All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

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Dawn of Berry Season

CRESTON'S FAMOUS BERRIES ARE EAGERLY AWAITED ON THE PRAIRIE

Creston, the premier berry section of British Columbia, is now making preparations for its banner shipment of strawberries. While discouraging reports continue to arrive from other districts, Creston farmers are wearing a mammoth smile and conveying to their ranches thousands of boxes and crates in segments. The honor of making the first shipment for the season belongs to Paul Hagen, of Duck creek ranch. This was consigned yesterday to Messrs. Cloy & Simmons, Calgary, who will handle exclusively our prairie shipments this year.

All the principal ranchers agree upon a bumper crop. Pickers are urgently sought for at tip-top wages. In about two weeks thousands of boxes of the luscious Creston berries will daily be shipped in refrigerator cars to eastern points. Gathered at sun-up and eaten as far east as Macleod before sundown there is small wonder at the growing demand for Creston berries, and the side-tracking of all others. With the dew yet on the berries they will be on the tables of Calgary, Lethbridge, Medicine Hat and dozens of other prairie towns the following morning.

Possible Port of Entry

As a result of the resolution of the Creston Board of Trade, which was endorsed by the Associated Board, praying for the making of Ryckerts, B.C., a port of entry for stock, the Government sent Dr. Tolmie here to investigate. We understand the emissary will recommend the station.

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

Notes from Canyon City.

(From our Correspondent)

Block 812 gives way to Canyon City, which in the near future will prove to be one of the most flourishing fruit growing districts in the neighbourhood. Every one is more than busy. Already houses have been erected by Messrs. Turner, Quail, Pochin, Knott, Mawson and Gowan, with at least four others to be built immediately. Mr. Pochin has opened a store, and a post office is expected to be opened shortly in connection, which is badly needed.

Mr. Clayton is the latest settler to take up land and is busily engaged in stumping.

A meeting of the settlers was held on Saturday, June 5th, to discuss several points of interest, of which the most important is the water question. Water is still four bits a barrel, and hard to get at that.

Mr. F. W. Pace, of Winnipeg, superintendent northwest branch of Liverpool London and Globe Insurance Co., was a visitor here for a few days, and was much impressed with the possibilities of the district.

Business at Messrs. Blair & McPherson's lumber yard is very brisk.

John Carlquist, who was arrested for the murder of one of his guests at Copeland, on the morning of May 19th, was given a preliminary hearing and committed for trial. The session of the criminal court began on the 14th inst., and Carlquist will stand upon the capital charge.

The election of officers for Wild Rose Lodge No. 39, Knights of Pythias, resulted last Monday as follows: R. M Reid, C.C.; G. A. M. Young, V.C.; N. E. Read, Prelate; G. Broderick, M. of W.; A. E. French, K.R.S.; J. Hobden, M. of A.; R. S. Bevan, M. of F.; D. W. Scott, M. of E.; G. Hendren, I.G.

POINTERS FOR OUR FARMERS

V. D. CURRY, GOVRRNMENT EXPERT ON IRRIGATION AND CULTIVATION, LECTURES HERE.

A large crowd of fruit ranchers faced Mr. D. V. Curry, of Kamloops, on Saturday evening last. Mr. Curry is an experienced horticulturist and pomologist whose services have been requisitioned by the British Columbia Government to give a series of lectures to the Farmers' Institutes and other fruit growing organizations in the province, a service that is greatly beneficial and highly appreciated.

Mr. Curry arrived on the east-bound train Saturday morning, and was met by a delegation of local farmers. In the afternoon he was taken to the nearest points of interest that it was considered would assist him in making deductions for data for his lecture upon "Irrigation," as applied to the Creston district.

Mr. J. F. Rose, president of the local brance of the E. K. F. I., occupied the chair, and after a few opportune opening remarks, introduced the speaker:

Mr. Curry began by congratulating us on our country, saying: "I had the pleasure of driving around to-day, and was greatly impressed with the fine soil and the great advancement which had been made during the past few years. He said that it showed a high order of intelligence on the part of the ranchers, and a keen interest in their welfare. With this they should be able to overcome any difficulty that might arise. He said that he might compliment us on one thing, and that was that he never saw better homes. There was not one poor looking place, and he was not at all surprised at the splendid muster now facing him.

Mr. Curry remarked that he was not an extraordinary speaker, but was a farmer. He had been twenty years in B.C. He said he had been sent here by the government to speak on Irrigation. In some of the valleys of Oregon, where they have twice or three times as much rainfall as they have here, they have found it useful to lay out irrigation ditches on account of the dry season. In Italy, where there are 36 inches of rainfall, they use irrigation in winter time, the soil being saturated to a great depth, and the water left until the warm season. They even drain large rivers and turn them into ditches for this purpose.

He said that Creston is fortunately situated in having good soil at considerable depth. Irrigation in the dry belt is essential, and at Kamloops, where there is only nine or ten inches of rainfall, it is necessary. Besides that, it would be a very heavy undertaking. The water would have to be brought from Arrow Creek, and he didn't think there was enough water anywhere to warrant any large scheme of irrigation. Owing to the condition of the country he said he could not recommend it. Perhaps later on it would be more feasible. What he did advocate however, was a thorough system of cultivation. If we follow this system we can grow all without Irrigation.

The cultivation of the soil must not begin in the spring, but in the fall. Plow the soil to a good depth so that the rain will penetrate, and the subsoil become a reservoir and retain all the moisture for the summer. If you want to get a good crop next summer, get your ground cultivated this year. If you wait until the spring you will lose all the moisture that has gathered from the winter's rain and snow. In potato growing, deep cultivation in the fall and harrowing in the spring, to retain the moisture, is the proper method. Drill the potatoes with a plow and harrow level and continue harrowing until potatoes are well up; then cultivate with a cultivator as deeply and as close to the plant as possible. It will be noticed at this stage that the roots do not extend lateraly, and no harm is done by deep and thorough cultivation, but as the plant spreads on the surface it will also spread its root system at the bottom, so you must cultivate shallower so as not to interfere with the growth of the roots and continue until in full bloom. At this stage in the growth of the plant a large quantity of moisture is required. Never hill potatoes up, as any tool you may use to do it will cut off millions of the roots that are essential to the growth of the plant. Give level cultivation until potatoes are ripe.

Mr. Curry then went on to speak on the advantages of Creston as a shipping point for berries. He said there was no better place in B.C. for shihping, as we were near the markets and right on the line.

He said he had a plantation of his own in the Thompson valley. He struggled along without irrigation. It might be all right in May and June, but in August it was all as dry as possible. He said he learned early in the game to conserve his moisture. Talking about strawberries, Mr. Curry remarked that the old plants were not half as vigorous as young plants. Therefore, if you keep your patch young you will have better results. In strawberry culture he advised the planting of a new field every spring and plowing the old ones up, as it was cheaper than trying to keep the weeds out of the old patch.

Q. Would you put clover or rye into the land before planting?

A. I would sow clover as a humus crop and plow it in before it formed a heavy root system and disc the ground and cultivate the ground the following summer, and plant the spring following. You cannot saw clover the summer previous to planting. The same applies to rye.

In answer to a question he said the hedgerow system in this district would be all right, as it would enable the grower to cultivate a larger amount of the soil between the rows and conserve more moisture. The same rule applies to apple and other trees. Constant vigilance is required in cultivating to conserve the moisture and destroy the weeds, unless in the fall the trees would put on too late a growth and go into winter immature.

Set strawberries about eighteen inches apart. Cultivate as close to the plant as possible, until runners come, then put in straw mulch. Always plant strawberries in the spring, and do not leave the plant in too long. If one of the old plants is dug up it will be found that there are one or two white roots and that the rest are a black mess going into the ground Then if a young plant is dug up the difference will be quickly noticed. These have all white roots, which are the ones that feed the plant. Consequently a young plant must have more nourishment than an old one, and gives better results. Plants were liable to be smothered by putting on too much or too close manure.

One of the chief difficulties of the strawberry business is the pickers. It is usual to pay 1 or 1½ cents a box, but sometimes 2 cents a box is paid. Boys can pick 100 boxes per day.

Mr. Curry then gave a few hints on the planting of trees. He said that the ground should be kept well open in order to be in good condition for planting, the sap to be out of the tree at the time of planting. It is better to plant trees in in the fall, if the sap is out, that is to say, if they are dormant; but if the trees are not dormant, then it is better to wait until spring before planting. Trees that are brown and dead at the top are frozen and in order to remedy this it was necessary to cut back until good wood is reached, even if you have to go as far as the grafting to do so. The question of giving sufficient water to the plants was answered by saying that water must be given to the plants by artificial means or otherwise.

It was asked whether it was advisable to tread down the earth round a tree when planting, the speaker answering by saying that it was most decidedly so, and that after digging the hole the top soil to be thrown in and worked around the roots. While filling the hole, continue to tread down the soil until within six inches of the top, when it must be filled with water. After the water is all absorbed, fill in more top soil. Asked to how deep a tree should be planted, he replied: "As deep as the graft, or so that the graft is just covered by the earth."

He said he had at one time planted 500 trees and a large bunch of potatoes in the Thompson valley, having no idea that the water would dry up. He however cultivated it well, the water going away on the 27th of June. The trees and potatoes grew splendidly, the trees making a four feet growth. He afterwards went away, returning on the 17th August, and was greatly surprised to find both trees and potatoes were flourishing. The reason of this was that during his absence the cultivation had been kept up, but on examining the ground it was found that the potatoes had taken all the moisture there was in the ground, not a drop being left in the soil. On returning from another trip it was found that out of the 500 trees that were planted, only 150 were alive. All this because of the water taken from the soil by the potatoes.

Q. Why do you advocate cultivation?

A. Because it retains the moisture in the soil, retaining a dust mulch, which is essential to the growth of the plant. Particularly does this apply to a section like this where irrigation is not practised.

Mr. Curry's strong point seemed to be conservation of moisture by constant cultivation. He said that in the growing of large fruits he supposed it was the aim of everyone to grow a fine young orchard. He told a story as an illustration: There was a gentleman in the Thompson valley, who had a little orchard of about two or three acres. This gentleman was of an experimental turn of mind. His trees would not grow without irrigation. He got a fine mellow soil by good cultivation and was surprised at the result. The roots of the trees, instead of—as when he used irrigation—running along the top of the ground, took a sudden turn down so that they could get moisture from below. Last summer was the driest ever experienced in the Thompson valley, but the trees never suffered in the least; in fact, they are in a magnificent condition.

Mr. Curry said he was a crank on potato growing and remarked that rotten potatoes were the result of a late spring. He said that the seeds should be split in two, lengthwise, and planted in drills, not in hills, and not to try late seeds.

