All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

No. 43. Vol. I. CRESTON, B.C., THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1909 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

The Quality Store

We Invite your Inspection of the folowing—

Summer Underwear

In Elastic Ribbed, Merino and French Balbriggan

From $1.25 to $3.50 Per SUIT

Also the Latest Patterns in

Men's Negligee Shirts

At the Best Prices

A Complete Line of

Ladies' White Canvas Slippers

AT $1.75 PER PAIR

SCREEN DOORS

From $1.75 to $2.50 Each

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

Church of England

Services in the Mercantile Hall, June 12th, (first Sunday after Trinity): Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p m. Evensong, Erickson Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.

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

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

PHILIP C HAYMAN, Vicar.

Presbyterian Church Notice.

Service at Erickson at 11 a.m.; Sabbath School at Creston at 2.30 p.m.; Divine Worship, Creston, at 7.30 p.m. Subject: "CREATION IN THE LIGHT OF EVOLUTION."

N. E. READ.

Catholic Church Notices.

Sunday next, June 13. Visit of the Priest. High Mass, 10 a.m. Catechism, 3 p.m. Benediction, 7.30 p.m.

Rev. J. WAGNER, O.M.I. Pastor.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Reid have returned from a trip to Ponoka, Calgary, Strathcona, Edmonton and other Alberta points. Bob's vacation is not yet ended, apparently, as he left again for Fernie. He will resume his duties as C.P.R. agent here next Monday, and Mr. J. Wagner, who has been relieving him, will return to Pincher.

During the fruit season the Dominion Government hgve arranged to publish a weekly report, and this will be sent to anyone desirous of obtaining a copy. Write to the Frnit Department, Ottawa

Geo. Mead, of the Creston Hotel, has been to Fernie to play ball for the Cranbrook team, in the Fat Men's match, Fernie vs. Cranbrook.

Tom McCreath has returned from Pincher Creek with a beautiful pair of thoroughbred Percheron mares.

Has the Celebration been shelved? Or do we take it that Labor Day will be Creston's day this year?

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

Rifle Association.

A general meeting of the Civilian Rifle Association was held on Friday evening last, when it was decided to commence a series of bi-monthly "spoon shoots" at once. It was arranged that these competitions will be held as follows. On the first Saturday and Sunday of each month the members will shoot over the 200 and 300 yards range, and on the second Saturday and Sunday 500 and 600. The following two Sundays the program will be repeated. The highest score will take the bi-monthly spoon. The club has affiliated with the B. C. Interior Rifle Association and a team will be sent from Creston to compete for some of the prizes at the annual meet, for which about $1,000 is offered in prizes. The weekly shoots are marked by the good attendance of the members, and many good shots have discovered themselves, New members are earnestly solicited, as it is the aim to send a team to Nelson that will be a credit to our town. Particulars may be obtained fron any of the following members of the committee: G. Cartwsight, J. Stooks, A. S. FitzGerald, R. O'B. FitzGerald, and J. H, Hyde.

Any member who finds it inconvenient to shoot on the regular days of competition may attend the range at his own time under certain conditions which may be obtained from the committee.

The Yale-Columbia company's tugs Hercules and Pilot are being employed in gathering together the logs washed down the Kootenay river into the main lake from the Bonner's Ferry Lumber company's booms at Bonner's Ferry during the late floods. Practically all the logs, totalling between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 feet, will be picked up by Saturday. They will be taken over to Kootenay Landing, and there taken over the Great Northern to Bonner's Ferry.—Nelson News.

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.

ALONG THE "CROW"

PRESENT OCNDITIONS ALONG THE LINE SHOW SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT

J. W. Bennett, representing the International Correspondence School, Scranton, Pa., was a visitor to our town this week. Mr. Bennett has charge of the East Kootenay district, and he is making it his business to stop off at every place of importance along the "Crow." We requested him to furnish us with some impressions of the progress or otherwise of his territory, and his remarks will undoubtedly be read with interest:

"Yes, yes, times are rather quiet, 'tis true, but there is no reason why anyone should get an attack of the 'blues' in consequence; on the contrary, prospects of general activity are noticeable everywhere.

"Backward spring, did you re nark? That's a fact, but is by no means limited to any one section of the country but is common to the whole continent.

"Misery may love company, still there is every reason to believe that once the dispute between the mine operators and the miners has been satisfactorily adjusted, there will immediately follow an era of business prosperity that will be as welcome as it is certain.

"At Pincher Creek the conversation is largely of an agricultural character; 'spring plowing,' 'manure spreading,' etc., are topics of daily converse. Still, interspersed with these, oil, coal and railroads are mentioned. Among those vitally interested in the development of coal property is a well-known Crows' Nest citizen, formerly mayor of Cranbrook and ertswhile manager of the Sullivan mines at Kimberley—Mr. J. Finlay. The road between Pincher Creek and the station is, or rather has been, for several months in an abominable condition, and as there are no woods to take to, all vehicles have taken to the fields.

"Cowley is in expectation of another railroad going through; every farmer feeling certain that it will tap his section. This is a future possibility; the one certain event of daily importance is that the passengers of the eastbound local dine there and the inner man is well attended to by the local Bonifaces.

"Lundbreck is a fit substitute for the 'deserted village.' The tipple of the local Mining Co. looms up against the sky, but that is all it does, as an 'oppressing quietude reigns supreme.'

"Hillcrest is the next station, and here those who are visiting either Bellevue or the point which has been graphically described by C. P. Hill as the Pittsburg of the west, descend and wend their way north or south, according to their objective point. Hillcrest and Bellevue are both coal mining camps, which are holidaying pending the settlement. This is enabling the men to get the practise at football, necessary to compete in the struggle for the league championship. The greatest enjoyment perhaps is that of the liberated quadrupeds who are growing sleek, fat and frolicsome; doubtless if they had any voice anent the cause of their idleness they would be unanimously opposed to any conditions which would alter their present happy days that must forcibly recall the days of coltdom.

"Frank.—This town, the hub of the surrounding district, is more active than it has been for some time past, consequent upon the mines being in full swing and over 200 men on the payroll. Some of the merchants, who in the early spring were seriously contemplating moving to more remunerative localities, have been forced to recognize the fact that they might go farther and fare worse, so have decided to stay where they are. This is one of the mining companies which, with the Crows' Nest Pass Coal Co., withdrew from the operators' association and made an agreement with its employees.

"At Lille, which is six miles north of Frank, practically all is at a standstill, only sufficient coal being mined to keep the Belgian coke ovens in operation.

"Blairmore is on the eve of a period of development, which means much to the investing pulic. The mammoth cement works are being pushed to completion as speedily as possible, and ere long Blairmore cement will become a household word.

"A splendid seam of coal is being exploited under the supervision of Mr. Chas. Chestnutt, a thoroughly practical and experienced mining man.

"Coleman is quiet and necessarily so, because the mines of the International Coal & Coke Co. are not in operation, being affected by the labor trouble. The McGillivray Coal & Coke Co., whose property is located about three miles from town, is pushing developments forward as rapidly as possible. F. C Green, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the engineer in charge of construction.

"Many of the foreign miners have taken advantage of the cessation of work to pay a visit to the homeland, whilst others, both British and foreign, are busily occupied as amateur carpenters and builders, constructing homes for themselves. Quite a number too, are utilizing the enforced holiday to attend to homesteading duties on the prairie.

"At McGillivray the station at the Loop is the junction point of the new railroad called the "Eastern British Columbia," whose present terminal point, thirteen miles south, is Corbin, where the coal properties opened up by Corbin Bros., of Spokane, are located. The survey for the extension of the road, on through the Flathead, into the U.S., tapping the State of Minnesota, is at present in progress.

"Six miles west of McGillivray, the first of the camps operated by the C. N. P. Coal Co., is reached—Michel. This is under the superintendence of Mr. Norman Fraser, until recently Government Mines Inspector for the province of Alberta. Coal mining and coke making are in full swing at this point. To mention Michel without referring to Newtown would be very discourteous, so will remark that inasmuch as the C. N. P. Coal Co. has a monoply upon everything in the old town, as there was some government land about 1½ miles west of the C. P. R. station, it was opened up, rapidly disposed of, and is being developed with no uncertain gait. Hotels, dry, hardware and other stores, in fact, all the concomitants of an enterprising town are in evidence. The C. P. R. has deemed it of sufficient importance to make a halt, and intends building a station shortly. 'Newtown' is the present terminus of the Great Northern, and, judging by the yard facilities, the 'Jim Hill' road evidently anticipates considerable growth.

"Hosmer is the next station. Here the Hosmer mines are located (property of the C. P. R.), but this place, like others already mentioned, is at present very dormant, and although long rows of coke ovens are visible and huge smoke stacks rear their heads heavenward, there is neither black fumes nor vapor in the air. This leaves the atmosphere pure and unadulterated, but from a commercial view point, leaves much to be desired.

"Fernie! Yes, it certainly speaks well for the spirit of the people to see the tremendons strides that have been accomplished since the disastrous August 1st, and as you come into the station a magnificent brick building, fast approaching completion, attracts one's attention. This is the new school building of which Fernie citizens will have every reason to be proud, and particularly those who have children will rejoice when it is formally opened and education, which has been of somewhat desultory character since the recent fire, will be once again on a normal basis.

The proprietors of business houses, when asked about the state of affairs, invariably reply: 'very fair; of course we could do more, but there is a decided improvement now that the operation of the mines is assured for two years more.'

"Who hasn't heard of Elko hasn't lived. If you would know of its potentialities, if you would drink a cup of optimistic mind invigorating liquid, drop a stamped addressed envelope to the sage of Tobacco Plains, the rooter for Roosville, the biggest booster in B.C.—Fred. Roo; and if his medicine does not work wonders, then the class of 'incurables' awaits an addition.

"At Jaffray there are three sawmills in operation, clearly evidencing that the lumber industry has once again awakened to new vigor.

"A new company, with large capital behind, has taken hold of the Crows' Nest Pass Lumber Co., at Wardner, but high water has at present temporarily caused a suspension of sawing, etc.

"Cranbrook! Well now, this is the Mecca for you people along the Crow, and you know practically, if not in reality, all that transpires there as well as I do. If you wish any pointers as how to advertise your place to the best advantage, Cranbrook can furnish them At the east end of the C. P. R. platform a glaring board, extolling the climatic and other features of Cranbrook, has been erected, and on a small patch of ground, immediately in front, a miniature garden plot is being laid out.

"Moyie is the last town of importance before reaching Creston, and I may say that probably more buildings have been erected during the past three months than during any three months in the town's history. The continued success of tne Consolidated properties, together with the splendid prospects for the future as development progresses in the nearby properties, 'The Aurora' and 'Society Girl,' are establishing in the minds of many the idea of permanency in this wonderful lead producing locality.

"What do I think of Creston? Now, here's where I leave that for you to dilate upon, assuring you that it is in capable hands. Do I notice any growth? Why, my dear Jay-Jay, a man blind in one eye and a huge cataract in the other could not fail to note the remarkable developments and stupendous growth. The very fact that you have a newspaper man who will soon be in the fat boy's brigade, speaks volumes, and Mendelssohn's 'Songs without words' are only ditties compared to that which your sleek and 'comfy' appearance bespeak for the city of Creston. Tra-la old man, I see that your pencil is beginning to wiggle, so '23.'"

As showing the advance that has been made in commerce in the interior of British Columbia we mention that several banks are about to open branches. At Moyie a branch of the Imperial bank is to be installed and the same company are constructing a substantial stone and brick building at Fernie. A branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce is to be opened at Nakusp, which will be a great boon to the ranchers along the Arrow lakes and to other important points. The Royal Bank of Canada is also opening a branch at Cranbrook.

On Wednesday afternoon, June 9th, the Ladies Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church drove to Rosedale Farm, the beautiful country place of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rose, to welcome back to Creston their friend, Mrs. Watcher, who has been sojourning in her old home in Ontario for the past ten months for the benefit of her health. Mrs. Watcher returned to Creston last week much benefited by her trip east, and her many friends here are glad to welcome her back. The afternoon was pleasantly spent by music and repartee, and delightful refreshments were served. The visitors to Rosedale farm were: Mesdames R. M. Reid, S. A. Speers, E. C. Wilson, J. Hobden, W. K. Brown, J. Sherwood, J. Arrowsmith, G. A. M. Young, J. Dow, J. Darbyshire, H. McCreath, G. Hunscroft, Spiker, Barton, and Mallandaine.

NOTICE.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church purpose holding a Box Social in the Creston Mercantile Hall on Friday, June 18th. The boxes will range in price from 25 cents to $1.00 (nothing higher). All ladies in the community are cordially invited and earnestly requested to come and bring a box. Don't forget the date, June 18th.

DEMOCRATS AND CARRIAGES

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

Hold your Orders until you inspect these

The Creston Mercantile Co.

ARE YOU AILING
WEAK AND NERVOUS

To-day the common complaint with weak men and women is lack of kidney vitality. Here you have the cause of your ill-health.

Wouldn't it be wise to use a time-tested remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they cure that "ailing" feeling in one night. Next morning you feel like new—bright, fresh, and happy. Appetite improves, dull, sallow color grows ruddy and clear, proving that great good is being done by this scientific medicine.

Dr. HAmilton's Pills
A Sure Cure

No Appetite—Bad Color—General Debility.

"I was run down," writes Mr. Albert E Dixon, of Fairhaven P. O. "My color was dull, and appetite was poor, and I constantly suffered from rheumatism.

"I found it hard to sleep and felt worn out and tired all the time. Dr. Hamilton's Pills made an instant change. I grew strong, my blood was restored, rheumatism vanished. To-day I am vigorous, cheery and healthy in every respect.

Take Dr. Hamilton's Pills when you're well, when you're sick, whenever you think a purifying tonic will do you good. Sold everywhere in yellow boxes, 25c each, or five for $1.00. Insist on having only Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut.

RIGHT HAND OR BOTH HANDS.

Four-fifths of the Babies Said to be Ambidextrous.

Many reasons have been advanced for the prevalence of righthandedness. It is by some said to be the result of nursing and infantile treatment, to be due to early practice in writing and drawing, to be the outcome of warfare, education and heredity, the result of mechanical law and other remote causes, according to the Strand. Sir James Sawyer declares that the preferential use of the right hand is due to the fact that in primitive days man used the right hand for the purposes of offence, so as to keep the heart—the vital spot—as far as possible from the assault of an adversary. Recent experiments and observations, however, prove that single handedness is merely the result of faulty or restricted education.

It is a curious instance of human contrariness that should one eye, one ear or one leg of a child show signs of diminished vigor the parents would instantly seeks the cause of and if possible the remedy for that lamentable condition; yet for some inexplicable reason or prejudice the left hand of the average child is ruthlessly and deliberately neglected until in mature years it is an undeveloped, useless and almost unnecessary appendage.

Careful observations have shown that out of every hundred persons born into this world eighty are congenitally ambidextrous—that is to say, they will instinctively reach for an object with either hand and only require proper instruction and training to develop both hands and arms to an equal degree of strength and skill.

Of the remaining twenty seventeen will be right handed, while the other three will show a natural bias toward the left hand. The cultivation of ambidexterity therefore offers no insuperable difficulties, and the economical, physiological and psychological advantages are enormous.

