builders.

In the huge Ryerson plant at Sixteenth and Rockwell streets, in Chicago, one may see these high speed friction saws, which are not saws at all, severing steel as if it were pine and sending out their sawdust in whirlwinds of sizzling, white hot sparks of steel.

Once on a time an individual workman with his hand saw spent hours cutting through one of these twenty-four inch steel beams. It was an improvement when a drilling machine was adapted to cutting the steel beam by drilling a string of holes across it, cutting one hole into another and leaving the sections with jagged ends. A great stride was marked when a slow speed circular saw, with cutting teeth, ate bit by bit through such a beam in half an hour. To-day it is one of the world wonders in the Ryerson plant to look on while a great steel disk, toothless, burns its way through this greatest beam turned from the mills in thirteen seconds!

It is a smooth, clean burn through the steel—a burning which seems an impossibility to the layman because of the shower of water which drenches the whirring, shrieking disk as it is forced by hydraulic pressure into the great beam, whose molecules turn to white heat under the tremendous friction.

Saw Weighs 62,000 Pounds.

There is an anomaly in this fifty-two inch disk whose rim travels at a rate of 27,000 feet a minute. In this age of high speed tool steel the spectator who has knowledge of this new steel is likely to look on at the pyrotechnics of the sawing and credit the new steel with the accomplishment. But the saw is of ordinary flange steel, only three-eighths of an inch thick, with only a roughened rim to increase friction. Detached the great disk might be mistaken for anything but a saw.

It is too blunt with its rim thickened beyond the three-eighths inch original plate; the rim is only hacked a little by a chisel in order to roughen it; half a dozen meaningless holes drilled through the disk in scattered places are at variance with the make-up of the old circular saw of the lumber mill. But it is a saw to make the eyes of the seasoned lumberman of the old school bulge in astonishment.

Complete the controlling mechanisms of the saw weigh 62,000 pounds, of which 40,000 pounds is in the carriage. This carriage, moving upon oiled grooved bearings, carries the saw into the metal as the beam rests upon the feed rollers carrying the beam from the overhead crane which brought the 6,000 pound piece of metal to the sawing. A 120 horse power motor drives the saw at its rim speed of more than five miles a minute, while a hydraulic cylinder at 125 pounds pressure moves the saw and its carriage against the steel beam set for the sawing.

Requires Only One Man.

One man standing a few feet away at a group of controllers akin to that of the trolley motorman does the sawing. The whirring disk has not stopped for an instant. A touch here starts two jets of water playing upon the upper portion of the saw, and a touch there sends the saw carriage forward. The point of contact with the steel is low under the saw and at the first touch comes a shower of sparks, a shrieking, penetrating protest of metals, more sparks at fiercer heat, louder shriekings of the saw, until as the edge of the disk appears through the steel beam it shows a redhot rim in spite of the deluging jets of water that have played upon it.

One man and the machine in thirteen seconds have done the work of a score of workers using the machines that were modern only yesterday. The wet saw has melted its way through cold steel. Edges of the cut beam are blued from the result of heat. The saw itself virtually is unchanged and with its "rest" periods may do service for six weeks. Yet it is only flange steel.

Giant Shears Cut Steel.

In that other colossus of the Ryerson plant, however, the high speed tool steel man may look his satisfaction at the work of shearing a two inch steel plate twelve feet in length.

Here is a huge iron and steel mechanism twenty six feet in height and weighing 250,000 pounds, dwarfing the two men attendant upon it. Its upper jaw is lifted at a shearing angle and the compact 100 horse power motor stands silent at attention as the twenty-five ton traveling crane overhead approaches with the tremendous slab of steel bending and swaying with its own weight.

Gently the slab is deposited upon the receiving table. A touch upon a mechanism brings the slab into place with its chalk mark for cutting lined under the shearing blade above. Another touch and a bar of toothed metal descends upon the plate, holding it firmly in place. A foot upon a pedal and the great cog gearings in the machine begin to revolve. Then with only a slight crunch the shearing jaw of the machine drops—and smoothly cut as a sheet of paper in a sharp scissors the twelve foot strip of two inch steel falls away clanging into the pit which receives it.

One second is the time. Years ago this problem of shearing such a plate would have involved the man with the sledge hammer and the other man with the hammer shaped cold chisel held to place by a long handle. Later, a quicker process was the drill. But to-day this steel guillotine, heavier than a locomotive, and with the harnessed powder of a hundred horses, slits the two inch $23,424,684, a decerase of $11,382,556, steel plate in a second.

Punching the Great Beams.

Punching the great steel beams which the saw severs like so much pine is as easy as for the cook to cut the hole in a doughnut. The overhead crane brings the beam to the punching machine. Its flanges are dotted with the white spots designated for holes by the man who has laid the pine pattern upon the steel. Adjusted under the steel punch, a foot upon a pedal brings the cutting face of the tool down upon the steel, from which an instant later drops the slug of metal, too hot to hold in the hand from the friction necessary to driving it out.

Everywhere in this greatest iron and steel warehouse in the world the visitor fronts the colossal. There are 675,000 square feet of warehouse flooring with capacity for 150,000 tons of stored material. Forty-nine railroad cars of standard size may be run in under its roofs and everywhere some one of the sixteen high speed traveling cranes may run up and away at 400 feet a minute, carrying an average load of ten tons. Some of these cranes easily might lift a steel coal car of 100,000 capacity and bear it away.

Each of these great cranes has a stretch of 160 feet and, directed by the operator in his little hanging basket underneath, travels the width of its farehouse. In addition to these giant carriers are the numberless small electric hoists which may be switched anywhere, even to a second floor, and pick up bundles of metal to the load capacity of the modern dray. Six thousand pounds, picked up in an instant, may be laid upon a waiting wagon fifty or a hundred feet away almost before the visitor realizes what is taking place. Far more time may be required of two or three men making fast the lifting chains than are needed by the operator of the hoist to do the real work.

Big Machines, Dwarf Men.

Everywhere the gigantic operations of machinery prompt the casual visitor to look about him for men. But the machine has dwarfed the man into insignificance. Two or three men may be seen near the flaring light of the steel saw. Two men are at the 200,000 pound shearing machine. Two men are directing steel beams under the polished point of the punching press.

But where a handful of men are collected and at work the visitor discovers that they are at the comparative child's play of hooking chains fast to steel or to machinery, merely that the electric crane may do that work in seconds which might require hours of their individual efforts—if indeed the task were possible to them.

Some idea of the work of the electric traveling crane may be seen in viewing the steel stock carried in this vast new plant. They tell you at Ryerson's that at present the stock is low. But on the ground floor, passing stacks of sheet or bar steel resting on the wooden flooring, you will note how this flooring has settled under the tremendous weight. It is sagged deeply in places, while the sheets of steel are bent under their own combined pressure in the stack.

