All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

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The Quality Store

LADIES! When Preserving Fruit, you Must have Good Sealers

We sell The : : SCHRAM SEALER

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

PRICES:

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

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

Estey-McRae

Congratulations to Fred. A. Estey, of the Yale-Columbia Lumber Co., who was married on the 23rd ult., at Revelstoke, to Miss Nellie J. McRae, youngest daughter of Mrs. J. McRae, of Revelstoke. The bride is described as the most beautiful girl in Revelstoke.

Strawberries for Cranbrook

J. R. Manning, of the Cranbrook grocery firm of Campbell & Manning, was in town on Tuesday and Wednesday making arrangements for securing 150 crates of Creston berries for Cranbrook. They also secured a large quantity of raspberries.

Copeland Murder Trial July 7

John Karlquist, the slayer of a Swede in his saloon at Copeland, a small town a few miles from Creston on the Idaho side, in the early hours of May 19th, will stand his trial before Judge Dunn at Sand Point on July 7th. We understand his plea will be not guilty, and the line of defence "accidental." According to the law on the American side he will be allowed two days after he is arraigned in which to prepare his defence, but he has the privilege of being tried "instanter." Messrs. Wheeler & Henry, two of the best advocates in the state of Idaho, have been retained to defend Karlquist.

The accused man is alleged to have robbed one of his customers, who upon demanding restitution was shot down in the bar in cold blood. Later Karlquist was observed trying to throw the body in a slough. Hastily gathering together all his money he fled, the man hunt lasting two days. The fugitive was discovered lying exhausted upon the outskirts of Bonner's Ferry.

The Waterworks Co. is building a new and larger reservoir.

R. O'B. FitzGerald, wife and children, left for Nelson to take in the celebration.

E. K. Beeston, secretary of the Nelson Board of Trade, who is looking after the shipment of the Nelson crop of berries this year, was a visitor to Creston Saturday. The Nelson district crop has practically all been sold to the McPherson Fruit Co., of Calgary, and they have a representative at Nelson checking the supply and seeing that none but first-class goods are shipped.

The trustees of the Alice Siding school are advertising for a teacher in the place of Miss B. Moore, who is going to Vancouver to study painting. The salary offered is $50 a month.

Our nearest neighbors to celebrate Dominion Day were Moyie, Nelson, Fernie and Michel.

It is quite a delight to walk around town these days and note the care the citizens are taking of their gardens. Everywhere is to be seen the same signs of enterprise. Mr. A. Mirabelli on his small plot has possibly achieved the best results that we have seen.

Jimmy Hartley, late of Creston, is now located at New Michel, at the P. Burns meat market.

The new Creston Telephone directory is now in the hands of the Review job printing artists. It will be published as an interchangeable loose leaf book. Advertising space can be secured from Mr. G. Lowenberg.

Jno. Crawford, who has been with Swan Swanson's staff for the past few months, clearing his land, has purchased a block of land in Lot 812 from C. O. Rodgers, and he will begin at once to make the necessary improvements upon it towards making an orchard.

Arthur North and Billy Morris were in town from Sirdar last Sunday. Both report that great railway center as booming.

Church of England

A parishioners meeting will be held after the service on Sunday evening.

Services in the Mercantile Hall, July 4th, (4th Sunday after Trinity): Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m. Evensong, Alice Siding Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.

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

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

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar.

Owing to the mechanical staff being patriotic enough to lay down their sticks to celebrate Dominion Day, the weekly excitement is a day late this trip. The literary end of this g. f. j. followed the crowd to Moyie, where 'Brer Smyth, of the Leader showed us the sights.

A full report of the entertainment given by the scholars of the public schools, and the presentation of prizes, will appear in our next issue.

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

Chas. Sutcliffe, of Bolton, Lancashire, Eng., has arrived to act as assistant to T. Birt at the P. Burns' meat market.

It is good to be in a position to boost for a country that can produce the goods.

There must be some cultus sons of guns at large around this town. During the past few days no less than three good dogs have been poisoned; a valuable greyhound, owned by one of the C.P.R. survey gangs, and pets owned by Frank Romano and A. Mirabelli. These are all dead. Other dogs have also been poisoned but have survived. Complaints also reach us that several valuable horses and cows have been shot at the lower end of the town. One valuable mare is dead, a colt is lingering, and a horse is severely wounded.

Mrs. D. A. Burton, wife of conductor Burton, Cranbrook, arrived Tuesday on a visit to her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ryckman.

CRESTON MINISTER OBJECTS

Some weeks ago the Creston Review criticised the action of Rev. D. W. Scott, the Methodist minister of that place, for opposing the granting of a wholesale liquor license for Creston. The article was copied in the Leader and due credit was given to the Creston Review, the paper from which it was taken. Yesterday this paper received a lengthy letter from Mr. Scott and some other matter on the subject for publication.

The articles are not published for the reason that the Leader has no desire to be involved in a matter in which it has no concern. Rev. Scott must look to his home paper to adjust any grievance which he may have.—Moyie Leader.

The columns of the Review are open to Rev. D. W. Scott, and any communication from him will be gladly inserted.—Ed.

Creston Lumber Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Complete Stock of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER

Prompt Attention Satisfaction Guaranteed

Let us Figure with you on that Building

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

Telephone Company Improvements

NEW PLANT INSTALLED—WILL BE READY FOR OPERATION IN THREE WEEKS

The Creston Power Light & Telephone Co. is v putting the finishing touches to the ew telephone system Around the t fifty 35ft. poles have been erected; on the Duck Creek branch there a 5, and 30 on the old Erickson line. together there is 14 miles of line g. The electricians are now installi the new switchboard and distributor the company's new headquarters. e central office, which has been specially built, is 16x24. It is situate upon Canyon street adjoining the residence of Mr. Robt. Smith, the company's new operator. The office has been fitted up in a modern manner, being well lighted and ventilated.

The company has also erected a two-storey barn and stable, 10x47, and they now own a horse and rig. The company will run private wires through the town and also on the suburban lines when required; also party lines three to a wire.

The new switchboard is a 150 drop board that has been specially manufactured by the Stromberg Carlson Telephone Manufacturing Co., of Rochester, N.Y. The very latest distributing rack and lightning arrester has also been installed. A new line of 30ft. poles (about half a mile) will extend to Crawford's residence, and this later on will connect with the old line near Timmon's ranch. Another improvement to be made will be the placing the wires under the railway track for the lower town service, and not above, as hitherto. This will be proceeded with as soon as the necessary permit arrives.

The whole system is being installed under the supervision of Mr. Cliff Zaritz, who graduated at Seattle, and who has made installions in many big cities of Canada and U.S. In conversation with the scribe Mr. Zaritz said that for a town of its size Creston had the best system and most complete equipment in B.C., and very few were better in the Dominion.

The new system will be in operation in about three weeks, and Creston will then have telephone conveniences of which the townspeople, stockholders and directors may feel justly proud. The latter are all local men who have unbounded confidence in Creston's future and the necessary enterprise to finance the scheme to a successful issue. They do not look for immediate dividends, and in fact were far-sighted enough to put in an up-to-date plant at the onset and let their money ride for several years.

The deserved success of the company will be best brought about by cooperation of the public. Hitherto many non-users have looked upon the system as a plaything, and the company has been put to considerable expense making extensive repairs to posts and wires damaged by indiscriminate blasting of stumps.

When everything is in shape to operate the new system a fifteen hours' service per day will be given. In cases of necessity the operator may be be rung up between the hours of 10 p.m. and 7 a.m., and for this an extra charge of 25c. will be made.

Echo Group to be Worked

Preparations to work the Echo have been made, and a considerable staff of men will be employed. Mr. M. Cavanagh, a well-known Slocan mining man, will act as manager, and W. J. Garbutt, a former partner of W. Cavanagh, in the Sandon camp, will act as foreman. The new company say they will have a stamp mill at work before the snow flies.

This property, which was bonded by the present syndicate, apart from the coast capitalists recently introduced, has some highly promising leads. One shows 12 feet of $18 ore, a second shows 4 feet of $20 to $25 ore, and a third shows 3 feet of a similar grade. There is also a fourth lead, which has not yet been exposed.

This is Creston's banner berry year.

K. of P. Picnic

On Wednesday, July 20th, the members of the Wild Rose Lodge will entertain their wives and sweethearts at a picnic, which will be held at the canyon. Rigs will be engaged to take the large party. This promises to be a regular old-time picnic, and it will be looked forward to with great pleasure.

Eight thousand crates for the local berry crop arrived at 16k on Saturday, and these were released at 21k.

New Methodist Minister

Rev. Forbes J. Rutherford, arrived to-day to take charge of the Methodist church, in the place of Rev. D. W. Scott, who has gone to Coal Creek. Mr. Rutherford has been in charge of the Greenwood district for the past two years, prior to which he was pastor at Sandon. Mr. Rutherford will make good in Creston. He has the truly western conception of things in general, and is an all round good fellow. He was a member of the Sandon hockey team two years ago, and was their star goal tender. He has the faculty of soul-winning where others fail; he and his estimable wife will make many friends here.

Rev. D. W. Scott preached his farewell sermon at the Methodist church last Sunday. He left on Friday for his new pastorate at Coal Creek.

Many of our ranchers are being inundated with orders for berries which they cannot fill.

Important Additions To Depot

C.P.R. DOUBLING LENGTH OF PLATFORM AND BUILDING ANOTHER WAREHOUSE

It is evident that the Canadian Pacific Railway has come to look upon Creston as a point of great importance. To keep pace with the rapid growth of the town and the consequent increase in passenger and freight traffic, and also as if to testify to their faith in the district, they have decided to make considerable additions to the depot. A new warehouse 50x25 is now under construction. This was begun on Saturday last and to-day it is nearly completed. It has come as a great boon this week, as hundreds of crates of fresh gathered strawberries would have been exposed to the sweltering rays of the sun were it not for the welcome shade of the cool warehouse, the roof of which was completed in mid-week.

Nor is this all. The platform is about to be extended for 250 feet, making it in all 500 feet long. We believe we are correct in saying that, with the exception of Fernie, this will be the longest railway platform this far west of Calgary. Donald McRae has a crew of ten men at work on the new building, who when through will begin work on the new platform.

The platform will be extended 250 feet west, and steps will be built at the end of Fourth street for the convenience of townspeople and the travelling public. It is a good omen for Creston when the C.P.R. begin to do things that will boom the place.

Baseball on Dominion Day

The C.P.R. ball team put up a good game against the Creston Lunch on Thursday. The game was played at Geo. Huscroft's private diamond before a large crowd, the game resulting in Creston's favor, 18–11.

Hans Wagner, Creston's new short stop, struck for higher wages yesterday. He made it stick, as he went on strike in the middle of the game. He will be retained for the balance of the season, but he will not be trusted to play again.

Moyie has the best baseball team on the Crow. Last Sunday they trimmed Fernie skidoo to nil, and on Dominion Day they defeated Cranbrook 7 to 2. For the Smyth challenge Cup the juniors put up a good game, Moyie defeating Cranbrook by 6 to 2. Moyie also won the football game against Cranbrook by 4 to 1. The celebration was a glorious success. Beautiful weather prevailed throughout the day, and the visitors from Creston all thoroughly enjoyed themselves at Aldridge park.

Boost for Creston, the land of the big red berry.

TAN SHOES . For . Men, Women and Children

Tan Shoes for the Hot and Dusty Weather : :

THEY ARE COOL AND EASILY CLEANED

We have them from $1.00 upwards for children

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

The Creston Mercantile Co.

AMONG THE JEWS

M. Albert Kahn, who is known by his travelling scholarships for members of the University of Paris, has presented to the Interparliamentary Union the sum of 200,000 francs for the organization of a permanent office of the union, the object of which is the creation of an entente among the nations by means of arbitration.

Hebrew has been given a place on a par with Latin and Greek, French and German by the University Regents of New York State, in the regulations governing pass credits for examinations conducted under their auspices. This recognition of the language of the Bible has been long delayed, but it is welcome and significant, because it indicates the growth of a better appreciation of the value of that noble tongue that has meant so much in the history of human culture.

The Cornishmen residing in Pittsburg have requested Rabbi Levy to address them on the occasion of their annual meeting.

The Sultan having ratified the election of Rabbi Nahoum as chief rabbi of Turkey, received him in private audience. The rabbi was conducted with great pomp to the Imperial Palace and was received most cordially by the Sultan and the Princes. Rabbi Nahoum delivered a short address in Turish, thanking the Sultan for the protection he always accorded the Jews, and assured him of the loyalty of the Jews towards the sovereign and the constitution. The Sultan replied warmly that he was always convinced of the fidelity of his Jewish subjects, and praised the rabbi's mastery of the language as well as his general education. With the same pomp the chief rabbi was later conducted to the Sublime Porte, where he was presented to the Vizier and all the Ministers.

The authorities in Washington have already begun to work on the passport question, and the despatch says that Russia welcomes the negotiations. St. Petersburg may be very considerate of Washington, and anxious to receive communications with a real Taft smile, but there is nothing in the attitude of the Russian Government towards the Jews to indicate that it is in the least disposed to make concession to American Jews.

The Sofia municipality has granted the Sephardi community a magnificent site of 900 metres for the building of a dining hall for poor Jewish children.

A bill creating a Board of Inebriety for the New York City has been introduced in the New York State Legislature. If the bill goes through, the Mayor will make the appointments after nominations have been made by the heads of the United Hebrew Charities, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

An appeal has been issued for funds to found and build an institute for Jewish blind in Germany. Within a week of the launching of the appeal no less than a thousand subscribers were enrolled. Another projected institution for which funds are being solicited is the Jewish Kurhospital at Bad Salzbrunn, the object of which will be to enable Jewish invalids in poor circumstances to take the baths. The administration of the Prince Pless springs has presented a site on condition that building operations shall be commenced not later than two years hence. The headquarters of the Hospital Committee are in Berlin.

All the Jewish communities of Bulgaria have collected considerable sums for the victims of the Italian earthquake disaster.

There is fear in New York that the Heinsheimer gift of $1,000,000, privided there is a federation of Jewish charities in that city, will lapse on account of the opposition to federation evinced on the part of Mt. Sinai Hospital.

It is claimed by Charles F. Joy, of St. Louis, that according to the laws of Missouri, Jewish rabbis and Unitarian ministers, under a strict interpretation, have no legal right to perform marriage ceremonies. The law, said Mr. Joy, at a meeting of the Missouri House Committee on Judiciary, authorizes only 'ministers of the gospel' to officiate at weddings. Mr. Joy proposed to the State Legislative Committee to amend the law so as to authorize any 'minister officiating in any church of God,' to perform marriages.

Judge Mayer Sulzberger, of the Court of Common Pleas of Philadelphia, president of the American Jewish Committee, has been offered and declined the United States Ambassadorship of Turkey, preferring to remain on the bench.

For some weeks past Jerusalem has suffered severely from an epidemic of meningitis, which has claimed several victims. Several schools closed their doors; others on the other hand have remained open as the doctors are of opinion that the children are better protected in the school than in their homes.

The Hungarian National Museum at Budapest is shortly to come into the possession of a rare Jewish coin, a silver shekel. The coin, which is at present owned by Prof. Dr. E. Nogrady, was issued by Simon the Maccabee (143-135 B. C.), in the first year of his reign. The coin is thus over two thousand years old. On the obverse side of the coin is a cup with a Hebrew inscription. On the reverse side is the staff of Aaron with another inscription. As stated above the professor intends to present it to the Royal Museum.

Dr. A. Salvendi, Rabbi of Dukheim, has for many years been the centre of a vastly extended philanthropic activity, especially on behalf of the poor in the Holy Land. From a report just published by him, it appears that he has collected a sum of 55,000 pounds sterling, of which 5,000 pounds will be devoted to the establishment of a colony in Palestine.

Dr. Leon Goldsobel, of Warsaw, has received the title of State Councillor. He is the first Jew in Poland enjoying such a high distinction.

Mayor Magee, of Philadelphia, has appointed Anotpi Adler to the office of City Treasurer. Mr. Edlis has been active in the Republican party of Allegheny county for many years. He has been supreme commander of the Knights of Joseph.