Q. Would you use a subsoiler?

A. Follow the plow with a subsoiler. The idea is have a deep subsoil to retain the moisture which sinks into the soil from the fall rains and winter snows. In potato growing I find from my 18 years experience that the best results are obtained by deep cultivation in the fall, previous to planting, and to get on the ground as quickly as possible in the spring with the harrows, to retain the moisture which is there. I like to plant my potatoes by hand, as I don't like the planter. I object to the slips and prefer continuous rows. I plant with the drill system and after the potatoes are planted, I harrow the ground down and continue harrowing until the potatoes are up. I then use the "Planet Junior" cultivator and go as deeply into the soil as possible and close to the plant, because at that stage of growth of the potato the roots do not extend lateraly and you are in danger of cutting off the roots. But as the plants spread on the top, so will the roots spread at the bottom. I begin to raise my cultivator teeth and cultivate shallower, and continue cultivating until the plants are in full bloom. At this stage I would be cultivating possibly two or three inches deep. I would now like to give a good irrigation but a rain would answer the purpose just as well. I then continue the cultivation until the plants are ripe. The potatoes should never be hilled up. I believe in flat culture. Any machine you would use to hill up, such as the double mould board plow will destroy millions of roots and reduce the feeding powers of the plant.

E. Griffin and wife, Rossland, are guests at the Creston.

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PRIVY COUNCIL JUDICIAL COMMITTEE

Its Value to the Colonies and to the Empire Considered

By WALLACE NESBITT, K.C., in Canadian Courier.

The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is the court of last resort for all that portion of the British Empire situated outside the United Kingdom. It sits as a committee of advice to the Crown, and its jurisdiction is founded solely on the royal prerogative.

From the beginning of our national existence the King has been accustomed to act with the advice of the magnates or great men of the realm, and at an early period exercised legislative, executive and judicial authority, especially of an appelate character, from the shire and hundred courts. I have been unable to ascertain when appeals to the Privy Council were first instituted, but there is no doubt that from the earliest times petitions for justice were presented to the King in Council, especially when the courts were liable to be intimidated by an influential suitor, it being an ancient rule of our Constitution that the subject who failed to obtain justice in the ordinary courts might in all cases petition to the King to exercise his royal prerogative in his behalf. As the Empire increased, this right has been gradually extended to all the King's subjects. Those residing in the United Kingdom have apparently found the custom of presenting their petitions to the King in Parliament the most convenient, and this practice is now confirmed by statute, the House of Lords being the court of last resort for the United Kingdom. The King's subjects beyond the seas, on the other hand, found that their petitions were more speedily heard if addressed to the King in Council, which has thus gradually become the tribunal of final appeal for India and the Colonies. The statutes which have been enacted from time to time regulating the power and procedure of the Council are of a most interesting character and clearly reflect the popular opinion of the day. One of the most interesting is that of 24 Henry VIII. passed in 1532, which provides

"That appeals in such cases as have been used to be pursued to the See of Rome, shall not be from henceforth taken, but within this realm." The power thus conferred upon the Council of hearing appeals in all cases was greatly abused, and by Statute I,

CHARLES I,

Chapter 10, passed in the year 1640, it is enacted that neither His Majesty nor Privy Council have any jurisdiction or power to draw into question any matter of any of the subjects of this Kingdom, but that the same ought to be tried in ordinary courts of law, thus transferring the appelate authority of the King in the United Kingdom from the Council to the Parliament or House of Lords. It will be noticed that the words of this statute do not apply to the King's subjects outside the United Kingdom, and in the same year we find mention made in the records of the Council of proceedings in a matter from the Island of Guernsey. The Council was put on its present basis and the Judicial Committee formed by Statute 3 and 4, William IV., 1833, and by subsequent statutes jurisdiction has been given to the Judicial Committee in matters within the United Kingdom in Ecclesiastical, Admiralty and Patent cases.

Owing to the great expansion of our Empire, which is mainly due to the acquisition of new territory, the laws administered by this council are of the most diverse and complex character, and the judicial enquiry entered into by it, of the most cosmopolitan description. It is laid down by most eminent authority that all territory which is newly acquired, whether by conquest, colonisation or peaceful annexation, is acquired for the benefit of the Crown. If an uninhabited country is discovered and peopled by English subjects, they are supposed to possess themselves of it for the benefit of their sovereign, and carry with them such portions of the English common law as are necessary and applicable to their situation. In the case of possessions acquired by conquest or annexation, the sovereign, unless he has limited his prerogative by the articles of capitulation or treaty, has the inherent power to make new laws for the conquered country, but until he sees fit to do so the laws in force in the newly acquired territory at the time of *the capitulation or annexation, remain* in force and equally affect all persons and property. It has been the almost universal custom of our Empire to refrain *from interfering* with the laws and institution which have been in force in those countries which have been added to it. As an illustration of the extent of jurisdiction,

SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK,

when in Toronto in 1905, stated that, whilst proceeding on the tour which he was then completing, he had left Liverpool and had visited Gibraltar, Minorca, South Africa, India and Canada, all countries under the rule of the British Empire, and all, with scarcely an exception, under laws which differed. Go into the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council for a single week and watch its operations. You will see it deciding on one day a question according to the Roman Dutch law; on another a question according to the French law as it prevailed before the revolution, modified by subsequent Canadian statutes; and on another day according to the common law of England, as modified by Australia or New Zealand legislation; and at the end of the week according to the customs of the Hindu or Mohammedan law. The truth of these observations may be readily understood by perusing a list of the different territories from which appeals may be taken to this court. The number is upwards of 150, and occupies in our work on the subject over seven printed pages. If Europe is taken as an example, appeals lie from six different principalities, and the laws administered range from the ancient customs of the Isle of Man to those in force in the Island of Cyprus. Other interesting examples may be given in the Leeward Islands, composed of Montserrat, Saint Kitts and Ben Nevis, where it administers the common law introduced by royal proclamation in 1764, and Newfoundland, which is our oldest colony. In Asia, besides India, appeals lie from the courts of twenty-four separate principalities, differing from the Bombay High Court to the Consular Court in China and Corea.

If we should now examine the actual working of this Council, we find that the governments of the various dependencies as a general rule have the power to legislate and limit the right of the subject to carry his case to the foot of the crown. They cannot, however, legislate with regard to the right of the

SOVEREIGN TO HEAR

those appeals. As a general rule, legislation has been passed restricting the right of appeal to cases when the matter in controversy exceeds a certain value. If the matter is not of sufficient importance to comply with the regulation in force in the particular territory in which the suit is instituted, an application may be made to the Council itself for special leave to appeal. The application is made by way of petition, which must set out the facts of the case, the portion of the judgments in the courts below which are said to be erroneous, and the reasons upon which counsel base the application. The statements contained in the petition must be characterized by the utmost frankness and good faith, and a prima facie case must be made out. The committee in granting the petition will be greatly influenced by the wishes of the colony as expressed by its legislation. The exercise of the prerogative will not be recommended except in cases of general importance, and will only be granted (1) where constitutional questions are in controversy, (2) where there is an important point of law involved and the amount in controversy is large. The Privy Council, in deference to the wishes of our government, have laid down the rule in criminal cases that they will not interfere to grant special leave unless the clearest injustice has been done. Two cases of recent years excited great interest. In Riel's case, where, following the Northwest rebellion, Riel was convicted of high treason, leave to appeal was refused. In Gaynor and Green's case, where the United States were petitioners, leave to appeal was granted, and upon the argument being heard an order was made favorable to the United States Government.

Where, however, the local legislature does not prohibit the appeal, the appellant proceeds to the Privy Council as of right, and no leave is necessary.

The first step in the appeal is the printing of the record, which contains the pleadings, the judgments delivered by the courts below, and such parts of the evidence as may be necessary for the determination of the matters in dispute. Each counsel then prepares his case, which should contain a short statement of the facts relied on by counsel in support of his contentions, and a memorandum of the points to be argued It is not customary to cite authorities in the case. Indeed, it is not considered to be in good taste, as owing to the great learning and vast experience of the

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD,

they are usually familiar with such as have a bearing on the matters in question. The Privy Council does not sit as a court, but as a committee, and the argument takes place in a chamber in the Colonial Office in Downing street. Only the other day Viscount Wolverhampton, a solicitor who for many years was head of the Incorporated Law Society, and who has been elevated to the peerage and made a member of the committee, sat along with the law lords. He would not have been entitled to appear as an advocate or to don a wig and gown in court in the United Kingdom, and yet he was sitting as a judge in this committee. I fancy it was the only occasion when such a thing has happened. Of course, many of the solicitors in England are probably as great lawyers as are to be found anywhere in the world, but they cannot, under the English system, appear in court or be created judges. The lords appear in their ordinary street attire, and are seated around a table at one end of the room. When the court opens, the doors are unbarred, counsel are allowed to enter and take their places in a small railed enclosure at the other end of the room. They are expected to wear the ordinary court attire, which includes a wig and gown. There is a small reading desk on which the counsel addressing the court may place his documents and other papers. If an authority is cited to their lordships, usually an attendant of the court is directed to obtain the report, which is perused by their lordships at the time. Judgment is delivered or counsel may be requested to withdraw while their lord-ships deliberate. Counsel are then admitted and judgment is delivered, or judgment may be reserved.

The Council is not a court, and the judgment is delivered by one of the whole committee, no dissenting view being expressed, it being the duty of each Privy Councillor not to disclose any advice that he may have given to the Crown.

During a recent stay in London I more than once visited the council rooms, and was astonished by the variety and magnitude of the business transacted. On one day their Lordships were engaged in a reference from

THE COLONIAL OFFICE

as to the conduct of the Chief Justice of Grenada. On the next day their Lordships heard argument in a case from Ceylon, where two native ladies of high rank were appealing in an endeavor to quash a conviction for the alleged crime of beating a servant to death. The next case concerned the question of the pedigree of an Indian Rajah, and the right of succession to his vast estate, in which Sir Robert Finlay, ex-Attorney-General of England, was opposed to distinguished members of the Indian Bar, several Parsee lawyers acting as junior counsel on either side. On the next day, a dispute involving the title to a Cobalt mining claim was heard, and in the afternoon a question as to the title of a piece of foreshore in the eastern part of Quebec was disposed of. I have seen their Lordships dispose of five petitions for special leave to appeal one morning in less than an hour, and these petitions originated from places as distant from one another as Gibraltar, India, the Straits Settlements, and Canada, and apparently with a full appreciation of the law and facts involved in each case. I supposed the petitions had been carefully perused before the committee met.

There has been some discussion looking towards abolishing the Judicial Committee, or amending its constitution. Objection has been taken that the highest appellate courts of the great federated and self-governing colonies should be the courts of last resort for such colonies, and suggesting that the existence of the court is a reflection on the ability and learning of their own judges; also objections based upon the delay and expense. The subject was fully discussed on the occasion of the debate in the House of Commons of England on the Commonwealth of Australia Constitution Bill. The various criticisms were well answered by Mr. Faber, who has been Registrar of the Privy Council for nine years. Any person interested should consult that memorandum.