"Yet we prepared against this floor settling," explained a manager in the machinery department. "We put two and a half feet of concrete under this flooring. And the stock just now is light!"

Many Office Comforts Provided.

There is enough for the salesman and for the clerical man in such a house as this, and in recognition of him and of his needs and comforts everything is provided. In the vast general office, lighted by wide windows on all sides, not a window is designed to open on the hottest day. Air pumps take the vitiated atmosphere from the rooms and pump back through filtering water a fresh supply of air, cooled or warmed as the season makes desirable.

A modern restaurant, with every choice of food desirable, is at hand, furnished in keeping with the finishings of the general offices. Bathrooms and dressing rooms are provided for employees who may have occasion to dress for evening without going home, and a barber on salary attends to beards that may have roughened in a day.

Geographically this largest iron and steel warehouse in the world is outside the comforts of the "loop." But in the anticipation of its employees needs it may be anywhere it wills. And especially when its new ball grounds are leveled and laid out. Already they have the fence.

EARLIER LORD'S PRAYER.

Three Versions of How Our Ancestors Used to Repeat It.

Clergymen and laymen who may have a leaning toward cant, those who believe that because they are accustomed to use in ordinary conversation or in plain addresses words and phrases found in the King James version of the Bible, such as "goeth," "thinketh," "my brethren," "even so," "lo and behold," etc., and therefore feel that they are really redolent with the odor of sanctity, would do well to read the following versions of the Lord's Prayer—simply earlier forms of this old English:

1. Anglo-Saxon of about A. D. 900—
Thu ure Fader, thu eart on Heofenum,
Si thin Nama gehalgod;
Come thin Rice;
Si thin Willa on Eortha, swo swa on Heofenum;
Syle us to Dag urne to daghwamlican Hlaf;
And forgif us ure Gyltas, swa swa we forgifath
forgifath tham the with us agyltath;
And ne lad thu us on Costnunge.
As alys us fram Yile, Sih it swa.

2. Semi-Saxon of about A. D. 1160—
Ure Fader, thu the on Heofne eart,
Sye thin Name gehaleged;
To cume thin Rice,
eGworde thin Wille on Heofene and on Eorthe,
Syle us to Daig urne daighwamliche Hlaf;
And forgyf us use Geltes, saw we forgyfath aeclen thare the with us agylteth;
And ne lad thus us on Costnunge;
Ac alyus us from Yfle.

3. English of the thirteenth century—
Oure Fader, that art in Hevenes,
Halewid be thin Name;
Thy kingdom come;
Be thi Wille done as in Hevene and in Erthe.
Geworde thin Wille on Heofene and on substance;
And forgyne to us our Dettis, as forgyuen to oure Dettours;
And lede us not into Temptatioun:
But delyue us fro Yvel. Amen, that is, so beit.

How much of a sanctimonious figure would the average clergyman cut were he to interlard and besprinkle his conversation with "urne daigwamliche Hlafs" and "on Eortha, swa swa Heofenums"? Wouldn't that be as absurd as the case of the dear old lady who enjoyed saying "Mesopotamia" because it gave her spiritual satisfaction?

GIRLS' LOW NECK DRESS.

This little dress is strikingly pretty and simple. It is made of ring dotted challis, trimmed with ribbon. The full waist is gathered into a narrow yoke and mounted on a two-piece lining. The straight gathered skirt is attached to the waist, and the modish elbow sleeve is gathered into a narrow band.

With a Bump.

The man with the brown derby hat and the suitcase was hurrying northward at the intersection of State and Madison streets when a tall, slender man who wore a long overcoat and a thoughtful, preoccupied expression of countenance, who was hurrying westward, collided violently with him, knocking his hat into the gutter.

"You awkward lummux!" he angrily exclaimed, picking up his hat, what do you mean by bumping into me in that way!"

"If you are addressing me, sir," answered the other, "I bumped into you that way because that was the only way I could do it."

"You'd better be a little more careful, if you know what's good for you."

"Thanks. If you know what's good for you, sir, you'll be a little more careful how you get in my way."

"Do you own this crossing, you long-legged, goggle-eyed, hump-shouldered slab of——"

"I happened to own the particular spot on this crossing where we met so informally just now, you peak-nosed, French-bearded, ill-natured, sleek-haired specimen of bad manners. Anybody with half the intelligence of an idiot ought to know——"

"I've half a mind to knock your ugly block off, you walking scarecrow, you ——"

"You've considerably less than half a mind to do it, my friend. Look here, you thick skulled ignoramus, don't you know that when two men are approaching each other at right angles the point at which they will inevitably meet——"

"Who are you, anyway, you putty-faced, leather-jawed old——"

"My name is Gwilliams, attorney and counselor at law, if that helps you any, you mutton-headed Algerine. To resume: The point at which two men are approaching each other at right angles are bound to meet belongs by every principle of law and common justice, not to mention common sense, to the man who is nearer to it. You saw that I was going to pass it first, and you tried to head me off by hurrying. You didn't move quite fast enough, and I took a deep, serene pleasure in butting into you. I'd do it again, you——"

"You would, would you! I'll just smash your face for you, you infernal old ——"

"Aw, g'wan!" interposed the big policeman on the crossing, elbowing his way into the crowd that had gathered, grabbing each of the two by the shoulder, and giving them a shove in opposite directions. "I'll run yez both in if ayther of ye says another wurrud."—C. W. T. in Chicago Tribune.

A SMART SUIT OF BROADCLOTH.

This coat which is one of the most stylish and serviceable of the season's models is made of broadcloth trimmed with braid. The notched collar is of velvet. Cheviot, broadcloth and covert cloth would all make up stylishly.

This skirt design shows the popular fancy for the front closing. A circular flounce is a stylish addition, but may be omitted if desired. Suitable for development in voile, shadow striped mohair, panama and broadcloth.

HOW TO CAGE A BEAR.

Show Him Carrots and Bread and Lead the Way to His Den.

Escapes of animals from their cages in zoological gardens and menageries are fortunately rare. When they do occur the work of recapture is set about in a business-like fashion and the prison breaker is generally captured before anything is known outside.

In the periodical issue by the management of the Breslau garden an amusing story is told of an incident of this kind. Some years ago on a fine autumn morning, just after the gates were opened there was a loud knocking at the pay window, and in reply to the inquiry of the money taker who presented himself, a man in a state of great excitement said that as he was walking on the Oder bank he had seen through the palisading a large bear loose in the grounds. "'Greatly obliged to you, sir,' was the reply. 'We know that already; that bear goes for a walk every morning and returns to its cage before the visitors come in.'"