Rabbi Dr. Porges, one of the members of the Commission sent out by the Alliance Israelite to the Orient to consider the state of its educational work there, gave a preliminary report at a Conference of the German branch of the Alliance held in Berlin recently. Dr. Porges stated that the accusations made against the religious tendencies of the educational institutions of the Alliance, as well as of its teachers and pupils, were either without justification or unjustified generalizations.

"IT'S ONLY A CAT!"

The American Humane Association Rewards a New York Policeman.

At the request of President William O. Stillman, of the American Humane Association, Colonel Fred Wagstaff, President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of New York city, and a Vice-President of the National Association, has presented to Police Officer Rosedale, of Manhattan, the coveted Diploma of Honor of the national organization for a signal act of humanity under very trying conditions.

On November 19, 1908, while on duty at Broadway and Tenth street, Officer Rosendale endeavored to delay the heavy traffic on that great artery of commerce long enough to permit a poor bewildered old gray cat to cross the street in safety. A driver of a heavy wagon neglected to obey the officer's signal to stop and apparently deliberately ran over the animal. The driver said: "Oh, what is the difference? It was only a cat. Rosendale arrested him and, after humanely killing the mangled little animal in a side street, took his prisoner to the station house.

When Officer Rosendale arraigned his prisoner before the magistrate the driver was discharged and the officer rebuked for the arrest. This "Diploma of Honor" is conferred as a recognition of Officer Rosendale's humanity and also his courage in doing a deed of mercy under adverse circumstances.

President Stillman in a letter to President Wagstaff notes with pardonable gratification that the magistrate who rebuked Rosendale has since been obliged to vacate his important office because of irregularities, while the officer he rebuked, who showed kindness in the discharge of his public duties, is honored by the great organization which represents the united anti-cruelty societies in the United States. The anti-cruelty societies in this country annually care for three-quarters of a million animals with a vast number of court prosecutions. The aggregate expenditures of all American anti-cruelty societies amounts to about one million dollars a year, and such distinguished citizens as President Taft, Cardinal Gibbons, Andrew Carnegie and others are proud to be associated with its work.—Buffalo Exchange.

Moving Glaciers and Buried Travellers.

There are avalanches of different kinds, but when the term "avalanche" is used it is generally supposed to apply to falls of great bodies of snow or ice. One of the first occasions of this kind which attracted attention took place in 1820, upon Mont Blanc, and it is commonly called the Hamel accident. Dr. Hamel, a Russian, set out on Aug. 18 to go up Mont Blanc, accompanied by two Englishmen and eight guides. They had ascended to a height of more than fourteen thousand feet, with five guides in front, who were cutting or making steps, when all at once the snow above them gave way and the entire party was carried down a thousand feet or more over the slopes up which they had toiled. Snow again broke away above, and more or less covered up the whole party. Some of them struggled out, but three of the leading guides were hurried into a crevasse and buried under an immense mass of snow. Ten years afterwards, when conducting another tourist up Mont Blanc by the same route, one of the surviving guides pointed to the crevasse and said to his employer, "They are there."

"It was a melancholy reflection," remarked the tourist; "and all of the guides seemed to feel deeply the loss of their ill-fated comrades, who will in all probability remain embedded there till the day of judgment." He was wrong. At that time (1830) the bodies were no doubt a considerable distance from the spot where the accident occurred, for the dismembered remains of the three unfortunates commenced to reappear at the lower end of the Glacier des Bossons in 1861, more than four miles away, in a direct line, from the place where they perished, and must have travelled down on an average at the rate of five hundred feet per annum.—Professor Whymper in the May Strand.

Worker Beset by Many Perils.

Perils of fire, perils of water, and perils of all the other elements beset the workers in industrialism. Frederick L. Hoffman, of the Bureau of Labor, department of commerce, finds that every year between 30,000 and 35,000 workmen lose their lives while engaged in the duties incident to their occupations. Census reports covering the years 1900 to 1906 show that out of all deaths of males more than 9 per cent. were due to accident. The most exposed class of factory and work-shop employees are the workers in steel and iron. Of 8,156 accidents during the years 1901 to 1905, 4.1 per cent. of the accidents to men employed in rolling mills resulted fatally. Industrial insurance experience testifies that the fatal accident rate of electricians and of electric linemen is excessive. Of 615 deaths of electricians 44.7 per cent. and of 245 deaths of linemen 46.7 per cent. were due to accidents.

In the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, State inspectors have found that during ten years there have average annually 515 fatal accidents for every 1,000 men employed, and the rate is even higher than this for certain specific occupations in the mines. The death rate from accident in the British coal mines is last 1.29 per 1,000. During ten years 16,363 railway trainmen lost their lives in accidents. This is equivalent to 7.46 deaths per 1,000 employees.

"Pa, what is the meaning of self-defence?" "Self defence, my boy, is that spirit which prompts me to eat spring onions when your mother does."—Detroit Free Press.

FACING THE LION

The Supreme Test of Human Courage.

(Edinburgh Scotsman.)

To stand calmly face to face with a wild lion, alone in the desert, armed only with a knife, to await his spring, without blinking an eye, and then to plunge the knife into him with unerring aim—this has been called the supreme test of courage by men who have fought and hunted in many lands. How and by whom the feat is performed to-day is told by a highly-educated Egyptian, who spent several years in the Soudan, part of the time under Lord Kitchener.

Major A., Mr. B., and myself, he says, left Omdurman, the old capital of the Soudan, in the latter part of December, 1899, on our second hunting expedition to Kassala. Our outfit was despatched ahead of us with the attendants, while we followed on horseback with a guide.

Our plan worked admirably well for eight days, but on the ninth day a heavy sand storm blew from the north and caught us just as we were emerging from a forest on our way to Bara, where we intended to pass the night. We finally, after many trials, arrived safe with our horses at Bara. The sheikh (chief) of the village, Sabah by name, received us very hospitably, and vacated two thatched huts for our accommodation.

That evening we had game and venison for food, and we naturally inquired if there was big game in the vicinity. Sheikh Sabah assured us that there was plenty of it. This decided the conversation, and we were greatly interested in the accounts given us by the men there present of their ways of hunting beasts of prey. Each had his own way of killing, but all seemed to depend upon close study of the animal's nature and characteristics, as well as upon physical strength and sheer courage.

Major A., who was a dauntless hunter, took great interest in their narratives, and listened to them as if they were gospel truths. Mr. B. was more incredulous than the rest of us, and he indicated his doubts as to the veracity of the stories. He finally became tired of them, and, with a yawn, got up and walked to the wall to look at a lion's skin which attracted his attention. He examined the skin very carefully, and finally requested that it might be brought down for closer inspection. This was done. He turned it round and round, folded and unfolded it, and at last exclaimed: 'What a fine trophy! There is not a single scratch or hole in it. I wonder how they managed to kill the monster?'

"'I killed that lion myself,' replied Sabah.

"'I suppose you caught it in a snare?' remarked Mr. B.

"'No,' answered Sabah; 'it was a hand fight; I had no other weapon save a knife with me.'

"You seem to be incredulous," Sabah continued, as we sat down in a semi-circle in front of him, "but this is a common way of killing lions in this part of the Soudan. There is nothing wonderful about it, and if you really understand the lion's instincts you will be able to do it yourself. The lion belongs to the feline family—it is only a big cat, and no matter how strong and powerful it is, it remains a cat.

"As soon as we notice a lion prowling about in the vicinity we take it that it seeks a duel with one of us—perhaps to settle an old grudge or to avenge itself on the disappearance of a member of its family. There is always some one in the village anxious to meet a lion and fight it out with it. He accordingly kills a goat or sheep, keeps it for a day or so until it is in condition to better attract the lion's sense of smell, then takes it out and lays it in an exposed spot. The man then hides in a pit or behind a tree or rock, and waits for the arrival of his rival. He will be armed with nothing save a short double-edged sharp knife or dagger, which he keeps carefully sheathed in its scabbard on the outside of his left arm. When the lion smells the carcase it gives a loud roar, then comes trotting along. This roar, we understand, means two things; first, to intimidate other beasts which may also be prowling about; second, to manifest its joy on having found a dinner. But it also warns the man that his enemy has come at last.

"Quick as lightning he shifts about to face the direction of the roar, balances himself on his toes, grips his knife, and keeps a sharp lookout for the animal's appearance. When the lion actually sees the carcass it halts and gives another roar in confirmation of the first. Here ends the lion's part of the game and commences that of the cat. It lowers its body, pricks its ears forward, fixes its eyes on the prey, and stealthily creeps forward in long, noiseless strides. It seems to be studying its prey in case it gives a motion, and calculating the distance for the final spring.

"Here the man's presence of mind and his skill are called into play. He waits until the lion is about ten or twelve yards distant from the prey, then leaps forward with a loud shout. The suddenness of his appearance and his shout startle the lion, which immediately springs backwards and wheels round to face its unexpected enemy. What follows is the work of a second or two. The lion knits its brow, fastens its eyes on the man, lowers its head over its paws, pulls its ears flatly backward in token of extreme anger, emits a low growl, beats its side with its tail once or twice, shakes the hind part of its body to ascertain its exact balance, and springs.

"Simultaneously, the man makes a short leap forward and lands flat on his back with the knife pointing upwards and held firmly with both hands over his breast. It is at the very moment when the lion's body is flying over the man's chest that the blow must be dealt. It must be accurate, firm and bold. When dealt in this manner the lion misses its aim, and drops at a distance of four or five feet from the man's head. The man must not wait to see the result of his knife's cruel work, but must rise at once and take to his heels, for the lion, although fatally wounded and disabled, rebounds with wonderful ability and makes a desperate effort to tear the man to pieces. But, of course, it becomes undone, and unable to make any other pounce. It writhes painfully and welters about in its blood, then lies flat on one side to give a few roars of agony and then die.

"Naturally we all realize that unless the man is a real expert, he must have an escort of four or five men lying in ambush with guns, to save his life in case he misses his aim; for under such circumstances there is no earthly power that could save the man. It is a feat of real courage, and we appreciate it as such and decorate the man with an ivory bracelet, which he wears above the elbow for every lion or tiger he kills in this manner. It is the way our forefathers had before the gun reached them, and it is handed down to us in memory of their world-famed courage.

THE BRAVEST FLOWER.

It was very cold in the woods. There was still a little snow, and the trees hadn't thought of spring dresses yet.

But suddenly a tuft of moss cried: "What's that? Somethin woke me—it sounds as if someone was beginning to grow."

"Your ears are nearer the ground than mine," said an old oak. "I heard nothing, but I'm sure I can see a stir in the earth. Strange, isn't it?"

"Not at all," cried a gay voice; "I'm bravest of all, if I am little. Someone's got to start things, and its generally me. A pleasant springtime to everybody!" And Trailing Arbutus thrust her pretty pink head out into the light.

"Oh," she went on, "it's so good to be out in the world again. I hope I'll have a chance to get well rooted this year before somebody picks me. I like to oblige people, but it is hard when they pick so much there are no roots left to grow another time."

"I'll try and hide you," said the moss.

"I'll try and protect you," said the oak tree.

So Trailing Arbutus grew very fast, and at last one day two children, shouting with joy, found her. "You may have my blossoms and welcome," cried Trailing Arbutus, "but do be careful of my poor little roots, for I want to grow next year."

And the children must have heard her, for they picked very carefully indeed, and Trailing Arbutus herself was happy. But the moss and the oak tree sighed. They were so lonely without her pretty, cheery pink blossoms!

THE FLEET COUNTS.

The Two-Power Standard Not Reckoned in Dreadnoughts.

(From the Westminster Gazette.)

The public, having got into its head that the two-power standard means possessing twice as many ships as any other power, is astonished to learn that at a certain period we shall have only four more ships of the Dreadnought class than our chief competitor. And party orators, working on the manifold confusions of this idea, are able to set quiet people in a state of serious alarm by suggesting that instead of having double the strength of our opponent it is doubtful if we shall have even the equivalent strength. If we follow Mr. Balfour's speeches, which are constantly pitched in a shriller key, we shall find that by now he has entirely written off the mighty fleet of the pre-Dreadnought era, and is confining his comparison to ships of the Dreadnought type. The resolution to which he spoke at the Guildhall plainly left it to be inferred that the two-power standard depended on Dreadnoughts, and Dreadnoughts alone. It is but a small step from this to the conclusion that all is lost unless at every moment we have twice as many Dreadnoughts as Germany. This is an entirely novel doctrine, invented in the last ten days. The two-power standard has never been reckoned in Dreadnoughts. It has always included the mighty fleet, as Mr. McKenna called it, which lies behind the Dreadnoughts. It does not mean that we should be twice as strong as one power; it means that we should have a margin over a coalition of any two powers in an attack on these islands. Mr. Balfour, of course, knows all this as well as anyone, and he is also aware that in the conversation which took place between him and Mr. Asquith on March 10 last year it passed as common ground, or at all events without protest from him or his party, that the superiority of three or four in ships of the Dreadnought type which the Government is pledged to secure would be adequate. All that has occurred between last year and this is that, in order to secure the supremacy which was then contemplated, we now find that we have to build more ships than we thought would be necessary at that time. This is a task which is well within our capacity, and though it may be inconvenient because it is expensive, there is no reason whatever for flying into any panic about it. The main point for the public is the definite promise of the Government that in the year 1912 we shall have the superiority which since the German competition began we have set before ourselves as the proper ideal.

SMALL BOY'S FIRST AID.

At a draper's shop in Leeds they employed a small boy to run errands. The other day while he was waiting in the shop a lady came in and asked the shop assistant for a yard of silk. When it was placed in front of her she exclaimed:

"Oh, really, I must be mad. I want muslin."

On hearing this the boy rushed out of the shop, and, seeing a policeman across the way, ran up to him, shouting:

"Come over quick; there's a girl in our shop gone mad. She wants muzzling!"

Some men keep all their enthusiasm bottled up in their hip pockets.

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

Poetic Tar Testifies to Confound Higher Critics.

(N. Y. Herald.)

If higher critics must expose the myths in Holy Writ they'd better make another guess before they think they're it. For yesterday, when Jonas Horne, of the barkentine Belle White, had heard a parson say the tale of Jonah wasn't right he left his pew without a word and went away from there. He said he couldn't stand to hear a lie right after prayer.

"It's downright sacrilege," he said, "the way these parsons talk. The truth, my boy, should aye prevail—it's a winner in a walk. It happens I was swallowed once by the very selfsame whale that swallowed Jonah. (Have a drink?) This ain't no phoney tale. And being swallowed thus I found good evidence inside that the Jonah story was O. K. and that the parson lied.

"I was just a youngster at the time, a greenhorn on a whaler, but thought I know most everything, just like your brand new sailor. Our ship, the Molly Brown, one day was bein' put about to start for home when up aloft the lookout gave a shout:

"'A whale as big as Noah's ark! Great fish hooks, pipe the spout!'

"We dropped the boats and started out to get him mighty quick. We pulled to windward, sneaking down upon him nice and slick. Old Jerry threw the harpoon in and then we pulled away. And was there somethin' doin'? Well, maybe. Somethin' gay!

"I was standin' at the tiller, thinkin' I was mighty big, when Mr. Whale shoots up beneath and gives our boat a dig. I landed head down in the drink, and feelin' quite romantic, I tried to yell goodby; instead, I swallowed some Atlantic. I feels a sort of suction then, and—gee, it turned me cold—I knew that I was on my way into that critter's hold.

"Then came a bump and then kerchun But nothin' couldn't stop us. I knew as I went by that bump it was his epiglottis. At last I hove to in a place that was as dark as night. I sat awhile to catch my wind and get my bearings right. A funny roar was in my ears, like tons of rushin' water; which meant, thought I, we're travellin' much faster than we'd oughter. I tried to get upon my feet, but every time I rose that durned fish turned a corner quick and tossed me on my nose. Then when I tried to fool that whale by risin' slow and soft, I'd no more got me half way up when the bloomin' monster coughed.

"It threw me, cussin', on my face, and then I feels within my fingers' grasp a bottle that I knew must carry gin! I pulled a match and, tallow dip from out my starboard boot, and, lightin' up, set out to make a search for further loot. And when I takes a careful squint at where I found the flask, I spies a pair of sandal shoes. Now, sonny, let me ask: What was them sandals doin' there, in the innards of that whale? And how about that pint of gin? It plainly showed the tale of Jonah's bein' swallowed by a whale was surely true, and that the whale that swallowed him had taken me in too.