The court, of course, is only human, and, like all other things, must sometimes make mistakes, but as a general rule its decisions disclose a depth of learning and breadth of character which are not surpassed by those of any other forum in the world. Being far removed from the cause of litigation, their judgments are not affected or tainted with local spirit or prejudice. It is unfortunate that it sometimes happens that they are misunderstood by even learned members of our legal profession. Their Lordships do not, as a rule,

CITE AUTHORITIES

in their written decisions, which sometimes lead one to suppose that they have been overlooked. As they constantly decide matters of the very greatest importance, it occasionally happens that their decisions do not commend themselves to popular opinion, but it cannot be otherwise in any court of last resort. The Council's most vehement detractors have never denied the undoubted ability and eminence of those brilliant statesmen and lawyers, who have taken part in its decisions and dispensed justice for the entire Empire. Among these I may mention Lord Brougham, Lord Westbury, the late Lord St. Leonards, Lord Selborne, Lord Cairns, Lord Watson, Lord Herschell, Lord Halsbury, the present Chancellor Lord Loreburn, Lord Macnaghten, and Lord Lindley.

So much for the criticisms referred to. On the question of its political importance the Privy Council itself, in 1871, in a memorandum, said:

"The appellate jurisdiction of Her Majesty in Council exists for the benefit of the colonies, and not for that of the mother country; but it is impossible to overlook the fact that this jurisdiction is part of Her Majesty's prerogative, and which has been exercised for the benefit of the colonies since the date of their settlement. It is still a powerful link between the colonies and the Crown of Great Britain, and secures to every subject throughout the Empire the right to claim redress from the Throne. It provides a remedy in many cases not falling within the jurisdiction of the ordinary courts of justice. It removes causes from the influence of local prepossession; it affords the means of maintaining the uniformity of the law of England and her colonies, which derive a great body of their laws from Great Britain, and enables them, if they think fit, to obtain a decision in the last resort from the highest judicial authority, composed of men of the greatest legal capacity existing in the metropolis."

And again in 1875 the Privy Council pointed out that "this power has been exercised for centuries over all the dependencies of the Empire by the Sovereign of the mother country sitting in Council. By this institution, common to all

PARTS OF THE EMPIRE,

beyond the seas, all matters whatever requiring a judicial solution may be brought to the cognisance of one court in which all have a voice. To abolish this controlling power and abandon each colony and dependency to a separate Court of Appeal of its own, would obviously destroy one of the most important ties connecting all parts of the Empire in common obedience to the courts of law, and to renounce the last and most essential mode of exercising the authority of the Crown over its possessions abroad."

At the date of the Australian debate, the Government of New Zealand said that "in the best interests of the Empire, the right of appeal on constitutional grounds is one of the strongest links binding us to the mother country." And Western Australia was of the opinion "that by the possession of one Court of Appeal for the whole British race, whose *decisions are final and binding on all* the courts of the Empire, there is constituted a bond between all British people which should be maintained inviolate as the keystone of imperial unity."

Canada has given many recent evidences that she has no reason to regret the absence of absolute finality in the decisions of her own courts, and has many times shown that together with all other portions of the British Empire, her people look to the advisers of the Sovereign in Council in matters of the highest moment for a breadth of decision not surpassed by that of any other tribunal in the whole world.

To appreciate our view of this tribunal, you have to enter into the difference of spirit prevalent under the English Constitution and others.

"One of the great glories of the Roman Empire was that the system of jurisprudence which we know as the Roman Law extended in its application practically throughout the Empire. Napoleon will be remembered by the only beneficent act of his life which remains, and which still influences the lives and the actions of the vast continent of Europe over which his dominion was once overspread. Napoleon, by sweeping away all the separate systems of local law which prevailed in Europe, and substituting

THE CODE NAPOLEON,

with its comparative simplicity and reasonableness, did undoubtedly introduce a uniformity of law throughout his empire. That has not been the method of the British Empire. Our method has been totally contrary. We have always proceeded on the principle of jealously preserving and maintaining local laws and usages."

The veneration in which the Council is held is afforded in the well-known story which is, I believe, founded on fact, of the conduct of some poor villagers in an obscure corner of Rajputana, who had for years been struggling for their rights against the oppression of the powerful Rajah of that district. An appeal was finally taken upon the question in dispute to the Privy Council and a judgment being obtained in their favor, they conceived that any institution possessing such great powers must be of Divine origin. They erected an altar to this great unknown being, the Privy Council.

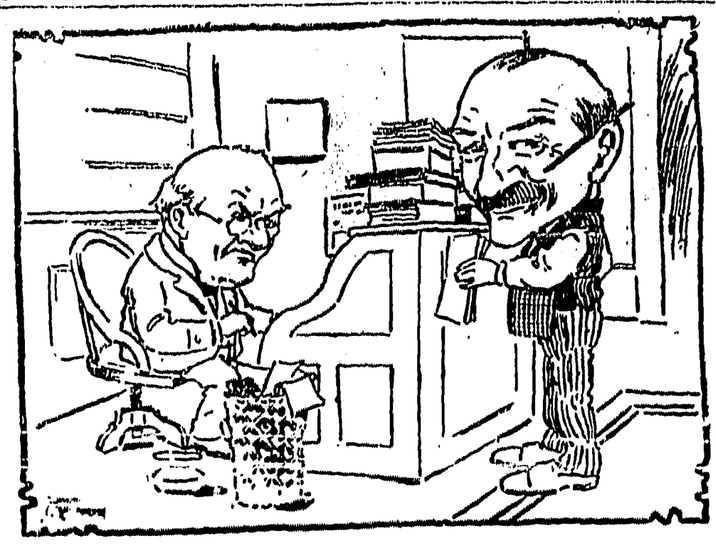
It cannot be doubted that it is one of the strongest links which bind the Empire together.

The fire of patriotism burns in our colonies with a pure, clear flame which is the wonder of the world. In South Africa, men from Canada, New Zealand and Australia fought side by side with men from England, Ireland and Scotland, under one flag. With the copious outpouring of their blood they sealed our Empire together. In the words of a great orator:

"Their blood has flowed in the same stream and drenched the same field; when the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring breaks from their commingled dust; the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave."

While they in their lives and their deaths joined our Empire together, I trust that we shall not put it asunder, by striking at the Privy Council appeal. The Privy Council, one of the most unique tribunals in the world, is the keystone upon which, if we work wisely, we may build up the great edifice of Imperial Federation.

"Mother, I've a dreadful thing to confess to you. Last night, when you told me to lie down in bed, I lied down, but after you turned out the gas I ground my teeth at you in the dark!"—London Punch.



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In our big tent, which will be rent
With merriment and mirth.

You girls and boys, who like a noise,
Are asked to our big show.
Animals fine will be in line,
And monkeys in a row.

The monkeys dear are very queer,
You'll see them bow and bend;
Swing by their tails hang from the rails,
And many things pretend.

A fife and drum will make things hum,
And help to swell the crowd;
The tunes they'll play will make you say,
The music's good and loud.

The smarty clowns in spotted gowns
Will play some funny tricks,
On their heads stand and mock the band;
For horses they'll ride sticks.

And they will try to climb up high,
As does each silly clown;
Don't worry if a sudden whiff
Should send them rolling down.

You'd better come, don't miss the fun;
A jolly crowd you'll find.
The lemonade will be home-made,
Just like the circus kind.

And popcorn true, and peanuts, too,
To feed the elephant;
And chewing gam, and candy some;
Miss it—you surely can't!

We have a queen, the finest seen;
A boy will wear a gown
Of royal robes much like poor Job's
And on his head a crown.

With his big feet upon the seat,
A wagon for a throne;
And there he'll reign, with his long train,
Good subjects all his own.

'Midst colors gay the bands will play,
Parade will start on time:
A tooting horn, near our big barn,
Will call them all to line.

Parade, hurrah! The crowds will draw,
And keep them on the spot.
The wagons bright will be a sight,
The finest things we've got.

There'll be a sight, which will not bite,
In our menagerie—
It will not fail—a horse whose tail
Is where his head should be.

Now do not fear, it will be here—
But in you I'll confide—
My hobby-horse will play the farce,
His tail to the manger tied.

Rose M. Pent.

LORD'S DAY WEEK.

(Montreal Witness.)

Lord Beaconsfield called the Sabbath "the corner stone of civilization; Lord Shaftsbury said, "The great bulk of the working people are of this mind, that the sanctity of Sunday is to them a grand protection." Continental writers, noting the quiet strength, the ability for sustained effort, that mark the British character at its best, have frequently attributed it as in no small degree due to the British Sunday. We have seen no less an authority than Lord Kelvin credited with the opinion that a rest consisting of a seventh of the working hours of the week is absolutely necessary for the proper preservation of machinery. It certainly is for the proper preservation of mental sanity—for moral and physical welfare. Of course, there are various services which have to be performed on Sunday—for instance the lighting of our cities, and the protection of life and property. But for the bulk of us the Sabbath is much more necessary than it was for the people of old times, who lived, in an easy-going pastoral and agricultural age, and knew nothing of the continuous "hustle and drive" which increasingly mark our day. It is well worth noting that our Sunday law in Canada does not in the least interfere with pleasure or recreation on the Day of Rest. It only endeavors to keep one day of the seven clear of the mad scramble for money, and if—as some wish—its bars were once let down the workingman would find himself in a sorry position. The labor unions are aware of this and even some of their spokesmen who care nothing for the religious aspect of the Sabbath are strong upholders of the institution from the humanitarian and economic standpoint.

KIND PRAYER.

A Presbyterian minister in the reign of King William III., performing public worship in the Tron Church at Edinburgh, used this remarkable expression in his prayer: "Lord have mercy upon all fools and idiots, and particularly upon the Town Council of Edinburgh."

DOCTORS IN THE SCHOOLS.

Medical Inspection Spreading Here, But America Still Behind Europe.

In the United States Boston seems to be entitled to the credit of establishing the first regular system of medical inspection of schools. This was done in 1894; but two years before this the sanitary inspector of New York had appointed a medical inspector of schools, who was probably the first medical officer of the public schools appointed in this country.

In 1894 fifty physicians were selected by the Board of Health to inspect the public schools of Boston. In 1895 nine such inspectors were appointed in Chicago. In 1897 the Board of Health at New York appointed 134 medical inspectors for the public schools with a chief at a salary of $2,500 a year.

In 1898 the Bureau of Health of Philadelphia passed a resolution directing that each of the fifteen assistant medical inspectors shall visit one public school in his district each day, inspecting it according to the methods employed in Boston, New York and Chicago. Since 1894 medical inspection of schools has been largely adopted throughout the United States and in some States has developed from mere inspection for detecting contagious diseases to systems calling for the most thorough physical examinations.