The man went away quite satisfied. The official, who knew the real state of affairs, at once ordered the gates to be closed, and the director was at once informed that the bear was loose. It was a serious matter, for the animal had killed a keeper in a travelling menagerie and for that reason was sold to the zoological gardens. Moreover when a mate had been put in with him she soon fell a victim to his bad temper. While the authorities were considering the best steps to recapture the bear—for they were loth to shoot such a fine animal—the keeper whose negligence in leaving a door unfastened had caused the trouble made his appearance. His only reply to the reproaches of the director for allowing the bear to escape was, "Well, we shall have to get him in again."

He went off to the store room, filled his apron with carrots and bread and then sought the bear. When he saw the animal he called out to attract his attention, and by throwing down food enticed him to the back of the bear dens. Here the men entered through a small door by which new arirvals are put into the cages. He was closely followed by the bear, but reached the middle of the cage before it had scrambled through the small opening. Then he dropped on the floor the rest of the food he had in his apron and made his way out of the cage, which was at once securely fastened in front and at the rear. Thus the incident, which might have had serious consequences, ended happily for those on whom the responsibility rested.—London Field.

MORE HORSES IN PARIS.

They Are Increasing in Spite of the Auto's Competition.

While New York and London are talking about the displacement of horses in the city streets and the possibility of their final disappearance from the cities through the growing use of electricity and of automobiles, the number of horses used in Paris grows at a rapid rate.

The latest enumeration of the vehicles circulating in the French capital shows an increase in horse drawn carriages for public hire alone of 33 1-3 per cent. in eight years. In seventeen years omnibuses and street cars have increased almost two and a half times in number.

There are now 16,000 carriages for public hire drawn by horses, as against 12,000 in 1900, and the omnibuses and street cars have increased from 845 in 1891 to 2,000.

Private carriages drawn by horses number 9,000, merchant wagons 18,700, trucks 40,000, carriages and wagons of the municipality 1,800.

Of automobiles in Paris there are 12,000 in private ownership, and there are 2,250 automobiles for public hire.

When a Girl is of Age.

In Nebraska she is of age at 16.

In the State of Washington she attains her majority at 18; but if her husband is of age she also is, no matter how young she may be. This is a strange law, allowing the husband to control the majority of his wife.

But marriage also brings our maid to her majority, no matter what her years may be, in Maryland, Oregon, Texas, Iowa, and Louisiant; while 18 is the age prescribed in Arkansas, California, Colorado, Dakota, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa (unless married), Kansas, Maryland (unless married), Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska (unless married, when it is 16), Nevada, Ohio, Oregon (unless married), Vermont and Washington (unless married).—Pictorial Review.

In His Mind.

"Old chap, where are you going for your vacation?"

"All over the country. In fact, I'm taking it now—reading summer resort literature."

A FRONT HELPS.

Encouragement for the Man Who Keeps Up a Good Appearnce.

"Taking it altogether, this past year has been about the worst twelve month I ever experienced," observed Hardraps meditatively, "chiefly because I haven't been able to get steady work.

"It isn't so easy as you'd imagine for a man verging upon 40 to get work in York unless he's a specialist. I can't do anything but keep books, and bookkeepers, as maybe you know, have been hit hard in this town by the slack times since last year's financial disturbance. I've had an odd job of bookkeeping here and there, just temporary propositions, and I've contrived to keep my head above water somehow or another, although it has been keen fiddling at times.

"Most difficult end of it is in keeping up what's called one's front. I can nearly always manage to squeeze out the price of shelter and something to eat—I'm not saying much, though, about the quality of the shelter or of the fare. But it takes hard guessing to keep up the front.

"The exterior, that is to say. The outer raiment, decent shoes, clean linen, passable hat—oh, yes, occasionally I've had to ink my hat around the worn spots. But I contrive to keep up at least a semblance of a front.

"I learned a long time ago, you see, that when a fellow loses his front, why, he's a goner. There's no hope for him. He's down and out then.

"It's an odd thing, but most of us take ourselves at just the valuation other people put upon us instead of the valuation we put or ought to put upon ourselves. If the world in general sizes us up as persons that won't do, why, we're pretty liable sooner or later to look upon ourselves in just that way too.

"And when a chap's front is all run down, why, he himself just begins to feel as shabby and measly as his clothes, and the first thing he knows his self-respect begins to evaporate—and when a fellow's self-respect is gone, why, there he is, you know, just as down and out as he can be, and no mistake. So that as long as I can fight to keep it up, I'll never lose at least some kind of a front.

"What I started to say, though, was that a fellow who feels sort of downhearted and low spirited and lonesome and all that because he hasn't any work or anything—a fellow in that shape often gets a little nudge along, quite by chance, that helps his drooping self-respect.

"I'm speaking now of when a fellow in that state begins to have doubts as to whether he's really keeping up his front or not. You see a man, especially a sensitive man, may imagine that he looks terribly seedy, whereas he doesn't look that way to other folks at all. This is odd, but it's a fact.

"When the front isn't just right in a fellow's own eyes he gets to imagine that everybody he meets is dead next to his state of chronic impecuniosity and that they are secretly commiserating him, and if there's anything a fellow hates it's that, to have people feeling sorry for him because he's looking shabby or imagines that he is.

"Just to give you an instance of how little things happen to make a fellow feel a little better over things when he's down in his luck:

spick and span fall togs—I was trudging up Broadway trying to figure out how I was going to pay my week's room rent and wondering if I'd better write another letter about a job that had been half promised me, and feeling pretty shabby and blue, all in all, when I met up with acquaintances wearing their brand new spick and span fal togs—I was trudging along, I say, feeling like this, when a taxicab driver pulled his machine alongside the curb, held up his hand to attract my attention, and called out to me:

"'Taxi, sir?'

"Well, you've no idea, really, how comparatively cheerful that little incident made me feel. It sure did.

"Of course I shook my head at the taxicab man—I'd have given him half a dollar if I'd been flush just for what he did for me. I couldn't ride anywhere in a taxi, of course. But the thing was this: That taxicab man had sized me up and he'd doped it out that I looked like a likely fare. My front looked good enough to him to cause him to consider me.

"So there I was, helped along quite a little bit and cheerful enough over the business, and I'm sure that I picked up my moccasins and walked a heap more springily after that.

"Yesterday two more pleasant little incidents of a similar character happened to me.

"I was strolling along Sixth avenue, not particularly chirky over the way things were going, when a shrewd eyed fellow standing by the curb said something to me as I passed by that I didn't catch the import of. So I took a step nearer and asked what he'd said.

"'I asked you,' he replied in broken English, 'if you had any old clothes you wanted to sell.'

"Of course I told him that I hadn't and passed on. But there I was again quite a little fixed up in my self-esteem.

"You see, these old clo' men are no fools. They know what's what. They can pick out the fellow who looks as if he might have something. And that old clo' man sure thought that I was sufficiently prosperous to have some old clothes hanging back home in a closet, clothes that I wouldn't deign to wear any more and that I'd be willing to sell, or he wouldn't have put the question to me. Tell you what, that made me throw my shoulders back, that question from the old clo' man did.