It is said that the Japanese soldiers can use their weapons with equal skill in either hand, for they are trained to be ambidextrous from childhood. At school they are taught to write and draw with both hands. In drawing and painting no supporting device whatever is used, the entire arm being employed.

The German educational authorities, too, are at present giving considerable attention to left hand work, especially in their technical and mechanical schools. The students are taught to saw, plane and hammer as well with the left hand as with the right, and the economical and industrial importance of ambidexterity is firmly impressed upon the minds of young men and women.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

THE COMET.

Three Times the Size of the Earth, But of Little Weight.

The much-discussed comet of 1907 is rapidly nearing the sun. It will turn round the sun and start on its furious rush back into the outskirts of space, whence it came, on September 4.

Mlle. G. Renaudot, a member of the Astronomical Society, and a well known writer on scientific subjects, has given some interesting details about this "wagabond traveller through space," as she calls the comet.

Mlle. Renaudot does a great deal of work at the Juvisy Observatory, in France, where, under the direction of M. Flammarion, the famous French astronomer, the finest photographs of the comet have been taken.

"Its brilliancy at its best is that of a star of the second magnitude, and it is brightest at the head, the light decreasing as the end of the tail is reached.

"This is the most beautiful comet, and the finest since 1882. It actually extends to a length of 14 degrees, or about 28 times the diameter of the moon, a distance of 32,000,000 kilometres (about 20,000,000 miles).

"Its head, with its starry halo, measures 380,000 kilometres (about 237,500 miles) in length; that is, nearly thirty times the diameter of the earth.

"It is astounding to think of this little splash of light in the sky, hardly larger in appearance than a pin's head, being thirty times as big as the earth.

"This strange creation," Mlle. Renaudot continues, "may be compared to a puff of wind, of fantastic shape and extreme tenuity, which travels through space at a rate of 45 kilometres a second, or 172,800 kilometres (about 107,500 miles) an hour.

"Though it travels between us and the star, strangely enough it does not eclipse them, for they can be seen through it.

"How straight through space this wanderer, this vagabond traveller goes, to travel round the sun on September 4, and then to escape in the end into the deserts of infinity."

Mlle. Renaudot gives a particularly interesting surmise as to what might happen should a great comet collide with the earth.

"The eventuality is not impossible," she says. "Without doubt this planet might be plunged for some hours into cometary vapors, composed of hydrogen what the physiological consequences might be.

"In all probability the first effect would be a great diminution in the and carbon. Nobody can say definitely amount of oxygen in the air. It would bring about extremely low spirits, a general depression and a state of dull lethargy would fall on the earth until the comet passed away.

"Then, with the diminution of nitrogen and the increase of oxygen in the air, a great reaction would be produced.

"At first it would take the form of a happy satisfaction, an irresistible gaiety. Quickly following this would come a nervous excitement, caused by a more rapid combustion of the blood in the lungs, and its more rapid circulation.

"Then would follow a wild orgy. The whole of humanity would palpitate to the beating of the same heart, beating accelerated until, in the end, the brain itself would be attacked by this supercombustion of oxygen. The whole world transported into a wild madness, would hurl itself into a mad dance, and participate in the wildest extravagances, ending in final exhaustion.

"The flamboyant mantle of the comet would have become the shroud of humanity.

"This is a grievous prophecy. I admit it is extreme, and do not hesitate to add that, in all probability, the collision might not bring such terrible consequences.

"Calculations go to prove that the largest comets, such as the comet of 1811, weigh almost nothing, have no density, and could not even penetrate near our atmosphere.

"If the collision were not fatal, it would probably prove quite inoffensive. But there is no cause for fear; the odds are a thousand millions to one against such a collision ever occurring."

He Wanted the Chicago Train.

"Step lively now," said the gateman at the Union Station. "Where do you want to go?"

"Which is the Chicago train?" asked a lean, perspiring man who was certainly very wilted.

"Second track. Are you going to Chicago? Let's see your ticket."

The traveler had the ticket stowed away in a big flat pocketbook. When he produced it the gateman said: "Why, you're not going to Chicago. That ticket's for South Milwaukee."

"I know it," was the embarassed reply, "but I take the Chicago train. South Milwaukee is on the way to Chicago."

"Suppose it is: that train over there goes through South Milwaukee at forty miles an hour—doesn't stop at all. If you're going to South Milwaukee you want to say so. I thought you wanted the train for Chicago."

"When do I get a train?"

"In about an hour."

As the traveller wearily made his way over to a bench to plant himself for a long wait, the gateman said:

"Cases like that every day. Man comes up here to ask about the train for St. Paul. You'd think he was going up there to close some $2,000,000 deal. Come to look at his ticket, he's bound for some whistlin' post on the way. It's strange that so many people who live on the country or in small towns try to give the impression that they belong in some large city. No, sir, you can't tell where a man is going by the questions he asks. It's always safer to look at his ticket. Now, that fellow from South Milwaukee who made the play about the Chicago train would have been carried to Racine if he'd got on that train, all because he wanted to make believe he was going to Chicago."

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Mistake Somewhere.

The man with the fur cap was looking absent mindedly at the man with the green silk muffler, who sat on the other side of the car, directly opposite him.

As he looked he immediately rubbed a forefinger up and down his left cheek.

Presently the man opposite took out his handkerchief and furtively wiped his own cheek.

In his absent-minded manner the passenger with the fur cap continued to rub his cheek.

Again the passenger with the muffler took out his handkerchief and wiped his cheek, this time more vigorously.

Then he of the fur cap began to take notice.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but I didn't mean anything by that."

"Didn't mean anything by what?" asked the other.

"By—er—scratching my cheek, you know. I wasn't thinking what I was—"

"Who said you meant anything?"

"Why, I didn't know but you thought I was trying to——"

"Trying to what?"

"To convey the idea that you had a spot of some kind on your——"

"On my what?"

"On your own cheek. Because, so far as I know, you hadn't."

"Who said I had? What are you talking about, anyhow?"

"Blame it all, can't you see? I am trying to apologize for having inadvertently directed your attention——"

"You didn't direct my attention to anything, sir!" retorted the man with the green silk muffler, frowning at him.

"I didn't notice what you were doing or that you were doing anything whatever. I haven't set eyes on you since I came in the car, till now."

Then the passenger with the fur cap straightened up.

"Darn him!" he muttered, "I believe he's lying!"

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

COURT REPORTER WRITES VERSE.

(Toronto Star.)

Two men, a fight,
And then all night
Within a station cell.
A fine to-day,
Which they must pay.
'Tis all there is to tell.

The Crowler of the Town.

"It's mighty bright weather."

"Oh, yes! but trouble's a-comin'!"

"Haven't any objection to the sunshine, have you?"

"Oh, no; except that it's too bright for my poor old eyes."—Atlanta Constitution.

When the conceited man sees his shadow he thinks it is night for the world.

PERUNA

For Catarrh of the Throat of Two Years' Standing.

"I was afflicted for two years with catarrh of the throat. At first it was very slight, but every cold I took made it worse.

"I followed your directions and in a very short time I began to improve. I took one bottle and am now taking my second. I can safely say that my throat and head are cleared from catarrh at the present time, but I still continue to take my usual dose for a spring tonic, and I find there is nothing better."—Mrs. W. Pray, 260 Twelfth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Each With a Point.

A single man is doubly attractive to a spinster.

Any woman can take a hint—if disguised as a "beauty hint."

Don't be a grouch generator; grouches have no market value.

The story of Lot's wife shall be taken with more than a grain of salt.

It's a good thing to tell the truth occasionally just to keep in practice.

Love is blind, but after marriage a man is apt to take an occasional eye opener.

A bachelor says that a wise man has no secrets from his wife—because he hasn't any wife.

Nothing increases the anger of an angry woman like the refusal of the man in the case to talk back.

We are told that actions speak louder than words, but it depends a good deal on who is doing the talking.—Chicago News.

Cure Neuralgic Agony

No affliction is so painful, so hard to bear, as Neuralgia. It may strike any organ—one nerve, or perhaps, a whole set of nerves may be afflicted. Physicians who have had large experience with this malady say local applications are best.

A well-tried treatment consists of rubbing the afflicted parts thoroughly with Nerviline. The rubbing should be continued until the skin shows a warm, healthy glow. This invariably relieves the pain.

Protection against relapse is best secured by wearing a Nerviline Porous Plaster over the weak spot. No greater healer than a Nerviline Plaster is known—it draws out congestion, absorbs deleterious secretions through relaxed pores, acts as a sure preventive against muscular aches, rheumatism, sciatica, stiffness, lumbago and neuralgia.

Nerviline Instantly Cures

Remember this: Nerviline treatment has for nearly fifty years been curing chronic cases—it will cure you, too—give it the chance. 25c bottles of Nerviline and Nerviline Porous Plasters 25c each. Sold at all dealers.

New Parisian Terror.

We are threatened—at least you are threatened in London, for we have it already in Paris—with a fearsome novelty in barrel organs. An ingenious descendant of Mephistopheles has invented a piano-organ, which is built on the lines of an automatic match machine. Its proprietor places it outside a house and goes round the corner.

The organ begins to play and on top of it appears a notice, "Put a penny in the slot and the music will stop." A penny only buys three minutes' silence, though. Has anything more diabolical yet been invented?—London Evening Standard.

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. B CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

AIRSHIP FLEETS—NOT YET.

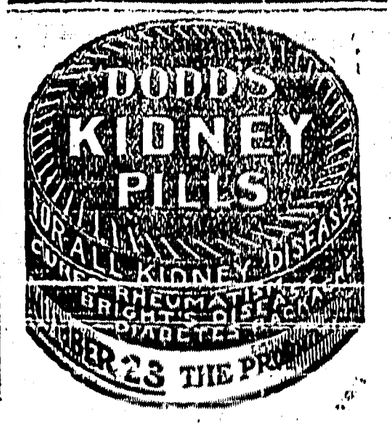
(Victoria Colonist).

The experience of Count Zeppelin's airship, which was caught in a heavy windstorm, demonstrates two things. One of them is that aerial navigation can without very great difficulty be made practically safe, and the other is that sufficient progress has not yet been made in it to warrant the belief that it has been advanced to such a stage as to be a trustworthy means of communication, especially for military purposes.

A Real Wonder.

"They say Flubdub's youngest boy is quite a prodigy.

"Yes, he can name all the Vice-Presidents of the United States."—Puck.



Things That Went Wrong.

The Old Subscriber.

The editor of the Drearyhurst Argus looked up.

One of his old subscribers had just entered the office.

"How are you, Mr. Hartwell?" he said. "What can I do for you this morning?"

"I reckon my subscription has just about expired, hasn't it?" asked Farmer Hartwell.

"I believe it has."

"Well, I guess I'd better set it ahead another year."

"There's no hurry about it, you know."

"I know it, but I can just as well do it now as any other time. We have to take the paper, you know. My wife says——"

Here the old subscriber paused and smiled jocosely.

The editor braced himself.

"Your wife says she can't get along without it, I suppose. It just fits——"

"Not at all, sir," interrupted the old subscriber, with a frown. "It doesn't fit her pantry shelves. She says, it's our duty to take the paper to help you along."

A MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE IS HER BABY'S WELFARE.

Every mother is anxious that her little ones shall be healthy, good natured and bright. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets will cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, and make teething easy. Mrs. T. Covert Massie, Toronto, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little boy since he was three months old, and find that they agree with him splendidly." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Danger in Eye Poultices.

Do not poultice an eye in any circumstances whatever. Binding a wet application over an eye for several hours must damage that eye, the assertions of those professing to have personal experience in this to the contrary notwithstanding. The failure to aggravate an existing trouble by binding a moist application over an inflamed eye, which application is supposed to remain for an entire night, can only be explained by the supposition that a guardian angel has watched over that misguided case and has displaced the poultice before it had got in its fine work.

All oculists condemn the poultice absolutely, in every shape and in every form. Tea leaves, bread and milk, raw oysters, scraped beef, scraped raw turnip or raw potato, and the medley of other similar remedies popularly recommended, are, one and all, capable of producing irremediable damage to the integrity of the tissues of the visual organ.—From the Family Doctor.

HOW TO KNOW THEM.

(Toronto Globe.)

State Senator Ettleson, of Illinois, has introduced a bill to confer a title on bachelors whereby they can readily be distinguished from married men. A spinster is distinguished from a married woman, the prefix Miss proclaims her happy condition. But when a man is introduced to her the Mister is no clue to his marital or nonmarital state. The Senator's interest in the matter has been aroused by complaints of ladies who declare that married men under cover of their indistinguishing prefix pose as single men.

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 instrutions. 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.

EFFICIENT LABOR CHEAP LABOR.

Another cause of lower cost in building is a very significant one, and ought to contain a lesson for organized labor. Labor in the building trades is said to be much more efficient than it was during the "boom" period, and consequently it is cheaper even where there is no reduction of wages. After a period of reduced employment the most capable of the men are now hired, and they feel the need of doing their best to keep their places. Accordingly, their work is worth more and the result of it costs less, and thereby they are helping the cause of industrial and business recovery. When the workmen were demanding all they could get in a busy time, causing loss by strikes when their demands were not complied with, and giving as little value as they could in labor, they were preparing, as surely as reckless capitalists, for the reaction and depression that came.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Powdered Glass in Sandpaper.

"There is no sand in sandpaper," said the manufacturer. "It is powdered glass that does the business. That's where the broken bottles go to."

He nodded toward an Everest of broken bottles in the yard.

"We powder the glass into half a dozen grades," he said. "We coat our paper with an even layer of hot glue. Then, without loss of time, we spread on the glass powder. Finally we run a wooden roller lightly over the sheets to give them a good surface.

"When in the past they made sandpapey of sand it wouldn't do a quarter of the work that glasspaper does."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Resentment.

"What made you draw yoh razzer when dat man said he didn' have no kind o' soda water flavorin' 'ceppin' chocolate?" inquired Miss Miami Brown.

"I's tired o' hearin' 'bout drawin' de color line," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I wanted to give notice dat I ain' gwineter stand for no Jim Crow soda fountains."—Washington Star.

The annual whaling catch at present is about 150.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

DON'T BE AFRAID

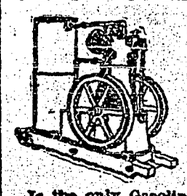
that Sunlight Soap will spoil your clothes. There are no injurious chemicals in Sunlight Soap to bite holes in even the most delicate fabric. $5,000 are offered to anyone finding adulteration in Sunlight Soap.

Photograph of the Hand.

A novel method of identifying criminals with absolute certainty has been devised by Prof. Tamassia. When comparing the veins on the back of both hands a striking diversity will be observed. Far more important, however, are the differences noted in the hands of different persons. In order to cause the veins to stand out more distinctly the wrist should be bandaged for a short time. Their courses can then be photographed.

Owing to the size of the hand it is far easier to discover slight diversities than in minute prints of finger tips. Nor can any voluntary alteration of the vein tissues be feared, unless the hand should be seriously injured.—Scientific American.

THE "CHAMPION"



GAS and GASOLINE ENGINES

It must give satisfaction or you don't pay for it.

SOLD ON TRIAL

Is the only Gasoline Engine that you can try before you buy. I know what the "Champion" will do, and I want you to be fully satisfied with it before you pay for it. The price is low. Full particulars free.