Only four general State laws providing for or allowing medical inspections of schools have been passed, says the Medical Record. In Connecticut in 1899 the Legislature passed a law providing for the testing of eyesight in all the public schools of the State. New Jersey has a law which went into effect in 1903 authorizing boards of education to employ physicians or medical inspectors of schools and defining their duties. Vermont followed in 1904 with a law requiring an annual examination of the eyes, ears and throats of school children.

In 1906 Massachusetts passed a law which is comprehensive in its provisions and mandatory throughout the State—the only mandatory law of the kind in the country. It requires every town and city to establish and maintain a system of medical inspection by competent physicans for the detection of contagious diseases in the schools. Examinations must also be made annually by the inspectors of all the scholars for non-contagious physical defects and their eyesight and hearing must be tested every year by the teachers.

Without authoritative and specific enactment the State Boards of Health of New York, Utah and California have caused examinations of the eyesight and hearing of school children to be made. There is, so far as can be ascertained, some form of medical inspection of schools in vogue at present in seventy cities in the United States outside of Massachusetts, but the United States is still behind Germany, and for that matter a number of foreign countries in this important movement.

Other Beginners.

Gertie—Do all fairy tales begin with "once upon a time?"

Bertie—No, most of them begin with "I was detained at the office, dear."

Making a Tunnel.

Sometimes the construction engineer brings his new line face to face with a mountain too steep to be easily mounted, and then he prepares to pierce it. Tunnels are not pleasant to ride through. They are, moreover, fearfully expensive to construct and they necessitate a double inspection. But—and the "but" in this case is a very large one—they reduce grades and distances in wholesale fashion, and so in a mountainous country the engineer must be prepared to drive tunnels, and the folk who come after him, to operate them. The tunnel job is apt to be a separate part of the work. *It calls for its own* expert talent.

If the tunnel is more than a half or three-quarters of a mile long, it will probably be dug from a shaft or shafts as well as from its portals. In this way the work will not only be greatly hastened, but the shafts will continue in use after it is completed as vents for the discharge of engine smoke and gases from the tube.

The ordinary course of such work is by the use of cutting shields proceeding simultaneously from the portals and from the footings of the shafts. These shields are to be likened to steel rings of a circumference only slightly greater than that of the finished tunnel. Men working on different levels of this shield with pick and with drill and dynamite constantly clear a path for it, whereupon it is pressed forward. Tracks follow the cutting shield and more locomotives—steam or electric—are used in removing the material. The use of electricity keeps the tunnel quite clear of gases and makes the safest light for the workers.

In rare cases the rock through which the tunnel is bored is strong enough to support itself. But in most cases the engineers prefer to line the bore—with brick as a rule—and this lining is set in place right in the path of the cutting shield. After long weeks and perhaps months of work the time comes when the different bores meet and the tunnel is a single underground tube from portal to portal.—From "Building a Railroad—and Rebuilding," by Edward Hungerford in the Outing Magazine for April.

An attempt to regulate the height of the electric "sky-lights" of New York has failed.

When spring comes in the *fireside* goes out.

HOW BRITAIN IS DEFENDED.

Britain's Naval Strength Compared With Germany's.

Home Fleet Stronger Than Kaiser's Entire Navy.

Britain's Torpedo Boat Flotilla Twice as Large.

A recent number of the Daily Graphic has an article by Gerard Fiennes showing how Britain's naval forces are disposed for the defence of the heart of the Empire. He points out that the principle governing the distribution of battleships is that the main strength of the Empire should be concentrated so that an overwhelming and rapid blow can be struck in that direction from which danger most obviously threatens. As the political situation changes from time to time and sometimes with great rapidity, it is therefore obvious that the permanence of any particular disposition can be at most but relative.

THE EMPIRE'S HEART MENACED.

In general terms it may be said that up to 1904 the strategic frontier of the Empire faced south and east, and that "far-flung battle-line" was widely extended. Since then, however, it has turned east and north, under circumstances which permit and prescribe closer concentration. In other words, since the conclusion of the South African war, the overthrow of Russian power in the far east, and the happy improvement of relations with that great power and with France; since the conclusion of the renewed and extended alliance with Japan, and the increase of the naval strength of the greatest military power of Europe, the potential menace is no longer directed against the outlying States and dependencies of the Empire, but against its heart, and in the effectiveness of the measures taken to shield the heart from a possible blow the more distant members find their best security. National defence and Imperial defence are, in the last analysis, one and the same.

THEORY OF BRITAIN'S DEFENCE.

Because the outskirts of the Empire were no longer in danger, the battlefleet was withdrawn from China, the Mediterranean fleet was reduced and the naval force around the shores of the British Isles enormously increased. For the same reason, Portland, Berehaven and Gibraltar are no longer the chief rendezvous of the great squadrons, which are more and more being centred at Dover, the Nore, Rosyth and Cromarty Firth.

The theory of Britain's defence is briefly as follows: She relies on her navy to keep the lines of sea-communication to herself and to render them dangerous to an enemy. She relies on the army to ensure that, if an enemy contemplate an attack on her shores, he should be met with such numbers of well-trained troops that the mere evasion of the observing suqadrons and a hasty landing on an open beach would profit him nothing, but only involve him in disaster ashore. The situation of her islands helps Britain greatly. The North Sea is, as it were, a harbor, and Great Britain is like a breakwater, denying ingress and egress, except through narrow channels at the northern and southern ends. At least, that to the south is narrow, while that to the north is broad but cold, and leads nowhere in particular.

THE HOME FLEET.

To carry out her purposes Britain has now the following force, combined under Admiral Sir William May:

Battleships—1st Division (8)—Dreadnoughts (two), Lord Nelsons (two), Formidables (four).

Guns—44 12-inch, 20 9.2-inch, 48 6-inch.

Broadside—40,200 lbs.

Battleships—2nd Division (8)—King Edward class.

Guns—32 12-inch, 32 9.2-inch, 80 6-inch.

Broadside.—37,280 lbs.

This is the fully-commissioned battle squadron of the home fleet, having its bases at Portland, the Nore, Rosyth and Cromarty, and its repairing bases at Portsmouth and Devonport. Its commanders are:

Admiral Sir William May (Commander-in-Chief), Rear-Admiral C. J. Briggs, Vice-Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne, Rear-Admiral James Startin.

Attached to it are two squadrons of armored cruisers, as follows:

First squadron—Invincible, Indomitable, Inflexible, Drake, Defence.

Guns—24 12-inch, 6 9.2-inch, 10 7.5-inch, 16 6-inch.

Broadside.—24,860 lbs.

Second squadron— Shannon, Defence, Warrior, Natal, Cochrane.

Guns—24 9.2-inch, 32 7.5-inch.

Broadside—10,800 lbs.

GERMANY'S BROADSIDE AND BRITAIN'S.

Compared with the whole effective force of the German navy, the fully-commissioned home fleet stands thus:

	British.	German.
Battleships	16	20
Guns of battlefleet	72 12-in. 52 9.2-in. 128 6-in.	40 11-in. 40 9.4-in. 200 6.7 and 6-in.
Weight of broadside	77,480 lbs.	52,410 lbs.
Armored cruisers	10	7
Guns of A. C.	24 12-in. 30 9.2-in. 42 7.5-in. 16 6-in.	— 2 9.4-in. 32 8-in. 52 6-in.
Weight of broadside	35,660 lbs.	16,122 lbs.

The British armored ships of the home fleet in full commission, then, throw a broadside almost twice as heavy as that thrown by all the armored ships of the German navy.

AUXILIARY SQUADRON.

But besides these ships there are in full commission the battleships and armored cruisers of the Atlantic fleet, of which Prince Louis of Battenberg is in command. They are as follows:

Atlantic fleet—6 battleships. Guns—24 12-inch, 72 6-inch. Broadside—22,800 lbs.

Fifth cruiser squadron — 4 ships. Guns—14 9.2-inch, 4 7.5-inch, 42 6-inch. Broadside—6,400 lbs.

Next there are the third and fourth divisions of the home fleet—vessels with nucleus crews on a sliding scale.

The third division is composed as Vice-Admiral George Neville.

The third division is composed as follows:

Eight battleships: Guns, 32 12-inch, 96 6-inch; broadside, 32,000 pounds. Eight armored cruisers: Guns, 8 9.2-inch, 24 7.5-inch, 54 6-inch; broadside, 9,540 pounds.

As the fourth division is not kept in a condition instantly ready for war, no account of its strength can be given.

Of protected cruisers, scouts, etc., (excluding depot ships and mine-layers), Great Britain has, in full commission, or with nucleus crews, 32 ships of speeds varying from 25 to 18 knots, some of which are attached to the torpedo flotillas. Germany has, in all, 29 ships, of which 9 are credited with a speed of 25 knots, and the rest vary from 22 to 16.

TORPEDO CRAFT AND SUBMARINES

In torpedo craft Great Britain has the following in full commission:

Destroyers—	
Tribal class, 800-900 tons (33 knots).	4
"River" class, 550 tons (25 knots)..	28
Older ships, 250-200 tons (30 knots)..	16
Total	48
Destroyers with nucleus crews	76
Torpedo boats attached to home fleet	28
Torpedo boats attached to home ports	20
Torpedo boats with nucleus crews	32

making a total of 204 above water torpedo craft, with which there are forty-six submarines.

The German force is as follows:

Destroyers—	
Grosse torpedo boote, 500-670 tons (33-28 knots)	36
Grosse torpedo boote, 400-500 tons (28-26 knots)	36
Grosse torpedo boote, 380-250 tons (30-21 knits)	9
Total	81
Torpedo boats (small and slow)	47

making a total of 128 torpedo craft. It must be understood that every German destroyer and torpedo boat in existence is included in this estimate, as against those the British fleet has in commission in home waters. Also that the British ships, nominally with nucleus, crews, have really full complements on board.

THE MEN OF THE TWO FLEETS.

To man this force of ships, as well as the Mediterranean fleet, and the various cruiser squadrons and gunboats kept in different parts of the world, Great Britain maintains 128,000 men and boys on the active service list, from which total about 10,000 must be deducted for boys under training, coastguard who could not be spared from the signal stations to go afloat, and non-effectives. The whole fleet, down to the special service vessels, requires about 116,000 men. There are also 56,000 men in the Fleet Reserve, Royal Naval Reserve (merchant seamen), and Naval Volunteer Reserve. Against these Germany has about 54,000 men on her active service list, and about as many more in reserve.

THE LAND FORCE.

Turning for a moment to the land forces, the "striking force" of the regular army, consisting of six complete divisions and as many cavalry brigades, with a due proportion of field and horse artillery and departmental services, attached to either arm, is mainly concentrated at Aldershot, or Salisbury Plain, in London, and in the eastern counties, though considerable numbers are kept in Ireland. It is so placed that it can be rapidly conveyed for embarkation to Southampton, Dover, or the Thames, and elaborate plans are drawn up for carrying out embarkation.