"I'm from Missouri when I hear theology expounded, but as for them there Bible tales, I guess that they're well founded. For facts is facts, and when I'd made another find that day of a pair of pink pajamas labelled with the letter 'J' I knew that Jonah was no fake, but truthful to the core, and that I stood where he had stood ten thousand years before.

"I was sittin' feelin' peevish, like a martyr in a pit, when somethin' happened sudden' and the critter threw a fit. My light went out, and holy smoke! the very next I knew I was shooting through his thorax at a rate I call skidoo. I must have disagreed with him the way he chucked me out. I came a-bobbin' through the waves and took a look about. I was tickled when I noticed that my mates was close at hand. They picked me up and every man just cheered to beat the band.

"Now, any one who don't believe the Jonah story's true can come to me. (Well, I don't mind. I'll have another too)."

SHOOTING WHALES.

Modern Whalers Use a Cannon and an Explosive Harpoon.

Whaling with modern methods in Alaskan waters is an exciting game, especially for those who are new to the business.

The modern whaling steamer is a little vessel almost round on the bottom, which enables it to be turned and managed with the greatest ease. Mounted at the bow is a small cannon that shoots a harpoon weighing more than 100 pounds and having an explosive head, called the bomb.

If the shot is good and the harpoon is planted squarely behind the fin, says the London World's Work, the bomb crashes into the lungs, killing instantly if not, the struggle may last for several hours.

After a whale has been killed the carcass is brought alongside the boat and inflated so that it will float. A long coil of rubber hose, one end of which is attached to a pump and the other to a hollow spear pointed tube of steel, with perforations along its entire length, is used for this purpose.

The spear is thrust well down into the whale's side, the air pump started and the body slowly filled with air. When inflated enough to keep it afloat the tube is withdrawn, the incision plugged with oakum and the carcass cast off. A buoy with a flag is attached to the body and it is then set adrift to be picked up at the end of the day's hunting.

The whaling station is a group of buildings situated in a bay or cove near enough to the feeding grounds to allow the steamer to come in each night with the day's catch. The whales are anchored ed at a buoy in front of a long, inclined platform, upon which they are drawn, tail first, by means of a steam winch.

The saying that every part of the pig but the squeal is now of market value is also a fact with the whale. Not a particle of the animal is wasted. After the skeleton is stripped of flesh it is disarticulated and the bones chopped in pieces.

The blubber is tried out for oil and the meat and bones are boiled for the same purpose. Later the flesh is artificially dried and sifted, making a fine guano, and the bones are ground up for fertilizer. Even the blood is boiled and dried with the flesh, and the water in which the blubber has been tried out makes excellent glue. The fins and tail after being sliced into thin strips are salted and barrelled and shipped to Japan as an article of food.

The Gentle Cynic.

Unless a thing is useful women can always find a reason for wearing it.

A man wishes he had a gold dollar for every girl he used to thing he could marry.

Flattery is the first essential of a satisfactory mirror, photographer or lover.

Fine days sometimes come under the head of spring novelties.

A great many uncalled-for remarks reach the dead letter office.

A woman calls it being frank when she will admit she was born a year after her younger brother.

A burglar may not be a man of iron nerve, but he is a man of steal.

When anybody pretends not to like flattery it wouldn't be safe to trust him under oath.

The horse a man once owned and the wife he's going to get are always the most perfect of their kind.

The surer a man is to make up his mind how the children ought to be raised, the surer his wife is to unmake it for him.

A man goes into a horse trade expecting to cheat the other fellow and knowing it is going to happen to himself.

Love may be blind, but the blindness is not incurable. Otherwise there would be no breach-of-promise suits.

Married men wouldn't mind the coming of Easter so much if gowns and bonnets grew on trees as they did in Adam's time.

EVER INCREASING BEGGARS OF BOMBAY.

(Rash Gaftar.)

The nuisance caused by beggars in Bombay has assumed unbearable proportions. The Orientals practise charity as a religious obligation and relieve poverty where they find it. Recitals from Kebit and Marabai never fail to touch the innermost chords of the natives with their innate reverence for spiritualism, and the fakir backs up his appeal for alms with profuse quotations from the poets. Then there are lay beggars and religious beggars, the ash besmeared ascetics who practise mendicancy as a hereditary profession. Last and not least are the unfortunate sufferers when the loss of limbs or eyes or some fell disease disables for work and drives them to beggary as the last resource. These latter have a genuine claim on our charity, but as there are so few asylums in India for the halt, the maim and the blind the streets and byways of towns are flooded with beggars, pitiful types of suffering humanity.

LOOK TO THE PLUMBING.

A perfectly installed sanitary system in the house is as important as that the foundations be strong and secure. And this applies to an entire community in matters of water supply and sewage disposal. Epidemics and plagues are and have always been due to filth and lack of sanitation. So it pays from the health standpoint to look carefully after the plumbing of the house.

ALL WERE PRESENT.

Her Husband—Did you have a lively time at your club this afternoon?

His Wife—I should say not. Every member was present.

Her Husband—Well, what of that?

His Wife—Why, there was no one to talk about.—Chicago News.

Ham soaked in milk over night will be found exceedingly tender and sweet when used for breakfast the next morning.

SHOCKING.

Mistress—Who was that gentleman that came in just now?

Maid—That wasn't a gentleman, ma'am; it was only the master, who came back for his umbrella.

The Hero of Quebec

In the autumn of 1759 the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence witnessed a remarkable occurrence. There a battle was waged for the conquest of the land. There a wonderful soldier by his genius and daring achieved a victory which was far reaching in its results—one of the landmarks of history—the passing of a Greater France, the coming of Greater Britain and the birth of the United States.

In the days of yore, from Britain's shore
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain.

Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And join in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever.

In that Battle of the Plains, Wolfe wore the scarlet, Montcalm the white, In death robes of glory.

The name of Wolfe is among the immortal names that were born not to die.

To follow him through his history and to give an account of the diplomatic and political achievements of his time would require volumes. To discuss his career involves the growth of a mighty Empire.

The writer has consulted the best authorities and shall recall the facts thus obtained.

Behold Wolfe the supreme soldier and masterly leader! His strategy and tactics were superb. He possessed swift vision, cool judgment and the insight that forecast each move of his antagonist. Wolfe was the military Nelson. Both were gifted to lead and were popular with their men. One was the soldiers' friend—the other the sailors'.

Wolfe, who had that magnetic quality of swaying troops, and who so inspired them that in his hands they became terrible in war, was no ordinary man. In addition to his magnificent courage, he exhibited consummate skill and a rare talent for command; and it's a notable fact there was no better field force in the British army in the 18th century than that under the leadership of General James Wolfe.

Like Nelson, he was invincible in battle. Both had a profound knowledge of the science and art of war. Wolfe manifested these qualities which gave evidence that he was a military chieftain of the highest order.

Again we exclaim, what a career!

At 13 he decided to follow the profession of his father, who was a prominent British soldier; at 14 he received his commission as ensign and saw service in Flanders. A year later he took part in the famous battle of Dettinger; and though a mere boy was made adjutant of his regiment. While yet a youth he was made captain and brigade major. In this capacity he served with the army in Scotland. In 1747 he was again abroad on service and for his distinguished valor at the battle of Lawfelt he received the public thanks of his commander-in-chief, the Duke of Cumberland. On the 5th of January, 1747, he was made a major; and on the 29th of March, 1751, was commissioned lieutenant-colonel.

While introducing perfect discipline he secured the personal affection of every soldier. In the mismanaged expedition against Richefort, Wolfe was appointed quartermaster-general of the force. The failure of the operation brought disgrace to nearly all concerned; but had Wolfe's counsels been followed the result would have been different, and his reputation, already brilliant, was enhanced. He attracted the attention of Pitt, that unsurpassed statesman of his time, who was now decisively drawn to him, as a commander of whom great things might be expected; and in 1758 with the rank of brigadier-general, he was given a command in the expedition against Cape Breton, under General Amherst.

The capture of the strong fortress of Louisburg was chiefly due to Wolfe's skill, and his splendid achievement made him the popular "Hero of Louisburg."

The great Pitt was now organizing his grand scheme for the overthrow of the French in Canada. He "sought for merit wherever it was found," and selected Wolfe to command the expedition, which had for its object the capture of Quebec, the stronghold of the French. Advanced to the rank of major-general and commanding an army of between 8,000 and 9,000 men, Wolfe sailed from England on the 17th of February, 1759, and on the 20th of June landed his forces at the Isle of Orleans, across from Quebec. He proceeded to form plans for an attack on that city. To do this proved, on a closer examination, a stupendous, indeed an almost hopeless task. The skillful Montcalm had adopted a system of defence which offered no point of vantage. After several unsuccessful attempts, in which Wolfe was ably assisted by Admiral Saunders, the commander of the British fleet, he decided upon another plan, which was crowned with success.

At an early hour on the morning of the 13th of September, 1759, Montcalm beheld through the mist a red line coming swiftly over the Plains of Abraham. There could be no doubt that it was the British army under the intrepid warrior, the "Hero of Louisburg." Wolfe had during the night succeeded in scaling the cliffs at a point insufficiently guarded, through the disobedience of the orders of Montcalm. The facts show that Wolfe had resolved to make this daring enterprise, and had admirably thought it out; that by his orders, in which he said: "Officers and men will remember what their country expects of them," and that it was brilliantly executed, and shall forever abide as one of the masterpieces in the annals of war.

Wolfe was confident of the result. The forces actively engaged on each side seemed nearly equal.

What stays the Victor of Carillon, who
Is restless for the strife?
Why lags Vaudereuil when battle calls?
Why guard the peaceful lines?
Why linger Ramesay's guns behind the sheltering walls?

"On with the charge," Montcalm cries, and a portion of the French troops advance eagerly. On! On! they come. Behold the English stand firm as a granite wall, waiting the onset of the French. Wolfe with that calm possession which he revealed had forbade his men to fire a single shot till he gave the word.

Suddenly while the columns in white are close up to the scarlet line, there is a sharp command. "Fire!" rings from right to left. Immediately from end to end of the British line, a burst of flame pours, which is very calm and steadfast, trusting and believing in their chief. The smoke clears away. The wearers of the white waver; their line is crumbling and the ground is strewed with their dead and dying. Wolfe gives the order to advance and the scarlet line instantly moves forward. The result is decisive and the French are driven from the field. So ended the supremacy of France in Canada.

Both sides in this historic battle lost their great commanders.

Twice wounded—Wolfe recks not, but
still leads the charge.
But fate guids the fatal ball;
With bleeding breast he claims a comrade's aid,
And exclaims—"let not my soldiers
see their leader fall."

He lived long enough to know he was victorious; then like one roused from sleep he gave one final order; then murmured his last words—"Now God be praised, I will die in peace."
The pitying fates his death delay
Till Heaven for him delays the day—
He heard, rejoiced and died.

The illustrious Wolfe had fought his last battle and died bequeathing to his mother a conqueror's name; to the Anglo-Saxon race the continent of North America, and an example which is an inspiration to all mankind.

No better French General than Montcalm could have been chosen to command the forces of France in Canada. But nothing short of a miracle could have saved Canada to the French, for it was evident that it would be sacrificed for European prestige. The King of France had directed Montcalm "to hold the colony to the last with the forces in it." Montcalm replied—"I shall do everything to save this unhappy colony or die." He kept his word. He labored like a hero, fought like a hero and died like a hero, but his life was wasted. So perished one of the ablest soldiers of France. Before the "Battle of the Plains" he had defeated all of the English Generals who had opposed him.

The deeds of Wolfe and of Montcalm and their heroic sacrifice on the same field of conflict gave them undying fame; and the facts concerning the military careers of these celebrated leaders show that they are numbered among the modern world's foremost soldiers and military commanders.

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec thy storied citadel,
Attest in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!

Some time after the battle one of the warships which sailed away from Quebec to the land across the sea, bore all that was mortal of one of Britain's noblest sons.

England gave his body a grave; Parliament a monument to his fame and memory.

The joy of Great Britain over the triumph of Wolfe was saddened by his death. In a lonely home a mother in widow's weeds mourned; she had given her all—her heroic son so that the banners of England might forever float over the ramparts of Quebec.

Montcalm rests, in a warrior's grave, unmindful of sunshine, storm and battle.

On the Plains of Abraham a noble pillar marks the spot where Wolfe fell, and upon it is inscribed,

"Here died Wolfe victorious."

As future generations visit Quebec they will behold a tall shaft erected to commemorate the heroism of Wolfe and Montcalm.

Though Wolfe was only 32 years of age when he died, he had won imperishable military renown; and it is a well known fact that there was no greater British general from the days of Marlborough to those of Wellington than he who became a conqueror in a glorious death on the Plains of Abraham.

James Wolfe was a gift from God for the performance of a great task.

Behold from the icy floes of the north to the sparkling chain of lakes and the silvery thread of the St. Lawrence on the south; from the broad Atlantic on the east to the Pacific and the land of the snowy peaks on the west. One Dominion. One country. One flag.

O sons! O daughters! of Canada and of all lands under the British flag forget not those who gave their lives that your emblem of glory shall forever wave and honor evermore the immortal Wolfe.

For on that day no nobler blood stained
the sod,
Than his who for his country laid life
down;
Who for an empire battled there,
And from his rival's brow took the
laurel crown.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

People are naturally so honest that they seldom think they have to live up to it.

Spring poetry is as green as new vegetables, but isn't worth the money the way they are.

A woman can be a great deal happier not knowing things than a man can thinking he does.

Most of a man's troubles in this world comes from his trying to make it for other people.

A girl has such an imagination she can think she is in love with a man when what it is is that she isn't in love with somebody else.—New York Press.

CORNS, CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

AWAITED DEATH IN A GRAVE.

Japanese Youth's Attempt to Bury Himself and Die Afterward.

A youth of Kobe, Japan, who sought to commit suicide by burying himself alive and paid an accomplice 25 cents to spade the earth upon his coffin, achieved some degree of notoriety, even in Japan, where new things are happening every day. He failed of his original purpose, however.

A policeman was strolling along the bank of the Minatogawa River outside of Kobe one day last month when he happened to spy a joint of bamboo pipe sticking a few inches above a mound of fresh earth. Being a Japanese and also a policeman, his curiosity was especially keen. He looked down the bamboo pipe, but could see nothing.

Then he began to dig around the pipe. He had a considerable wrench put on his nerves when a voice came out of the end of the pipe right at his ear:

"Honorably condescend to go away and permit me to die peacefully."

But the policeman did not go. He dug some more and finally unearthed a pine box, the length of a man's body and about three feet wide. The bamboo pipe led through an opening into the box. The policeman pried off the cover of the box, securely nailed down, and dumped the self-appointed corpse out.

Yamada Katsutaro, the man who would thus have died, told the prefect of police that he had wanted to die in a seemly fashion because he was out of work. The lack of food had suggested to him the practicability of starving himself to death, but in order to be sure that he should accomplish this purpose, he had determined to bury himself in a securely nailed coffin and await the ravages of hunger. He didn't want to suffocate first, hence the bamboo pipe.

The day before the policeman discovered him, Yamada said, he procured the box and the services of a coolie. Then he dug the hole out in Egeyama and after giving the coolie his obi and fifty sen, his last b't of money, he was nailed up in his coffin, lowered into the grave and covered under six feet of soil.

Yamada promised never to try burying himself alive again and the police let him go.

THE ILLS OF CHILDHOOD HOW TO CURE THEM

In thousands of homes throughout Canada Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine used when the children are ailing, and the mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as though there was a doctor constantly in the home. Baby's Own Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, destroy worms, and make teething easy. Guaranteed free from opiates and poisonous drugs. Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Wilson's, N. B., says: "I began using Baby's Own Tablets about five years ago, and since then have used no other medicine for my children. They never fail to bring relief, and I would advise all mothers to try them." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NEW AMERICAN MONORAIL.

A few miles from New York they are just starting to build a little line which threatens to revolutionize railroading in this country, and to relegate to the scrap pile the two-track railroad, the ponderous coal-eating locomotive, and the big, heavy, light-wheeled cars, as companions to the stage coach and the paddle-wheel steamboat. It is America's first monorail road, and in a few months' time this pioneer of the novel single-track system will be carrying passengers between Bartow Station on the New Haven line and City Island—a distance hitherto covered by ancient horse cars.