Wm. Gillespie, Dept. "M"
68 Front St. East, Toronto

An Anti-Ant Building.

Reinforced concrete is the material which will be used almost exclusively in the construction of the new Government buildings to be erected by the United States at San Juan, Porto Rico, for use as a post office, court house and custom house. Wood is to be practically excluded from the structure; the only place about the building where wood will be employed will be in the window sashes on one side of the edifice. The interior doors will be of rattan. The reason why wood is being avoided by the Government in this case is because there is a small ant indigenous to the island of Porto Rico which eats its way up through wooden chairs, doors and desks and makes them spongy on the inside.—Cement Age.

Terrible.

"What's that book you're reading, papa?"

"The 'Last Days of Pompeii,' my dear."

"What did he die of, Papa?"

"An eruption."

C. N. A new discovery. Has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sufferers from lack of vigor and vital weakness which sap the pleasures of life should take C. N. One box will show wonderful results. Sent by mail in plain package only on receipt of this advertisement and one dollar. Address, The Nervine Co., Windsor, Ont.

KINRADE CASE.

(Kincardine Review.)

A loaded cartridge has been found by the police in a yard near the Kinrade residence in Hamilton. The inventory in the Kinrade case, therefore, stands as follows:

Theories	470
Clues	23
Suspects	17
Cartridges	1
Revolvers	0
Arrests	0

ISSUE NO. 16, 1909

HELP WANTED.

CANVASSERS WANTED—BEST SAMPLE case; best ten; best terms. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

WANTED—AGENTS—MALE AND FEMALE; make big money selling our office and household specialties; entirely new; everyone wants them; write quick. Agencies, Ltd., 595 St. Paul street, Montreal.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY BANKING town to sell the "5 in 1" System of Correspondence without envelopes which eliminate the use, expense and trouble of envelopes and addressing them. Used extensively for letters, notices, invoices, statements, acknowledgments, assessments, etc. Ask your banker about it. They all use it. Bank clerks especially in spare moments will find selling "5 in 1" a pleasant and profitable recreation. Send for samples. The "5 in 1" Letter-Envelope Co., Ltd., Toronto.

FARMS FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—OR TO RENT—140 ACRES, close to Bothwell; good house and farm buildings; good roads; terms easy. Apply to Gibbons, Harper & Gibbons, London, Canada.

Farm For Sale 7,000 Profit-Paying Farms in 14 States. Strout's New Monthly Bulletin of Real Bargains, profusely illustrated, mailed *free*; we pay your R. R. fare. E. A. STROUT CO., Real Est., World's Largest Farm Dealers, University Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

FOR SALE.

WOOLLEN MILL FOR SALE—BEST custom and mail order business in State; age compels retirement; don't write unless you mean business. Wm. Lambert, Reed City, Michigan.

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, 420 Richard street, Vancouver, B. C.

AGENTS—BRANCH OFFICE—CREW ORganizers wanted everywhere, advertising and introducing 50 New Family Soap assortments; seven cakes $1.00; box costs 12c; talcum powder premium; others in proportion; handsome packages; competition beaten all ways; general agency pays $50-$100 weekly. Moore Bros., manufacturers (20 years established), 288 Greenwich street, New York.

LAND WANTED.

BEFORE SELLING YOUR SCRIP, WIRE me quantity and lowest price you will take, subject telegraphic acceptance, you to forward subject sight draft; any bank. Henning, 354 Main, Winnipeg.

WANTED—SOUTH AFRICAN VETERans' land warrants; spot cash paid. W. P. Rodgers, real estate agent, 603 McIntyre block, Winnipeg, Man.

AS THE TWIG BENDS.

Kendall had a son who was the pride of his heart. One day he found one of his favorite cherry trees cut down.

"Jack," he said, "did you do that?"

With quivering lip Jack replied, "Father I can't deceive you; I did not cut the tree down; Billy Brown did it, but I boxed the job."

Tears of joy sprang into the father's eyes. "Bless you, my boy," he said. "Billy will be President of the United States, but you will be chairman of the national committee."—Success Magazine.

CELERY KING NATURE'S CURE

Are You Thin

Pale, weak and nervous people need a tonic that will build them up and make them well and strong. Celery King is the tonic that will do these things. Large package 25 cents, at dealers or by mail. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

Cure for Toothache.

A London physician at a meeting of a medical society stated that extraction of teeth was unnecessary. He was enabled to cure the most desperate case of toothache, he said, unless the case was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth; Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirits of ether, seven drachms; mix and apply to tooth.—From the London Globe.

To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT myself as well as prescribed it in my practice where a liniment was required, and have never failed to get the desired effect.

C. A. KING, M.D.

Electricity Cleans Vessel.

An electrical method of cleansing the hull of a vessel without the necessity of docking the craft is in use in England to a certain extent. The scrubber works by being dragged up and down under the hull of the ship by ropes. By the use of electricity it is made to cling to the steel sides of the ship like a magnet.

The mat of the scrubber is a series of battens carrying the brushes and magnets. Position chains are passed around the ship at the bow and stern, and between these hauling hawsers, carrying the mat, are moved fore and aft by a steam winch. It has been demonstrated that an 18,000-ton battleship can be scrubbed in twelve hours. The cost of cleaning a vessel by this method is small. It is said that a 4,000-ton ship can be cleaned in about eight hours, at a cost of $100.

THE FAVORITES

EDDY'S "SILENT" MATCHES

"Silent as the Sphinx!"

THE MOST PERFECT MATCHES YOU EVER STRUCK

Always, everywhere in Canada, ask for Eddy's Matches

THE CHICAGO WHEAT KING PATTEN.

Winner of $4,000,000 in Three Days---Tells of His Jump From a Farmer Boy to a Multi-Millionaire.

JAS. PATTEN, THE WHEAT KING, HIS WIFE AND HIS MANSION IN EVANSTON.

Chicago, Ill., Despatch—In three days—a Tuesday, a Wednesday and a Thursday—a man in Chicago won from the world and deposited to his credit in Chicago banks between $3,500,000 and $4,000,000—more than a million a day.

Jas. A. Patten wrung this colossal fortune from wheat, from which our white bread is made. And $4,000,000 represents only a fraction of what he has made in his corner which has driven prices higher than for eleven years, and he will, he says, win millions more.

I came to Chicago to look into the face of this wonderful man and have him tell me his wonderful story.

As I was ushered into the offices of Bartlett, Patten & Co., just across from the Board of Trade building, where dealers were howling and fighting like madmen, the big man sat, hat on, cigar in mouth, in a leather chair against the wall, trying to balance two miniature sacks of wheat on his generous knees.

In each hand he held a little mound of the precious grain.

First he poked up one, smelled of it, and then did the same to the other.

His unlined, genial face looked untroubled.

"Want to talk to me?" he grumbled. "Why, I'm nothing but a farmer clod. I'm a freak; an accident; no education, nothing of that kind. All I know is wheat."

A bag slipped. Kernels poured out and filled his lap. Little heaps trickled to the marble floor. He didn't shake them off or order them swept up.

"You see my business is exactly like a doctor's," he said. "I have to diagnose the case carefully. I have to look out for all kinds of symptoms. And after I'd done that on the wheat question I decided it needed a cure, so I set about it."

The grumble was all gone. The unlit cigar was used as a sort of pointer. The whole man became absorbed in explaining his "corner."

"Farmers all over the country have been steadily giving up the growing of wheat," he went on. "They would grow only about 15 bushels to the acre, and selling that at 80 or 90 cents a bushel netted them less than they could get for almost any other crop.

"But while that went on the country didn't stop eating white bread. The taste for it grew. Foreigners who came ate rye bread at first. But as they became more Americanized they thought the dark bread plebeian.

"So we've become a nation of white bread eaters.

"That means just one thing, or at least I diagnosed the case that way. Higher prices had to be brought about to induce the farmers to raise wheat. Somebody had to do it, and so why not I?

"But more than that. This year I saw that the crop of wheat was going to be smaller than usual. The drought made the soil in Kansas like powder when it was sown. It hadn't come up by Christmas. There are droughts in many places now. And in South America, where much of the wheat for Europe is grown, the January crop was less than two-thirds what it was last year. That meant that United States wheat would be bought up by the exporters and leave this country with no wheat at all. The same thing happened in India two years ago, and it brought famine.

"These are the conditions that made me help put wheat up to a price that kept it from being sent out of the country. It was simply protecting our necessary home product just as a tariff would have done."

"Are bread prices going up any higher?" I asked.

Patten drummed his cigar against the chair arm. "I do not believe now that bread will go above 6 cents a loaf, and 6 cents a loaf is a lot better than no bread. At least, I shall do nothing to force prices higher. All I want is to keep them above the exporter's grab. Why, the very thing I've been doing this week by selling is keeping wheat from soaring and the market going wild.

"However, that doesn't apply to the soft winter wheat flour from which hot breads, fine rolls, etc., are made. The south and fastidious roll eaters will have to pay for what they want, for I don't believe there is enough of that wheat left to last a month.

"THE WHOLE PINCH WILL COME AFTER JUNE 1."

The coming "pinch" didn't seem to weigh on the wheat king's spirits. In another breath he was laughing about how his youngest son, Jack, 13, played a joke on him at dinner, the night before.

"Jack asked me what the president's name was 40 years ago," he said. "I floundered around from Johnson to Grant."

"Jack shook his head.

"Finally I had to ask.

"'Taft,' he chuckled, and of course it was. You see I bite on other people's games. Wheat's the only one I know."

I wanted Patten to tell me what he thought of the morals of gambling in staple necessities. Higher prices for bread is a tax on women. I wondered if this man realized what a penny more a day meant to the average housewife, or a thinner slice of bread meant to a tenement child. He sees no wrong in what he has done. He thinks it is only fair trading. "But," said he, "I'm not arguing that I don't like to make money. In that respect I'm like 99 out of every 100 men. I like to make it and to spend it. I have no fads for spending it.

"I worked on a farm 60 miles from here till I was 22. Then I came to the city and went with a grain inspecting firm. After four years it went to pieces and I gathered up the remains.

"I had to learn about the way things go on the grain market, just as a man who goes to church all the time has to know something about religion."

Suddenly he jumped to his feet and squared 'round earnestly, defiantly.

"'But there's one thing I wouldn't do,' he said. "I wouldn't push up the price of bread just for my own gain. I've received a lot of letters from poor people blaming me for doing that. They wouldn't if they only knew and appreciated the truth of the situation."

I went to Patten's mansion in Evanston, with its imposing white marble columns and beautiful approaches, to learn from Mrs. Patten if she understood the argument of her husband's critics. She does not sympathize with those who say that it is wrong for one man to be remarded with $4,000,000 in three days, for his services in putting up the price of the greatest human necessity. Her husband's view is her view.

"This trouble had to come, and it is wonderful the way Mr. Patten has taken it," she said.

"When he comes home at night we never know by his manner what a strain he has been through. He is always good-natured. We only know by the papers the next day what has happened."

Mrs. Patten was simply dressed in a black and white silk morning gown. She is not a society woman and is noted for her unassuming dress and ways.

"Mr. Patten has no fads," she said. "He leaves home every morning in time to reach his office in Chicago about 9.

"He does not even drive an automobile himself, because, you know, a man who takes the time to do that can't be very busy."

There are three children in the Patten family: Agnes 17, Tom 15 and Jack 13. All attend the Evanston public schools.

Jack Patten shines his father's shoes every morning and gets a nickel for it. That is all the spending money his father gives him.—Dorothy Dale.

AGAIN A PREACHER.

Once an Outcast, He Goes Back to His Old Work.

Not Reinstated, But Applied For Ordination as a Newcomer.

New York Sun: The New York Presbytery, which a few days ago rejected candidates for the ministry from the Union Theological Seminary, took in a recruit on Monday whose experience is far different from that of most of the Union seminarists. He is a man who fell from the priesthood itself and has worked up to such a plane of rectitude that the Presbytery is glad to welcome him once more. The man is Harvey Graeme Furbay. He is a Ph. D. in the ministerial directories, which, as a sympathetic brother of the cloth observed yesterday, indicates that he is "doctor" by right of study and by a higher title than though it were a D. D. degree by favor. As Dr. Furbay he is known here in New York, where he has been for the last few years manager of the Industrial Christian Alliance at 170 Bleecker street, and as such he was known some years ago in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, which he entered in 1890.

Something like a decade ago he left it, and since then and before his arrival at his present post in Bleecker street he has been at times a tramp, a teacher, a temperance lecturer, a drunkard, even a prisoner handcuffed to a black man and cell-mate of three negroes. Strangely enough, it was in the company of two other black men that he appeared before the church fathers more than a year ago and asked to be taken under the Presbytery's care.

Now, at the completion of his term of probation and supervision he is to be ordained as a newcomer into the ranks of the ministry; he has declined to take any advantage of his earlier experience and has stood before the Presbytery. Rev. Dr. Bancroft Devlus said yesterday, exactly as a man who for the first time entered the church and prepared himself for the ministry.

Dr. Furbay when he first entered the ministry had a charge at Reynoldsville, Pa., from which he went to Tyrone, Pa., where he succeeded Rev. John R. Davies, who came to the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. Thence Dr. Furbay went to the Oxford Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia.

While he was there his wife died and he turned to drink. Once at a summer resort, awakening to a realization that he was drinking disgracefully, he did not seek to return to his church, but sent in his resignation and asked the Presbytery to relieve him of his allegiance. Under a rule of the Church, he being his own accuser, his request was granted without publicity or trial. Then began the period of roaming. It took him to many parts of the country. He never knew why he drank, as he did not like liquor. He taught school for a season, and did not touch it. Then one day he was standing on a corner in Chicago waiting for a car, saw a saloon, entered—and the rest of the tale need not be told.

He lectured, tramped, did many things and incidentally learned much about the armies of the unemployed, the panhandlers and the vagabonds. Part of the time he was in New York, and here once he was arrested after he had sold his clothing. It was then that he was sent from Chatham square to the island coupled to a negro.

A fortnight after his release he wandered into the McAuley Mission in Water street, and the late Mr. Hadley took a deep interest in him, as he did in many another. Furbay sat there one night when three ministers who had been his classmates in the seminary days came in. He made his choice that night. It was a tough proposition for him. He looked at it squarely. There were three choices for him. He could walk out and they would never have recognized him. He could have sat still and they would not have noticed him. Or he could get up and tell his story in open meeting, as is the custom of the place, and then if the clergymen cared to get further information regarding their former classmate the way was open for them to do so. He arose and told his tale.

Some time afterward he went to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and applied for admission as a new convert might do. Dr. Stephenson interested himself in him and has been a good friend to him, as has Dr. Stires of St. Thomas' Protestant Episcopal Church, and Dr. Farrar, of Brooklyn. In due season he applied to be taken under the Presbytery's care, as has been told.

He took up the work of managing the Industrial Christian Alliance's establishment in Bleecker street, and won further praise and gratitude. Also support. He had a method of his own for solving the problem of the homeless unemployed, and his idea was to change them from a tax on the community to a credit. He found that, as distinct from the vagabands, the homeless unemployed were many times men who, whatever the reason for their downfall, might be made self-respecting producers again under proper treatment not wholly charitable. He found that only a small proportion of those he came in contact with were unskilled workmen and that some of theme were college men.