Behind the regulars stand Mr. Haldane's Territorial Army, with an establishment of something over 300,000 men, and a present effective of over 200,000—if one may speak of an "effective" of troops which would confessedly require six months' training before they were fit to take the field. The land force available for home defence, however, should be sufficient to make invasion by less than 100,000 man a hopeless task, and the embargation of such a force could hardly be accomplished without our obtaining warning, nor its embarkations brought about without giving our torpedo craft and submarines a chance of getting in among them.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

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

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Brief Lesson in English.

Fair Graduate—Which is the proper expression to use—"Girls are" or "Girls is?"

Chorus of Schoolmates—"Girls are," of course!

Fair Graduate—Of course; pshaw! Girls, are my hat on straight?—Tit-Bits.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Too Trusting.

The early robin freely acknowledged that as a harbinger of spring it had been a failure this time.

"I was fooled by the boys playing marbles in the streets," pleaded the bird, in extenuation.

For there are times, as Solomon or some other wise man has remarked, when all signes fail.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

OVERHEARD ON THE STAGE.

Miss Fewclothes—I hear that the manager is going to try to get the most decollete gowns that he can for the new chorus.

Willie Clown—I am shocked at the bare idea!

BALL PLAYING IS A GOOD PAYING BUSINESS.

A Chicago despatch says: Big Ed. Walsh hasn't signed his contract yet. During breathing spells while coaching the Yale pitchers the White Sox star announced the other day that it would take $7,500 to lure him back to the box of the Chicago Club. The chances are that Walsh's abilities to win ball games meant several times $7,500 to the owner of the White Sox team last year, but does it follow that Walsh should be paid $7,500?

What is a topnotcher like Walsh really worth when it comes right down to brass tacks? What percentage of the money that his name and prestige draw through the turnstiles should a player receive as compensation? That depends. The player thinks he should get at least half. The club owner must view the situation from another angle. Without taking away from the baseball star's glory the owner of a big league club could very easily explain why he would have to turn down a demand for a salary of $7,500 in the case of Ed. Walsh or $8,000 in the case of Mike Donlin.

In the first place it would wreck the ball club, for every other player would go on strike. One player has to be paid in a certain proportion to what his team mates get. By paying the men like Lajoie, Cobb, Walsh and Donlin in proportion to the amount of money they draw through the gates the salary list of the ball club would soon be away above any reasonable limit, and a club owner wouldn't be able to get a just return on the money invested, in fact, he would go broke.

The public never has had a very clear idea of just what the ballplayers received in their envelopes on the 1st and 15th of every month from April until October. Many think that every well-known player gets at least $4,000, and that the most famous stars draw down from $5,000 to $10,000. And the public's sympathy has all been with the player until very lately. There have been so many phoney hold-outs, retirements and threats to jump to the outlaw league by players who never intended to do anything but jump right into the band wagon when the proper time came that the dear old public has switched its sympathy — or quite a chunk of it—to the club owners, who have outgrown the position of slave owners and barterers in "human chattels."

Still others think the players are doing pretty well to drag down as much as $3,200 for a season on the diamond. If all the big league payrolls were summed up and an average taken it would be found that the players received about $3,000 to $3,200 apiece for the six months' work or play, whichever one happens to look at it.

Does $3,000 seem like a pretty fair remuneration for a season's work? The public is divided on that, but probably there are as many who would say that an average of $3,000 is just—

Joe Tinker, of the Cubs—and he is one of those players whose contracts call for quite a bit more than $3,000—went to the defense of the magnates not long ago and said that they were more than generous in paying salaries.

"When I think," said Tinker, "of the way I used to work as a lather for $18 a week before I became a professional baseball player, I have to stop and shake hands with myself for my luck in being able to draw major league money. I couldn't earn the money the Chicago Cubs pays me doing anything else if I didn't have my baseball reputation to fall back on. And I want to say that the ball player has a pretty good time earning that salary. At least I do, for I love to play ball. Being paid a good salary for doing the pleasantest task on earth is what I call a pretty fine arrangement. I am satisfied, and I think right down in their hearts all the players have a good deal to be thankful for."

How many ball players would be able to earn $3,000 in other lines of endeavor? There are some, but mighty few. Fielder Jones is passing up a salary of $10,000 to look after business interests, but business interests made possible by judicious investment of the money he earned as a ball player.

The following is a review of the changes made in the baseball rules for the present season:

A substituted pitcher must pitch until the man at bat, when the pitcher takes his position, has either been put out or reaches first base.

In case of interference with a fielder or batsman, the ball is not in play until the pitcher, standing in his position, holds it, and the umpire calls "play."

A batted ball that touches the person of the umpire or a player "while on or over fair ground" is a fair hit; and, conversely, a batted ball that touches the person of the umpire or of a player "while on or over foul ground" is a foul hit.

Hereafter in case of a player's ejectment from the game by the umpire such player is out of both game and grounds. He must either go to the clubhouse or leave the grounds entirely, under penalty of forfeiture of the game by the umpire.

Hereafter any ground rule must be acceptable to the captain of the visiting team; and if objectionable to said visiting captain the umpire has the power to adopt or reject said ground rule or rules.

Concisely stated, the changes for scorers everywhere to note are as follows:

Sacrifice hits are taken out of the box score and placed in the summary—a pleasing thing for narrow-columned newspapers.

All outs declared by the umpires on the third bunt strike must be credited to the catcher.

A double play must be credited on any two continuous put-outs that take place between the time the ball leaves the pitcher's hands until it is returned to him standing in his position.

In case of a wild pitch or a passed ball on which a batsman reaches first base, either the pitcher or catcher, as the case may be, is credited with a fielding error.

In event of a fielder dropping a fly, but recovering the ball in time to force runner at another base, the fielder shall be exempted from an error, and the play be scored a "force-out."

In event of a double steal being attempted from bases one and two and bases two and three; where either is thrown out, the other shall be credited with a stolen base.

In the event of a base runner being touched out after sliding over a base, he shall not be regarded as having stolen the base in question.

In event of a base runner making his start to steal a base prior to a battery error, he shall be credited with a stolen base.

In the event of a palpable muff of a ball thrown by the catcher, when the base runner is clearly blocked, the infielder making the muff shall be charged with an error and the base-runner shall not be credited with a stolen base.

Photographing the Eye.

Maladies of the eye can now be watched and their course recorded and diseases localized by means of a new photographic apparatus made by Doctors Kohler and Rohr, under the direction of Dr. Dimmer, of Graz.

On a massive and absolutely rigid table is fixed a powerful arc lamp, the rays of which are concentrated by a lens upon the eye, the rays first passing through a tank of water to absorb the heat. The light is directed upon the eye through the tube, at the end of which is a shutter, so that the light can be shut off instantly. By means of an arrangement of circular mirrors light can be cast on the outer portion of the eye, whence it is reflected onto a mirror, and then reflected back into the interior, so that pictures of the back of the eye can be obtained.

By means of the apparatus photographs of the eye can be obtained within the twentieth part of a second.

THEY FIXED UP THE POSTMASTER

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured His Lumbago and Sciatica.

That Was Three Yeras Ago and He is Still Cured—Why You Should Try Dodd's Kidney Pills First.

Elliston, Trinity Bay, Nfld., April 26.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills not only relieve Sciatica and Lumbago, but cure it once and for all, is the experience of Mr. Alfred Crew, postmaster here.

"Yes," the postmaster says in telling his story, "it is three years since I was cured of Lumbago and Sciatica. Dodd's Kidney Pills did it, and I am happy to say the cure was permanent.

"I had Pains in my Back, Cramps in my Muscles, Shooting Pains across my Loins, and I often found it hard to get any rest at night, and when I did my sleep was unrefreshing. I was medically attended, but without getting any benefit, and at last I was persuaded to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used six boxes altogether, and they took the pains away and quite cured me."

Nearly every cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills tells of trying something else first. If you use Dodd's Kidney Pills first you will never need to try "something else." They always cure all diseases of the Kidneys, and all diseases that are caused by sick Kidneys.

GERMANY'S PINCH.

Europe is at peace; and yet most of her nations are straining the tax-paying capacity of their people in military and naval expenditures. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war Germany exacted from France, then crushed and helpless, a war indemnity of five milliards of francs ($1,000,000,000). That seemed to be an enormous amount of money; but France soon paid it, and ever since Germany received it her people have continued to increase the amount of their national debt and the burden of their taxation. At present, so rapidly does this debt and taxation increase under the policy of increasing preparations for war, that it is doubtful if the resources of the country would enable it to stand the strain of a war for any length of time were it to be precipitated. Notwithstanding the terrible keenness of the hunt for taxes which absorb so much of the earnings of the German masses, the financial secretary declares that by 1913 Germany will be facing a deficit of over $500,000,000, or one-half the amount of the huge indemnity she collected from France. When Sir Edward Grey predicted national bankruptcy as the result of this foolish policy, he was not using terms rashly.

Germany has not to go from home to seek her troubles; and it does not seem probable that she will easily escape from her financial problems. Prince Von Buelow is weary of the cares of office and wishes to resign. He retains his position only by the personal wish of the Kaiser. Last fall he won the hostility of the Conservative elements in the Reichstag because of his freely spoken protests against Imperial autocracy. The Kaiser himself regarded him coldly, and the more cordial relations which have recently existed are said to be due to the royal knowledge that there is no man in the Empire who can fill Von Buelow's place. Recently, some thirty millions of new taxes have been levied upon the German people; but, instead of closing the gap between receipts and expenditures, it only creates a greater appetite for taxes. It is all very well for terrorists to talk about Germany adding "twenty Dreadnoughts" to her fleet in the next two years. That means a trifle of something over $200,000,000. Where is the money to come from?

There are times when even the most open-handed pugilist is close-fisted.

The telegraph may annihilate distance, but the messenger boy, too, kills time.

A DEAL IN SWEETHEARTS.

"Hey, Jimmie! Billy Jones is a-kissin' yer goil."
"Dat's all right, kid—we've swapped!"

UGLY SKIN SORES

Zam-Buk Removes Them

It is just at this season that pimples, blotches, sores, scrofulous ailments, and eruptions generally, make themselves most felt. Zam-Buk will be found of wonderful use wherever there is skin eruption or deep seated ulceration. Pimples, blotches and irritating rashes on the face and other parts of the body indicate a disturbance of the functions of the skin. Impure matter, which the blood should discharge by means of the skin, is allowed to remain in the pores, the process of "exhalation" is interrupted, and just where the bad matter collects, there pimples, ulcers, and sores quickly appear, and the skin tissue suffers. To be complete, the treatment must be of two kinds. The sufferer may help to diminish the supply of impurities by taking no rich, greasy and indigestible foods; but, to remove the impurities themselves, the pores must be opened and the skin made healthier, by the vigorous application of Zam-Buk morning and night, and washing frequently with some pure soap. There is none better than the antiseptic Zam-Buk Medicinal and Toilet Soap. Zam-Buk balm stimulates the functions of the skin by the penetration of its refined herbal essences, and thus reaches the root of the disease.