The monorail cars, with their cigar-shaped ends, will be fifty feet long and six and a half feet wide, and will run on four wheels placed under the car tandem fashion, two on each end, each wheel having double flanges and being driven by two separate motors—eight motors in all. The wheels run on a single rail spiked to concrete ties. Above the car at each end is a flexible arm connected with an X-shaped truck, each truck containing four guide wheels, which run in two L-shaped overhead rails so arranged that the guide wheels cannot leave the rails without taking something apart. These guide rails, which are kept a uniform distance of thirty inches apart, conduct the electricity, leaving the single running rail safe to animal and human life.

It is claimed that this American system of overhead guide wheels and the single rail beneath the car result in possibilities of high speed without oscillation and a saving in power. It differs from the French and English systems, all of which require the use of guide rails beneath the car in addition to the running wheels, and also from the German system, in which the carrying rail is overhead, the car suspended underneath.—From "First American Monorail," in Technical World Magazine for May.

No, Maude, dear; a buggy is not a trap, although many a fellow has been trapped in one.

THE BEST WOODEN PAIL

Can't Help But Lose Its Hoops and Fall to Pieces. You Want Something Better Don't You? Then Ask for Pails and Tubs Made of

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

Each One a Solid, Hardened, Lasting Mass Without a Hoop or Seam Just as Good as **Eddy's Matches**

Art of Animal Acting Told by Alf. Latell.

Since the earliest days of civilization the animal has been a large factor in the amusement of mankind. From the Roman arena to the modern circus is a big jump, but hardly more so than the strides recently made toward a real understanding of the life and habits of the lower species as they roam about their native wilds.

Somewhat in line with the study of animal nature is the impersonation of the beast as made by man, first in a crude sort of way merely for the amusement of his fellow man, but in these later days in a more serious manner with a somewhat higher object in view.

In the following article Alfred Latell, one of the best known of the animal impersonators of the stage, tells of his early experiences and of what it really means to try and learn through an impersonation of the domestic and wild beasts just how they live, move and what their peculiar characteristics are. In fact, Mr. Latell believes that just such a method of study may in the future lead to valuable results to the scientist in more ways than one.

"About seven years ago," says Mr. Latell, "I read an advertisement by Gus Hill, who wanted a man to portray the part of a monkey in his production of Gulliver's Travels. I had never before attempted anything of this sort, although I had been upon the stage as a legitimate actor for some time. I applied for the position, and upon securing it I went up to Central Park, and for days and days remained in the monkey houses there, studying the antics and peculiarities of the cousinly progenitors of mankind. I found it a most interesting study from the start, but when I came to put on a monkey costume and go through the same movements it was quite another matter. Climbing upon trees and alighting upon the ground necessitated many a bad fall. The peculiar cries of the ape and his signals to his fellow monks necessitate a development of the art of ventriloquism, which is true of all animal impersonations. I remember, speaking of tumbles, of an amusing incident that happened to me at one time when I was working for Belossi Kiralfy. I was climbing upon a bamboo cane in the garb or fur of a monkey. Mr. Kiralfy was standing directly beneath me, and suddenly the bamboo cane broke and I fell about nine feet, landing on top of my manager, as much to his surprise as to me. The most difficult thing about a portrayal of the monkey is the long leaps one is obliged to make, because the monkey as a rule moves so rapidly when he once gets under way.

"After the season with Gulliver's Travels I joined 'The Devil's Auction' under the management of Charles Yale, playing a mischievous cat. Next I was with Ned Wayburn's 'Kitty Town,' playing Toodles, in vaudeville. Then came John C. Fischer and Lee Shubert's 'Babes in the Woods,' when I played an English collie dog. Joe Hart's 'Polly Pickle's Pets' came next, with the role of Push, the St. Bernard dog. I then played in Charles Currie's production of 'Jack and the Beanstalk' in England. The past season I played for nine consecutive weeks at the Coliseum in London, being seen in animal parts exclusively."

"The parrot was one of my first bird impersonations, and I found it one of the most difficult of all, because of its crouching posture and the consequent tendency to fall over while walking. There are nine strings which have to be operated in working the head, bill and wings, and the work is laborious in every sense of the word. At one time when I was playing at the Mollis Street Theatre, in Boston, in the character of a parrot, I made a run toward the footlights and, losing my balance, fell into the orchestra pit, the feathers flying about in profusion. It was naturally laughable to the audience, but hardly so to me or the poor musician upon whom I landed. At this same theatre, upon another occasion when I was playing the part of a St. Bernard in "Babes in the Wood," I was advised that there was some mail for me, and accordingly went out to the stage entrance by the callboard to get what letters there were there. John C. Fischer was with me at the time. I had my dog costume on, and a real St. Bernard who belonged to the stage doorman, seeing me approach upon my hind feet, made a rush for me, and if it had not been for his master and Mr. Fischer I would in all likelihood have been 'eaten alive.' As it was, I was quite badly mauled and bitten.

"Regarding a comparison between animals as far as imitations of them are concerned, I think that I can safely say that the dog is the most difficult of all. To play the part of a dog and not to buffoon him, one is obliged to make a close study of his every action. The dog is so close to mankind that he is known more intimately than any other of the domestic beasts, with the exception possibly of the horse. When I began making a study of the canine I went down to my farm at Asbury Park, N. J., as I do every summer, and, putting on my dog costume, I went out with my own dogs and followed them around. I watched their every step and movement, their run, walk, sitting postures, noted their growls, their barks, their midnight howls, their sneezes, how they caught flies, their whines, the wag of their tails, their postures when standing in repose. I try to let nothing escape me. Frequently the real dog forgets that I am his master and I have frequently had some narrow escapes from a good "dog licking." The legs of a dog are jointed in the exact opposite relation to those of mankind, and this makes it extremely difficult to imitate him. I am now working upon an invention which will be perfected this summer which will enable me to make a joint to my hind legs which will be almost identical with those of the dog. In working with a live dog I have always found it necessary to first muzzle the animal, and this has saved me from many a bite.

"Speaking of the monkey, the best way to study him is to secure a wild animal, one fresh from the jungles where he was born; then his chatter is more easily studied and he is more as nature intended him to be than when he has spent years in captivity or been born in a cage. The tail of the monkey costume is made upon a wire which will coil up when worked by a string. The monkey I have always imitated is the white-faced South African baboon.

"The cat is a difficult animal to impersonate, though not so much so as the dog, because of the fact of its slower movements. I have gone out at night with my cat suit on and have sat for hours watching the smaller back yard pe(s)ts as they stalked along the fences or sat watching the moon rise o'er some neighboring building. I endeavor to imitate all of the cat sounds from the purr to the midnight howl, the slow and stately walk and the dignified pose as she sits licking her chops. I endeavor to imitate her affectionate way of rubbing against one, and also to imitate the way she laps up her milk from a bowl. I do this with the aid of a tube which passes from my own mouth through the mask-face and by making the same head motions as the real cat does it looks from the front as if I were really lapping up the milk. My cat costumes are so made that by the aid of a string I can raise the fur on my back just like a real cat does when angry. I use heavy pads beneath my chin to support the heavy head, and this is true with all of the animals I imitate. Thick pads beneath my hands aid me in walking, and pads upon my hips assist in the effect.

"The lion is very heavy and is therefore physically hard to impersonate. His walk is easy, however, as he moves very slowly and crouches along before making his spring upon his prey. The leap is hard to acquire and takes much practice.

"The other animals in my repertoire include the billy-goat and the bear, and the birds include the rooster and the ostrich. I have seventeen different animal costumes, which, taken as a whole, have cost considerable money. When I landed in New York from England four weeks ago I had considerable difficulty in convincing the customs officer that there should not be any duty charged me for bringing them in, and the matter delayed my appearance in New York considerably. In fact, I was prevented from giving an animal impersonation act at the recent Vaudeville Comedy Club benefit.

"In concluding, I would advise any actor or actor to think a long time before he undertakes the portrayal of the lower animals. It is hard and almost thankless work, outside of the salary. There is no applause for brilliant lines rendered, and unless the impersonator is conscientious in his work he will soon find that he had ceased to be of value to his manager or to the public. First study the animals you are to portray, then have your costume made as nearly like the real animal as it is possible to make them, and then rehearse in your costume, with the animals you are impersonating in the vicinity. Don't give up at the start. Keep at it, and if you tire rapidly at first you will find that your limbs will soon accustom themselves to the awkward positions they are obliged to assume. But above all, take your work seriously and don't go about it as if you were merely playing the clown in a circus. Then your work will be recognized and you will soon be acquiring the salary that will buy houses and lots and things."

THAT RUNNING WATER.

Mr. Flatdweller Pits His Will Power Against a Nuisance Overhead.

"This that I'm telling you," said Mr. Flatdweller, "is a story of running water. It is not of bubbling brooks running through sunny fields and shady forests—no. I suspect that all these must be frozen up pretty solid now. No, it is not about bubbling brooks; it is about the water running in the flat overhead.

"I think they must have a leaky faucet up there—packing worn out maybe, or else there's a valve loose in a pipe somewhere, so that they can't stop the flow. It sounds as water does when you are running it to fill a bathtub, muffled somewhat by the intervening walls and floor; and it has been coming on us like that now with a dull, steady, persistent roar for hours.

"For the first hour it didn't worry me much, and then it began to get on my nerves. Why did they let it run that way? Why didn't they stop it? Was it going to overflow and run down through our ceiling? Why were they indifferent about it? If they couldn't fix it, why didn't they call the janitor? What was the trouble anyway?

"So the continued dull roar came to be irksome to me and then almost distressing; it began to wear on me. You know how things do when they are kept up steadily. I couldn't read, I couldn't smoke, I could only sit and listen to that low, steady rumbling roar. Then I thought of something.

"I started in this year with a firm resolve not to let anything worry me—not anything. I would not only steel myself to bear with equanimity the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, but I would decline to be ruffled by little things. I would stand off and smile at the gnats and mosquitoes of life as well as the aforesaid slings and arrows. Should I now permit myself to be disturbed by so pleasant a thing as the perpetual sound of running water?

"Certainly not! I said to myself, just like that, slow and deliberate and with an emphasis on the not, and I lighted my pipe again and took up my book and resumed my smoke and my reading, resolutely tranquil, with ears closed to all such trivial things as the sound of running water.

"And do you know I got away with it? Yes, sir. You can do a heap of things if you put your mind to it, and I did this. I forgot the sound. I shut it out and didn't hear it. Oh, occasionally it did butt in; but I got the shield up promptly, and finally I closed it out entirely.

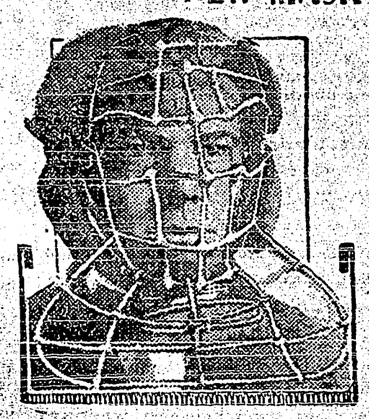
"Then pretty soon there came a deep silence; a deep and blessed silence. That water had stopped running! Now I realized that, conqueror that I had been, I must have been subconsciously knowing of its running all the time, and, semi-surprise as it was, its stopping was great relief.

'And do you know it seemed also to be a sort of tribute to me? To the power of my will. Really it did. Really, by stopping, the water seemed to say to me: 'We can't resist you, old boy; you have surely done nobly; we won't subject you longer to the test.' And do you know that that fancy pleased me? That it pleased me greatly to think that I had shut out the sound and forgotten it? That I had conquered? That I had.

"But there goes the cataract again! the running water rumbling down the pike again and roaring now louder than ever; and now I've got to close my ears, exercise my will; and I can do it all right. I can shut it out; I'm not going to let anything worry me, not a blessed thing. I can do it, but——

"I don't suppose it would be wise for me to put too great a strain on my high resolves so early in the year, before I've got all my armor on and all riveted up; and so if that water doesn't stop running some time in the course of the night I think I'll have to go down and see the janitor about it in the morning."—N. Y. Sun.

UMPIRE OWEN'S NEW MASK



Umpire "Brick" Owen's, of the American Association, was almost killed during one of the early games this spring, by stopping a foul ball with his gullet. Necessity being the mother of invention, Owens, when able to navigate again, set about designing a mask that would protect him. The result is shown in the illustration. Owens wears it religiously and declares he feels as safe as if encased in the armor of a Crusader.

To Destroy Moths.

Turpentine a preventive—Turpentine is best preventive for moths, saturate pieces of brown paper and place in boxes.

Cheap remedy—At this season of the year housekeepers will be interested in knowing a cheap and effective way to overcome moths. A good insect powder is a sure exterminator of moths. Use the powder most effectively. Get an insect powder blow gun, which will not cost but a few cents, and a dime's worth of the powder and you will have enough to last two or three years. With the gun blow a little powder just under the edges of carpets to keep moths away. Also on closet shelves where you lay away bedding, and any other place where there is fear of moths or bugs hiding. There is no danger of bugs where there is a bit of this powder.

Strong salt water—Persons troubled with carpet moths may get rid of them by scrubbing the floor with strong hot salt water before laying the carpet and sprinkling the carpet with salt when one sweeps it.

Missionaries 40 Years Among Creeks.

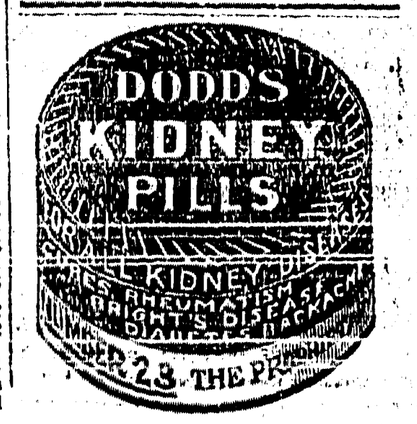
More than a century of service in the missionary field among the Indians of Oklahoma by one family was celebrated to-day when the Robertson memorial chapel in Haskell was dedicated. Many of those present were full blood Creek Indians, among whom the Rev. W. S. Robertson preached and worked so long. The two daughters of the family, Miss Alice Robertson, postmistress in Muskogee, and Mrs. N. B. Moore, of Haskell, were honored guests.

Forty years ago in an Indian cabin on what is now the site of Haskell, the Rev. Mr. Robertson preached the first sermon ever preached in this section of the country. He was at the time stationed at the Creek mission of Tullahassee. The memorial chapter dedicated to-day is a cut stone edifice erected at a cost of $4,000. It contains seven memorial windows, one to each of the members of the family.—Muskogee correspondence Kansas City Star.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

"How about my letter of proposal?" demanded the young congressman.

"It has been advanced to a second reading," answered the haughty Washington belle.—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

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

Creston berries are now on the tongues of the people of Calgary. Creston fills the bill. That is the best kind of advertising for any berry growing district. If we lived in Calgary and saw and tasted Creston berries we would want to get in the greatest money making ring that is known in British Columbia. Two thousand dollars to the acre is what some of our ranchers will reap this year; and yet there are some knockers who say that B.C. land is high at $100 an acre. It may be high, too high, in some districts, but in Creston—perish the thought

The Review staff acknowledges with thanks a gift of several boxes of luscious berries this week from John Arrowsmith, W. K. Brown and R. S. Bevan. Seven berries from the ranch of W. K. Brown measured one foot. These were devoured by the editor and his merry men. Say, how would you like to be the editor these days?

This is the place that has the land that grows the big red berry.

To the homseeker from the prairie provinces, who are looking for locations for future homes in British Columbia, we will say: There is no spot in this glorious province of our that can compare with Creston. Here is the one spot where failure of the berry crop has never been known. Scores of ranchers are now reaping the benefit of their labors and their original investments; and hundreds are now upon the fringe of a prosperous future. It takes a year or two of hard work to get in this halo of success, bnt with ordinary care, success is assured. The bumper berry crop this year should be a great incentive to many of our new settlers, who at times get that feeling of discouragement. Stay with it and you will be rewarded. All this noise about Creston berries is brought about by the value of Creston product.

To our readers on the prairie we will say: Ask for Creston berries. The Maker of the Universe might have made something better than the Creston berry, but he never did.