He found that not only were they willing to work for their living but preferred to do so when shown the way. One of the things he did was to send out for broken furniture to be repaired, and he set to work men who either were qualified for that work or who were so unskilled that all that could be asked of them perhaps was to scrape the varnish from old chairs. He set his men to work at this task until he had built up quite a business along this line. He then found work or aided the men to find it for themselves, and he learned by his experience that by such methods his own work could go forward successfully and that the men stayed not longer at his shelter than was necessary to enable them to get their own start once more.

After John S. Huyler became president of the Industrial Christian Alliance a project of Dr. Furbay's for an enlargement of the institution came to the front and made good progress toward realization, so much so that now the corner of Bond street and Lafayette street, where it is the intention to erect a large building for the carrying out of the doctor's ideas on a larger scale. In the meantime Dr. Furbay has preached at various New York Churches and is scheduled to speak soon at John D. Rockefeller's Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, of which the Rev. Dr. Aked is pastor, but it is his intention to continue in the work of the alliance.

SIMPLE WASH CURES ECZEMA

Why Salves Fail While a Simple Liquid Has Accomplished Thousands of Cures.

It is now thoroughly established among the best medical authorities that eczema is purely a skin disease, due to a germ, and curable only through the skin. It is not a blood disease at all; in fact, thousands of people suffer with skin disease and are perfectly healthy otherwise, and thereby prove they have *no* diseased blood.

Smeary salves cannot reach the germs because they do not penetrate the skin. The only way to reach the germs is by means of a penetrating liquid.

Such a liquid can be obtained by simply mixing ordinary oil of winter green with thymol, glycerine and other healing agents. This compound, known as D. D. D. Prescription, stops the itch instantly—and the cures all appear to be permanent. In fact, it took thousands of cures, case after case, before the best scientific authorities were convinced of the absolute merit of this remedy. D. D. D. Prescription kills the germs in the itching skin. Its effect is seen within one minute after the first application. The cure is even quicker if D. D. D. Soap is used in connection with the treatment.

For free sample bottle write to the D. D. D. Laboratory, Department D., 23 Jordan street, Toronto. For sale by all druggists.

Errors of Speech.

There is nothing that so betrays the culture of man or woman as correct speech. Many educated Americans speak in so careless and so slovenly a way that strangers receive a very unfortunate impression of them.

We should first look to it that we acquire a clear, distinct enunciation. The way to do this is to speak without haste and to give each word and each syllable its full complement of time and sound.

If the inclination is to mouth the words and mumble the speech make an effort to speak with the teeth well apart. Above all, do not close the nasal passage, for that gives the tone commonly called "speaking through the nose." In order to produce a clear, distinct utterance the voice must have right of way through the throat, head and mouth.

To cultivate a pleasant voice and to speak with clear enunciation is not, however, the whole of correct speech. One must be careful of one's diction. Diction is the manner of using words, their choice and the modes of expression.

There are many little errors in the use of words that can be avoided by being on one's guard against them.

For instance "chiefest sinner" is an expression often heard. It is incorrect. If a thing is chief it is at the head of its class. How can anything, therefore, be ahead of it? The word change should not be used when exchange is meant. Changes may be made in many ways, but when you give one thing for another you do not change that article; you exchange it for whatever you receive in return.

Take great care not to use the word both when you use alike. Do not say of twins, even, that they are both alike; say, rather, they are alike. Both may be like the father or the mother, but both cannot be alike.

Do not say, I learn her, but I teach her. The first person teaches and the second and third learn.

One of the commonest errors is to say, Jane invited Harold and I to a party to-night. It should be, Harold and me. A good way to settle any doubt about such cases is to separate the two pronouns. You should say Jane invited Harold, but you would not say Jane invited I. Another instance of this kind is in the commonly used phrase, Let's you and I go; it should be, Let's you and me go, for we cannot say, Let I go.

Remember to say, Try to go, not Try and go. You may go and you may also try and not go, but what you really mean to say is that you will make an effort to go. Say that a thing is really good, not real good. A climate is healthful, not healthy, and certain foods are wholesome, not healthy. A person is healthy.

A phrase that at once marks the speaker as one who lacks culture is, You hadn't ought to do so and so. Remember to say, You ought not to do so and so. A mistake in the same class is the phrase, If I was him; say instead, If I were he, and If I were in his place.

Hoax—They say the Khan of Afghanistan is quite a sport. Joax—Let us hope he isn't one of the tin Khan variety.

When a woman marries for a dollar, she often finds she has a bad penny.

Protects You From Colds!

As the only way to reach catarrh is by inhaling medicated air, it follows that the healing balsams of Catarrhozone can't fail to cure. It is a purely vegetable antiseptic—soothes and heals wherever it goes.

The germ-killing vapor is inhaled at the mouth and instantly spreads through all the breathing organs. Every case of bronchitis and catarrh is rooted out, and such health and strength is imparted that these troubles never again return.

Catarrhozone has cured thousands, and here is quoted the experience of Mrs. James A. Tweedle, of Jay Bridge, Maine, who sent for sixteen outfits of Catarrhozone for friends in her locality. This lady gives very full particulars why she did so. Her daughter, fourteen years old, had doctored for catarrh, obtaining no benefit, tried lots of other remedies, but all failed—recommended by a neighbor to try Catarrhozone. Instead of despairing, as she had good reason for doing, obtained Catarrhozone, and before it was done, as she states, she was completely cured. No wonder she recommends it. Child had dropping in the throat, hawking, spitting; father thought she was going into consumption; could not sleep at night, and adds: "I only wish anyone suffering from catarrh to give it a fair trial."

Just Breathe "Catarrhozone" and You're Insured Against Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis and Catarrh

Not difficult for Catarrhozone to cure, because it contains the essence of pine balsams and other antiseptics that simply mean death to catarrh and colds. Large size, guaranteed, $1; medium size, 50c; small trial size, 25c. All dealers, or N. C. Polson & Company, Hartford, Conn., U. S.A., and Kingston, Ont.

"Why is a Star?" Answered by Harry Dixey.

Though not interested in astroonmy, there is no subject that will more quickly win the enthusiastic interest of Henry E. Dixey than that of stars. The other day he was successfully started on a discussion of theatrical astronomy by an innocent query of an innocent bystander.

"Mr. Dixey," said he, "why is a star?"

Dixey sat for a moment gazing thoughtfully into space. He rubbed his forehead in the celebrated Dixey way. And then he answered, seriously enough:

"Because a star is an actor or actress who plays a part better than anyone else can; one who makes the part his own and stamps it with the indelible impression of his individuality.

"Some people are called stars because they have their names on three sheets and have the word star under their name, or perhaps they are put in the part by a manager, or again are made a star because the father is a senator. Yet such people are not stars and can never rise to the heights of a star. No amount of advertising or boosting by managers can make them stars.

"The real star must be like the painter or sculptor—he must create the part; and when he plays it his rendition must stand out as clear and distinct as the painting or the work of the sculptor, so that the master touch can be recognized immediately.

"They say the play is the thing, and I grant you it is of great importance; but what is the play without the actor to interpret the part? Look at such plays as 'Hamlet,' 'Rip Van Winkle,' and the 'Fritz' plays; they are all good, but we lack the actor to play them. There is none to take up the pieces that Lotta and Maggie Mitchell made famous, and yet their plays are excellent.

"Who was it but the actor that made Shakespeare famous? Without the actor the beautiful works of that great master might never have been known, and there can be no doubt that the actor has made the characters of the Bard of Avon appreciated as they could have been in no other way. Ibsen would have been known to a select few, but the stage has made the characters known all over the world.

"Every star must have three things—technique, personality and intelligence. He must have the intelligence to comprehend the requirements of the part, the personality to impress on the part so that when he creates it he makes it his own, and then the technique is essential to a perfect performance. Often a manager and the author will not grasp the strength of a part and will consider the strong character of the piece one which is of minor dramatic interest.

"In a production the star is the head and the other members of the company, as well as the manager, look to the star to give the character to the play, and a careless or indifferent star can do an incalculable amount of damage to the play and the players. Belasco, one of the greatest masters of stagecraft the world has ever known, never produces a play without a star. It is a well-known fact that certain actors have so made parts their own that when they retire from the cast the box office receips fell off, and that is a most accurate way to test the wish, or, I may say, the appreciation of the public. 'Trilby' was never a success without Lackaye in his part of Svengali, and when he would play the receipts would be almost double.

"We hear much about the necessity of going abroad for material for plays, but right here in America we have an abundance of stuff for good plays for years to come, and it is time our authors should appreciate this fact. If one should travel over this country as I have they could see this fact. In America life is filled with sweet, innocent, and romantic incidents, and in the west much nobility of character is seen.

"We have too many B. A. actors today," continued Mr. Dixey.

"And what do you mean by B. A.—bad actor?" he was asked.

"No," he answered. "B. A. actors are what I call bread and butter actors; those who can never thrill or move you. They act for their bread and butter alone, with never a thought given to the art of acting, and are satisfied night after night to play the parts they have without making any progress, and act a cavalier just as they would a drawing room dandy."

Health Declines When Kidneys Fail

After experimenting for nearly 20 years Dr. Hamilton discovered an absolute specific for weak kidneys. His pills of mandrake and butternut cure permanently.

Can you afford to delay? No, your interest compels you to use this certain cure now—to-day. Only take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and an absolute recovery is guaranteed. In thousands of cases relief has been instantaneous. Such was the experience of James G. Gordon, of Marysville.

TWENTY YEARS A SUFFERER.

"My kidneys bothered me for twenty years. I had gnawing pains in the back, and my limbs ached with weariness all the time. My digestion was poor, and I had specks before my eyes.

"Dr. Hamilton's Pills helped me from the first day. Relief was immediate. They restored me, and my health's better than ever."

Hamilton's Pills Cured

All complaints kindred to kidney disease are prevented by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Their use insures you against Diabetes, Bright's Disease, and liver trouble. No house should be without such a valuable medicine. Sold everywhere by druggists, 25c per box, or five for $1.00.

THE WAITING HABIT,

Which Mr. MacWhackt Hopes His Son Will Never Contract.

"I suppose it's a fact," said Mr. MacWhackt, "that about the worst habit you could contract is that of sitting down and waiting for something to turn up.

"I've known a lot of men that have had this habit, but I have never known one of them to have anything come to him yet. Of course there's a chance of a man's being struck by lightning, but if you take the total population of the world and divide by the number struck you would find that the chances of being struck are very small, and the chances of anything coming to a man who is waiting for something to turn up are a great deal smaller still.

"You see, as I tell my son, William MacWhakt, jun., something, that is to say, the something that we are always looking for to turn up, is really not, as you might say, a thing of migratory nature, that is, not a thing that seeks people. In fact, one of its chief characteristics consists in its inclination to stick somewhere, generally more or less far off, in which it is like gold in its raw shape, which lies buried in the earth at a great distance, where we must go and dig for it and dig hard if we want to get it. Measles and various other afflictions come to us, but not so, as a rule, with something, meaning prosperity, which we must go out and seek.

"So I tell William that I hope he won't join the great army of those who sit down and wait for something to turn up. He might be struck by lightning, but the chances are so much against it that it would be a terrible waste of time to figure 'em out, and there wouldn't be anything coming to him then.

"What I hope is that William will get out and look and dig for what he wants and not sit down and wait, and he won't find the competition as keen as perhaps he thinks, for really there are not such an everlasting lot of steady, stick to it diggers. There's a chance for every man that means business.

"I tell Willie that if he doesn't get the biggest prize in the whole world he'll get something, and something worth having, if he'll only get out and get to work around among men in the places where the diggings are found.

"That's what I'm hoping William, jun., will do—go out and work like a man for what he wants; the thing of all others that I hope he won't do is to sit down and wait for something to turn up."—New York Sun.

SYNCHRONOUS CLOCKS.

Ingenious Device Joint Invention of Electician and Clock Maker.

The Elecktrotechnische Zeitschrift of Berlin devoted an article to an ingenious invention by Professor Reithofer and the Viennese clockmaker Morawetz, whereby locks within a radius of 100 or 125 miles may be worked synchronously by means of wireless, electric impulses from a central station.

The station is equipped much as a wireless telegraphy transmission station. The apparatus consists of a pendulum swinging sixty times a minute and a cogwheel which revolves one cog with each swing. When sixty cogs have passed the pendulum and one minute has elapsed, the wireless impulses are set in motion by the transmission instruments.

All clocks to be synchronized are fitted with a receiving apparatus and consist only of a dial, hands and a cogwheel attachment, with electro-magnets, which, worked by the impulses from the transmission station, move around the hands of all clocks fitted with the apparatus in exact synchrony. An ingenious device prevents foreign electrical impulses interfering with the working.

In the matter of their associates some people are almost as exclusive as though they were in jail.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO — ESTABLISHED 1867

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

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

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

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

BANKING BY MAIL Accounts may be opened by mail and monies deposited or withdrawn in this way with equal facility. 122

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

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

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

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

Meets every Monday at 8 p.m. in Speers' Hall.
F. C. Corry, C. C.
A. E. French, K. of R. & S.
G. Hendren, M. of F.
Visiting brethren cordially invited.

Dr. J. Heavener, a recent visitor from the Hood River fruit country, has on behalf of a syndicate of fruit farmers, been investigating the Creston district. We understand that Dr. Heavener has been commissioned to report on our climate, transportation facilities, water, soil, etc., and for this end he recently visited many of our prominent ranchers and also inspected much of the unimproved land of the district.

To a representative of the Review he said that he had visited all the principal fruit growing centres of B.C., but that none had come up to his expectations with the exception of Creston. This district he described as a second Hood River, and so favorably was he impressed that he was afraid to report on it. He therefore decided to return home and arrange with the syndicate he represents to send eight or ten delegates to visit our country and verify his words.

Dr. Heavener has many interesting stories to tell of the early struggles of the ranchers in the Hood River country, and in this connection he quoted to us the words of a celebrated congress man, who had made a study of fruit culture: "Stay with it; Hood River will be a power in the world yet," and we all know how the old man's prophesy has been fulfilled. Creston, Dr. Heavener says, looks good to him, and he was a little bit afraid that his report would be too glowing to lay before his confreres, and he deemed it expedient to advise that they come and see for themselves. Dr. Heavener will return in about two weeks.

Henceforth there should be no more complaints for divorce on the grounds that a husband snores and deprives a wife of needful sleep. A Seattle woman has invented a snore silencer which is on exhibition at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition.

The possibilities of the invention are immense. Most of us would be willing to submit to an increased charge for a sleeping car berth if we were insured against ripping snorts of sleeping fellow passengers. Hotel rooms, separated only by a wooden door and transom, should command a higher rental if a snore silencer were supplied and adjusted to each guest.

Without sleep there is no joy in this life. If the woman's invention is what it is said to be, she is a benefactress of mankind. The invention consists of a silver cord that depresses the tongue and is held in place by a bridle on the chin. A kind of gag, perhaps suggested by the device used in the olden times to punish gossips.

"It pays to advertise," said Mark Twain at an advertisement writer's banquet.

"When I was editing the Virginia City Enterprise, writing copy one day and mining the next, I tried to force this truth home in many ways.