Mr. Arthur B. Griffin, of 191 Picton street east, Hamilton, says:—"I was greatly troubled with pimples and blotches breaking out on my face. I tried a number of remedies, and also specially dieted, yet the pimples and blotches remained. Acting on the suggestion of a friend, I began using Zam-Buk, and was much pleased to find an improvement after several applications. The itching was alleviated, and the inflammation seemed less. As I continued the Zam-Buk treatment, the pimples and blotches became less sore, the itching was cured altogether, and inflammation banished. In the course of a short time every blotch and pimple was removed."

Zam-Buk is also a sure cure for cuts, lacerations, burns, eczema, ring-worm, poisoned wounds, festering sores, bad leg, and all skin injuries and diseases. It is also a cure for piles. Druggists and stores everywhere sell at 50c a box, or post-free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, on receipt of price.

SCOTCH CANAL.

To be Built Principally For Purposes of Defence.

A great ship canal across Scotland is now being discussed as a feature of the general plan for British national defence. At the present time there are two waterways across Scotland. One of them is the Caledonian Canal, which has a large number of locks and will receive vessels up to 160 feet in length. The other is the Forth and Clyde Canal, 39 miles long, 27 feet wide at the bottom and 10 feet deep, which was opened for traffic in 1790. None of the projects under discussion relates to the Caledonian Canal, but there are several with regard to the other. One of them is to enlarge it to accommodate the heaviest battleships of the navy, and the other is to alter it into a tidal canal with hydraulic lifts at each end. Other plans for a ship canal have also been proposed. One of these starts in the neighborhood of Clydebank and runs along the Forth and Clyde Canal for some distance and then through the valleys of the Kelvin, Bonny and Carron to the Forth River. This project contemplates six locks at each end of the canal. Another route is from Grangemouth on the Forth to Loch Lomond, up that lake and across a narrow neck of land to Loch Long, and through the latter to the Firth of Clyde. This last route is advocated by the Forth and Clyde Canal National Association, of which the Duke of Sutherland is president, and is estimated to cost about $90,000,000. Although it is believed that a canal along any of these routes would be used to a considerable extent by merchant vessels, the main argument for the great expenditure is military, and a decision to build along any one of the routes is likely to be determined by the strategic importance of the work.

HER PHYSICIAN ADVISED

Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Columbus, Ohio.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life. My doctor told me it was good, and since taking it I feel so much better that I can do all my work again. I think Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fine remedy for all woman's troubles, and I never forget to tell my friends what it has done for me."—Mrs. E. Hanson, 304 East Long St., Columbus, Ohio.

Another Woman Helped.

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health and strength, and proved worth mountains of gold to me. For the sake of other suffering women I am willing you should publish my letter."—Mrs. Charles Barclay, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

Women who are passing through this critical period or who are suffering from any of those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of the fact that for thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills. In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO — ESTABLISHED 1867

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

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED AT ALL BRANCHES

DRAFTS AND MONEY ORDERS sold, and money transferred by telegraph or letter.

COLLECTIONS made in all parts of Canada and in foreign countries.

FOREIGN BUSINESS.—Cheques and drafts on the United States, Great Britain and other foreign countries bought and sold. 123

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

Ye Editor's Laboratory

THERE is a piece of land owned by the C.P.R., a triangle about a quarter of an acre, immediately east of the depot that is a blot upon the landscape. This small piece of land has for years past been the dumping ground for ties, timber, cordwood and rubbish, and situated as the land is at a divisional point of the upper and lower ends of the town, it grieves all lovers of "a city beautiful" and those also who from a commercial viewpoint observe the deteriorating effect such a scene must have upon strangers within our gates. We know that all passengers travelling east or westward carry away with them lasting impressions of the fair town of Creston, but we hope they have magnanimously overlooked the dump.

In the words of a recent distinguished visitor: "Creston is one of those beautiful spots that the most languid and jaded traveller arises from his lethargy to gaze back upon." We only hope he didn't see the land under notice.

To our way of thinking this little piece of land could be transformed, at a very moderate cost, into a beautiful flower garden—a delight to both traveling public and citizens. Being on the direct line of the water main, a fountain might be considered. Why does not the C.P.R. try to spruce up the most important centre of the town? We believe the answer is to be found in the fact that it has never been put up to them before.

****

THERE appears to be a decided objection on the part of a few old-timers to the grading of Victoria Avenue, but what the motives are, unless selfish ones, we know not. Victoria Avenue is now one of the principal arteries of a residential portion of the town. There are two churches (Catholic and Methodist) on the avenue, besides business houses, and no one will dispute us when we say the road is the worst in the town. It is bad enough in good weather, being as bumpy as a swelling ocean and as holey as a sponge; but in wet weather it is a sea of mud, with no sidewalks for pedestrians. There is small wonder at a growing feud between factions of both sides of the track, and less wonder that residents on the east side have a genuine grievance with old-timers who openly oppose any proposed scheme for the securing of a part of the government appropriation for putting the road in decent shape.

****

JUST before benediction was pronounced at the Methodist chapel last Sunday week, the whisper went round that there would be something doing after the service. It materialized. A few insignificant mollycoddles who see hell and damnation in sight for anyone who has brains enough to differ with their pastor, roped in the remainder of the sparse congregation and after a few remarks by someone, a resolution already hatched, was trotted out and bulldozed through. We know this, because there was a "chiel amang 'em takkin' notes." The editor of this paper was the bulls-eye aimed at, but he is still at the old stand doing business. If it is any satisfaction to the guineas who signed the resolution, we have pleasure in letting them see their names in print—perhaps for the first time in their lives. Read on.

****

In the first place let us observe that this cut and dried Resolution business is the outcome of criticism in this paper of the methods employed by Rev. D. W. Scott in packing around a petition which prayed for the rejection of the application of a wholesale liquor license of Mr. P. W. Godfrey. We maintained and still maintain that the circulation of the petition was as narrow-minded as it was unjust. It was a direct attempt to injure a respectable young man's chances at the onset of embarking in a legitimate business, the only objection offered being a sentimental one. The Attorney-General will deal with that application according to the dictates of constitutional legislation, and all the petitions will have about as much effect as the resolution we allude to. Read on.

****

A number of Methodists of this town have allotted to themselves the duties of censors of the public morals. We do not see or hear of them taking part in any public spirited movement. We do not see or hear of their names appearing on any subscription list; but they want to have the whole say in certain matters. They have been allowed to potter along in their own way, and as long as they did nothing very rabid they were suffered. They misconstrued apathy for condonement, and overstepped the limit in their zeal; and when the local paper commented upon their tactics they arise in indignation. We want to say right here that we classify men as cowards who gather in a place of Divine worship to condemn anyone. What we have said in these columns has been fearless and open, and if there was anything to offer to the contrary these columns would have been gladly at the public service. They fret and chafe at adverse criticism, and to get even hold a meeting in their chapel, and men, women and children "unanimously" condemn the local press. This was a sneaky put-up job, and we are glad they now have unmasked themselves. Continue:

****

We have been asked by several of the congregation to disassociate them from this "unanimous" resolution.

****

Let us remark for the edification of Messrs. W. Miller, W. H. Gobbett, T. C. Dickson, A. F. Loyst and E. C. Gibbs, signatories of the resolution, that they are entitled to a certain amount of say upon their pet subject, but just as long as our right hand can sling type and drive a pen we shall watch that they and their kidney do not have it all. It takes all kinds of people to make up a world, and it takes all sorts of legitimate businesses to build up a city. If Creston is to grow, there will many things happen in the ordinary event of things that we and our Methodist friends won't like. The shutting down of all bars in B.C. is now their pet hobby, and they have succeeded with others in securing from the Provincial Government the promise of a "Plebiscite," which rumor says will be taken before Christmas. This will give every voter a chance to register his ballot upon the question, "Shall the bars remain?" All will agree this is just and proper, and the result will settle the question for a few years at least. We cannot help noticing, however, that only one of the five names above appear upon the last published voter's list, so it is obvious they will not set the Kootenay river on fire this trip. Rather are they qualified for the funny house. Here endeth the first lesson.

****

IT is our duty to again remind the Cemetery directors that stray cows and pigs are still daily grazing in the cemetery. Without elaborating upon this subject, or drawing a pen picture of the probabilities of a visitation of pigs and cattle to the resting place of our honored dead, we voice the sentiment of the public, who expect to see the ground enclosed.

****

MR. O J. Wigen regaled the editor's family and the office staff to a feed of delicious strawberries, the first of the year, from his Wyndel ranch, yesterday. We have been the recipient of many presents of home-grown truck this season, and we can assure the donors that these little acts of kindness gloss over such trifles as the Creston Fruit & Produce Association sending their orders for strawberry box labels out of town.

****

Many of the fruit growers are complaining about the exhorbitant express charges between Cranbrook and Creston. Just fancy paying 70 cents for a little printed matter that you could stick in your vest pocket.

Geo. Price, of the Port Hill Hotel, has sold out to two Bonner's Ferry men, who have taken the business over.

Hurry's team backed up on the depot platform last Saturday and the rig and team turned turtle. The horses were not seriously injured, but the rig looked the worse for it.

Take in the Box Social to-night.

Meet you at the Box Social to-night.

A very pleasant "At Home" was given at the home of Mrs. E. C. Wilson, on Thursday last, June 10th, in honor of Mrs. D. W. Scott, who is shortly leaving town. A good afternoon was spent, games of all kinds being indulged in. Refreshments were served and an all-round good time was spent by all present. The guests were Mesdames Mallandaine, Speers, Bevan, Attwood, Spiker, Hendren, Rose, and Scott.

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.

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

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.

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.

Ladies!

Let me do your baking during the Hot Weather

Home-Made Pastry and Confectionery

T. G. Mahon Creston Bakery

We are Agents for McLaughlin

Democrats, Buggies, Wagons, etc.

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

McCREATH BROS.
CRESTON

Apartments

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

FRANK BAAST

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

LOOK!
FURNITURE

Iron Beds
Springs, Mattresses and Cots

Homes completely furnished

Creston Furnishing Co.

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

E. Ryckman
Tinsmith and Plumber

Tinware
Stoves
Piping

Hot Air and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

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

Shamrock Leaf Lard

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

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

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

TENNIS SEASON IS NOW HERE

RACQUETS AND BALLS

— AT THE —

CRESTON DRUG & BOOK STORE

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.

Church of England

Services in the Mercantile Hall, June 20th, (2nd Sunday after Trinity): Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m. Evensong, Alice Siding Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.

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

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

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar.

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. K. of P. Memorial service. All welcome

N. E. READ.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. K. Hurry left for Nelson Tuesday. Mr. Hurry has disposed of his interest in the Nelson end of the Nelson Dairy Co., and retains now the sole interest in the Creston branch.

The Waterworks Co. are now laying mains along the Erickson road as far as Wm. Crawford's residence.