Four express trucks are now at Creston awaiting the big shipment of berries that will be sent off when the season is in full swing.

FOR SALE—Kitchen Stove, No. 9, in good condition, including piping and elbows. Apply T. Birt.

Mr. J. Helme, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. Hobden, for several days, left for the coast Tuesday.

Everybody in the wheat belt is talking Creston berries.

LIQUOR LICENSE ACT

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

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

SNAPS In Town Lots and Fruit Lands In Creston

See

Atherton

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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TO READ ADVERTISEMENTS
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HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, BITS, SPURS, STRAPS, COW BELLS
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Place your orders for Implements, Wagons, Seeders, Potato Diggers, Planet Junior Goods, Mowers and Rakes at

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BOTTLED BEER A SPECIALITY
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Cigars
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WILD ROSE LODGE No. 39
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Creston, B. C.
Meets every other Monday from June 20 to October 4 at 8 p.m. in Speers' Hall.
R. M. Reid, C. C.
A. E. French, K. of R. & S.
R. S. Bevan, M. of F.
Visiting brethren cordially invited.

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

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

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PARTICULARLY IF IT IS PLASTER.

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

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FURNITURE
Iron Beds
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Homes completely furnished
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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.

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You Save Money by consulting us before Buying Elsewhere. Easy Terms

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We can supply you promptly with
Fresh Eggs, Butter
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For Sale

TWO TEAMS

About 3,000 lbs. Weight each Team

Also a fine Clydesdale Breeding Mare

(About 1700 lbs)

The Best in the Country.

Can be seen at Griffin Ranch

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FOR SALE.—Twenty acres Sub-lot 45 (Block 21). This is an excellent buy at the price. Land is easily cleared; the soil is the best. The price is $1,000 for the 20 acres, and terms can be arranged to suit the purchaser. A creek runs through the property. Write Box 14, Creston Review.

FOR 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.

Ladies!

Let me do your baking during the Hot Weather

Home-Made Pastry and Confectionery

T. C. Mahon Creston Bakery

Tam o' Shanter Talks

Weel freens, as a promised ye last week tae tell ye hoo a got on at the smoker in honor o' oor distinguished veesitors, Maister Goodeve an' Maister Wricht. A maun tell ye firstly hoo a cam tae ken aboot it. It wis this way, freens: A wis sitting wi the editor in his office (editorial sanatorium it saes on the door, sae it man be the richt English fer it), whan in rushes a lump o' a laddie, aboot twal ye'r auld. "Is Tam o' Shanter here," he cries oot. "I'm that maist digneefit pairson," says I, "is onything the maitter." "Ye'r tae come up tae the station, quick, as oor Honorable M.P., Maister Guideve, is on the train, an' winna come off an' pay pey his due respeks tae oor ain toon o' Creston." "He winna," says I, "a'm thinking he'll chinge his min afore a git dune wi' him." Sae freens, up a gaes an' mairches richt throo the coaches tae yince a gets a gunt o' him. Doffing ma shanter as a gaed up, a says: "Guid day, Maister Guideve, an' the same tae ye, Maister Wricht. A hope ye'll honor oor toon o' Creston wi' yer maist illustrous pairsonages." Maister Guideve bobbit up an' seeing wha it wis that wis addressin' him sae familiar like, jumps tae his feet mair instanter grips ma haun an' sterts tae sing oot at the tap o' his voice: "O ma guidness gracious, Shanter, is it you. Losh bless and save ma life, whan did ye come throo' A'm very pleesed tae see ye, Tam, forgie ma wee bit vairse, bit a'm he'rtily gled tae see ye; Ye're looking unco weel, A har'ly wid hae kend ye laud, ye're that genteel."

Nee the thing that maistly puzzled awe, wis tae fin' oot weys an' means tae let awe bodies ken he wis amang us. "Leeve that tae me," says I, "A'll let them ken." Sae hame I gaes, an' tells Peggy awe aboot it, an' she turns like a turkey cock on a wee chicken on me an' says: "A ken the kin' o' meetings ye are guilty o' gaun tae. A meeting drouchts in the Munro or the Creston, that's the maist o' yeer politics, an' anither," she says, "ye're nae tory." "Am a no," says I, "kin ye yince fer awe that am a prodestant a cuvenanter." "An I'm the martyr," she answers back. "Bit seeing as Maister Guideve his been guid eneuch tae stey ower, ye may gang." "A richt, Peggy," says I, "ye're a guid lassie. Get me ma bagpipes," says I tae her, awfu' sweet, and she gets them, bit thair wis nae chanter on them. "Whaur's ma chanter, Peggy," says I. "A'll gie it tae ye in twa meenits," says she, "thair startet tae bile." "Whit's startet tae bile," says I. "Are ye biling chanters." "No, ye auld fiel," she says, "I'm steerin yeer parritch wi' it, as some o' the bairns lost the spurtel (pot stick), a thocht a wid thole a wee bit." So says I: "Gie me ma razor, Peggy," an' turning to ane o' the bairns, she says: "Gie yer faither his razor, laddie, an' stop whittlin sticks." He hands it up tae me and I luks it ower, an' freens, for the first time in ma life I swore. Dae ye ken whit I said? Dinna be feart freens, I just said—but it's terrible tae write. I said "gee whiz" Wasna that a dreedfu oath? "The edge is aff ma razor, Peggy." She luks at it, and rinning tae the tool hist, brings oot a wee file. "Sherp it on that, Tam," she says. "Sherp it wi that," I roared, "Dae ye no ken it taks somethin' wi a smeoth surface tae tak they haggles oot o' it." Awa she gangs ben the hoose wi my razor, and I hears the music o' the mangel gaun. In twa seconds she comes rinning in an' says: "Tam, mon, it'll no staun the preshur." She wis trying tae smooth doon ma razor twixt the rolls o' the mangel and' brak it i' twa- Tae pacify me she gien me the price o' a shave. Sae freens, fittin' ma chanter on the bag agin, I fult it fu' o' wun, an' as luk wud hae it, I took it frae ma mouth tae tichen it whan a caur load o' parritch flew frae it an' blint Peggy. "Excuse me, lass," says I, gey remorsefu' "ye see I wis tryin' tae gang up to heech doh, an' I forgot." "It'll be laigh doh wi ye," she cries, running fer a poker, sae I got oot o' the way gey quick an' I waited oot tae the meeting gaed in. Ma heat wis up whan I rose tae address the meeting an' wis getting on splendishous, whan in pops Peggy. Whan she seen the boatlles an' the glesses on the table she sterted on me an an' I drew ma dirk (it wis the gully knife I had stuck in ma belt), and rushed at her, an' had it no' been fer Joey Wulson, oor polisman, A dinna ken hoo it wid hae endet. I hae made up ma min' tae get efter that chiel, an he ne'er ken I'm coming ayther, unless he hears the skirl o' ma pipes mairchin, doon on him, an' instead o' me playing Lochaber nae mair.

There wis guid speeches an' singing. Then cam the collection. Roon I gaes wae ma shantor, collecting. Up I gaes tae yae chiel; he fummels a while an' pu's oot a nickel. "There," says he. "Na, na, na, ma braw laud," says I, "gang up tae Maister Mallandaine an' invest yer nickel in stocks and bonds o' Creston water company; it's ower big for us tae haunel." He didna seem tae ken whit a said. "Dae ye savvy English" says he. "Thoroughly," a answers. "Give me one sentence," says he. Weel freens, a ayo min't ane sentence oor auld domine gied me; it wis this: "Tammas Mitchell," says he (that wis ma maiden name in they days), "can ye gie me the hippopotamus of a richt haundled triangle" (the hypothesis of a right angled triangle). An' as sure as daith he neerly fented; an' may a dae the same if ever a try tae learn onybody ony mair English.

An' as for Maister Little, if he's the pioneer o' Creston toon, whilk as'll no deny, a just hope he leve tae see the day whan a'll help tae mak it a City. Sich is the wish o'

TAM O' SHANTER.

Lord Sholto Douglas arrived from Spokane on Saturday, where he has been several months. He returned again Monday.

The Frost Woven Wire Fence Is a Winner

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.

The Riverside Nurseries, Grand Forks, B.C.

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

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A Home from Home. Headquarters for mining men.

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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 gad e ning and budding fruit trees. The autumns are very long and the weather is of an ideal Indian summer. Violets and wild strawberries bloom as late as November.

Soil

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

Moisture

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

Products

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

Markets

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

Transportation

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

Progress

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

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

WRITE FOR ANY INFORMATION

A man named Stone and one named Wood met on the street recently and they stopped for a moment to exchange a few cheerful views, when a woman in a particularly noticeable sheathgown passed. Simultaneously Wood turned to Stone; Stone turned to Wood; then both turned to rubber.—Moyie Leader.

Michel Reporter: W. J. Atherton, of Caeston, is now head push on the Reporter.

Howarth's jewelry store has just been through the hands of the builders and another storey added. The whole now presents a very good appearance, having been painted. Mr. Howarth has erected a handsome clock outside his store, which will prove a great boon to the public. It is the correct line of public spiritedness that helps to build up towns. Mr. Howarth carries one of the most complete lines of jewelry to be found in any town in the province of the size of Creston.

A. Zilliax, late of Creston, who inaugurated the watchmaking and repairing bbsiness at Creston, now rnn by Mr. Howarth, has left Griswold, Man., and gone to Prince Albert, Sask., where he will open up a similar business.

Robt. Reid, our station agent, is expecting a visit from his brother-in-law and sister from Ponoka, who will stop off several days en route for Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Lawson left this week for Hillcrest, where Mr. Lawson will take charge of the P. Burns' meat market.

Mr. J. J. Grady is to be commended on his public spiritedness in building a sidewalk from Gird Avenue to his house.

Rod McLeod and Les. Plewis located a mineral claim this week, about seven miles north of Duck Creek. They claim that they have struck a four-foot ledge which carries high values in silver and gold, and that they have traced the ledge for 400 feet. They brought back from their trip some excellent samples of ore.

Mr. T. Birt has received word from his wife in the old country that she and her son will sail for Canada on the 2nd of July on the "Empress of Britain." Tommy is now wearing the smile magnifique. It will be worth a dollar a minute to talk to Tommy and the little butcher in a few weeks.

The ball of the Acme Quadrille Club on Dominion Day was a great success.

A Healthy Life

A Happy Home

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

Fruit, Grain or Stock

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

THE

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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

Good shipping facilities Easy transportation

For Maps, Application Forms, Regulations and Literature apply to

J. S. DENNIS

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

Desk 19.
B.C. Land Dept.

Town Lots for Sale in Creston

THE BIRCH.

Whipping is Still a Custom in the English Schools.

In the house the new boy also finds that certain of the Sixth Form boys are monitors or prefects, chosen by the masters for standing or character, and that in them are vested certain powers that are not to be lightly or unadvisedly ignored. In every school these boys have certain rights in the oversight of the younger ones and also the privilege of enforcing their ideas even by the use of the rod. At Winchester and Rugby the right to whip is of divine right vested in these Sixth Form Boys, and the consequent reverence in which they are held is thereby strengthened. At Eton four of these boys are present when a culprit is "sent to the block," which in the school vernacular means that for some offence the culprit is sent to the room in which the "block" is kept, is there compelled to divest himself of a part of his clothing, and kneel upon the block while the master administers the punishment.

At Harrow no such repellent demands are made, for the offending boy is merely compelled to remove his jacket and the punishment is administered upon his shoulders, and it is whispered, he is allowed to don as many waistcoats as he desires.

It is the well-nigh universal conviction of masters and boys that "conging," "birching," "whopping" is seldom unduly severe, not too frequently used, and never unjustly. The disgrace of the sentence is its chief effect. The four cardinal offences are drinking, smoking, absence from the house, particularly at night, and telling a lie. The public school is not a reform school. A repetition of any one of the four usually means instant expulsion.

To an American the method seems brutal. Whipping in itself is bad enough, but to have a young boy thrashed by an older one, perhaps publicly and with the approval of the masters, is almost beyond his conception—certainly beyond that of an American mother. From "The Great Public Schools of England," by Everett T. Tomlinson, in the May Scribner.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Ould Matt'ew Moran.

"Ooh! 'tis he that looks natural, laying there dead,"
Said oul Matt'ew Moran,
"Wid the palms at his feet an' the lights at his head
An' the cross in his han',
Heart an' soul are at rest,
An' it's all for the best,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.

When he'd laid by his coat an' had hung up his hat
An' had shuffled away to a corner an' sat,
Wid his stick twixt his knees an' his han's on the crook,
'Twas himsel,' an' no less, had the "natural look"
For the folk o' the parish were won't to declare
Ne'er a wake a success unless Matt'ew were there.

"'Tis a sorrowful world," he leaned oer an' said
To the man by his side, wid a shake of his head,
"There's so much in it now that's deceitful an' wrong,
'Tis a blessin' our fri'nd here was took while he's young."
"He was siventy-five lasht July," said the man,
"An' I doubt if ye're more than that, Mister Moran."
Wid a tap o' the end of his stick on the floor,
"Shure a man is as ould as he feels—an' no more!"
Said oul Matt'ew Moran.

"Och! the breed o' men found in these days,
'Tis a crime!
Shure, they're not the strong stuff that was raised in my time.
Who's the nixt wan to go? If ye'll jisht look around,
Ye'll find manny a sickly one here, I'll be bound,
There's no life in thim now like the lads in me day."
So he sat in his chair an' jisht muttered away,
While the neighbors came in an' passed out o' the door
In a stiddy procession. Ten minyits or more
Since the ould man had spoken, the man by his side
Found him, sittin' asleep, wid his mouth open wide,
Undisturbed in his corner they let him dream on
Till the lasht o' the neighborly mourners was gone,
"Och! the houses these days are jisht murthered wid heat,"
Growled ould Matt'ew Moran,

"There's so much in the world that's deceitful an' wrong,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran,
"'Tis a blessin', indeed, to be took whin ye're young,
Like a dacint young man.
Well, there's wan gone to rest,
An' it's all for the best,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.
—T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

The Gentle Cynic.

About the one thing a chronic borrower will not take is a hint.

People who search for a gas leak with a candle generally find it.

General Belief and Private Opinion do not belong in the same regiment.

Men who come home late at night have two ways of acting at breakfast in the morning. One is to be very cross, so nobody will dare say anything about it; the other is to be very cheerful so no one will want to spoil his good humor.

There is more power in a pound of chocolates to convince your wife you are a good husband than in buying a ton of coal.

All you have to do to change a bargain into a bunco is to make it.

The reason men don't like a tearful pity is it seems so much like home.

When a girl gets her first proposal she has already told how she had a hundred.

What a woman can never understand is how other women can say the mean things about her that she says about them.

The queer way women can dress their children is nothing like as queer as the way they can name them.

If the baby doesn't learn to walk for several months after it ought to it's because his brain is too big for his legs to carry.

A man would rather go to jail than to a reception if he could get out as quick.

Everything in a love letter to a girl is beautiful sentiment, even to the bad spelling.

Elderly Lady—Little boy, don't you know that cigarettes stunt the growth? Little Boy—Dat's all right, lady. I'm goin' to be a jockey.

NOVEL USE OF LIGHT.

Electric Lamps Employed to Stimulate Animals' Appetities.

Stimulating the appetite is one of the strangest uses to which artificial lighting is put. At the London Zoological Gardens small birds are called to breakfast two hours ahead of their usual time by the turning on of the electric light, and quails are fattened for the London market in underground cellars, which are lighted up many times a day to induce the birds to feed often and abundantly. At the Berlin Zoological Gardens a similar plan is adopted to make certain bears hibernate. For several weeks in fall their dens are brightly illuminated, they have a plentiful supply of their favorite food, and they eat and grow very fat, so that, when winter comes and their dens are barricaded, they quietly go to sleep for two or three months, just as in their native haunts. In spring they awaken, lean, hungry and healthy.

Ancient Guild of Lightermen.