"A superstitious subscriber once wrote and said he had found a spider in his paper. Was this good or bad luck? I replied to him in our 'Answers to Correspondence' column as follows:

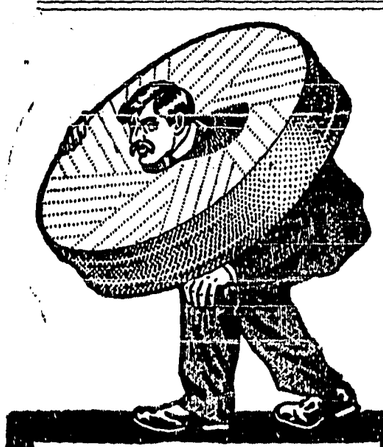
"'Old Subscriber—The finding of a spider in your copy of the Enterprise is neither good nor bad luck. The spider was merely looking over our pages to find out what merchant was not advertising, so that it could spin its web across his door and lead a free and undisturbed existence forever after.'"

A TYPE OF HYPOCRITE

(From the Lethbridge Herald)

The printing offices of this city to-day pay out a big wage bill. Their employees patronize local merchants, the newspapers boost the city, give the citizens prominence when they are doing something creditable, and keep their names out of the paper when they are figuring in the police court. Yet the oily-tongued non-tax-paying, non-wage-paying travelling salesman from Winnipeg catches some of these citizens with an order, because his price is a little lower. What if the rest of mortals followed the same practice? Most of the buying in this city would be done by mail order. As a matter of fact there is too much talk about "Building up Lethbridge" and too little practice. If we want to build up Lethbridge we want to get together, patronize each other and run the peddlers and mail order catalogues out on the scrap heap.

J. A. Montgomery, the Nelson candy man, arrived Thursday.



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?*

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 799, Scranton, Pa.

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

For WAGONS PLOWS, HARROWS

PLANET JUNIOR CULTIVATORS, SEEDERS, AND ALL KINDS OF FARM IMPLEMENTS

Call at **Carver's Harness Store**

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

Moyie Brewery

MOYIE, B.C.

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

We are not the only ones to "double up." Last week the Moyie Leader made its appearance as a four page all-home-print paper, an improvement that cannot fail to win the approval of the people of Moyie. The Crow is singularly fortunate in having a bunch of good newspaper men who ever extol its merits, and Br'er Smyth of the Leader is as big a booster as the rest.

Wouldn't it be a good thing if a few enterprising men got together and purchased a couple of level lots for the purpose of inaugurating a bowling green.

Why is not an effort being made to instal a Government library in Creston. Here we are, thinking all the time that we are a wideawake up-to-date burg, and there isn't a library.

We understand that the contract for the construction of the new schoolhouse has been awarded to a Creston man. This was secured in open competition against many others, several of whom were contractors from Nelson, and other large centres. Mr. W. Miller is the man.

Moyie celebrates on Dominion Day, and a high old time is promised. There will be a big bunch of Creston folk there. Let's all go.

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

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

Dated at Creston, B.C., this 21st day of May, 1909.

PERCIVAL R. GODFREY

WANTED NOW

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

Write Now—
PELHAM NURSERY CO.
Toronto, Ont.

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

I MAKE IT STICK

PARTICULARLY IF IT IS PLASTER.

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

Ed. Fulljames
PLASTERER

Ranchers! Don't miss the lecture on "Irrigation" at the schoolhouse on Saturday evening by Prof. Currie, the Government expert.

Apartments

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

FRANK BAAST

LOOK!
FURNITURE
Iron Beds
Springs, Mattresses and Cots
Homes completely furnished
Creston Furnishing Co.

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

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

TENNIS SEASON
IS NOW HERE
RACQUETS AND BALLS
— AT THE —
CRESTON DRUG & BOOK STORE

Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

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

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

Moran & Mead - - Props.

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

CRESTON BAKERY
WE ARE HERE FOR BUSINESS
The Excellence of our HOME-MADE
Cakes
Pastry
and
Confectionery
IS UNSURPASSED
T. G. MAHON

We can supply you promptly with
Fresh Eggs, Butter
Fresh Meat
Fish
Cured Ham and Bacon
Sausage, etc.
Shamrock Leaf Lard
Highest Price paid to Farmers for
CATTLE
HOGS
POULTRY, Etc.
P. BURNS & Co.
Limited
CRESTON - B.C.

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

Recent high water has demoralized transportation throughout the interior, and particulary has poor old Slocan suffered. Between Patrick's sawmill and Lemon Creek on the Nelson-Slocan line, two washouts have occurred and the train was caught between the two. Mudslides are more or less frequent in that particular section of the C. P. R. Co.'s system, but this one is the worst in the history of the section. The washouts are said to have destroyed about 300 feet of the track.

Between Rosebery and Sandon another lagre washout has occurred, and those competent to speak say that the service will not be in working order for at least three months. Sandon again gets it in the neck. Cut off by mudslides from communication with McGuigan, and the latter place also cut off for the same trouble with Kaslo, things looked blue enough for the big shippers of ore from the Sandon district, and all hopes were concentrated on the Sandon-Rosebery line remaining passable for transporting ore to the Trail smelter. This is now knocked on the head and the only solution to the problem is to open in good shape the hitherto bad government wagon road between New Denver and Sandon. It is to our way of thinking, the only method by which many of the principal shipping mines of the north end of the Slocan district can get their ores to the water at New Denver, but again there arises the problem: how long will the Slocan-Nelson branch of the service be out of business? for this route will have to be open to make connections for the ore shipments we mention.

Provisions are now being secured from New Denver for Sandon and way points and a pack train of eleven horses, with nothing but fresh meat, has been sent up to Sandon by Hermann Clever, the meat king of the Silvery Slocan.

A large number of Indians left for St. Eugene mission at Cranbrook on Wednesday, where they went to celebrate the feast of Corpus Christi. They were joined there by a number of Peigan Indians from Lethbridge and Macleod.

J. J. Grady left for a business trip to Nelson Monday.

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

"Dick" Fraser, accompanied by his son Hugh, were taking in the sights of Creston last Monday and Tuesday. Both visitors also gave the locals a treat, as Fraser major arrived attired as an Old Country squire, with regulation Norfolk suit and padded calves; and minor Fraser was got up as a typical "stage" Irishman. Mr. Fraser is from Cranbrook, and he is endeavouring to extend the market for Crailie Bowness' brand of wet goods, of which he swears there is not a headache in a bottle.

Prof. Currie, of Kamloops, who is one of the experts of the Agricultural department of the Provincial Government, will arrive here on Saturday next to give a lecture on "Irrigation" in the schoolhouse the same evening. The lecture will begin at 8 o'clock, and the subject is one that should assure a large attendance on the part of our ranchers. There is no admission price, and all are invited. The lecture will be held under the auspices of the East Kootenay Farmers' Institute.

Frank Aiken is the first man this spring to provision for mining on Summit Creek. He will begin at once and endeavor to locate the rich gold lead, supposedly upon the "Old Mike," owned by Silver King Mike of Nelson. A tremendous boulder of ledge matter, carrying high values, has been found below the property.

A. W. Coulter, proprietor of the Creston furniture store, has gone on a trip to Sault Ste. Marie, Dryden and other Ontario points, where he will probably close up his business there and confine his attentions strictly to Creston in future. Mr. Coulter has two large dry goods stores there, and he will likely accept an offer for them. During his absence the Creston business will be well looked after by Mr. G. M. Cadenhead, a recent arrival from Toronto, who knows the business from A to Z.

Creston is still flapping its wings and putting on feathers. The building record for the past month showed an increase over all others, and yet there are more to come.

R. Hulbert, Nelson, proprietor of the Empire Moving Picture Theatre, was a visitor here on Wednesday. He is now preparing the telephone directory for Nelson. Mr. Hulbert is a rancher, who made money at it, and he has many good words for the Creston district.

R. H. Ley and C. F. Sherwin, who recently took a bond on the Alice mine near Creston, are making preparations to commence work on the property within the next few weeks. There is a large body of ore in sight. Shipments will be made to the Trail smelter. The report that Messrs. Ley and Sherwin were acting for the Canadian Consolidated company is quite without foundation.—Nelson News.

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.
NO FUMIGATION
Our Apple Stock is grafted with Scions cut from Bearing Trees
Address WALTER V. JACKSON, Agent.
CRESTON, B.C. 'Phone 9. Line No. 8

The Sirdar Hotel

A Home from Home.
Headquarters for mining men.
First class in every respect.
Adjoining C. P. R. Depot.

Campbell & Graf, Proprietors,
Sirdar, B. C.

STOP! STOP!! STOP!!!

FREE SHAVES
AT
MERRILL'S Barber Shop
TO-MORROW

Facts About CRESTON.

Climate

The climate of the Creston district is so mild in winter that seldom does the mercury touch zero, and in summer the weather is very warm which is so beneficial for the cultivation and coloring of fruit. Cool evenings, however, are a persistent factor for the enjoyment of repose. The early springs are vey favo able fo 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

WRITE FOR ANY INFORMATION

Markets

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

Transportation

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

Progress

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

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

TOWN LOTS

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

Buy Schofield Avenue Lots

$75 and $85

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

Secure one of These Lots

They will be Valuable

$25 down and $10 a month

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

ATHERTON

AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION AGENT

Tel. 20. *P. O. Box 38, CRESTON, B.C.*

HOUSE A WOMAN BUILT.

Did All the Work Herself and Against Great Odds.

Miss Lillie M. Johnson, of North Eighteenth street, Kansas City, Kan., built the nine-room house in which she now lives. Miss Johnson began work on her house in the fall, following the big flood in the Kaw Valley of 1903. She was a Salvation Army worker in Armourdale at the time of the flood. She lost everything except $7. She went to a real estate firm and arranged to buy on payments the 100 feet of ground on which her house now stands.

In May, 1904, Miss Johnson built a two-room house, doing all the work herself and getting the lumber on payments. She received two women boarders and by July she was able to buy a cow. She began taking in washing. Through these various means she was able to meet the necessary payments on her lot.

But Miss Johnson was not satisfied. She desired to enlarge her house. She graded her lot with a spade and wheelbarrow, laid the foundation, put up the frames, boxed and weatherboarded the addition. She has finished the entire interior of the house, laying the floors, lathing, plastering and papering the walls.

The grounds about the place are well kept. A large grape arbor, fruit trees and flower beds with the blue grass lawn make the place attractive.

"How did I learn to do carpenter work? Why I just found I could do it when I built my two-room box house and I determined to try my hand at something better," Miss Johnson said. "I believe no passerby would know that a woman built it."—Kansas City Star.

Lady First, Then Sovereign.

With regard to the ancient privilege accorded to the Masters of Trinity of wearing their hats in the presence of royalty, it is recorded of a former Master that he took this privilege on an occasion when Queen Victoria was visiting Cambridge. The Queen remonstrated.

"But, madam," expostulated the Master, "I am privileged to wear my hat in the presence of my sovereign."

"Yes, sir," rejoined her Majesty with crushing emphasis, "in the presence of your sovereign, but not in the presence of a lady."—From the London Chronicle.

The Brush Family.

For cleaning, a stiff paint brush is much better than a whisk broom.

If you cannot afford the regulation flat-handled brush for cleaning behind the radiator, use a child's broom, which you can buy for five or ten cents.

Make it a practice to wash the broom at least once a week.

It does not take long to dip the broom in a pail of hot suds and then let water run over it, and the carpets look so much better when swept with a clean brom.

Scrub brushes, after they have been used, should always be washed out and put in the sun to dry. A wet brush lying around, in buckets or in the sink is uncleanly, and is a sure way to draw water bugs and roaches. Of course most people know this, and still they are careless, particularly maids.

It will be found an economy to possess two hair-brushes instead of one. In this way one can always be clean, and there is a better opportunity to air them, which is just as important as washing them.

Spring Greens.

It is the season of spring "greens." The winter vegetables are going, and the summer crop has not yet come, so the greens form a welcome interlude.

Spinach is the commonest of domestic greens.

A good way to cook it is to drop it into a hot kettle with no water except that remaining on the leaves after washing. Cover tightly and steam for twenty minutes.

In this way all the flavor is kept.

Many of the best greens are wild plants.

Dandelion, lettuce and wild mustard, cress, sorrel, plantain and narrow dock are all good.

Young cabbage, cale and collard are very good for one, and dandelion greens are considered particularly healthful in the spring.

With a Block of Magnesia.

I have recently discovered a way to clean a white lace waist that is equal to to any dry cleaning process I have ever tried, and one that requires an outlay of only a few cents instead of the dollars usually required to make a soiled lace waist again presentable. This is nothing more formidable than a simple cake of magnesia. Rub the magnesia thoroughly over the garment in question, paying extra attention to the more soiled places, roll it in a cloth and lay it away for several days; then shake it lightly to dislodge any of the chalky substance that may cling to it, and you will behold a metamorphosed waist that will delight your eyes with its freshness.

Grease and dirt may also be removed from silk and woollen clothes by the use of magnesia. Scrape a quantity upon the spot, cover with brown paper and place a hot flat iron over it. The heat of the iron acts upon the magnesia in the same way that it does upon the French chalk our grandmothers used to employ for the same purpose; and when the iron and the paper are removed and the magnesia brushed off the offending spot will have disappeared.—The Housekeeper.

MRS. ROBT. M. LAFOLLETTE,

Wife of the senator from Wisconsin, has been called an ideal helpmeet. Just now she is the busy associate editor of LaFollette's Weekly, the magazine the senator recently launched.

Graduation Gowns.

They will be practically all of the princess shape.

For the college girls there are some in the tunic or Greek effect which has been so fashionable during the past winter.

But their younger sisters in high and grammar school will do well to stick to the more girlish princess, in one form or another.

As to material, there is nothing more suitable for a young girl than fine lawn or mull, trimmed with lace.

Hand-embroidery may be used with exquisite effect also on such frocks.

Silk gauze and silk cashmere will both be used extensively this season.

For the older girl, crepe de chene and chiffon cloth are always desirable.

The new thing silkorttoman will also be used, which has the large cord of the older and thicker weave.

Then there is crepe cloth, which lends itself readily to elaboration, and many other all-silk and silk wool weaves, to suit the most varying tastes.

MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

THE QUILTINWILTERS' COOK,

Not Exactly a Thorn in Mr. Q.'s Side, But at Least an Irritation.

"Our cook—well," said Mr. Quiltinwilter, "she is no cook. She can bake and boil and fry and stew, but she has no originality, no art, no imagination, not even variation; over and over again we have the same thing on the day and always cooked in the same way; and that, you knows, gets tiresome. But the question is, What are we going to do about it? The question is not so easy to answer as it might seem.

"You see, she is personally a nice woman, always cheerful and pleasant, and she's a good worker, and she's been with us for years, and she's faithful and devoted; the only trouble is that she can't cook, which, I think you will admit, is a serious defect in a cook. But what are we going to do about it? You might say fire her and get somebody that can cook; but we can't bring ourselves to go about it in just that way.

"By just what feelings we are prompted in coming to this decision I wouldn't undertake to say. No doubt we are influenced somewhat by the thought that if we discharged her she would be unable to get a place elsewhere; we should cause her to suffer; but how much of this feeling is prompted, further back, by conscience and how much is attributable to sheer timidity I don't know.