"Small matters, of course, these things that I mention, but they all helped. You can take it from me that a chap sort of needs little helps of that kind when he's dubbing along doing the best he can to keep up a front and in more or less terror all the time of his front going back to him and fearing that he's beginning to look seedy and shabby and like a permanent member of the Down and Out Club."—New York Sun.

Her Choice.

"I see that your little sister took the smaller apple," said an experienced mother. "Did you let her have her choice, as I told you?"

"Yes, mother," her son replied brightly. "I told her if she didn't choose the smaller she wouldn't get any at all. She chose the smaller, mother!"—Philippines Gossip.

EARLY MISSOURI REVIVALS.

Religion of a Strenous Kind at Old Camp Meetings.

Macon, Mo.—Many a white haired Missourian will stoutly contend that never before nor since has the world heard as pure a brand of melody as that flung heavenward in the days of the old time revival. That "sacrilegious agent o the devil," the organ, had not then butted in. If it had been trying to mix in nobody would have heard it.

When the white bearded patriarch started in on "Old Hundred" he didn't have to signify to the congregation that they might join in the singing. That's what they were there for, and if any specially drilled choirmaster had undertaken to assume the musical privileges there would certainly have been a disturbance immediately.

In the vernacular of the day, "goin' to preachin'" was the event of the month. For several days previously the wife and girls of the household would be busy fixing things to eat while in camp and putting double rivets on the small boys' trousers and shirts. The hired man was left at home to look after things. His salvation could be looked after by the other members of the household the same as if he were present in the body.

The meetings were generally held under the trees. After Elder Bill Sear's ferryboat was put out of business by the big bridge across the Chariton River on the Hannibal and St. Joseph pike the bridge was a popular place for camp meetings. Brother J. W. Cook, a Baptist exhorter, once preached from the centre of the bridge to a congregation of 2,000 scattered around on both banks of the stream.

He must have delivered an unusually powerful sermon, for a couple of sinners who had been fishing down the river a way that Sunday afternoon came up and knelt down with the mourners. Half the men in the congregation were barefooted and few wore coats. After the preaching Brother Sears baptized twenty-five converts in the muddy stream.

The baptized convert instantly became a hero or heroine if the operation was stood without undue gurgling and going on. Friends gathered around and warmly shook hands. Sometimes big meetings were held in winter and it was necessary to break the ice to get the converts thoroughly wet.

It was the belief of the day that no one caught cold as a result of such exposure. Indeed, it was regarded as highly curative for a sufferer from colds and pneumonia to be baptized in the dead of winter, and old women tell of miraculous recoveries among those who had thus demonstrated their faith.

The early Missouri preacher took the Bible as his sole platform. During his two or three hours' discourse he would wander from cover to cover, winding up with the catechism vividly described by St. John.

His hearers would seriously have questioned the orthodoxy of a preacher who left hell out of a discourse. Of course he dwelt largely on the glories of the better world, the joys of reconciliation with loved ones and the streets of gold, but he was strongest on hell fire and the burning lake of brimstone.

Uncle Jimps Dysart, a Presbyterian pioneer preacher, once gave this inkling of what eternity meant:

"If you should be lost and condemned eternally, and the devil were to give you the job of draining the Chariton River by taking out of it one drop of water a year, when you got the river dry you would only be at the sunrise of your visit in hell!"

A well known citizen of Randolph county, who as a boy sat under the cheerful ministrations of one of these strenuous beacon lights of the early period, thus describes his symptoms:

"The preacher's talk on the better world never excited very much interest in my youthful mind, because his idea of heaven wasn't near as fascinating as staying down here hunting coons, robbing birds' nests and stealing watermelons. But when he switched off on the other place he had yours truly going some, he sure did.

"As the effect of scary songs and sermons on a naturally nervous temperament, I can truthfully say that for a number of years I never saw a hunderstorm without being almost scared into fits. I always pictured Gabriel in the role of prosecuting attorney, and never doubted but what he would be thoroughly onto his job, and like others of that class would rake up every little old thing against me, so I would have no possible showing to come out of it clean.

"But when the preacher would speak of him as blowing his trumpet with one foot planted on the land and one on the sea, notwithstanding my terror of Gabrbiel I would have a secret admiration for his immense straddling capacity. Of course there was nothing incongruous in the statement. But I lived many miles from the sea and with a kind of mournful vanity took it for granted that no matter what sea he selected for his water foot his land foot would be planted in a situation to do prompt and vigorous business with my sinful self.

"My inseparable companion in my early days was a big, black, ring necked dog named Brave. We had been reared up as pups together, so to speak. Brave's name, like that of many a more pretentious being, was evidently a misfit, for he was afraid of everything he came across, from a granddaddy longlegs to a wood mouse. But what inspired him with the most abject terror was a thunderstorm, same as me.

"At the first keen clap with teeth chattering and tail cinched between his legs, he would strike a bee line for a trundle bed, where I would soon follow, in exactly the same condition as Brave, so far as physical configuration would allow. "I don't know what Brave was thinking about, but I know I was thinking about the great judgment day, and if somebody had happened to have noticed a toot on Uncle John Osborn's old dinner horn, as sure as you are born there would have been one small boy in this vale of tears who would have jumped out of his skin, and been in too much of a hurry to get somewhere to go back after it."

The negro slaves, who tried to follow the white folks in everything they did, were even more fervent in their revivals and more picturesque. They were always looking for miracles, and their faith was wonderfully rewarded, according to their own testimony.

One there was a tremendous spiritual unheaval among the negro race over in Linn county. The meeting was held in Linneus, and it became such an event that half of the seats were reserved nightly for the white folks. One evening some young white people who were occupying the two front benches giggled during the vociferous praying of a 300 pound black mammy.

Instantly alive to the situation, she ceased praying for forgiveness for her own shortcomings and hastened to apologize to the Lord for the po' white folks. She moved over to where they were, and kneeling close beside them offered up something like this in their defence:

"Oh, Lawd! Ah's heah to-night pleadin' wid yo' to fergive dese miserabul white sinners w'at's come heah to laugh at thy servants. Learn 'em some sense. Oh, Lawd, so dat wen da goes to thy house da'll know how to act.

"Ah knows 'em all, an Ah could tell yo' thar names, but Ah wants to gib 'em a chanct. Don' let de debbil catch 'em, oh, Lawd, 'case da ain't ready ter die.

"Hit's gwine tel take a heap o' prayin' ter keep 'em out o' der bad place, but we's willin' ter do th' best we can. Da don' 'mount tel much, but da's got good parunts w'at's tried ter raise 'em right. Pity their ignorance, Lawd an' don' let 'em burn. Amen!"

With scarlet faces the nicely dressed girls and boys had to sit still and take their medicine, while the devout, all over the house, whites as well as blacks, kept putting loud "amens!" as the black supplicator made her points. There was never a ghost of a smile among the young folks attending the meeting from that time on.