Creston Beat Port Hill

The return baseball match between the Creston "Buzzards" and the Port Hill "Pine Cats" was played on the 13th inst. at Huscroft's ranch, and a large crowd of Crestonians journeyed to the ground to see the fun. Both teams have been practising assiduously in view of this game, as Port Hill got away from the Creston boys when they last met. This time, however, the Creston boys showed improved form in both fielding and batting, and they came out victorious with a score of 13 to 11. The game can be followed from the appended table:

CRESTON

	Innings								
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
J. Cameron, 2 b	0	–	–	0	1		0		0
E. Ryckman, c f	–	0	–		–	0			1
J. Long, 3 b	0	1	0		0		0	1	
C. Merrill, r f	0	1	0			1	0	–	
C. Corbett, c f		0	0		1		0	–	
F. Malone, p		1	1		0		0	0	
A. McLeod, s s		0	1		0		1		0
R. Telford, c		0	–		0		1		0
A. Cartwright, 1 b			0	1	0	1			0

PORT HILL

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Kirschoff	0		1		–	0			1
C. Compston	1		–		0		0		1
Bayle	1		–		0		1		1
Holloway	0		0		–		–		0
Metzer	0		0		0		0		–
C. Huscroft		0		0		1	0		0
A. Cotterill		0		0		0		0	0
W. Patterson		0		1		0		0	
McDonald			0	0		–		0	

NOTES ON THE GAME.

Umpire Geo. Prichard gave every satisfaction to both teams.

Ernie Ryckman had an accident towards towards the close of the game. Running backwards to catch a high ball he tripped over a stump, and in falling he broke a small bone in his shoulder. His place was taken by Gordon Corbett, who acquitted himself with glory. With two men on bases and two strikes and two balls to his credit he hit the last and brought his men home and won the game for Creston.

Charlie Compston dislocated one of his knees whilst playing at second base. After he had his leg pulled, he gamely continued and did yeoman service for the Pine Cats.

Claude Merrill, after striking a splendid high ball, somehow forgot he was in the game and didn't run. It is suggested he was feeling sleepy. It is also suggested he was pulling for the other side.

Photos of both teams were taken by Nels Brown.

Hats off to the ladies of Port Hill and district, who came to the rescue with liquid and solid refreshment.

As catcher, Roy Telford was the hero of the afternoon.

Teddy Malone's pitching is a puzzle to the Port Hill bunch. The scores will show the effects of the batteries.

An effort is being made to induce the Port Hill boys to come to Creston for the first of July to play off the decider. This is only fair, as Creston has now played twice on Port Hill ground this year.

If the Port Hill team decides to come here on Dominion Day, let us all jump in and give the team and visitors the time of their lives. All, say you?

Jack Cameron's fielding was the talk of the teams and spectators after the game.

Creston players are all wondering why John Huscroft was left out of the Port Hill team? He was looked upon as their best man at the bat.

Box Social to-night at Opera House. Limit a dollar. Everybody two-step.

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.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

The Editor,
Creston Review.

Sir,—Since you started your paper in Creston it has been my ambition to see some of my thoughts in print, so please publish this epistle.

Having a short time since enlarged your paper from a four-page to an eight-page edition, I believe you would be going another step in the right direction, if you would institute a column under the heading of "Unfinished Business."

Some time last winter a subscription list was sent round to raise enough money to start a Band in Creston. Two meetings were called; one materialized, the other did not. Query—Where is the Band? Still later, another list came along to start an Athletic Club. Three meetings were held this time. Query—What has become of the Athletic Club? For the benefit of Creston generally, some public spirited men gathered together and raised money to buy a piece of land as a ball, race and running ground. Who is to blame for this piece of unfinished business?

Last, but not least, I would call attention to the Board of Trade.

I remain,
Yours for thoroughness,
JAMES MACKIE.

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. 3

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

A happy reunion of old-timers, all prominent local men, resolved itself into a "mulligan" last Sunday afternoon at Arrow Creek, the occasion being the 94th birthday of Arthur Okell. Every member of the chosen was elected for a particular duty, the unanimous choice of chicken "caterer," falling to Tom McCreath, for obvious reasons. The party were foxy enough to rope in Joe Wilson, our village "Bobby," to attend to the law and order side of the business. Guy Lowenberg, owing to his mechanical abilities, was given complete control of the corkscrew, those in the next field told us in confidence that the noise resembled a feu de joi. Leslie Durno, too, was there, supposedly to stir the mulligan, but ostensibly to look after the financial end. George Benney, one of the oldest of old-timers, brought along some watercress, swiped from Jack Dow's rivulet, and several boxes of strawberries, the first of Creston's own, from his own ranch. These were the first berries of the season. It naturally follows that "Mayor" Little presided and that he wanted to be the whole cheese, but he was silenced for keeps by the clerk of the corkscrew. Charlie Faas was chairman and hash slinger, and if report is correct, his efforts were concentrated upon serving five parson's noses to Brock Moran, the latter getting left at the post. By a curious irony of fate, the guest of the day did not turn up; but upon vote he was exonerated when it become known that he had a prospective purchaser of a ranch on the summit of Goat mountain.

Dr. Henderson should have been there, but he had several cases of cold feet to attend to in town.

Strange to say, the editor was not invited, but things do leak out, don't they?

Mr. Geo. Richardson, of Lumsden Sask., is visiting Rev. and Mrs. Hayman

Geo. Munro last week sold 20 acres of good fruit land, fronting the Erickson road, to P. W. Godfrey.

The Indian schoolboys at the St. Eugene mission played a game of baseball with a team of senior whelters from Fort Steele last week. The kids gave their elders a big drubbing. Shirttail Tommy tells us that the Indian kids would like to play the Creston team, and he volunteers the opinion that the kids would win.

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

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.

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 709, Scranton, Pa.

Or their Local Representative:
J. W. BENNETT
P.O. BOX 93
FERNIE, B.C.
VISITS CRESTON EVERY MONTH.

A Healthy Life
A Happy Home

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

Fruit, Grain or Stock

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

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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

Good shipping facilities Easy transportation

For Maps, Application Forms, Regulations and Literature apply to

J. S. DENNIS
Asst. to 2nd Vice President,
Calgary, Alberta.

Desk 19,
B.C. Land Dept.

Town Lots for Sale in Creston

FIRE LOSSES.

Large Number of Bad Fires---Many Causes of Fires.

One and a quarter million dollars is a conservative estimate of Canada's fire losses in February. There were no bad conflagrations, but numerous fires occurred representing losses of $10,000 and upwards.

Here is an estimate of the losses and insurance:

Exceeding $10,000	$ 997,000
Small fires	101,275
Fifteen per cent. for unreported fires	164,730
	$1,263,005

The constructions destroyed or damaged included: Dwellings, 26; stores, 13; business blocks, 11; barns and stables, 11; hotels, 5; farmhouses, 4; warehouses, 3; laundries, 2; churches, 2; opera houses, 2; factories, 2; restaurants, 2; coal chutes, 2; schools, 2; also a sawmill, elevator, jail, flour mill, roundhouse, machine shop, yacht, canning factory, and a railway station.

Of the presumed causes to which fires are attributed, overheated furnaces or stoves account for 11 cases, defective chimneys 5, defective wiring 3, lantern explosion 1, drying linen 1, frozen steam pipe bursting 1, burning match 1, fired by tramps 2, children playing with matches 1, upsetting of oil lamp 1, and explosion of oil lamp 1.

THE SUPREME MOMENT.

The Man, the Crisis and the Sacrifice His Ideals Demanded.

Could he make the sacrifice that her searching eyes seemed to demand of him? It was of no use to pretend that they did not. He felt that she knew, that he understood her silent appeal, and that if he failed her now he would stand disgraced forever in her sight.

It was not a question of conscience—there was nothing either in their colorless past or their cheerless present that called for this renunciation on his part—it was rather some finer instinct in him that cried out against letting an innocent woman suffer the consequences of what was no fault of hers.

For that matter he himself was in nowise to blame, and if he did the thing that loomed before him with dreary distinctness it would be to satisfy his own perhaps too lofty ideals rather than for her sake.

Why had fate thrown her upon his mercy, he impotently wondered in his desire to put off the decisive moment.

Those eyes of hers! They stabbed, they reproached, they eloquently pleaded with him! If she would only turn them away and let him think the thing out clearly.

One thing was certain. If it was to be done at all it must be done at once. Every moment that passed helped to rob the act of any grace it might possess. Then, too, he felt that some trace of his struggle was beginning to write itself on his features and his pride cried out against such a betrayal of his emotions. It must be ended here and now.

With a mighty effort he rose and bowed. He even tried to smile, but a sudden lurch of the car nearly threw him headlong.

"Didn't even thank me! They never do!" he murmured bitterly, as he clutched the strap that hung above the seat in which she was already comfortably settled.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

POULTICES AND PLASTERS.

Practical Suggestions About Making and Applying Them.

There is a time in every man's life when he needs a poultice. So is it every woman's duty to known how to make several kinds. The following points will apply to all poultices: Make them large in the first place, so that they will retain the heat as long as possible; apply as hot as can be borne by the patient, and renew the minute they begin to cool. They will keep hot longer if the bowl they are made in is put over boiling water, and the poultice is covered with oiled silk or thin rubber when applied.

Flaxseed Poultice—Put the seed in a bowl, add boiling water slowly, stirring constantly until it is the right consistency for spreading.

Spread half an inch deep between two layers of muslin. Fold the two edges of muslin carefully to keep the poultice from running out.

Bread Poultice—Fill a muslin bag with bread crumbs, dip it in a pan of boiling water and squeeze until it does not drip.

Charcoal Poultice—Mix powdered charcoal with flaxseed, Indian meal or bread. This poultice is good for sores that have a disagreeable odor.

Plasters—Plasters are used for counter-irritants, and their strength should be adapted to the tenderness of the skin and the amount of irritation it is necessary to produce. Pure mustard is very irritating, and quickly blisters tender skin, so it should be diluted with flour; half flour and half mustard makes as strong a plaster as an average skin can endure, and where a mild irritation is required one-fourth mustard is quite sufficient.

White of egg mixed with the mustard is said to prevent it from blistering.

Mustard Plaster—Where a moderate irritant is required take one teaspoon of Stickney & Poor's mustard flour, and to it three teaspoons of white flour, mix together thoroughly with sufficient water to make a pliable mass. Spread a quarter of an inch thick on a piece of old muslin, cover with gauze and fold the edges well.

Always be careful about laying the cloth large enough, as it is very disagreeable to have the blistering run out.

Spice Plaster—Mix equal parts of ground ginger, cloves, cinnamon and spice and one-fourth a part cayenne pepper. Put the whole in a muslin bag, and when it is to be used wet it with hot whiskey or alcohol.

This plaster is very soothing for toothache or neuralgia.