"It is really a very grave question how far one can rightfully go in pursuing his own advantage as the cost of other people, how much we should put up with ourselves rather than put out others, how much we are entitled to consider our own desires, which we may imagine to be more refined, over the feelings of other people whom we may consider to be less elegant, though they in their hearts may consider themselves as good as we.

"But here, I have wandered far from my original subject, which was our cook. We are still keeping her, just exactly why I don't know; our stomach, our palate and our brains have higher aspirations, but we are still eating of her cooking. My observation is that in this world we all have to put up with a lot of things we don't like; but I do wish that somebody would offer our cook more pay. We would not stand in the way of her advancement.—New York Sun.

RECIPES

KENTUCKY SWEET POTATOES.

Select large round-shaped sweet potatoes and allow one-half of a potato to each guest. Scrub and wash well. Place them in a kettle, cover with hot water and cook slowly 20 minutes. Remove from the fire and drain dry. Then cover each potato with melted drippings. Place in a baking pan and bake in a slow oven until soft. Remove from the oven and cut into halves lengthwise. Scoop out all the pulp and mash it very fine. To each cup of pulp add one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful sugar, one teaspoonful sherry, pinch of salt. Beat this mixture until very light. Refill the shells, rounding it up nicely. Sprinkle lightly with crumbs, dot with butter and a pinch of cinnamon and brown in the oven.

SWISS TRIFLE.

Flavor a pint of rich cream with lemon and cinnamon, and take from it as much as will mix smoothly to a thin paste with four teaspoonfuls of fine flour; sweeten with six ounces of white sugar. Put in a new saucepan, and when it boils stir in the flour, and simmer for four or five minutes, stirring gently, but constantly. Pour it out, and when cold mix with it, by degrees, the strained juice of two lemons. Cover the bottom of a glass dish with macaroons, pour over these a part of the cream, add another layer of macaroons, pour over these the remainder of the cream, and ornament with candied citron sliced thin.

HAZELNUT TARTS.

One cupful cracker crumbs, one cupful sugar, one cup hazelnuts, blanched and ground; seven eggs, beaten separately, one teaspoonful each cinnamon, nutmeg and baking powder; half cupful candied orange peel chopped fine; one cupful flavored whipped cream. Beat the yolks of eggs until thick and light colored and the whites until they are stiff. Mix the crumbs and spices and add the baking powder and sift. Then add the egg yolks, nuts and fruits, lastly add the stiffly beaten whites. Bake in your gem pans and when cold ice with plain icing. When ready to serve split and serve with the whipped cream. Put together again and decorate with whiped cream and a blanched hazelnut.

COFFEE CAKE.

One cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of cold coffee, one cup of seeded raisins, two eggs, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and mace, one teaspoonful of baking soda dissolved in the coffee. Mix well and, last of all, add two cups of flour. Bake in a loaf and when done turn out of the tin and ice the bottom and sides with white frosting.

Sure of One.

"Please describe your runaway husband, madam," said the detective. "I am not sure that I ever saw him. Has he any facial peculiarities or distinguishing marks about him?"

"I don't know whether he has now or not," answered the deserted wife; "but when he went away he had the marks of me ten finger nails on his ugly mug."

How She Knew.

An attendant of a circulating library in Chicago recently overheard the following conversation between two young women, regular patrons of the place:

"How do you select stories?" asked one.

"I have adopted a very simple method," said the other. "As I run over the latest things offered here, I glance at the last chapter. If I find the rain softly and sadly falling over two lonely graves, I know I don't want the story; but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know the novel's all right."—Harper's Magazine.

CONVICTS BUILD ROADS.

Western States Use Them in Making Great Highways.

The list of States now using convict labor on the highways is too long to mention in detail, says Popular Mechanics, but Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming are using such labor to construct a great highway which will run through the three States, and Washington, Oregon, North Carolina and Georgia, as well as several other States, have gangs at work.

The convict road gang at work in the southern part of Colorado numbers eighty-eight men. They wear no distinguishing badge in the way of clothing, and no armed guards are to be seen anywhere. If a man wishes to escape from such a camp it is conceded that he can easily do so, but that he may be overtaken elsewhere follows as a matter of course, and the penalty—dreaded by any convict who has had a taste of open work—means that his activities will from then on to the end of his term be confined within the prison walls.

Only five officers are in charge of the camp, which is composed of tents. The convicts sleep in one big tent, and during the day they are divided into five gangs, each officer having charge of a gang. Eight hours of road work constitute a day's labor, and the men must go to bed promptly at 9 o'clock every night except Saturday, on which they are allowed an additional hour.

Amusement is provided to all in the camp. Some of the convicts own and play musical instruments. Cards are also allowed. Some spend their time pitching quoits, and a ball game is usually played every evening before darkness sets in.

The method of guarding the convicts working on the roads in the State of Washington is a little more strict, but amusements are just as numerous. The provision allowing the convicts to do such work in that State was passed in 1907, and the point selected for making the first experiment was one of the most remote from the penitentiary, the idea being to give the new system the most severe test possible.

The work selected was the building of a wagon road along the face of a nearly perpendicular rock bluff, the work involving the handling of a large amount of dynamite by the convicts. The character of the rock encountered was extremely hard, making drilling very slow. Nevertheless, the average daily work accomplished by each man amounts to 2.42 cubic yards of solid rock moved and one cubic yard of earth and loose rock moved.

As the lowest bid received for moving the rock was $1.50 per cubic yard and for loose rock and earth 40 cents, the average daily work of a convict was valued at $4.03. The camp established for the care of the prisoners consisted of a stockade 80 by 125 feet, inside of which was erected a barracks 18 by 48 feet. On the outside of the stockade and adjoining it was built the guardhouse. The number of convicts employed at the camp has never been more than thirty, guarded by five officers.

A Gentle Hint.

While walking from the matinee,
"'Tis very cold and raw," said he,
"I love them raw," the maid replied,
"But some folks like them better fried."

A Dreadful Analogy.

The hypothetical question had just been asked, and the prisoner fell forward in a faint. All was confusion in the court room.

"What is the matter with the prisoner?" demanded the judge, hammering his desk madly.

"Nothing, your honor," groaned the unhappy man, as he came to. "I was only thinking how long I should have to serve if my sentence was as long as that."—Harper's Weekly.

DANGERS THE SEALERS FACE.

AN INDUSTRY THAT EMPLOYS 4,000 NEWFOUNDLAND MEN.

Modern Steamers Have Replaced the Old Wooden Sailing Vessels, but the Perils of the Ice Floes Remain—Work Lasts Two Months from March 10.

St. John's, Nfld.—On March 10 there began the annual hunt for the hair seal off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. This is an industry which lasts only two months, but employs about twenty-five stout steamers and 4,000 men, whose home is the rock-ribbed coast of Newfoundland. This seal hunt has been prosecuted for hundreds of years. It yields a harvest of from $500,000 to $750,000 annually, and like the codfish in the same waters the seal has defied all attempts at extermination. This is all the more remarkable when we find that today the famous Bering seal fishery is now reduced to a mere skeleton of its former importance.

A Newfoundlander takes no small pride in this sealing venture, and his views with regard to it are illustrated by the story of the sealing skipper, who hearing once of the appointment of a prominent lawyer to the judicial bench declared that "it was an outrage to give such a fine job to a man who had never brought a trip of seals into the country." The seal folk for some reason describe their prey as "swoils," and in the same fashion, to "spell" an object means to carry it; hence we can imagine the amazement of the young cleric, who on one occasion asked a burly hunter how he spelt "swoils," and was answered: "We don't spell 'em, we hauls 'em."

Of the natural history of the hair seal or "ice riding pinniped," as scientists describe it, little is known. All that is certain respecting their habits and movements is that they appear on the coast of Labrador in the early winter and drift south on the ice floes, where their young are whelped on the naked crystal plains. They are born about the end of February and are suckled there by their mothers, the father keeping guard daily while she dives into the sea in search of food. The herds are absolutely countless in number. On occasion as many as 200,000 have been seen in a single "patch," and yet each mother will return at nightfall to her own infant and find the particular hole in the ice by which she went down, even though the floe has shifted many miles and changed its position entirely. The young seals are termed "white coats," being fat, downy, pallid little masses of blubber, with voracious appetites, growing with such amazing rapidity that within a fortnight their pelt with fat attached weighs from forty to fifty pounds. It is at this time that the seal hunt begins.

A century ago it was prosecuted in small boats by means of nets set along the coast, then larger smacks were employed and went further afield among the floes. Later stout schooners were built, and then square rigged vessels and fifty years ago a fleet of 400 sails put out from the various ports of Newfoundland in quest of the greasy spoil. In 1831 as many as 374,000 seals were brought in, while in 1864 the smallest catch on record was caught, 121,000.

The modern era in the seal fishery began in 1863, when a wooden steamer, the Bloodhound, was built in Scotland and brought across for the express purpose of engaging in this pursuit. The introduction of steam marked the downfall of the sail, and to-day there is not a sailing vessel remaining at the work. The whole enterprise has been monopolized by a small steam fleet sailing from St. John's, and only 4,000 men are taken on board these.

Until three years ago it was thought that a steel ship was unsuitable for this work. It is a seeming paradox that iron should be less strong than wood for ice navigation. However, an enterprising and far seeing St. John's ship owner resolved upon the construction of a specially designed steel steamer for the sealing business and which should also be available as a cargo carrier during the rest of the year. This was the chief drawback of the old style sealer, which was a twin sister of the Arctic whaler and indeed sometimes used for that business. When the Dundee whaling business proved a failure the ships were bought in for the Newfoundland seal fishery, but for ten months of the year were laid up idle at St. John's save when hired by an Arctic expedition or for a cruise to Hudson Bay.

The new ship Adventure is a powerful, strongly built steel freighter, costing nearly $200,000, her lines being somewhat like those of the Canadian ice breakers. From the very outset she was a success. The method of conducting the seal hunt is that the steamers, which are not allowed by law to leave port until the morning of March 10, so that the young seals may have time to attain a fair growth, make their way through the ice to where they suppose the seal herds are. This is by no means an easy task, for the whole ocean is strewn with mighty masses of crystal, and every wind sweeps them to and fro, so that it calls for the keenest judgment to locate the "main patch." This is the chief body of seals, and when it is found the ship sends her men out over the ice to kill the helpless pinnipeds. This is done by a blow from a long iron-tipped pole or gaff. The seal is then cut open and the pelt removed from the carcass, the latter being left on the ice. When a man gets three or four pelts he makes them into a tow and drags them back to the ship by the aid of a long rope he carries for the purpose. If she is too far away the men, who go in gangs or watches, make piles of them on a convenient "pan," or flat mass of ice, setting a pole with the ship's flag on it over them to establish ownership. The men go from eight to ten miles from the ship in their daily hunt, and when blizzards break on them direful tragedies occur. The worst of these was in 1898, when the steamship Greenland had forty-eight men frozen to death and sixty-three seriously frostbitten out of a total of 180.

Daily, except on Sundays, the work is kept up until the ship has got her load, then she makes for home. So strong is the feeling for Sabbath day observance in the colony that seal killing is forbidden then. A few years ago a sealing skipper's log of an unusually interesting voyage was published on his return to St. John's, when this naive confession was exposed:

Sunday, March 28.—This being the Lord's day, no seals were taken. Crew busy hoisting seals aboard and shifting coal in the bunkers.

One of the peculiarities of the industry is the fact that so many thousands of seals being killed every day and left on pans until the ship can reach them there is an irresistible temptation to appropriate these under cover of night, and in Newfoundland there are two current phrases to which the peculiarity has given rise. The "sealing liar" is the gossip who gets busy shortly after the fleet sails with stories of steamers being reported, and the "sealing swearer," supplies glib but unconvincing testimony in the cross suits which follow every season's fishery. Some years ago a victorious skipper, in one of those actions, apostrophized his gallant ship's company thus: "I thank ye, men; ye swore noble!"

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that very little reliance is given by Newfoundland juries to the testimony adduced in sealing cases, and in one of the most recent actions, wherein some thousands of seals were sued for, the verdict was for twopelts, valued at $3, as they alone could be positively and indisputably identified.

This is an industry where men walk in daily and hourly danger of death. Within the last two years five ships were lost, the Leopard was driven ashore and 126 men narrowly escaped death; the Greenland broke her shaft and was carried seaward, her crew being rescued in the last extremity; the Grand Lake was crushed and went down, her crew being thirty-six hours on the floe before rescue came; the Panther and the Walrus had a similar experience. Every ship that returned last year was more or less seriously wrecked, some of them so badly that they could scarcely limp into port. The loss of so many of the old style boats enables the owners to replace them with ships of the modern type, and this year sees four of them in commission—the Bonaventure, the Bellaventure, the Boethis and the Florizel. The first three are designed to serve as ordinary freighters during the year. The Florizel is a still more ambitious departure; she is a ship of 2,000 tons, with passenger accommodations for 100 saloon and as many steerage passengers, and intended to be run as a tourist craft between St. John's, Halifax and New York, when not employed in the seal fishery. She is fitted with wireless telegraphy, and for the first time on record the Newfoundlanders hope to be apprized this year of the daily movements of the sealing fleet.

A GRATEFUL WOMAN

Tells of the Memarkable Cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Wrought in Her Case—Had Undergone Four Operations Without Help.

When women approach that critical period in their lives known as the turn of life, they do so with a feeling of apprehension and uncertainty for in the manner in which they pass that crisis determines the health of their after life. During this most important time in the life of a woman, her whole aim should be to build up and strengthen her system to meet the unusual demands upon it. Devotion to family should not lead to neglect of self. The hard work and worries of household cares should be avoided as far as possible. But whether she is able to do this or not, no woman should fail to take the tonic treatment offered by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will build up her blood and fortify her whole system, enabling her to pass this critical period with safety. We give the following strong proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly doing for suffering women.

Mrs. Margaret Wood, Southfield, N. B., says: "Some years ago I became a victim of the troubles that afflict so many of my sex, in the very worst form. The doctor in charge neither through medicine nor local treatment gave me any help, and he decided that I must undergo an operation if I was to have any relief. During the next two years I underwent four successive operations. During this time I had the attention of some of the best physicians. From each operation I received some benefit, but only of short duration, and then I drifted back into the same wretched condition as before. During all this time I was taking medicine to build up my system, but with no avail. I was reduced to a mere skeleton; my nerves were utterly broken down. My blood was of a light yellowish color, and I was so far gone that I took spells in which my lips, fingers and tongue would seem paralyzed. I cannot begin to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after some weeks perceived a change for the better. I continued to take the Pills for several months, gradually growing stronger and suffering less, and in the end found myself once more a well woman and and enjoying the blessing of such good health as I had not known for years. I now always keep these Pills in the house, and after a hard day's work take them for a few days and they always seem to put new life and energy in my body. I scarcely hope my experience may be of benefit to some other suffering women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers in medicines or will be sent by mail for 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Co.

Boston Schoolgirl's Wish.

A Boston school teacher received rather a shock the other day when she got an insight into the mind of one of her little scholars. The teacher had asked the children to write an answer to the question, "What do you wish to be when you are grown up?"

One little pale-faced girl, with a prematurely old face, wrote this single sentence: "I want to be an old maid."—Boston Record.

LADIES' OVERBLOUSE WITH GUIMPE.

Here is a design that affords many possibilities for trimming. It is very good style and extremely becoming to most figures. It may be made of light gray casimere, with a fancy border trimming of embroidered silk, and with guimpe of net figured silk, matching the plain fabric.