But the religious debates were the drawing cards among the devout scattered through the forests and back country. Immersion, infant baptism and foreordination were the main subjects. Moderators were chosen, and time limits placed upon the arguments.

Sometimes these debates grew so fierce they would break up in a row. Communities would be divided for months and intense feeling manifested. The disputants would prepare like a lawyer presenting an issue for the Government. Tables loaded with musty tomes would be placed within easy reach of the speakers. The crowds attending such events were enormous.

One of the most noted debates of the last century occurred between the Rev. Dr. Bartlett Anderson, a missionary Baptist, and the Rev. James Dysart, who has been referred to above. Brother Dysart was a Cumberland Presbyterian. The question was baptism, Bartlett arguing for it and Dysart against it.

The debate accurred in 1856, some four or five years before any railroads had crept into northern Missouri. Anderson was a man of scholarly attainments. He was versed in many languages and quoted copiously from Greek, Hebrew and Sanscript. The people who knew that Uncle Jimps Dysart had never ploughed through an ancient literature and was only a plain country preacher, wondered how he was going to answer the erudite missionary Baptist. When his time came to speak Uncle Jamps enlightened them. He said:

"Brethren, my opponent, Mr. Anderson, has read to you out of a whole lot of fine books that we don't know anything about. They may have settled the question of baptism over yonder among the pagan nations, but what's the use? You and me want it settled in America.

"Now, I am going to use as my only authority a good old book printed in English, the Bible. If Mr. Anderson wants it settled in Hebrew or Hindu or Choctaw he can move over into them countries and settle it for 'em there, but we'll settle it in good old English!"

Dysart was a man of common sense, and as a practical logician he was superior to his more learned rival. The people understood him and knew what he was driving at all the time, while they were somewhat at sea during the discourse of Mr. Anderson. The moderators decided that "Brother Anderson has made a fine argument, one of the best we ever heard, but Uncle Jimps Dysart seems to have the better of it."

An old time exhorter was asked the other day how he accounted for the fact that they had quit having big revival meetings. He studied a moment and replied:

"I have thought of that a great deal, and the only answer seems to be that religion has gone out of fashion."

ROAD OF SAND AND SAWDUST.

Minnesota Experiment That Appears to be Successful.

A road made from sand and sawdust is the latest style of roadmaking designed by George W. Cooley, State Highway Engineer. Last spring he made a section of road with clover and rye on a sand foundation. This has been very successful. The road made from sand and sawdust is at Cambridge, in Isanti county.

Four inches of sawdust was raked on the sand road after being graded. This was worked into the sand by passing teams, and as fast as ruts were formed the sawdust was raked into the ruts, to be further mixed with sand. This is a new road making material, and if successful will make an exceedingly profitable means of using the immense quantities of sawdust from the mills of the State.

In those counties where there is nothing but sand in the roads good roads are impossible without the addition of other material. Mr. Cooley is now experimenting with various means of turning the sand into vegetable loam which can be worked to advantage. The idea is that the sawdust will rot and mixing with the sand will form a loam suitable for roads.

Such a small amount of money is appropriated by the State for the construction of roads that the experiments have been on a limited scale and the construction of roads proceeds lowly. This State pends only one-tenth as much on State roads as does New York in relation to the value of the property.—From the St. Paul Press.

THE OBJECT.

Jinx—One of my sons is learning the cornet, and the other the fiddle; one daughter studying the piano and one plays the flute, and my wife has started taking singing lessons.

Binx—My gracious! is your family as musical as all that?

Jinx—No, but there's a vacant lot next to our place and we don't want anybody to build on it.

TWO PUSSY CATS.

The Pet Cat.

(Ella Wheeler Wilcox in The Independent.)

I.

Dainty little ball of fur, sleek and round and fat
Yawning through the lazy hours, some one's household cat,
Lying on a bed of down, decked in ribbons gay,
What a pleasant life you lead, whether night or day.

Dining like an epicure, from a costly dish,
Served with what you like best, chicken, meat or fish,
Purring at an outstretched hand, knowing but caress.

Romping through the house at will, racing down the hall,
Full of pretty, playful pranks, loved and praised by all,
Wandering from room to room to find the choicest spot,
Favored little household puss, happy is your lot.

Sleeping on my lady's lap, or dozing by the grate,
Fed with catnip tea if ill, what a lucky fate!
Loved in life and mourned in death, and stuffed maybe at that,
And kept upon the mantle shelf—dear pet cat.

II.

The Tramp Cat.

Poor little beggar cat, hollow-eyed and gaunt,
Creeping down the alley-way like a ghost of want,
Kicked and beat by thoughtless boys, bent on cruel play,
What a sorry life you lead, whether night or day

Hunting after crusts and crumbs, gnawing meatless bones,
Trembling at a human step, fearing bricks and stones,
Shrinking at an outstretched hand, knowing only blows,
Wretched little beggar cat, born to suffer woes.

Stealing to an open door, craving food and heat,
Frightened off with angry cries and broomed into the street,
Tortured, teased and chased by boys, through the lonely night,
Homeless little beggar cat, sorrow is your plight.

Sleeping anywhere you can, in the rain and snow,
Picked up by a scavenger—poor tramp cat,
Waking in the cold, gray dawn, wondering where to go,
Dying in the street at last, starved to death at that;

Huntingtower.

Soprano—
When ye gang awa, Jamie,
Far across the sea, laddie,
When ye gang to Germanie,
What will ye send to me, laddie?

Tenor—
I'll send ye a braw new gown, Jeanie,
The brawest in the town, lassie,
And it shall be o' silk and gowd,
Wi' Valenciennes set around, lassie.

Soprano—
That's nae gift ava, Jamie,
Silk and gowd and a' laddie,
There's ne'er a gown in a' the land
I'd like when ye're awa, laddie.

Tenor—
When I come back again, Jeanie,
Frae a foreign land, lassie,
I'll bring wi' me a gallant gay
To be your ain gudeman, lassie.

Soprano—
Be my gudeman yoursel', Jamie,
Marry me yoursel', laddie,
And tak' me ower to Germanie,
Wi' you at hame to dwell, laddie.

Tenor—
Ldinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
I dinna ken how that wad do, Jeanie,
For I've a wife and bairnies three,
And I'm no sure how y'd agree, lassie.

Soprano—
Ye should hae telt me that in time, Jamie,
Ye should hae telt me that lang syne, laddie,
For had I kent o' fause heart,
Ye no'er had gotten mine, laddie.

Tenor—
Your een were like a spell, Jeanie,
Mair sweet than I could tell, lassie,
That like day bewitched me sae,
I couldna help myself, lassie.

Soprano—
Gae back to your wife and hame, Jamie,
Gae back to your bairnies three, laddie,
And I will pray they no'er may thole
A braken heart like me, laddie.