By the passing of the Port of London bill the powers and privileges of one of the city's most ancient guilds—the Watermen and Lightermen's Company—will eother entirely pass away or be curtailed almost out of recognition. The origin of the company is almost lost in the dim past, but its important bearing on all matters relating to the user of the highway of the Thames has been enormous, and its charities have accumulated to such an extent that it possesses its own almhouses and maintains some 500 pensioners. These charities will not be interfered with, but the company's immense authority as the licensing body for all watermen and lightermen on the Thames will come to an end when the Port of London body is formed, except in so far that until further arrangements are made the guild will continue to issue licenses on behalf of the port authority, but will cease to exercise any jurisdiction over the holders of licenses—who number between 5,000 and 6,000—in case of misconduct. The powers of the guild in connection with the registration and measurement of lighters and small boats plying on the river will also pass away, and indeed, except in regard to such duties as may for the time being be delegated to it by the Port of London Authority, this ancient company, with its centuries of power over the Thames, will simply become but a memory and a name.—Glasgow Herald's London letter.

GRAND NEWS FOR OLD FOLKS

What Dodd's Kidney Pills did for Hiram Brown.

Cured His Aches and Pains and Gave Him Restful Slumber—Known as the Old Folks' Friend.

East Mapleton, Cumberland Co., N. S., May 10.—(Special)—Though well past the allotted span of life, Mr. Hiram Brown, of this place, is still one of the grandest sights in life, a hale and hearty old gentleman. And like many another Canadian veteran, he gives Dodd's Kidney Pills the credit for his abundant health.

"I am seventy-two years of age," Mr. Brown said in an interview, "and I want to say that Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me of Gravel and Kidney Trouble. I was troubled with Backache, Headache and Dizziness, Cramps in the Muscles and Stiffness of the Joints. My sleep was broken and at times my limbs would swell.

"But since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills, all these troubles have gone. I consider Dodd's Kidney Pills a wonderful medicine.'

The aged man or woman who has healthy Kidneys can afford to laugh at the ills of life. For healthy Kidneys keep the blood pure and ensure good restful sleep. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make healthy Kidneys. That is why they are known as the Old Folks' Best Friend.

Horseshoe Competition.

In a thickly populated district of Burnley the clanging of the anvil late at night caused the policeman on the beat to call at a blacksmith's shop. He found a competition in progress between two smiths as to which could make seventeen pairs of horseshoes in the shortest time. Each man was allowed an assistant as striker.

The contest was for a wager and each contestant had his backers, there being nearly a hundred spectators. It was not until 1 o'clock yesterday morning that the competition was over, the winner having accomplished the feat in two hours and a quarter and his rival in two hours and a half.—From the Westminster Gazette.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

THE FEEBLE-MINDED.

(Toronto Globe.)

Dr. Helen MacMurchy's reports on the condition of the feeble-minded in Ontario must always be read with mixed feelings. The primary one must be that of profound pity for those who come into the world with a confused, defective brain, living in a mental and moral twilight, yet unfortunately not experiencing that kindness and consideration which their stricken condition should naturally excite. It is a disgrace that everywhere they are the butts of the community, the sport of the children, and sometimes, alas, the victims of adult viciousness.

In Arthur's Court.

King Arthur had just instituted the Round Table.

"Fine," they cried; "but can you establish an untaxed table for the poor man?"

Herewith they perceived that chivalry amounted to little.

AN ANGEL.

Thomas Nelson Page, in the smoke-room of the Amerika, criticised trenchantly the work of a popular novelist.

"This man," declared Mr. Page, "has no idea of precision. He doesn't say what he means, he circles about his meaning.

"Why I Recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The Particulars of a Remarkable Cure Told by a Presbyterian Clergyman--The Sufferer Brought Back from Death's Door.

St. Andrew's Manse,
Cardigan, P. E. I., Jan., 1908.

Though I have never been sick myself, and have not had occasion to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I thought you ought to know of the remarkable cure they have wrought in Mr. Olding's case.

During a visit to my home in Merigomish, N. S., some years ago, I was grieved to find our next door neighbor and friend, Michael Olding, very low. "He is not expected to live," my mother informed me, "And you must go over and see him, as he is liable to pass away at any moment." "Not expected to live," that was the opinion not only of the doctor who attended him, but of his wife and family as well. Upon visiting him myself I found abundant evidence to confirm their opinion.

Mr. Olding had for years been afflicted with asthma and bronchitis, but now a complication of diseases was ravishing his system. He had been confined to his bed for months and was reduced to a skeleton. Though evidently glad to see me, he conversed with the greatest difficulty, and seemed to realize that it was the beginning of the end. He was daily growing weaker; his feet were swollen to twice their natural size, and the cold hand of death was upon his brow. "It's no use," he said, feebly, "the doctor's medicine is not helping me and I am going down rapidly." I prayed with him as for a man soon to pass into eternity, and when I took his hand in parting it was the last time I expected to see him in the flesh.

Three years later, while on another visit to my mother's, Michael Olding was seemingly in better health than I had ever seen him, for, as I said, he had always been ailing. In sheer desperation he had asked his wife to get him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They soon began to help him. His appetite and strength began to improve, and to the astonishment of his family and friends he rapidly regained his health. Now, though the burden of well-nigh four score years is upon him, he is able to do a fair day's work, and is in the enjoyment of good health, even the asthma has ceased to trouble him as in former years.

Mr. Olding himself, as well as his neighbors and the writer of this letter, confidently believe that his rescue from the very jaws of death—seemingly so miraculous—is due under the blessing of God to the timely and continuous use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

REV. EDWIN SMITH, M. A.

Mr. Olding himself writes: "I am glad Rev. Mr. Smith has written you about my wonderful cure, for I confidently believe that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been dead long ago. It would be impossible to exaggerate the desperate condition I was in when I began to use the Pills. No one thought I could get better. I scarcely dared hope myself that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would bring me through, but they did and I have ever since enjoyed good health. Though I am seventy-nine years old people are always remarking on how young I look—and I feel young. I can do a fair day's work and I am better in every way than I had been for years. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I take every opportunity I can to recommend them to friends who are ailing."

Britain's Marine Supremacy.

(N. Y. Journal of Commerce.)

One of the most persistent misrepresentations of the subsidists is that the merchant marine of Great Britain and Germany, the two nations that dominate the commerce of the sea, is sustained by subsidies. It is admitted that on account of the wide extent of the British Empire and the vast navy that it is bound to maintain, the Government of the United Kingdom does contribute to the support of certain lines of mail steamships which have to be fitted at extra expense for auxiliary naval vessels and are liable to be taken by the government for such service. So far as there might be just ground for a similar policy in this country it would not be objected to. But these mail and naval subventions do not apply to more than about 5 per cent. of the British tonnage and in no degree do they account for the success of the commercial marine of the empire. That owes its existence and prosperity to its freedom from trammels which were removed long ago by the abolition of the old navigation laws that sought to confine the British flag to British built vessels. The only subsidy granted by the German Government is for mail communication to Africa, Australia and the Orient. Only one line accepts that and it has not proved profitable either to the shipping or to German trade with that part of the world. The development of the German merchant marine began with freedom to buy ships or have them built where it would cost least and to get the materials for building them free of tax. The merchant marine of both those nations is free from all restrictions that are not necessary to safety and the proper treatment of crews.

While the shipping of these countries has been growing that of the United States has been languishing because it has no such freedom, but is so hampered with restrictions that it cannot compete on the ocean, where there is no escape from competition.

I cured a horse of the Mange with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
CHRISTOPHER SAUNDERS.
Dalhousie.

I cured a horse, badly torn by a pitch fork, with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
St. Peter's, C. B. EDW. LINLIEF.

I cured a horse of a bad swelling with MINARD'S LINIMENT.
THOS. W. PAYNE.
Bathurst, N. B.

He Knew by Experience.

A member of the Nebraska Legislature was making a speech on some momentous question, and, in concluding, said:

"In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me death!'"

One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and whispered:

"Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary; it was Noah."

"Noah nothing," repeated the speaker; "Noah built the ark."—Buffalo News.

Few Miners Kill Themselves.

Among the miners of Germany there are fewer suicides than any other class of workingmen in that country.

TREE CULTURE IN HOLLAND

Elms on Canal Banks and Lindens French Monarch Guarded.

There is perhaps no other well populated country in the world which has so many well wooded towns as has Holland. Most of the streets and grachts or canals have avenues of trees. Utrecht has two rows of trees on either side of its quaint canals. Its canal banks are constructed as if in two storeys. The lower storey, almost flush with the water level, is lined with warehouses and vaults, while the upper storey has dwellings and shops. Both levels are planted with trees.

So many avenues of trees make a Dutch town exceedingly pleasant, especially on a hot day. The foliage tempers the glare of the sun and the vistas of green are refreshing to the eye. These abundant growths in thickly populated towns are highly useful as well as ornamental. It is recognized that from a hygienic point of view they are valuable to the citizens.

In Holland these useful services are gratefully recognized and the trees are carefully tended by the municipalities. The cost of this care per capita in the different towns varies somewhat. Last year, for example, Utrecht devoted 21 cents (Dutch) to its trees for each inhabitant and The Hague 28 cents for each of its 259,000 citizens. It takes two and a half Dutch cents to equal an American cent. About ten years ago the annual cost of caring for the trees of The Hague was nineteen cents (Dutch) per capita, but since that time many new trees and shrubs have been planted throughout the city and new parks have been laid out.

It has been found that not every kind of tree will thrive in the streets of a town, for trees have many enemies, both above and below ground. Gas escaping from pipes underground is the worst enemy of trees, because quite small quantities of it are deadly. For this reason special precautions are taken against the leakage of gas in Dutch towns. How electricity escaping underground acts upon trees as yet has not been sufficiently studied to be understood. Trees will not grow in very narrow streets where the houses are high; neither will they thrive if the pavement does not let in moisture and air in sufficient quantities.

The best trees for street planting in Holland are elms and lindens, but the elm is the hardier of the two and will grow where a linden will not. Trees of these kinds reach a great age, like the old elms along the quiet grachts of Edam, one of the 'dead' cities of the Zuyder Zee, which saw the fleets of Van Tromp and De Ruyter in the harbor of Edam—the harbor which appears so tiny to modern eyes that one with difficulty imagines "the terror of the North Sea" anchoring there. Then there are the magnificent lindens of the Mallemaan in Utrecht, which appealed to the French monarch, King Louis XIV. Those lindens he commanded his soldiers to spare on peril of their lives.—The Hague correspondence Chicago News.

Mormonism.

"Is it true that many of these Mormons have half a dozen wives each?" asked a visitor to Salt Lake City of a policeman who was stationed near the Temple, says the Saturday Evening Post.

"Sure," said the policeman.

"Well, will you kindly tell me why on earth a man wants to marry half a dozen wives?"

"I dunno," said the policeman, "unless he thinks that mebbe he can get a good one but of the bunch."

MR. GOSLINGTON'S TROUBLES.

He Gives a Sample of the Things That Happen to Him When He Travels.

"I don't know why it is," said Mr. Goslington, "but when I travel I always seem to get the worst of it in some way; of there's anything going that isn't pleasant it comes to me.

"Yesterday I made a little trip to a place about fifty miles from the city. I went to the station early to get a seat by a window. I managed that all right. I got a window seat and just where I wanted, not at the end of the car, but about two-thords back from the front, where I would ride easy and at the same time have something to look at ahead, and of course that all pleased me very much.

"At the first station out there got aboard the car at the forward end seven men, a very assorted lot of men, some tall, some short, some thick, same thin, and among them one man of phenomenal proportions, a giant of a man, with legs sticking out beneath and a head projecting up from top, and then I watched with fearful interest the procession as it started down the car, for I was seized with a mortal terror that the big man would want to sit with me. Really he ought not to, for I sat two-thirds of the way down the car and there were plenty of vacant seats ahead; but you never can tell about a thing till it's settled.

"I watched that procession coming with a great and fearful interest, the big man bringing up the rear, and then with an increasing hopefulness I saw it dwindle as one member after another of it dropped out to take the first seat he came to, until all were seated except the giant, who was left alone still four rows in front of me and with three vacant seats in those four rows to choose from, and then my hope ran high, but he kept a-coming and passed them all until he came to mine, where he halted.

"'Is this seat taken?' he said to me, and what could I say but:

"'No, sir,' and then he sat down, sitting partly on that vacant place in the seat and partly on Oliver J. Goslington.

"So I drew the fat man after all; but things like that happen to me whenever I travel."—N. Y. Sun.

GRATEFUL FOR ECZEMA CURE

Any Sufferer Can Write to Mrs. D McGillivary, of Nanton, Alta., for Full Information.

There are undoubtedly many frauds in the testimonials of medical firms—letters written by friends or even employees of the advertiser. But, on the other hand, in some cases the testimonails are thoroughly genuine, gladly offered by prominent citizens, who are grateful for the cure.

Such a case is that of Mrs. D. McGillivary, of Nanton, Alberta, who cured her two children with D. D. D., and is glad to tell others about it. She wrote on Sept. 3 last:

"Your letter to hand of recent date. I must thank you for so kindly inquiring about my order and also the child. I am glad to say I received the three one dollar bottles of D. D. D. and two cakes of Soap safely, and am delighted with the result of both prescription and Soap. The Soap is all that is required to complete the treatment. The little boy of two years and a half is to all appearance cured of the dreadful Eczema.

"My baby girl at two months broke out with the same rash, and I treated her with D. D. D., and am perfectly satisfied she is cured to our great joy. I feel sure it is a splendid remedy for all skin diseases, and can highly recommend it. I will be glad to recommend it to any one suffering with skin trouble."

If any reader of this paper should write Mrs. McGillivary, we request that a self-addressed stamped envelope be enclosed.

For free sample bottle of D. D. D. Prescription write to the D. D. D. Laboratory, Department D, 23 Jordan street, Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

A Schoolboy on Domestic Economy.

My idea of a good income and how to spend it is to get forty-four shillings a week from every male in the house if he was working, and in spending it I should get a book and put all the provisions I had in the house in it and the cost of them. I should first see that I and our family would get their stomachs full every meal time, so I should buy meat that would last.

Every holiday time we should go for a day or two to a seaside resort. For a family of good eaters it takes a lot of bread, especially if you do not bake, and shop bread takes a lot of butter. But they shoud have it. I would also buy plenty of coal, with good shoes and stockings; also I would buy two beds to sleep on at night.—Letter of Schoolboy in Manchester Guardian.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

The Flea.

He cometh.
Would he would go.
He makes pets miserable.
He even attacks their owners. .. ...
But few people pay much attention to him.
They worry about the force wasted in waterfalls.
But they ignore the enormous strength of the flea's hind legs.
Let those who thrill over University high jumps consider the flea; he jumps 30 times his own height.
So really what chance have we with such an athletic wonder? We can only jealously poison him.

ISSUE NO. 19, 1909

HELP WANTED.

MEN AND WOMEN—TO SELL TITUS stocking darner; fits on any sewing machine; a boon to housekeepers; big profit. A. James Chesher, Port Hope, Ont.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL TEAS; house to house; others are clearing twenty dollars weekly. Why not you? Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

SNAPSHOT CAMERA FREE; ANY bright boy or girl can earn a snapshot camera in an hour. Send us your name and address with two references and we will tell you how to get a snapshot camera for an hour's work. Bijou Specialty House, Hamilton Ont.

FOR SALE.

LOTS IN PRINCE RUPERT, THE GRAND Trunk Pacific terminus, will be put on the market in May or June next. Persons intending to invest should write for information and advice to the Prince Rupert Realty-Commercial Co., Limited, 430 Richard street, Vancouver, B. C.

The Hogs Had Plenty of Time.

A Norfolk farmer riding through the Welsh mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the inquiring farmer.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten 'em on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and fatten them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Ya-as, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer, "but, bless your heart, what's time to a hawg?"—From White's Class Advertising.

A Woman's Sympathy

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

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

STEEPLEJACK'S BIGGEST JOB.

Decorating the Nelson Column in London With 40 Tons of Laurel.

"The biggest job I have undertaken," declares an English steeplejack, "has been the decorating and repairing of the Nelson column in Trafalgar Square, London. Nearly forty tons of laurel were used and the greater portion of this had to be carried aloft and fixed to the column at varying heights up to the top.

"I thought out my plans," he says in the Wide World Magazine, "but eventually decided to lash ladders to the structure by means of ropes passed d'round an 'round it. It was a ticklish, trying job, but it was accomplished without hitch or mishap of any kind.