MANY FIGHTERS WAITED TOO LONG.

Fate of Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Others an Example to Jeff.

"I don't know how you fellows size up Jim Jeffries' attitude regarding a match with the big coon champion, Johnson," said the old New York sporting man to a reporter the other evening, "but I think Jeff is a wise guy all right for not taking a chance while out of condition. Let us look back at the mistakes other great fighters have made after retirement or a long rest between battles and you'll agree with me that the boilermaker is not a chump. Fighters in a way are like musicians, artists and others who have to keep in practice in order to remain at the top of the heap.

"You all remember the sad fate of John L. Sullivan when he went up against Jim Corbett in 1892. Sullivan for 10 years held the championship of American against all comers and considered himself invincible. He had gone into the ring so often when hog fat and out of trim that he thought he could get away with Corbett without much training. In fact, his work a Canoe Place Inn, down on Long Island, was a perfect farce. He simply laid off there and guzzled bottle after bottle of ale right under the nose of his patient trainer, Phil Casey, the handball champion. When Sullivan's closest friends suggested a little real training he sat back and declared that Corbett was such a pipe that he didn't have to be in first-class form to win in a few punches. The night before he left here for New Orleans I asked Sullivan how long he expected the fight would last.

SULLIVAN'S SILLY BOAST.

"'Oh, it may go eight rounds, but no further,' replied John, who looked the picture of confidence. He was lying in bed in a room over Casey's hand ball court over in Brooklyn at the time, and I looked him over carefully. He was as fat as a prize ox and as slow as molasses. He had a pronounced paunch and was in no shape to fight a boy. It dawned on one then that John was up against it, and I told him then and there that he was making a mistake in taking chances with such a young, clever boxer as Corbett. John didn't like my remarks one bit and, getting out of bed, he offered to show any man in the room whether he could fight or not. Of course, nobody accepted, but Charley Johnston, his backer, said to him:

"'John, you may fool the American public, but you can't fool me! You're not fit.'

"Sullivan, who had much respect for Johnston, only laughed and replied:

"'There's no fear, Charlie, I'll win in a walk.'

Still in his fat condition, we all thought that Sullivan could win, as he had done so many times before under similar adverse conditions. We all know the result of the mill. Sullivan was too heavy and slow to get out of his own way. He never landed a solid blow in the 21 rounds. He became so tired than he couldn't hold up his arms in defence and finally went down in sections, Corbett continually raining blows on his jaws and body. Finally the big brewery horse dropped all in a heap, completely exhausted, but practically uninjured. As soon as he was counted out he got up slowly and made a speech to the immense crowd at the ringside—an unusual thing for a defeated champion to do.

WHAT JEFF KNOWS.

"Jeff knows all about Sullivan's Waterloo. He has read it over and over again. Billy Delaney, Jim Corbett and many others have dinned it into his ears until Jeff known round by round by heart. Sullivan's downfall is a sound lesson for Jeff. He probably thinks it over nowadays and says to himself:

"Nix! Not for mine! I'll be right when I get into the ring after four years' retirement. I'll take no chances!"

"There's where Jeff is wise. One of the reasons for Sullivan's defeat by Corbett was a lay-off of three years. After beating Kilrain in 1889 John did not have a batter until he met Corbett, and by that time he had gone way back, like many others fighters who have remained outside the ropes too long.

"Let me cite a few other cases! There was Jimmy Elliott, who gave Jim Dunne of Brooklyn, the fight of his life. Elliott was taken out of Sing Sing prison after many years of absence from the ring and was pitted against that slashing young giant, Johnny Dwyer, of Brooklyn. The battle took place in Canada before as fine a gang of cutthroats as ever held up a train. Elliott was aged and slow, and Dwyer cut him to ribbons in eight rounds. When they picked poor Elliott up and washed the blood from his broken face he turned to me and said:

"'I've been too long away from the game. It's my own fault. I should have tried myself out before I went up against such a clever man.'

"And yet Elliott had the nerve to go up against John L. Sullivan three years later, in 1892, in this city. Sullivan was in his prime then, just after winning the championship from Paddy Ryan, and the way he knocked out poor Elliott in the third round was a shame. It was a picnic and a lot of easy coin for the champion. After it was all over I asked Elliott why he used such poor judgment in going on with Sully, whereupon the broken down pugilist whispered to me:

"'I needed the money. I'm getting so slow that I can't break into banks any more, so I'm willing to take a knockout with big gloves.'

"With all his faults Elliott was dead game. It was not long afterward that he was killed by Jerd Dunn in a fierce gun fight in a Chicago restaurant.

"Charley Mitchell fell to the lay-off mistake and got walloped by Corbett at Jacksonville in 1891 as a result. Corbett was as fast as a streak of lightning on that occasion, while Mitchell was almost as slow and stiff as Sullivan was two years before. Mitchell hadn't fought for six years when he got into the ring with Corbett, his previous battle being the famous 39-round draw with Sullivan in France. Mitchell was so fast in the Sullivan mill that John couldn't put the bee on him, but the Englishman looked like a selling plater when he faced 'Gentleman Jim,' who knocked him out in three rounds. When Charley woke up and began to think it all over he said to me:

"'How blooming stale I got in a few years! Why I must have lost my nut to ever make that match, although I can lick that pompadour gent any day in a street scrap!'

"And I guess Charley could, at that. He was a great rough house artist, you know! But Corbett didn't fancy that style of milling, even when Mitchell ran up against him in a Bowery saloon one day and called Jim all the choice names he could think of. No, James wouldn't resent the insult on the spot, but waited for a chance to square accounts with snoozup pugilistic quickness to prove Mitchell in the ring and incidentally clean up about $30,000 on the side.

CORBETT MAKES THE MISTAKE.

"Even Corbett made the mistake of remaining out of the ring too long! What a splendid fight he put up against Jeffries at Coney Island in 1900! He danced around the boilermaker for 23 rounds, jabbing him here and there almost at will. Meanwhile Jeff kept using a round arm left swing 67 times, according to my account, until he caught Jim on the jaw with the sixty-eighth blow of this kind and scored a clean knockout. If Corbett could have stayed those last two rounds, Referee Siler would have had to hand over the championship to Corbett. Or if the affair had been a 20-round go instead of one of 25, Jeff would surely have lost his title. After this clever performance Corbett waited three years before he tackled Jeffries for the second time in 'Frisco in 1903. By this time Jeff had improved wonderfully, while Corbett had been dropping back, with the result that it took Jeff ten rounds to put the ex-bank clerk away.

"I saw Joe Goss back in 1876 put up a grand battle against Tom Allen in Kentucky under London rules. The next time I saw Goss fight was with Paddy Ryan at Collier Station, W. Va., in 1880. What a change had come over Goss! He was old and fat and slow. All his cleverness had left him, although at that he gave Ryan a good punching. Old Joe's wind finally gave out after he had battled for one hour and 27 minutes, and Arthur Chambers threw up the sponge. Ryan was really the biggest dub I ever saw as a champion. He couldn't fight a little bit, and beat Goss simply by youth and endurance.

"When Heenan whipped Sayers in England in 1860 he was the ideal heavyweight. But like so many others, Heenan laid off for three years without a fight until he met Tom King, who beat him easily. Heenan was simply a has been and he knew enough to quit.

"Tom Sharkey fought Gus Ruhlin the last time in 1902 at Coney Island. Two years after that he met Jack Munroe, a third rater, in Philadelphia, and Munroe put it all over the sailor in a six-round bout. Sharkey had gone back so far in those two short years that he was simply a joke. He must have thought so himself, for Sharkey has not been in the ring since. In 1904 Bob Fitzsimmons stood the clever Jack O'Brien off for six rounds. Three years later Fitz, who had been out of the ring, took a crack at Jack Johnson and was stopped in two rounds. Bob was only a baby in the big coon's hands, yet if they had met four years earlier Johnson would have been slugged down and out in jig time.

"Look at Marvin Hart. There was a fighter, according to Jeffries, who should have been the latter's successor. When Hart got a decision over Jack Johnson at 'Frisco in 1905 Jeff picked him out as the coming champion. But Hart took such long rests between fights that he gradually lost his form and finally fell before the lemon, Mike Schrek, in 21 rounds, at Tonopah in 1907.

"If you want another terrible example, take the once great Kid McCoy. He laid off four years after winning a twenty-round battle from Jack (Twin) Sullivan at Los Angeles until last fall, when with a flourish of trumpets he came back to the ring with a bout with one Stewart, a fourth rate dub. McCoy quickly showed that he was gone, that he couldn't fight at all, yet Stewart was even worse. Those who saw this miserable farce lost no time in realizing that McCoy had been idle too long.

SOME EXAMPLES.

"When Peter Jackson knocked out Frank Slavin and also broke his jaw in ten rounds before the National Sporting club of London, the Australian negro was then the greatest heavyweight in the world, not barring Sullivan. After this victory, however, Jackson came to America and played in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' all over the country. Peter didn't fight again for six years, but in 1898 he tackled Jeffries on the coast and lasted just two rounds. That was the year before Jeff became champion. Jackson was all in and the easiest kind of a mark for the boilermaker. It was another illustration of the mistake of waiting too long.

"There's only one way, boys, if you want to keep on top, and that is never stop fighting. Keep limbered up. Don't lose your speed by stopping for a year or so. Big Jeff knows all about this and that is the reason he was tardy about declaring himself one way or the other. While there are many pugilists who lay off too long between battles there are many others who fight themselves out in a few years. One is just as erratic as the other. The man who does about six good turns a year in the ring keeps himself warmed up and can take a look at the bright lights now and then without fear of going back to an alarming degree. Among the pugilists who fought themselves out of it by too constant milling were Dixon, Kid Carter, Walcott, Lavigne, McGovern, Stanton, Abbott and Dempsey. There are many others who have suffered from too much fighting. Too many mills can injure a man just as much as too much inactivity."

VERY LIKELY.

"I wonder if everybody will have what they want 100 years from now."

"I doubt it. The men will then probably be agitating for the suffrage."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Only One Kind of Roof I Know of is Guaranteed for 25 Years

OSHAWA Galvanized Steel Shingles make a roof that is not only guaranted, under seal and with $250,000 back of it—guaranted to be and to remain a perfect roof for twenty-five years: It is the only roof I know of that is sure to be a good roof for a hundred years. It's steel, you see, to start with—heavy (28 gauge) sheet steel of high quality. Can you imagine steel wearing out?—on a roof.

STEEL'S only real foe is rust; but rust cannot get at the steel of an Oshawa-shingled roof, because every shingle is heavily galvanized on both sides—coated with a tin-and-zinc smelter that perfectly protects the steel against every form of rust.

THAT is why you will never need to paint an Oshawa-shingled roof. It doesn't need painting, because the heavy galvanizing is a far better protection than paint could ever be. Think of what you save by putting on a roof that needn't be painted, and yet will be a good roof for a hundred years!

DON'T imagine our guarantee is any mere form of words. It says, in plain English, that if any Oshawa-shingled roof, put on right, leaks, or is at all unsatisfactory within 25 years, we will supply and put on a new roof free of all cost to you. Is that fair and square? Did you ever hear of another roof that had such a guarantee back of it?

DON'T get the idea, either, that cost is a big factor in roofing really right. An Oshawa-

shingled roof's first cost is no more than the cost of an ordinary wood-shingled roof! Its final cost is ten times less than the cheapest wood-shingled roof! And an Oshawa-shingled roof is more than rain-proof, more than snow-proof, more than wind-proof. It is not only an absolute insurance against leaks, but it is an insurance against fire and against lightning! Is that worth considering?

OF course you know that flying sparks or red-hot embers couldn't possibly set fire to a roof covered with one seamless sheet of steel. That one fact alone makes an Oshawa-shingled roof earn money, because such a roof gets you a lessened fire-risk premium on any building.

AND lightning cannot damage a building covered with Oshawa Steel Shingles, because these insulate the building—the bolt may strike the structure, but it can't damage it. Such a roof is far, far better insurance against lightning than any lightning-rod system that ever was.

ANYBODY who can use a hammer and snips (tinner's shears) can put these Oshawa Shingles on right—easily and quickly. They lock underneath on all four sides, so that every nailhead is completely covered with galvanized steel, and the whole surface hasn't a seam nor a crevice.

OSHAWA GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES

A new roof for nothing if they leak by 1934

SUM it all up—a roof that costs one-tenth what cheapest wooden shingles cost; a roof that is absolutely weather-proof, fire-proof, lightning-proof; a roof that is guaranteed to be a perfect roof for 25 years (or a new roof for nothing)—sum it all up—Wouldn't it be wise for you to send to-day for the booklet why YOU should roof right? Just send a post card to-day to our nearest warehouse.

Ask for Roofing Right Booklet No. C.

G. H. Pedlar

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

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We want Agents in some sections. Write for details. Mention this paper. No. 124C

GNAGG'S COMFORT.

BUT MRS. GNAGG'S IS WHAT REALLY COUNTS.

So He is Thinking, of Closing the Flat and Giving Up His Home, for He Recognized That She Never Was, Is Not and Never Can be a Good Housekeeper.

(New York Sun.)

Mr. Gnagg, having discovered to his intense satisfaction that the stewed oyster plant at dinner is slightly burnt, employs that little kitchen accident as the text for the following exhortation:

What d'ye call this stuff—oyster plant crispettes? Oyster plant à la cinders? Ashes of oyster plant? Holocaust of oyster plant? Oyster plant à la conflagration?

Oh, the oyster plant was left on a little too long, eh? So that's all, is it? Just left on a little too long. Why didn't you leave it on a few weeks longer? Then we could have had assified oyster plant for dinner.

Huh? Oh, it was the maid's fault. Why, cer'nly, cer'nly, cer'nly. It's always the maid's fault. That poor dinge is the Loeb of this establishment. Everything's always up to her. When anything goes wrong, her for the boots.

But it's a pretty crafty arrangement all the same. Y'See, you've got things so rigged up that nobody is responsible. You toss everything smack dab up to the dinge, which, you fondly dream, lets you out. She's the one, you always tell me, and therefore you're always in a position to work the immunity bath thing.

But at that there never was a rag framed up, even by a woman, that couldn't be beat somehow or another. I wonder what you'd think, just f'r instance, if I were to tell you that I've git it seriously in mind to bust up this housekeeping game altogether?

Because that's exactly what I've got it seriously in mind to do. It isn't any sudden snap idea, either. It's a thing I have carefully thought out, and it's based upon a whole lot of mighty valid grounds.

In the first place, you know, you were never meant to be a housekeeper. I'm saying it all in good part and with no desire on earth to wound, but heaven never designed you for a housekeeper.

Housekeeping isn't your game. You can't shine at housekeeping any more than you can at analytical chemistry. You have no instinctive sense of order, no idea of system, no conception of method, punctuality and a lot of things like those that contribute to the making of what's known as a successful housekeeper.

I don't say that you can help it. Probably you can't. Fact is, I feel confident that you can't help it. I make these allowances, you know. I remember, you see, the general air of jumbled untidiness in the home in which you were brought up, and of course I take that into consideration. If "like father like son" be true, then why shouldn't "like mother, like daughter" be true also?