Tenor—
Dry that tearfu' e'e, Jeanie,
Grieve nae mair for me, lassie,
I've neither wife nor bairnies three,
And I'll wed none but thee, lassie

Soprano—
Think weel, for fear you rue, Jamie,
Ye'll no get ane mair true, laddie,
But I have neither gowd nor lands,
To be a match for you, laddie.

Tenor—
Bide in Athol's mine, lassie,
Bide Dunkeld is mine, lassie,
Saint Johnstoun's bower, and Huntingtower
And a' that mine is thine, lassie.

A MULTIPLICITY OF FATHERS.

Ardyce had been learning to sing "America" at school and was trying to teach it to brother Wayne. One morning his father heard him shouting, "'Land where my papa died, land where my papa died.'"

Ardyce interrupted, "Oh, no, Wayne, not that way. It is "Land where our fathers died."

Wayne's expression could not be described as he tipped his head sidewise, and in a very surprised tone gravely asked, "Has oo one

Some Premiers

Mr. Henry W. Lucy, so well known as "Toby, M. P.," recently told us in the Cornhill how he came to write London Letters and generally to be a journalist.

In a volume which Mr. Heinemann has just issued Mr. Lucy gives us his "Memories of Eight Parliaments" (8s 6d net). As Lord Rosebery once said, "On everything relating to Parliament, Mr. Lucy speaks as an expert. There is, perhaps, no man living who has had so constant and so close observation of Parliamentary life in its many aspects."

Let Mr. Lucy tell in his own words of the methods and mannerisms of two of the great Premiers of the last century; of those two antagonists, the G. O. M. and Dizzy.

Gladstone's Dignity.

"In the ordinary relations of public or private life dignity was a striking and prevalent characteristic of Gladstone's manner. To see him walk up the floor of the House after a division was an education in deportment. As he crossed the bar, coming into full sight of the members, he instinctively squared his shoulders, threw back his head, advancing with quick but stately steps.

Save in its loftiest heights, Gladstone's Parliamentary manner lacked repose. He was always brimming over with energy which were much better reserved for worthier objects."

Gladstone's Manner in the House.

Here are some instances of his manner in the House. "Striding swiftly past his colleagues on the treasury bench, he dropped into the seat kept vacant for him, and hastily taking up a copy of the orders ascertained what particular question in the long list had been reached. Then, turning with a sudden bound of his whole body to the right, he entered into animated conversation with a colleague, his pale face working with excitement, his eyes glistening, and his right hand vehemently beating the open palm of his left as if he were literally pulverising his adversary.

"Tossing himself back with equally rapid gesture, he lay passive for the space of eighty seconds. With another swift movement of the body he turned to the colleague on the left, dived his hand into his breast pocket as if he had suddenly become conscious of a live coal secreted there, pulled out a letter, opened it with violent flick of extended forefinger and earnestly debated thereon."

Randolph Draws the G.O.M.

One night "the triumphant whisper went round, 'Randolph's drawing room.' Excited by the tumult, and vainly trying to lift his still mighty voice above the uproar, Gladstone, seating himself perilously near the edge of the seat, bending forward and grasping himself somewhere below the knee, leant across towards the more-than-ever-delighted adversary, and angrily reiterated 'No! No! No!' A pitiful and undignified demonstration on the part of a Prime Minister, which was exactly what Lord Randolph was endeavoring to bring about.

"When Lord Randolph had made an end of speaking, Gladstone sprang up with catapult celerity. For a moment he held on to the box on the table at arm's length, drawing himself up to fullest height with a genial smile on his countenance that completed the contrast with his late perturbed manner. Once more he was himself, his supremacy of the House, lost through the lamentable exhibition just witnessed, instantly resumed with his self-command.

"Now was witnessed the exhibition of that skill which Mr. Lecky noted in Pitt. Like Pita, no one knew better how to turn and retort arguments, to seize in a moment on a weak point or an unguarded phrase. In half a dozen sentences of exquisitely modulated speech Gladstone, displaying the benevolence with which Gulliver was able to refrain from resenting the pricking of the lance of Lilliput's doughtiest champion, played with Lord Randolph, and finally tossing him aside, turned his attention, as he said, to more serious matters."

Now let us turn to Disraeli.

Dislike of Disraeli.

"For twenty years the Saturday Review, to which Lord Salisbury, before he succeeded to the Peerage, was one of the most frequent and brilliant contributors, weekly attacked Disraeli. In 1851 Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby, called upon to form a Ministry, apologetically informed the Queen that he would "have to propose Dizzy as one of the Secretaries of State."

According to a memorandum written by the Prince Consort, the Queen interrupted him by saying that "She had not a very good opinion of Disraeli, on account of his conduct to poor Sir Robert Peel," but she would not aggravate Lord Stanley's difficulties by passing a sentence of exclusion on him. "She must however, make Lord Stanley responsible for his conduct, and should she ever have cause to be displeased with him when in office she would remind Lord Stanley of what had passed."

Disraeli's Constant Attendance.

"Had Disraeli lived to observe the habit of modern Ministers in respect of attendance throughout a sitting he would have been deeply shocked. For himself, he not only sat through a debate, however comparatively important, but expected his colleagues to keep him company on the Treasury Bench. In these days it has come to pass that as soon as questions are over the main body of Ministers retire to their own rooms, leaving the Treasury Bench and the affairs of the nation to the colleague whose department is directly affected by the question under discussion. Up to the last appearance in the Commons, shortly after the Speaker took the chair, Disraeli arrived and dropped into his accustomed seat opposite the brass-bound box.

Disraeli Dines in the House.

"Always there were the same minute arrangements. Being seated, he draped the tail of his frock coat over his crossed leg, folded his arms, bent his head, and through the long hours sat immobile. If any thought he slept they were mightily mistaken. His eyes, bright to the last, furtively surveyed the enemy's camp, ever returning to the bench opposite if Gladstone happened to be in his place. He always dined in the House, wherein he differed from the habit of modern Prime Ministers. Unlike Gladstone, he rarely enteerd into conversation with his colleagues seated near him."

Disraeli's Last Appearnces.

Here is Mr. Lucy's account of Disraeli's last appearance in the Commons:

'His custom, common to all Ministers, was to avail himself of the private key which gave ingress and egress at the door behind the Speaker's chair. Now the Premier walked down the floor of the House between the two camps, and, turning before he reached the bar, made low obeisance to the Speaker. He stood a moment gazing round the House. What thoughts must have crowded upon his mind, already occupied with the momentous secret that on the following morning was to break upon an astonished world!

"Forty years earlier he entered the House and presented that famous speech in which he foretold the coming of the time when the jeering throng 'should hear him.' * * * The House was emptying fast. The Speaker and the clerks at the table were busied about small bills, anxious only to get done and go home. After a brief pause Disraeli turned and walked out. No one looking on knew that a momentous episode in the annals of Parliament was accomplished. Of the two figures most familiar in the House of Commons through three decades one had fared forth never to return. Disraeli was no more. In his place only the Earl of Beaconsfield."