"Two sets of ladders were used, placed opposite to one another. This was necessary, as the column measures forty feet in circumference—too far to pass a rope around with ease. The most difficult part of the ascent to negotiate was the cornice at the top of the column. This is the heaviest projection for throwback work in England and I had to climb up and over it with my back to the ground, for all the world like a fly on a ceiling.

"I am not ashamed to confess that I breathed more freely when I had rounded the obstruction and was able cautiously to slide myself on to the platform which supports the statue. From below this appears flat, but it is really bevelled with a sharp slope outward.

"I found it too covered with an inch thick layer of greasy soot, so that to walk about on it was exceedingly risky. However, once I got the lifeline secured to the statue all was plain sailing.

"I discovered a crack in the hero's arm, which I repaired. When I tell people this they not infrequently ask on the spur of the moment, 'Which arm?' Of course the figure has only one."

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

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

He Knew All About It.

A little boy, who had just this season joined Sunday school, was asked by his mother how he liked it.

"Why!" exclaimed Charlie, disgustedly, "they don't know much. The teacher asked what was the collec', and I was the only one who knew."

"And what did you say, dear?"

"Why, I told them pretty quick that it was a pain in the stomach."—Pink 'Un.

A Born Naturalist.

Little Ethel, who had lived so secluded a life that she never had seen a cat except in pictures, was on a visit to her aunt in one of the suburbs.

On the first morning of her stay the family cat walked into the parlor, looked around, then turned and walked out.

"Why, auntie," said little Ethel, "that cat has two sides, hasn't it?"

Zam-Buk

SURE CURE FOR SKIN INJURIES & DISEASES.

A purely herbal balm; best thing for the tender skins of children, yet powerful enough to heal an adult's chronic sore; highly antiseptic; eases pain and smarting soon as applied—that is Zam-Buk. Remember it is purely herbal—no mineral poisons, no animal fats. Power and purity combined!

How to Tell Clean Milk.

Clean milk has no distinct flavor—simply a sweet, pleasant taste. If any flavors are present they are artificial. A test for the sanitary condition of milk is as follows: Take a pint of milk as it is received from the milkman, pour off a few spoonfuls, to facilitate shaking, and place in a panful of warm water—95 to 100 degrees; when thoroughly warm throughout, add one rennet tablet which has previously been dissolved in one spoonful of water, and shake; then set away in a warm place for a few minutes. When curdled, cut the curd thoroughly with a knife, to let out the whey. Let stand for a few minutes, draw off all whey possible, and continue to pour off the whey as it accumulates. There will then be a lump of compact curd. Cut this in two with a knife, so that it will fall out. The character of this curd will show very clearly the sanitary quality of the milk. If spongy and full of numerous holes, undesirable forms of bacteria, particularly those that produce gas, are present. This class of bacteria is considered by authorities to be one of the causes of epidemic diarrhoea. If firm and smooth, with few or no holes, the milk is clean and has been handled in a sanitary manner. This test may be continued further by placing the curd back in the bottle and filling half full of water. If the curd floats it indicates that the milk is unclean; if it sinks, the milk is reasonably clean.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Widow Protection.

The porter inserted a fresh boot in the electrical polishing machine.

"I'll te'l you a funny thing about a widow," he said. "She is a regular visitor to our hotel, and she always brings here with her an old pair of her dead husband's boots. He must have been a whopper, the dead man. His boots are genuine mudscows.

"The widow is very timid. She is afraid of being broken in upon by hotel thieves in the dead of night. So every morning she puts before her door, beside her own dirty boots, the boots of the departed. She thinks they scare off thieves."—From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Queens Who Smoke.

No fact in modern social life is more striking than that so many of the queens of Europe find as much solace in tobacco as men do. The striking exception to this rule is Queen Alexandra, who has never smoked. In this respect she is different from her sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, for the latter smokes a good many cigarettes a day.

Another queenly smoker is the Queen of Roumania, the highly accomplished Carmen Sylva, whose life, devoted to are, makes her need of the soothing power of tobacco as great as that of any other writer or painter. The Queen Mother of Spain, as King Alfonso's mother is still called, is another smoker of cigarettes, as is the widowed Queen of Portugal, who contrary to what might be expected in a resident of southern Europe, prefers Russian tobacco to any other.—Gentlewoman.

A POOR COOK.

(Christian Guardian.)

One of our Canadian preachers evidently does not believe in women preaching. Not long ago he put himself on record in the following fashion: "The place for every woman is her home. I once stayed with a preacher whose wife also preached. I will never do it again. I was with them three days and we got very little to eat." The good brother drew the wrong conclusion. The trouble was simply that the woman had made a blunder in marrying the wrong man. She should have married a man who could cook. Undoubtedly the man was to blame.

First Aid to the Injured.

Burns or scalds—Cover with baking soda, dampened or grated potato.

Lightning—Bathe the face in cold water.

Sunstroke—Loosen the clothing. Get patient into shade, and apply ice water to the head.

Mad dog or snake bite—Tie cord above the wound. Bathe bite with whiskey.

Bee stings—Apply weak ammonia, salt water or iodine.

Fainting—Place patient on couch, allowing her head to be slightly lower than rest of the body. Bathe the face in cold water. Allow plenty of fresh air.

Fire in one's clothing—Don't run, especially out of doors. Roll on carpet or wrap up in woollen rug or blanket.

Fire in a building—Crawl on the floor. The clearest air is lowest in a room. Cover the head if possible.

Fire from kerosene—Don't use water, it will spread the flames. Dirt, sand or flour is the best extinguisher, or smother with woollen rag or carpet.

Antidotes for poisons—Induce vomiting by drinking hot water or strong mustard and water.

Things to Know.

To keep milk toast from being soggy, serve the boiling buttered milk in a covered pitcher, so that each individual may pour it himself over his toast.

Wet shoes shold be stuffed with paper before putting away. The paper will absorb the moisture and keep the shoes from becoming hard.

When paint sticks to glass it can be removed with hot vinegar.

A porcelain tub or sink can be thoroughly cleansed with a flannel dipped in spirits of turpentine.

To destroy ants in a house, dip an old sponge in sweetened water and lay it where they can get at it. They will all swarm around it, when it may be taken up and thrown into boiling water.

To polish zinc, rub briskly with a cloth dipped in kerosene, and rinse off with boiling water.

When soaking mackerel or other salt fish, see that the skin side is placed uppermost.

It is said that good black ink mixed with the white of an egg is excellent to restore the color to black kid, shoes and gloves both.

Oklahoma Girl, Record Cotton Picker.

Miss Margaret Montgomery, a farmer's daughter, near Stillwater, is by long odds the champion cotton picker in Oklahoma, and probably in the whole country.

One day last fall she picked 700 pounds of cotton. Miss Montgomery is 23 years old, was born on a farm in Chautauqua county, Kan. She is a musician, and such an accomplished horsewoman that she won first prize in the ladies' riding race at the Payne county fair last fall.—From the Kansas City Times.

THE KIND THEY A RE WEARING NOW.

Baths and Bathing.

Do not take a bath when you are exhausted. Rest a while first.

A hot bath is not a good thing to take in the morning, unless it is followed by a cold sponge. Otherwise one is likely to take cold.

A hot bath just before going to bed makes some people sleepy, but keeps most people wide awake.

A tepid bath is the best sedative.

The best time to take a hot bath is before dinner in the evening. The dust of the day is removed, and one is refreshed for the evening.

Sea salt dissolved in this hot bath has a splendid tonic effect. It is better to dissolve it in a cup or pitcher first than to pour it directly into the bath.

If very dusty from travelling, rub off with olive oil or a good cold cream before bathing. This cleanses the pores much more thoroughly.

As to cold baths, they are invigorating. Whether your system will stand such violent invigoration is for each person to decide.

All In.

The Hostess—I hope you will like this punch. My husband worked over it all the afternoon, making it with his own hands.

The Guests—It's grand! Where is your husband? We must congratulate him.

The Hostess—Sorry, but he can't be seen. I just put him to bed.—Puck.

Storing the Winter Furs.

It is high time now to think about putting away the winter furs.

Moths lay their eggs early in the spring, and it is then that the harm is done.

The first step in the treatment of furs, before putting them away, is a half-day or more of sun and air.

To dislodge the dust, they should be well beaten with a small rattan carpet or cushion beater.

To clean dark fur, warm new bran in a pan, taking care not to burn it. Rub it into the fur with the hands, several times, then bush out thoroughly with a clothes brush.

Long-haired furs should be combed out, for which use a comb with blunt teeth.

Light furs, white fox, ermine, chinchilla, etc., must be cleaned before they can be put away. First brush them well with a clean, soft whisk. Spread them out and rub them with bran, moistened with warm water, and applied with a piece of soft flannel. Rub the furs until they are dry, finishing with dry bran.

After the bran process, the furs should be wiped with magnesia until they are perfectly clean.

When putting away, sew in muslin bags and wrap tightly in newspaper, which is the best preventive against moths, and put in a trunk or chest.

Camphor, if it comes in contact with the fur, is likely to turn yellow.

A cedar chest is an invaluable addition to every household.

THE MOTOR AND THE FARMER.

Automobile Milk Wagons Plentiful Among the Dairymen Out West.

There was a dairyman's convention recently that brought to Chicago milk producers from the five States immediately tributary to the great Elgin and Wisconsin creamery districts. Of those attending 112 were asked as to the use and value of the automobile to them.

Thirty-eight of them own automobiles and use them constantly in business. Eleven own more than one, according to Collier's. They are used in marketing butter fats mainly, but several utilized the power to operate separators, one to flush his dairy barn, another to operate his bottle washer.

The roads in the creamery district are better than the average country roads, and the automobile most used is a late type, with a tonneau that can be removed, leaving a flat platform for freight. But that is not all. Lastly, yet perhaps as important as anything, is the effect already felt and increasing constantly of the influence of the farmers who own automobiles upon the character of the roads.

Reports from nineteen agricultural schools, covering practically the entire country, prove the interest of farmers in good roads is increased and increasing greatly because of the automobile.

Chinese Enterprise.

The San Franciscans who had the courage to begin rebuilding were like a decimated brigade. As the ranks closed up, the survivors liked to touch their comrades' elbows. Many of the Chinese landowners were insured, some of them in companies which paid in full and promptly, and some of the Chinese were so anxious to rebuild that they paid as much as five dollars an hour to interpreters in the tedious and complicated business of adjusting fire losses.

When they received their insurance money, they went to work, and some of the first buildings erected after the disaster were in Chinatown. This involved their paying the enormous wages demanded by mechanics—as high as eight dollars a day for bricklayers—which they did without a murmur. This won for them the approval of the labor unionists, who worked on the despised Chinese buildings just as readily as they did on those of the white. And it also won them the approval of the white land-owners who were struggling against equal difficulties to rehabilitate their own shattered fortunes and to rebuild the city.

When it became apparent that the wealthier Chinese intended not only to rebuild, but to construct an Oriental quarter which should far surpass the old one in architectural beauty, the last opposition disappeared, and the attitude of the Americans toward the Orientals became quite friendly.—Jerome A. Hart in the May Bohemian.

Friends can't be so very thick when they can see through each other.

Women Who Suffer

from woman's ailments are invited to write to the names and addresses here given, for positive proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound does cure female ills.

Tumor Removed.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Alvena Sperling, 11 Langdon Street.
Lindley, Ind.—Mrs. May Fry.
Kinsley, Kans.—Mrs. Stella Gifford Beaman.
Scott, N. Y.—Mrs. S. J. Barber.
Cornwallville, N. Y.—Mrs. Wm. Boughton.
Cincinnati, O.—Mrs. W. E. Housh, 7 Eastview Av.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. Emma Imse, 833 1st St., *German*.

Change of Life.
South Bend, Ind.—Mrs. Fred Certia, 1014 S. Lafayette Street.
Noah, Kentucky.—Mrs. Lizzie Holland.
Brookfield, Mo.—Mrs. Sarah Lousignont, 207 S. Market St.
Paterson, N. J.—Mrs. Wm. Somerville, 195 Hamburgh Avenue.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. K. E. Garrett, 2407 North Garnet Street.
Kewaskum, Wis.—Mrs. Carl Dahlke.

Maternity Troubles.
Worcester, Mass.—Mrs. Dosylva Coté, 117 Southgate Street.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Mrs. A. P. Anderson, 1207 E. Pratt Street.
Big Run, Pa.—Mrs. W. E. Pooler.
Atwater Station, O.—Mrs. Anton Muelhaupt.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. E. H. Maddocks, 2135 Gilbert Avenue.
Mogadore, Ohio.—Mrs. Lee Manges, Box 131.
Dewittville, N. Y.—Mrs. A. A. Giles.
Johnstown, N. Y.—Mrs. Homer N. Seaman, 108 E. Main Street.
Burtonview, Ill.—Mrs. Peter Langenbahn.

Avoid Operations.
Hampstead, Md.—Mrs. Jos. H. Dandy.
Adrian, Ga.—Lena V. Henry, Route No. 3.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Bessie V. Piper, 29 South Addison Street.
Louisville, Ky.—Mrs. Sam Lee, 3523 Fourth St.
South West Harbor, Maine.—Mrs. Lillian Robbins, Mt. Desert Light Station.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Frieda Rosenau, 544 Meidrum Avenue, *German*.

Organic Displacements.
Mozier, Ills.—Mrs. Mary Ball.
Ligonier, Ind.—Mrs. Eliza Wood, R. F. D. No. 4.
Melbourne, Iowa.—Mrs. Clara Watermann, R. F. D. No. 1.
Bardstown, Ky.—Mrs. Joseph Hall.
Lewiston, Maine.—Mrs. Henry Cloutier, 56 Oxford Street.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second Street, N.
Shamrock, Mo.—Josie Ham, R. F. D. No. 1; Box 22.
Marlton, N. J.—Mrs. Geo. Jordy, Route No. 3, Box 40.
Chester, Ark.—Mrs. Ella Wood.
Ocilla, Ga.—Mrs. T. A. Cribb.
Pendleton, Ind.—Mrs. May Marshall, R. R. 44.
Cambridge, Neb.—Mrs. Nellie Moslander.

Painful Periods.
Goshen, Ala.—Mrs. W. T. Dalton, Route No. 3.
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Tully, 465 Ogden Av.
Paw Paw, Mich.—Mrs. Emma Draper.
Flushing, Mich.—Mrs. Burt Loyd, R. F. D. No. 3; care of D. A. Sanborn.
Coffeeville, Miss.—Mrs. S. J. Jones.
Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mrs. Flora Ahr, 1362 Ernst Street.
Cleveland, Ohio.—Miss Lizzie Steiger, 5510 Fleet Avenue, S. E.
Wesleyville, Pa.—Mrs. Maggie Ester, R. F. D. 1.
Dyersburg, Tenn.—Mrs. Lue Hilliard, R. R. 1.
Hayfield, Va.—Mrs. Mayme Windle.

Irregularity.
Herrin, Ill.—Mrs. Chas. Folkel.
Winchester, Ind.—Mrs. May Deal.
Dyer, Ind.—Mrs. Wm. Oberloh, R. F. D. No. 1.
Baltimore, Md.—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 1932 Lansdowne Street.
Roxbury, Mass.—Mrs. Francis Merkle, 13 Field Street.
Clarksdale, Mo.—Miss Anna Wallace.
Guyerville, Ohio.—Mrs. Ella Michael, R. F. D. 3.
Dayton, Ohio.—Mrs. Ida Hale, Box 25, National Military Home.
Lebanon, Pa.—Mrs. Harry L. Rittle, 233 Lebman Street.
Sykes, Tenn.—Minnie Hall.
Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Louise Jung, 332 Chestnut St.

Ovarian Trouble.
Vincennes, Ind.—Mrs. Syl. B. Jerauld, 503 N. Tenth Street.
Gardiner, Maine.—Mrs. S. A. Williams, R. F. D. No. 14; Box 39.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. Chas. Boell, 2407 N. Garnet Street.
Plattsburg, Miss.—Miss Verna Wilkes, R. F. D. 1.