Now hold on. It's not necessary for you to ring in with the remark that I'm saying anything about your mother. She may think she knows how to keep house, just as most women do. But I didn't start to converse on the subject of your mother. I'm not quite such a chump these days, I hope.

In the second place, keeping house bores you to extinction. I know that. I've felt it for a long time. You're the kind of a woman that doesn't care for a home. You feel like something caged in your home.

And there's a good deal to be said on your side of the question, too. A hull lot, for that matter. Because, when all's said and done, a husband is a good deal of a nuisance and a trial.

He's around too much. It doesn't make a difference how little he really is around, he's around the home too much.

Then, too, most husbands are selfish and self-centred and inconsiderate enough to expect certain little things around their own homes. Take my own case, for example. I'm just ruffian enough to take the view that I shouldn't be asked or expected to eat grub for dinner that's burnt to a cinder.

A husband sort of expects his wife to be on the job of running the plant occasionally instead of turning the whole cheese over to a boog maid whose grandparents were cannibals somewhere in the Congo. I mention these things merely to show what exacting, no account fathends most husbands are.

Housekeeping, too, keeps you in too much, I've thought about that end of it, too, you see. Why, I suppose there are days when you remain within the imprisoning confines of this apartment for ten whole minutes. Well, that's outrageous.

And I've thought of all the little daily annoyances of housekeeping, too, before sort of making up my mind to flag this housekeeping business. Take the marketing, for example. Sometimes the marketing requires you to be at the telephone for as long as four minutes a day. Well, that's too much of a good thing—too much to ask of a woman.

And it's doubly outrageous when it is considered that you could be employing those four minutes at the telephone to call up your women friends and ask 'em if they're going to stick Guatemalan mangoes or Salvadorean alligator pears in their peach basket lids.

I've considered, too, the hard, grinding labor which is bound to be the person of women who live in these squalid $60 a month apartments. Often my wife has asked for you when I've seen you dusting the pictures on the mantelpiece after the dinge had swept out. Fact is, I've often thought of hiring a regular mantelpiece picture duster to save you from that back bending arduous toil.

Occasionally, too, in your zeal to make at least an attempt to be an imitation of a housekeeper anyhow, I've seen you start of beating up the sofa pillows in the cosey corner. You'd have to fitt 'em up and then put 'em down again, just like a galley slave. It always hurts me to see you do that hard work, honest.

Fact is I dare say you've never guessed how I've been sympathizing with you right along.

Haven't I often stood by, bitterly reproaching myself for my comparative indigence, when I've seen you taking the soiled bureau cover off and putting a clean one on? To do that you had to remove all the combs and brushes and pin trays and cushions and hand glasses and toilet water bottles and heavy gear like that from the bureau and place the stuff on the bed, and then after putting the clean cover on, why, you had to stoop over and put all of that cumbersome stuff back on the bureau again. Haven't I suffered in spirit because I felt myself unable to afford the hiring of a special bureau cover replacer to save you from that crushing toil?

Well, taking all of these things into consideration, as I say, why, I've doped it out that the only thing for us to do is to quit this foolish attempt to keep house and to move—say, on the first of May coming—to one of the down town hotels.

I could get a couple of rooms in one of the down town hotels for practically what I earn, and if I found that it would take more than I make for a couple of rooms of the sort I have in mind for you, why I could work nights, you know, and try and earn a little more.

I'd see to it that we selected a hotel right close to the shopping district and the theatres, so that you could practically fall or roll into the stores and matinees without any exertion whatever.

By standing in with the head waiter I could arrange matters so that you could have all of your meals served in the hotel apartment, which would relieve you of the wearing task of going down to the dining room in the elevator.

I could fix it with the chambermaid on the floor so's she'd drop in when it grew dark of evenings and switch on the electric lights so that you wouldn't have to knock off reading your novel for the purpose of walking across the room to switch on the lights yourself.

I want to make you comfortable, you know. That's about the only ambition I've got left—to make you just as bedinged comfortable as you can be made.

Housekeeping is one prolonged penance for you. It coops you up. On the dinge's afternoon off sometimes you are obliged to remain in for fully half an hour to take the marketing off the dumbwaiter when it comes.

We'll send this furniture and the rest of the junk to an auction room and take what they give us for it. I ought to get between $40 and $50 for it, I imagine. It's cost me, I figure, to furnish this apartment, including the little odds and ends that I've bought and taken pride in from time to time—well, it's cost me the better part of three thousand bucks. So that I can't see any good reason why an auctioneer shouldn't be able to cop out between $40 and $50 for it, and I'd slip you that piece of change to buy a hat with.

How's that? You're perfectly satisfied in your little home and you love it and everything in it?

Oh, that's all right. That's what they all say. You're only saying that in the unselfishness of your little heart to make me feel easy, that's all. I know all about those few lines how crazy you are over your little home and all like that. But you'll be crazier over the hotel thing, and that's why I'm going to close up this drum.

Of course I'm satisfied here—satisfied, no matter how the outfit is run, because I'm just mutt enough to be kind of a domestic cuss, and as to how the plant is run, why I've got to be satisfied with that end of it. But I'm not the one to be considered. All I do is to keep it going.

So you'd better drop into the Pazazza or the Doildorf to-morrow forenoon and ask 'em about rates and things. I'm going to make you comfortable or know the reason why. That's my mission in life, and I'm not the kind of a duck to fall down on his mission. Say, does any coffee go with this cindery feed or not, and if so, when?

MARRIAGE.

PROFESSOR SAYS INSTITUTION IS IN A SHAKY CONDITION.

Are Too Luxurious—Women Also "Unintelligent and Frivolous," According to Him.

Rochester Herald: Marriage as it exists to-day is in a "shaky condition" and rapidly approaching a form of immorality, according to views expressed by Professor W. I. Thomas, of the University of Chicago, in an article on "The Older and Newer Ideals of Marriage" in the current issue of the American Magazine. Woman's imprisonment within the home, her "lack of intelligence" and her passion for the frivolous are blamed by Professor Thomas for this condition of affairs.

Professor Thomas declares that "intelligent mothers" are extremely scarce and urges scientific training for child-nurture. He advocates activities outside the home. Matrimony, he says, is often an arrangement by which the woman "trades her irreproachable conduct in perpetuity for irreproachable gowns."

In presenting evidence to prove the need of scientific training of women, Professor Thomas says:

"At present women as a class not only have not the intelligence equal to the proper rearing of children, but they have so completely accepted marriage as a means of luxury, or at least as a mode of livelihood, that they are apt to end by being contented to have nothing to do with children at all. Among the rich, especially, the woman who marries does so with the expectation of luxury and finery and the husbands expects to provide them.

"And after marriage the department stores, the milliners, the massage parlor, the silent sacrament of bridge whist and the struggle for social pre-eminence almost drive the family and family life from her.

"To the extent, indeed, that women make finery and luxury dominant ideals and provide themselves with no charms of mind and character they are putting themselves and marriage as well in competition with the abandoned class in which these are the dominant and sole ideas.

"It is also true that there never was a time in the history of the family when it stod so much in need of an intelligent mother. Morality is, with reference to society, not to the appetites of the individual, and a theory or practice which restricts the interests of the mother and thereby stunts the life of the child is, in the profoundest sense of the word, immoral."

Professor Thomas departs from the view that monogamy is a cure for all evils in the married state. He says of the question:

"There are two errors concerning marriage, deeply rooted in the popular mind and feeling—that monogamy is itself something which, if consistently practiced, will settle all the trouble attaching to the state of matrimony, and that the participation of woman in activities or interests outside the home will lead to the destruction of the family.

"The admirable point about monogamy, as practiced both by animals and mankind, is that it assures the offspring unremitting attention from both parents until the period of puberty, when the new generation is prepared to take up life on its own account. And the period of immaturity in the offspring the more important is monogamy. But it is only an admirable form, within which, as we have seen, the most serious abuses may exist, and marriage is in its present shaky condition precisely because we have failed to fill the form with more intelligence and with more good will.

"The home, in so far as it represents the superiority of man, is the survival of a system which is outworn and abandoned. If the family is to continue woman must be recognized fully as a personality, and the home must become a part of society, while preserving its integrity. The preservation of the home, in fact, depends on woman's possession of an intelligence worthy of her influence and her responsibility, and this she can procure only by being of the outer world, as well as of the home."

Professor Thomas states that marriage should be a relation of "friendship and like-mindedness" rather than a purely sentimental one.

"Now, the romantic affection which springs up between young people is very sincere and very beautiful, and the proper beginning of a life in common," he says. "But it is an infatuation in its nature, dependent on appetite and to some extent on inaccessibility, and consequently tends to the impermanent and discourteous."

Her Answer.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"It all depends upon you," she said, "If you've got tickets to Mary Garden or Caruso, or a front seat at Fritzi Scheff's, or Little Cremo's; or credit at Sherry's, Delmonico's, or the Plaza; or the price of a taxi for a 40-mile spin through The Bronx, name your picnic and you'll find me game!"

"Sorry I haven't, my pretty maid."

"You look like a piker, sir," she said, with a haughty swish of her fluffy head.—Puck.

It is easier to tell when a girl has reached the marriageable age than to know when she has passed it.

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In attendance at Creston Office On Saturdays.

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With a Local Flavor

E. L. T. Taylor, of England, who a few weeks ago purchased some land from Geo. Huscroft, has returned from a trip through the Okanagan and other fruit growing centres of British Columbia.

Geo. de Vere Hunt, of Cranbrook, who owns five acres addition to the Creston townsite, was in town on Monday and Tuesday, leaving afterwards for Nelson.

Nelson proposes to hold a Marathon road race on Dominion Day.

Creston is singularly free from sickness or contagious disease. There is not a case in town. Beautiful, fortunate, healthy Creston!

R. E. Beattie, prop. of the Creston Drug & Book Co., passed through on Monday on his return journey to Cranbrook from Nelson.

Harry Behnsen, M.P.P., Victoria, was a visitor to Creston early this week, arriving from a business tour through the Crow's Nest Pass, in the interests of the firm of Harry Behnsen & Co., cigar exporters. Their special lines are the popular Big B. and Little B.

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

Tom McCreath left Saturday for Pincher Creek. Rumor says a chivari is in sight.

LATER: Rumor unfounded. Tommy returned alone on Tuesday. We conjecture: Rejected.

Owing to damage to the water main of the C.P.R., the Rodgers sawmill was silent several days this week.

Owing to an overflow of the Goat River, the greenhouse owned by C. P. Riel had a narrow squeak this week. Much of the young garden truck on the exterior was washed out. The water has dropped two feet since.

We sympathize with our local pedagogue, Mr. Jas. E. King, who is suffering from a sprained ankle. On Monday Mrs. Darbyshire conducted both schools.

On Sunday last the C. P. R. made a change of time. The westbound now arrives daily at 3.18 p.m. instead of 3.39 as hitherto.

Wm. H. Harvey, London, Eng., was a guest at the Munro Tuesday.

E. L. T. Taylor returned to Millarville, Alta., on Tuesday.

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

Canyon street is now in the hands of the road repairers and the road is being graded in fine style. This will make a great difference to the roadway in front of the handsome Mercantile block.

F. W. Godfrey and wife of Victoria, have just arrived from a tour through the Crows' Nest Pass. They are here on a visit to their son Percy.

J. Cook has been in Nelson this week attending the Anglican Synod of the Kootenay diocese as delegate from Creston.

The Acme Quadrille Club will give a Grand Ball on July 1st (Dominion Day). Northey's three-piece orchestra has been engaged.

Ed. Medford is building a large two-storey building on Fourth Street, alongside Sam Hatfield's barber shop.

In the case of Simmonds vs. Peterman, an action for trespass, the latter claimed there was no road for him to get off his land, and the matter was left for Harry Wright, government agent, to decide. After visiting the ground Mr. Wright has decided that a road will have to be built, half a mile long. This was surveyed this week by C. Moore.

The offices of the Creston Telephone Co. are now completed and operations will shortly be conducted from that central. The promised improvements are now well under way. Men are digging holes for the posts for the new system, and the poles are now on the ground.

Messrs. Chas. Hall and Tom Hickey have gone into the wild animal business. They made their first shipment of bear to a purchaser at Kaslo on Wednesday.

P. R. Godfrey left for a legal visit to Nelson on Wednesday.

It is the intention of the local council of the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends to give a number of social evenings.

Port Hill and Creston will play at baseball on Sunday next. The match will be played at G. Huscroft's ranch.

Jim Jeffries' trainer says his man is now fit enough to knock the block off Massa Johnson.

FOR SALE
LOT F
In CRESTON TOWNSITE
Five Acres
Good Land
Price - $1250
APPLY
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WANTED
STRAWBERRY PICKERS
Highest wages paid. Season nearly at hand. Apply—
R. BEVAN
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Fine Cigars and Cigarettes
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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 26 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence north 26 chains to the point of commencement, and containing 40 acres more or less.
Dated this 26th day of April, 1909.
WILLIAM BURTON.

FOR RENT.—A three-roomed house, $3.00 per month. Apply Mrs. Mallandaine.

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

Whilst reports from other fruit growing centres are discouraging, the Creston crop will be a bumper. Truly this is a wonderful climate.

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

The service at the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening next will be the first of a series. "Creation in the Light of Evolution" will be the subject of the first discourse.

S. A. Speers' new store at the corner of Sirdar Avenue and Fourth street will shortly be under construction. We understand a "Fraternity Hall" will be built above.

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

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Sawmill at Creston
Rough and Dressed Lumber
Laths
Shingles
Brick
Lime
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Mouldings
CHAS. O. RODGERS
LUMBER
Subscribe

We would suggest that at the next meeting of the Creston Board of Trade a strong appeal be made to the Canadian Pacific Railway for cheap rates from Winnipeg and other prairie points to Creston during the forthcoming season. We are sure that if Creston were advertised in Winnipeg many would avail themselves of a cheap rate to view our lands as possible fruit farmers.

H. L. Rothwell, of Cranbrook, is relieving Mr. P. B. Fowler, manager of the Creston branch of the Bank of Commerce, during his absence at the coast. Mr. Fowler will return the first of the coming week.

Rev. Philip C. Hayman has this week been attending the Anglican Synod at Nelson.

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.

Now is the time to get your
Pictures Framed
I have a large and beautiful assortment of Mouldings. Everybody invited to come in and see them, whether they buy or not.
I ALSO REPAIR OLD FRAMES
W. J. Downey
Photographer CRESTON

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.
T. H. HICKEY, Prop

THE MUNRO HOTEL
CRESTON -:- B.C.

Drink the Famous Products Of the
Le Roi Brewery
Special: Ask for "PERFECTION" Bottled Beer
SUPERIOR TO ALL IMPORTED BEERS
ROSSLAND, B.C.

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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.
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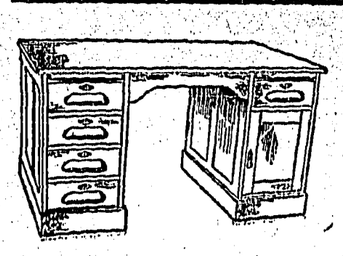
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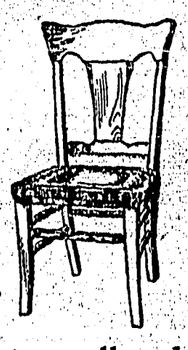
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