Disraeli Conquers a Queen.

"Of all Disraeli's conquests there were none more unexpected and complete than that obtained over Queen Victoria. The Prince Consort shared in extreme degree the prejudice existing among British gentlemen against one whom they were disposed to regard as a Jew adventurer. The Queen devotedly shared all her husband's likes and dislikes. Disraeli disclosed the secret of his triumph. He had, he said, a simple rule when talking with the Queen. 'I never deny; I never contradict; I sometimes forget.' He indicated another phrase when he said, 'Gladstone treats the Queen like a public department; I treat her like a woman.'"

Concerning Gestures.

"It is no new thing for great orators to have extravagant gestures. Peel had none; Pitt but few, and these monotonous and mechanical. But Pitt's father, the great Chatham, knew how to flash his eagle eye, to flaunt his flannels and strike home with his crutch. Brougham once dropped on his knees in the House of Lords, and with outstretched hands implored the Peeds not to reject the reform bill. Fox was sometimes moved to tears by his own eloquence. Burke on an historic occasion brought a dagger on the scent. Sheridan, when nothing else was to be done, knew how to faint; whilst Grattan used to scrape the ground with his knuckles as he bent his body and thanked God he had no peculiarities of gesture. In respect of originality, multiplicity and vehemence of gesture, Gladstone, as in some other things, beat the record of human achievement."

When to Enter the Commons.

Referring to the fact that John Morley was in his forty-sixth year when he first entered the Commons, Mr. Lucy says: "It is a little late to begin the work of assimilation with the House of Commons. It will be found * * * that all men who have made the highest mark in the Parliamentary record have entered the House in their young manhood. Pitt, Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone * * * possessed in common the inestimable advantage of entering the House at a stage of comparative youth."

THE REASON WHY.

First Passenger—I wonder why the train is making such a long stop at this station?

Second Passenger—I suppose it is because no one happens to be trying to catch it.

PARENTAL TITLES.

Popper and Mommer to Mother and Father, and Back Again.

"I was brought up," said Mr. Fatherly, "to say mother and father. As far as I can recollect I never said mamma or papa, and what fine, natural, wholesome, homely words, teeming with strength and love and affection, father and mother are.

"Then in the course of time I grew up and got married and we had children and our children started in calling us not father and mother, but mamma and papa, pronounced in the most natural and easy way, with the accent on the first syllable, mommer and popper.

"I don't know just how our children, whose parents in their childhood had always said father and mother, came thus to say mamma and papa, but we are not objecting; they may have been taught so by their nurse or they may have absorbed it from people, young and old, of the neighborhood.

"Then as the children grew older and came to exercise their own intelligence they came to pronounce these words correctly, mamma and papa, with the accent on the last syllable; and they were very careful and precise about this under all ordinary circumstances, but when they got excited and didn't stop to think they went back to mommer and popper, which I am free to say I liked much better. Mamma and papa with the accent on the last syllable always seem poor and artificial words to me.

"And then another interesting thing happened. As our children grew older—guided by the same acuteness that had prompted them to get mamma and papa correctly, but now with a broadened intelligence—they discovered and adopted as parental titles the words mother and father. I am not so sure but what at first they did this because they considered it to be the really correct fashion, better form, but mother and father came finally to appeal to them perfectly, and ever since they have used them unaffectedly and naturally, with pa and ma occasionally as affectionate diminutives.

"But now here is a curious thing. Our children are pretty well grown up now, young men and young women, our boys and girls are now, and now suppose that one of the girls, say, should be affrighted in her sleep by some terrible dream, so that she calls aloud for help. And then whom do you suppose she calls for? Why, instinctively she calls for her mother, as all children do, but in what manner do you suppose the affrighted dreaming girl, calling for help, calls to her mother? Does she shout, 'Mother!' or 'Mamma!' with the accent on the last syllable? In truth she says neither, but what she now says is:

"'Mommer! Mommer! Mommer!'

"You see, the early habit persists, and I suppose we shall have to wait for another generation, until our grandchildren come, for children in whose minds the lovely word, by constant use from infancy up, will once more have become so firmly fixed that they will say, 'Mother!' instinctively and always, even in their dreams."

HOW IT FEELS TO FLY.

"Human flight is a new physical and mental experience, and its sensations and emotions are so unlike or are so much more intense than what is felt on the earth's surface than going up in an air-ship for any length of time is really living in another world. We have all been so busy trying to fly and trying to imagine what effects flights will have upon life upon the earth, that we have failed to record the effects of flight on those who fly."

Captain Thomas W. Baldwin, whose dirigible balloon has been purchased by the United States Government for military purposes, pronounces this opinion of the sensations of flying. Captain Baldwin has spent more than twenty years on the problem of aerial navigation, and during that period has made a hundred ascensions and voyages in the air.

"The first experience of flight," Captain Baldwin continues, "is the most wracking mental and physical tension. Indeed, going into battle, facing a storm at sea, or struggling with a fire does not equal it for trying the nerves. There are, of course, situations of suspense when the element of fear will more unman one than that felt during the first moments of flight by a beginner; but nowhere else is such intense alertness demanded, and nowhere else does one seem so helpless against fatal accident. This feeling will be shared by every one on his first voyage in an air-ship.

"But the reaction on the nerves of the aeronaut when he perceives that his machine is working and that he is not only actually flying, but controlling his own flight, is simply indescribable. Some of us know what the feeling of mastery is in driving an automobile seventy-five miles per hour on a smooth, clear road, or what it is to drive a locomotive engine at a like speed. Multiply this feeling by a hundred-fold and one may get a faint conception of what the guiding and driving of an air-car through space means. The sense of physical, mechanical and mental mastery over one's machine, over one's environments, and over one's self is so complete, so buoyant, exhilarating, exalted, that one feels more fearless than he ever did with his feet on the firm earth. Indeed, one is in another and a higher world mentally as well as physically. One feels that a great weight has been lifted from his shoulders. His body is stronger, his mind is infinitely clearer. He sees himself riding upon a sunbeam or a starbeam; there flashes across his vision the snowflake or the raindrop in its helpless fall; by him passes the cloud at the mercy of the wind, and on the crest of the storm he walks as a god upon the waters."—David F. St. Clair, in Harper's Weekly.

Why China Has Few Trees.

Frank N. Meyer, the scientific explorer for the Government, in his recent penetration of China, saw farms that had been under irrigation since before Columbus discovered America. To the credit of the pagan priests, be it said, all forms of plant and tree growth were cherished and encouraged around the temples. The priests gave Meyer what information they could. The extent to which forest devastation has gone in China can be inferred from the fact that the Chinese have rooted and grubbed out every vestige of tree growth the size of your finger above the graves of their revered ancestors.—From "People Who Stand for Plus," in the Outing Magazine for October.