Female Weakness.
Willimantic, Conn.—Mrs. Etta Donovan, Box 299.
Woodside, Idaho.—Mrs. Rachel Johnson.
Rockland, Maine.—Mrs. Will Young, 6 Columbia Avenue.
Scottville, Mich.—Mrs. J. G. Johnson, R. F. D. 3.
Dayton, Ohio.—Mrs. F. R. Smith, 431 Elm St.
Erie, Pa.—Mrs. J. P. Endlich, R. F. D. No. 7.
Beaver Falls, Pa.—Mrs. W. P. Boyd, 2109 Seventh Avenue.
Fairchance, Pa.—Mrs. I. A. Dunham, Box 152.
Fort Hunter, Pa.—Mrs. Mary Jane Shetto.
East Earl, Pa.—Mrs. Augustus Lyon, R. F. D. 2.
Vienna, W. Va.—Mrs. Emma Wheaton.

Nervous Prostration.
Oronogo, Mo.—Mrs. Mae McKnight.
Camden, N. J.—Mrs. Tillie Waters, 451 Liberty Street.
Joseph, Oregon.—Mrs. Alice Huffman.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mrs. John Johnston, 210 Siegel Street.
Christiana, Tenn.—Mrs. Mary Wood, R. F. D. No. 3.
Pecos, Texas.—Mrs. Ada Young Eggleston.
Graniteville, Vt.—Mrs. Chas. Barclay, R. F. D.

These women are only a few of thousands of living witnesses of the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases. Not one of these women ever received compensation in any form for the use of their names in this advertisement—but are willing that we should refer to them because of the good they may do other suffering women to prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a reliable and honest medicine, and that the statements made in our advertisements regarding its merit are the truth and nothing but the truth.

WHO SHALL BE THE BEAUTIES OF FIFTEEN AMERICAN BATHS?

MISS ELIZABETH BAILER (ON THE LEFT) AND MISS LUCY CARR, FIRST GIRLS IN THE FIELD IN THE BATH, O., CONTEST.

An Akron, O., despatch: What shall be done with an English lord mayor who comes to the United States to stir up strife and bitterness in 15 contented and reposeful American communities? Whatever the punishment is, it should be meted out to Mr. Lord the Mayor of Bath, England.

In 15 towns in this country, neighbor has been arrayed against neighbor, father against mother, sister against brother, sister against sister. In 15 American Baths there is real battle. It rages as keenly in Bath, Me., where there are so few people that the attaches don't bother to count them, as in Bath, Me., a respectable sized place of 9,000 people.

This was the question which J. W. Knight, Mayor of Bath, England, asked: "Who is the prettiest girl in Bath, America?"

When he learned that 15 American States had cities called Bath, he didn't back down.

"We'll pay the expenses of the prettiest girl in each town of Bath to come to England for our big carnival in July," he announced.

Hence the excitement.

Who'll be the beauty of Bath?

The contest is now waging.

Bath, O., this county, is a village of some 75 souls, and you can get a good idea of what's happening in each of the Baths of the country from the front porch of the Bath Hotel, Ohio.

With the announcement of the news every unmarried lady who scaled under 35 became a candidate for village beauty. Every married one, all unmarried ones over 35, and every man and boy in town became a worker for one or the other of the candidates.

From morning to night the campaigning goes on. There is but one topic of discussion in the village. Housewives leave their churning half done, the dishes unwashed, to canvass the neighborhood. Old women who can only sit on the porch and knit hail the people who drive past. Paw has given up plowing and is pulling more wires than in any presidential election the vicinity ever saw.

Two of the first girls in the field in this Ohio Bath who are conceded to have something on the rest of the aspirants are Miss Lucy Carr and Miss Elizabeth Bailer. Miss Carr is a blond, tall, slender, blue-eyed. Miss Bailer is dark-haired, shorter, trim and vivacious.

Everyone in the village has a vote, regardless of age or sex. Gov. Harmon must certify to the election, and formally nominate the winner as Ohio's choice.

And so it goes in other Baths in other States. You'll find electioneering, "influence," and all sorts of political tricks in the pretty girl contests in all the American Baths.

AMONG THE LEPERS.

Twenty-Two Years in India, the Burning Heart of Asia.

(BROOKLYN EAGLE.)

An interesting letter describing work of the missionaries among the lepers of India has been received from W. P. Byers, who started for his far-away field of labor with his sister in 1886. Mr. Byers' letter reads in part as follows:

I arrived in Calcutta, the "City of Palaces," in 1887, and at once began the study of Hindustani, at which I had made a beginning at the Missionary Training School in America. This Hindu language is spoken by 150,000,000—half the population of India.

During that first year in India I was kept fully occupied, preaching and ministering to an English congregation, as well as assisting in the publishing house.

At the commencement of my second year I was appointed to Asansol, 132 miles from Calcutta, there to found a mission and at the same time be pastor of a European congregation. At the end of my second year I was married, and my wife and I have done twenty years of hard work together.

The first convert was my native teacher, a well-educated Hindu scholar, from Lahore. The Mohammedan contractor who built the church and mission house one day said to me: "Sahib (sir), you will never get any one to become Christians in this place; we all have our own religions." I told him to wait and see. Several years after this he came along at the hour of service and was filled with amazement when he saw the church full of people. "Who are all these?" he asked. "Christians," I replied. "Is it possible? It is wonderful! I didn't think you would make any converts in these parts."

The work grew until it became a district over which I have been superintendent for the past eight years. There are Christians in seventeen villages and we have four churches (besides four other regular preaching places where we ought to have churches), four mission houses, a boarding school for boys with about 90 in attendance, a boarding school for 120 girls, the widows' home, with 25 inmates, and a leper asylum, with 125 inmates—all we can accommodate.

Leper work. At first I greatly feared the lepers, who are to be seen wandering about the streets and among the shops begging, and, to excite pity, drawing attention to their awful looking sores. It is estimated that there are 500,000 lepers in India. Seeing a leper in the last stages of the disease, dying by the roadside under a tree, aroused my sympathy, took away my fear, and created a desire to alleviate their sufferings and make them more comfortable as far as possible.

Through the "Mission to Lepers in India and the East," which maintains fifty such places, an asylum was built and opened for them in 1891, and this work among the lepers never wanes in interest. We are continually giving thanks for this pleasant refuge for these poor outcasts, all of whom have become Christians.

One evening after the revival I went to see the lepers, which I do as often as possible. It was getting dark and they could not see me nor did they know I was coming. As I drew near, I could hear the women over at their quarters singing, "Whom Have I But Thee, Lord Jesus; Thou Art Mine and I Am Thine." It touched my heart deeply, and when I reached them it was to find all on their faces on the ground, kneeling in prayer with Rani, the Bible woman, in the midst, praying for India, for the spread of the revival of the surrounding villages, and for the people in America!

THE UNREST IN INDIA.

When occasional paragraphs are appearing in the newspapers about the unrest in India, which is confined chiefly to a few enthusiastic students, anxious, perhaps, for some political power or position for which they are not at all as yet qualified, the following letter from one of the high officials of a native state (governed by a native ruler) in western India, was sent last Christmas Day to the principal of the School of Theology in the chief city—the capital of the state. The letter breathes a kindly, sympathetic spirit, and is especially interesting as indicating the attitude of many of the leaders of thought toward the missionaries of Christ:

"Dear Mr. ——, Christmas has come and the New Year is in sight. Let me offer to you and all the other missionaries of your mission, ladies and gentlemen, and those whom you have succeeded in leading into Christ's fold, my sincere greetings.

"I always welcome Christian pastors in India and appreciate their excellent work for the regeneration and advancement of India. We are a fallen people and deserve the sympathies of all the more favored nations of the earth. We Indians have been brought up for generations in ethical ideas based upon a very logical philosophy, but generations of a deeply Christian life will alone raise up on to a higher plane of moral life. It is for this object I welcome Christian influences and offer my Christian friends every sincere wish for success in their Godly work.'

The Gripp

An ache in the back, and a pain in the head—
That's the grippe.
A choke in the throat, and a yearning for bed—
That's the grippe!
A river of heat, then a shiver of cold,
A feeling of being three hundred years old,
A willingness even to do as you told—
That's the grippe!

An arrow of pain, then in this place, now that
That's the grippe!
A feeling of doubt as to where you are at—
A stupid sensation—of course, wholly new!—
That's the grippe!
A foolish depression—why should you feel blue?
A doubt as to whether this really is you—
That's the grippe!

Strange visions at night, that deprive you of rest—
That's the grippe!
A taste in your mouth, and a weight on your chest—
That's the grippe!
A tired sensation that runs through your veins,
A queer combination of aches and pains,
A vapid admixture of absence of brains—
That's the grippe!

STUNG!

Nan—The trouble with Billy is that he's awkward when he is in company. He doesn't know what to do with his hands.

Fan—Oh, yes, he does; he told me once that you were too many pins in your belt.

"A necklace of diamonds has been stolen from me!" said Mrs. Cumrox. "Aren't you going to notify the police?" "I don't know what to do. It does seem rather classy to be robbed of jewelry, and yet I hate to have people think that I'd ever miss a little thing like a necklace."—Washington Star.

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CRESTON - - B.C.

W. F. GURD

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

Wm. M. Dawson, manager of the Calgary branch of R. G. Dun & Co., the well-known commercial firm, paid a business call upon our capitalists and smaller fry last Wednesday. We have been placed upon the exchange list of Dun's Review, so we shall now be able to discover who's who, and if not why not.

Bouillon clubs have still a firm hold upon the fancy of our young men. We saw a chicken one day this week strutting along with about ten yards of fishing tackle hanging from its beak. Bet there was a fish-hook at the business end.

Port Hill will celebrate the Glorious Fourth with a grand ball on Saturday next.

W. F. Lingle, Rossland, was in town this week trying to secure parties to take contracts to get out a large quantity of poles.

Some of our ranchers are making a big mistake when they shoot robins during the berry season. The loss of a very few berries through the visitations of the robins is infinitesimal to the amount of good the birds do. They work all summer for the strawberry farmer rooting out worms and grubs—so put down your gun the next time you feel like slaughtering one of your best friends.

Robins have successfully hatched a brood of young in a small tree near the Munro hotel. Many school children knew of the nest, and daily awaited the result. To their credit and good training be it said they have never molested the nest, and now they will have the pleasure to come of watching the young birds receive their flying lessons.

The government road gang is now grading the Duck Creek road.

W. Maher, of Sirdar, one of the lucky ones who recently sold the Echo group of claims on Summit creek near the Bayonne, was in town on Tuesday. He is closely related to Peter Maher, the celebrated pugilist.

The water on Kootenay Flats is fast receding.

Rev. N. E. Read, pastor of the Presbyterian church, visited Nelson last Tuesday.

Now is the time when the peaky skeeter goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may chew up.

A passenger on the train was gazing out of the window last Monday. "What do the ranchers want to grow so many pumpkins around here for?" he asked of Billy Burton, the conductor. "They are not pumpkins," he replied. "They're Creston strawberries!"

If the Creston crop were ten times as large this year it would be guaranteed sold.

Fred. Hurry received a splendid two-year old thoroughbred Holstein bull from Nelson on Wednesday. It is a magnificent animal, and a fine addition to Hurry's Holstein herd.

J. J. B. Rowlands, who was taken to Nelson last week by Constable Wilson, to have the state of his mind enquired into, will be detained for a week or ten days. Rowlands is the man who was shot in the neck by Lord Sholto Douglas.

The C.P. Rly. Co. is offering special cheap rates for Calgary Fair. Tickets will be issued July 3rd to 9th, good to return until July 16. The fare from Creston for the round trip is $8.30.

Geo. Huscroft has returned from a business trip to Nelson, Kaslo and Salmo.

R. Lamont arrived from Rossland last Saturday.

FOR SALE

LOT F

In CRESTON TOWNSITE

Five Acres Good Land

Price - $1250

APPLY

Okell, Young & Co.

WANTED

STRAWBERRY PICKERS

Highest wages paid.

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 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. 8080, 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.

LAND ACT.—NELSON LAND DISTRICT.

DISTRICT OF KOOTENAY

Take notice that Walter B. Muir, of Sirdar, miner, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted in the centre of section 4, thence north to right of way of B.C. Southern Rly., thence south-easterly along said right of way to the north line of Section 10, and thence west to point of commencement.

WALTER B. MUIR.

May 20, 1909. Jo 17—co

MINING STOCKS

(Beale & Elwell, Brokers, Cranbrook)

June 21st, 1909

	Bid	Asked
Aurora Consolidated		.25
B.C. Amalgamated	.02½	.03
B.C. Copper	7.50	8.00
Consolidated Smelters	77.	95.00
Canadian N. W. Oil	.15½	.20
Can. Goldfields	.03½	.05
Canadian Marconi	1.00	1.75
Cranbrook Fire Brick		
Diamond Coal	.56	.61
Diamond Vale Coal	.09	.11½
Int. Coal & Coke	.75	.80
Nicola Coal Mines	.04	.4½
Nipissing	10.75	11.25
North Star	.08½	.12
Nugget Gold Mines	.60	.70
McGillivray C. Coal	.25	
Pincher Creek Oil Co.		1.00
Rambler Cariboo	.11	.12
Royal Collieries	.27	.28
Snow Storm	1.80	
Society Girl		.25
Sullivan		
Veteran War Scrip	550.00	565.00
Western Oil ordinary	1.85	2.50
Western Oil preferred		

LUMBER

Sawmill at Creston

Rough and Dressed Lumber

Laths

Shingles

Brick

Lime

Doors

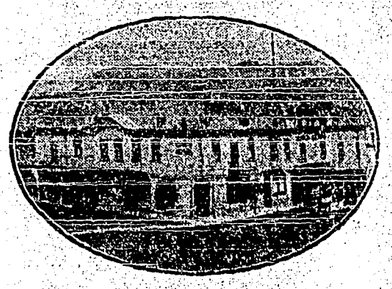
Windows

Mouldings

CHAS. O. RODGERS

LUMBER

Subscribe



THE MUNRO HOTEL

CRESTON -:- B.C.

Two hundred crates of strawberries per day has been the average this week shipped from the ranches of Creston. These have all been shipped in fine shape; well packed and well labelled. We cannot help but notice, however, that some of the shippers are still behind the times in not having the regulation labels on their boxes. No rancher should ship berries unless they carry with them a boost for Creston; we care not who prints the labels.

JOB PRINTING

At The

REVIEW OFFICE

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

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

CHAS. BAGLEY

SMOKE the "T. L." CIGAR

Sold at the Munro and Sam Hatfield's

Union Goods

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—

APPLY TO

OKELL, YOUNG & CO.

Say, Johnnie, can you tell me where I can hire a Good Saddle Pony?

Sure! Try the

CRESTON LIVERY

It's the BEST IN TOWN

There's a Good Dray and Transfer in connection. Also Green and Dry Wood.

Cameron Bros.

PROPRIETORS.

Drink the Famous Products Of the

Le Roi Brewery

Special: Ask for "PERFECTION" Bottled Beer

SUPERIOR TO ALL IMPORTED BEERS

ROSSLAND, B.C.

MONEY TO LOAN

On TOWN and FARM PROPERTY

Easy Terms of Repayment . . .

APPLY FOR PARTICULARS

Pay No More Rent

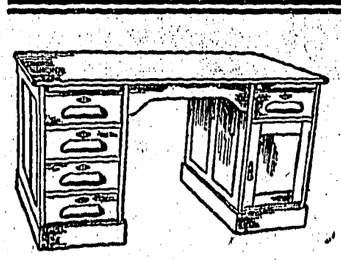
Own Your Own House

The Canadian Birkbeck Investment and Saving Co.

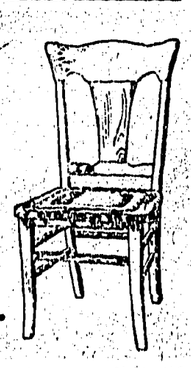
G. A. M. YOUNG, Local Secretary.

W. F. GURD, Solicitor.

Furniture



We Now Have



One of the Largest Stocks of Furniture in South Eastern B.C.

We guarantee every article that we sell, and will exchange goods or refund money when satisfaction is not given. We invite you to write or call at our big store when in Cranbrook and inspect the stock and

Compare Prices

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Fink Mercantile Co. Ltd.

W. R. Beatty

CRANBROOK - B.C.

The Funeral Director

SURE!

Kalsomining and Paperhanging

Are in my Line of Business

See my Pattern Books for Wallpapers

JAS. ADLARD

Residence, Victoria Ave. Dow Addition