Coal and Prosperity.

It has been computed that in 1840 the production and consumption of coal in the United States amounted to a quarter of a ton per head for the entire population; in 1860 the ratio had risen to half a ton per head; in 1880 it was one ton, and in 1890 five tons. As the population itself was increasing enormously all this time, the increase in the amount of coal produced and consumed was, of course, vastly greater than these ratios per head would indicate. The increase has gone hand in hand with the growth of manufacturers and industries.

Hole in New French Coin.

The French chamber is to be asked shortly to sanction the minting of some new nickel coins to the value of £3,000,000. There will be two new pieces of five and ten centimes, and these will have a hole in the centre, after the manner of Belgian nickel coins. The names of the new coins and their weights are still under consideration. The hole in the centre will effectually prevent any confusion with existing silver coins.—From the London Globe.

PROFESSIONAL

JAS. H. SCHOFIELD
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance
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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.
CRESTON - - B.C.
In attendance at Creston Office On Saturdays.

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

With a Local Flavor

E. Botterill, Cranbrook, was in town Friday.

H. G. Baker, Calgary, was registered at the Creston House Friday.

W. Rankine, C.P.R. chief tie inspector, was in town Friday.

J. Smith and Wm. Blairmore were visitors srom Spokane Friday.

Fred Corry, who is now stationed at Jaffray, arrived in town Sunday evening with Archie Pemberton, our old tillicum, who now calls Cranbrook his home. Both boys are looking as if things are going well.

Arrived this week at Speers' Store. Consignment of figured Delph. We offer them in any quantity.

H. W. Madill has returned from Cranbrook, where he has been on business in connection with the recently installed council of the "Chosen Friends."

Reg. Rushton has sold his ranch and home to Dr. G. B. Henderson. On Saturday Mr. Rushton will leave for his old home at Westchester, Nova Scotia, to spend a vacation with his old folks.

Deloy's "All-Star Comedy and Vaudeville Company" played here on Tuesday night to a very poor house. There were fourteen members in the troupe, all of whom were good. The business manager of the crowd has himself to blame for the small attendance, as little advertising had been done.

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

The game wardens have their eyes on parties at Erickson, who are breaking the law by killing deer. Let them take this tip and change their ways.

E. W. Stoner came in from the Snowy Top mine on Tuesday. He reports that good progress is being made in the crosscut. The crew are driving to tap the lead, and another 105 feet should bring them to their objective.

Robt. Lamont has sold ten acres of choice land to A. Lade, of Moyie.

The Creston visitors to Cranbrook during the celebration have returned, and all report a splendid time at our sister city.

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

W. H. Lafayette, arrived from Spokane on Monday.

S. P. Pond, Nelson, came in on Monday.

R. Lamont has returned from a trip to Calgary.

Mr. and Mrs. Mullan arrived from Bonner's Ferry Saturday.

Old blind 'Tosh was here on Saturday, shaking hands with his many friends.

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

On Sunday last a large crowd of Crestonites journeyed to Goat River Landing to witness a much talked-of match between two local horses. The matched horses were Mallandaine's "Eddie Loyal" and Hurry's "Ben." The former was ridden by Tom McCreath and the latter by Al. Hendren. The distance was a quarter of a mile, the starter was Joe Wilson and the judge Guy Lowenberg. The big Mallandaine bay won the first heat by about two lengths, and the second by a length. There were several other races by the local horses, and a very enjoyable afternoon in the clear sunshine was spent by sports and picnicers. In the evening, after the Creston crowd had returned home, the Indians held a pow-wow, supposedly in honor of their departed patriarch, "Coyote."

THE EDITOR'S DREAM

The editor sat in his office, whence all but he had fled, and he wished that every last deadbeat was in his grave—stone dead. His mind then wandered far away to the time when he should die, and his royal editorial soul go scooting to the sky. When he'd roam the fields of paradise and sail o'er jaspar seas, and all things glorious would combine his every sense to please. He thought then how he'd look across the the great gulf dark and drear, that'll yawn between his happy soul and those swindle here, and when for water they would call, and in agony they would caper, he'd shout to them: "Just quench your thirst with the due that's on your paper."

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

WANTED
STRAWBERRY PICKERS
Highest wages paid. Season nearly at hand. Apply—
R. BEVAN
Griffin Ranch, Creston, B.C.

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

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

LAND ACT.
Nelson Land District—District of 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.

J. Topham, Cranbrook, was a visitor Sunday.

D. H. Fick, Vancouver, was in town on Saturday.

J. F. Stevenson and E. Elburd came in From Goatfell Saturday.

V. B. McDowell and wife arrived from Spokane on Sunday.

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

LUMBER
Sawmill at Creston
Rough and Dressed Lumber
Laths
Shingles
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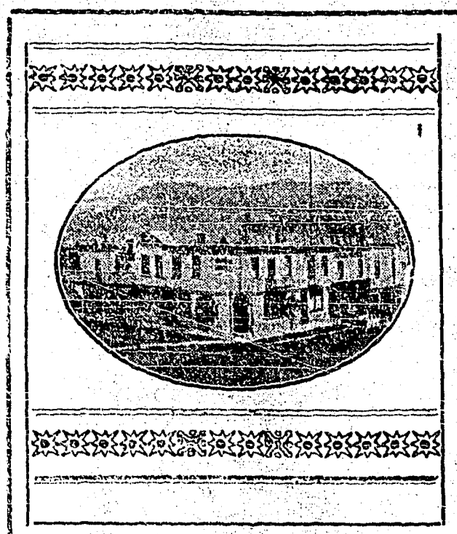

THE MUNRO HOTEL
CRESTON -:- B.C.

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 4122, 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.

Blacksmithing and Shoeing
J. Buckman - Creston

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Five-Acre Blocks and One-Acre Blocks
In Townsite, with and without Buildings
Houses and Lots for Sale and to Rent
ALSO
53 Cleared Lots in Townsite for Sale
Improved Properties near Creston, all ready for anyone who wants an income-producing fruit ranch. Houses built on them. Orchards and small fruits planted and bearing Areas from 10 acres up.
Uncultivated Lands, near transportation—from 10 acres up.
Also partly cultivated lands near Creston.
For further particulars—
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T. H. HICKEY, Prop

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The LOCK is Solid with no Loose Ends to Spring
Also Ornamental Gates and Fences for town property. Easy Terms.
Write, stating wants, and I will call on you. WALTER V. JACKSON,
Box 53, CRESTON, B.C.

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do not mix well together, but we are Painters and Decorators, so we can work in any kind of weather—when it rains, we work inside, and when it is pleasant, we work outside. In this way we keep busy ALWAYS. Come in and talk your plan with us.
JAS. ADLARD
Residence, Victoria Ave. Dow Addition