Dry Application—Put bran, hops, camomile flowers or salt into a thick flannel bag, heat the bag in the oven or in a tin plate on top of stove, and in place if necessary by bandages. Always keep two bags going, so you will not have to wait for the reheating of the bag. If they are heated slowly they will stay hot longer.

Cold Water Dressing—Wet a large piece of old linen or muslin in cold water. Keep it cool by wringing it anew every few minutes, and do not let the water drip on the patient.

Hot Applications—Have a good-sized piece of flannel, put it into very hot water; broom handles may be used to wring it out by twisting them around the ends of the flannel.

Maude Rhodes.

Lucky for the Vicar.

During one of the banquets of the Church Congress in London a certain Bishop had as his left hand companion a clergyman who was completely bald.

During dessert the bald headed vicar dropped his napkin and stooped to pick it up. At this moment the Bishop, who was talking to his right hand neighbor, felt a slight touch on his left arm.

He turned, and beholding the vicar's pate on a level with his elbow, said "No, thank you; no melon."—From Success.

Horsemen, Read This.

I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my stables for over a year, and consider it the VERY BEST for horse flesh I can get, and would strongly recommend it to all horsemen.

GEO. ROUGH.

Livery Stables, Quebec, 95 to 103 Ann Street.

A MATCH.

One of Swinburne's Characteristically Musical Poems.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
And our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields of flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle
With kisses glad as birds are
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death,
We'd shine and snow together
Ere March made sweet the weather
With daffodil and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you wer life, my darling,
And I, your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons,
With loving looks and treasons,
And tears of night and morrow,
And laugh of maid and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw with leave for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Pluck out his flying feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

—Algerton Charles Swinburne. Died April 10, 1909.

In the Magazine Office.

Editor—How is the poem that came in this morning?

Reader—Won't do.

Editor—Did you understand it?

Reader—No, but I saw I was going to.—St. Louis Post-Despatch.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

At the Right Counter.

The old lady with the pale blue umbrella had been standing at the stationery counter for ten minutes.

"I want to be waited on," she snapped impatiently.

"Certainly, madam," hastened the tall floorwalker. "Do you wish a stationery clerk?"

"Stationery clerk? Gracious They all seem stationery. They don't want to move.—From the Baltimore Sun.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

No Limit to His Ability.

"Now here," said the salesman, "is a cigar I can recommend."

"I know you can, young man," said the customer. "I tried one of them the other day on your recommendation. What I want is a brand you can recommend without lying."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Big Caribou Herd.

A herd of 500,000 caribou is beyond Sixty Mile River, and the vast band is travelling toward the Tenana River. The news was brought to Dawson by Chris. Williams, who says that last year and during the summer the herd trampled down forests and went to the White River slope.

Later it turned back and passed across Upper Sixty Mile and then seemed to turn westward toward the head of the Tenana slopes. They are travelling in a procession twenty miles wide. All that are left in the vicinity of Dawson are some straggling bands. Indians have followed the main herd and bringing some of the meat to Dawson, but on the whole the herd is getting too far away to permit of a trip back to Dawson with any profit.—Dawson correspondence Nome News.

In lowering a record a man must rise to the occasion.

SUNLIGHT SOAP.

The finest fabric is not too delicate to be safely washed with Sunlight Soap. When other soaps have injured your linens and faded the coloured things, remember the word Sunlight.

Steel Bridges Short Lived.

The late George S. Morrisin, one of the foremost American engineers of his day, claimed steel bridges are built to last fifty years, but they usually last hardly half this time. This condition is due to insufficient of entire absence of maintenance, says Cement Age (N. Y.) A certain highway bridge in Wisconsin had to be repaired after only eight years of service. Of course, this is an exceptional case. Steel bridges over railroad tracks where locomotive gases can produce their full destructive effect, have been known to last just about the same period. A well-known authority cites an example of a girder erected in 1886 and found with its web entirely eaten away at many points in 1907. A conservative deduction from the foregoing, and many other observations, would lead to the conclusion that ordinary highway bridges should not be assigned an average life exceeding 20 years at most, and 15 would be a really better period to which to limit the life of steel highway bonds. Railroad bridges usually receive better care, and their life may be considered as somewhat danger, except that from time to time they must be strengthened in order to make them safe for increased loads.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

On His Journey.

The great American traveller was looking through his gleaming eyeglases at the shores of the Red Sea.

"It might have been somewhere along here," he reflected, "that Moses held out his big stick over the waters and Pharaoh, the Egyptian malefactor of great wealth, came to grief."

With a momentary pang of regret that he had not lived during those strenuous days, he resumed his ten mile walk up and down the deck of the ship.

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 those mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too, but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

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

Perfectly Simple.

Girl with the Clara Morris Eyes—I always feel like a fool when I try to talk about art.

Girl with the Viola Allen Voice—You don't need to feel that way. If you lean your head a little to one side when you look at a painting, and throw in a remark now and then about "perspective" and "tonal values," you can pass for an art critic with the best of them.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.

India Victims of Tigers.

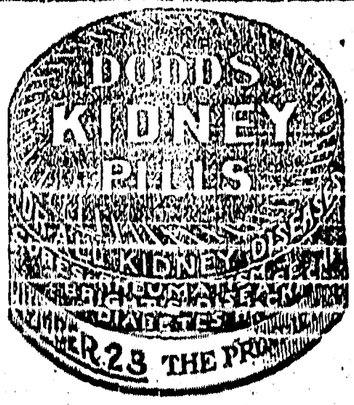
The ferocity of the tiger can be seen from the fact that according to a recent writer he is made responsible for 37 per cent. of the human beings killed by the wild animals of Hindustan. The writer adds that once a tiger has tasted human flesh he is satisfied with nothin gelse, and that in southern India one of these man-eating tigers has devoured 200 human beings.—From the London Globe.

Letting The Cat Out.

"Say, grandpa, make a noise like a frog," coaxed little Tommy.

"What for, my son?"

"Why, papa says that when you croak we'll get five thousand dollars."—Success.



HILL AS A PROPHET.

A story comes from Washington that J. J. Hill expresses the opinion that the price of wheat will never be substantially lower than at present. He does not seem to think Patten's corner has had anything of a caustic effect in the present case, but rather that population is outrunning the means of subsistence so far as wheat is concerned. Hill is quite a railway man, but we decline to accept him as a prophet when such questions of economics come up. The capacity for production of even the United States has hardly been tested yet. Canada is capable of an enormously increased yield. Many other countries are yet able to double or treble their output of wheat. We shall not always go on subsidizing and bonusing other industries to "encourage" them at the expense of agriculture. The world's wheat crop is, according to government and speculators' reports, short this year. But it will not always be short. It is not even certain that the reported shortage will be realized this time. If prices should remain long at the present level, a great boom will be given to wheat culture, and the result will be reflected in the markets of the world.

USES BABY'S OWN TABLETS ONLY.

Mrs. Wm. Bell, Falkland, B. C., says: "I have five little ones ranging from one to eleven years of age, and when any of them are ailing I always give them Baby's Own Tablets, which always brings prompt relief. I do not think there is anything you can keep in the home as good as Baby's Own Tablets." Thousands of other mothers speak just as warmly of this medicine, which never fails to cure all stomach, bowel and teething troubles. Guaranteed by a Government analyst to be perfectly safe. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Polar Night Delights Eskimo.

The polar Eskimo, the most northerly dwelling people in the world, are said to exist only by the exercise of great ingenuity and the practice of social virtues. The cheeriness, kindliness, and practical socialism of the Eskimo from eastern Greenland to Alaska may be regarded as much due to their environment as is the necessity of eating large quantities of fat. The Eskimo hail the first dark evenings with the same glee as the first daylight after the polar night.

When a whole summer through the eyes have been bathed in light, day and night, they long to see the land vanish into darkness again. And with the idea of a change they associate all the good things the winter will bring, the frozen sea and the hunting on the ice, the swift sledge drives, far from the sweltering houses, after bears. "Ha! now the dark night are coming, soon the ice will close in the sea!" the men cry as they meet toward evening, or "Be glad, for soon the blubber lamps shall light those who go out to fetch meat from the flesh pots!" Others call out, "And windows and fires shall light far into the night, and hasten the lagging pace of late returning sledges."

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Always Dreaded the Fourteenth.

Most dismal of men—off the stage—was Grimaldi, the clown, whose tomb in St. James', Pentonville, is to be restored; and his father fathered him. He had that curious dread of the date which assails so many. The elder Grimaldi hated the fourteenth of the month, and when it was past he regarded himself as safe until the next.

He was born, christened and married on the fourteenth of the month, and being discontented with all three events, we will hope his death on March 14, 1788, satisfied him.—From the London Chronicle.

GENERAL BOOTH.

Few men have accomplished as much for mankind as General Booth, and fewer still have lived to see their work, begun in a small way, grow to world-wide proportions.

Repeat it:—"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

Prayer For Landlords.

Sir John Been in the House of Commons on Monday questioned the Prime Minister upon the advisability of restoring to the prayer book the following prayer from the liturgy of Edward VI.:

"The earth is thine (O Lord) and all that is contained therein. * * * We heartily pray Thee to send Thy Holy Spirit into the hearts of them that possess the grounds, pastures and dwelling places of the earth, that they, remembering themselves to be Thy tenants, may not rack and stretch out the rents of their houses and lands, nor yet take unreasonable fines and incomes after the manner of covetous worldlings, but so let them out to others that the inhabitants thereof may both be able to pay the rents, and also honestly to live, to nourish their families and to relieve the poor * * * not to join houses to house, nor couple land to land, to the impoverishment of others, but so behave themselves in letting out their tenements, lands and pastures, that after this life they may be received into everlasting dwelling places; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen."

Mr. Asquith, in reply, said his hon. friend had, he thought, done a public service by reviving the recollection of this remarkable prayer, but he did not think any advantage would be gained by his taking the steps suggested.

The matter then dropped.

The Parental Pessimist.

"Papa, what does 'Hon.' before a man's name mean?"

"It doesn't mean anything nowadays, my son."

Chills, Colds, Pleurisy

Dressing lightly, exposed to drafts cold is easily taken. Give twenty drops of Nerviline in hot water at once. Circulation and warmth will be restored, and pleurisy, inflammation, or congestion prevented. Equally good for colds, breaks up their beginnings at once. If you only knew what a great remedy Nerviline is, that it is five times stronger than other liniments, more penetrating, more pain subduing, you would not be without it.

Nerviline

Ninety-nine sicknesses out of a hundred can be prevented at the very beginning by the use of Nerviline. Saves doctors' bills—the great pain saver of the age—in use 50 years. Large 25c bottles sold everywhere.

TOWN OF GOLD BRICKS.

Wealth Found in the Walls of Mexican Adobe Houses.

There are many remarkable towns in Mexico, but none more interesting than Guanajuato, "The Hill of the Frog." It might more properly be called the "gold brick town," for the houses have been found to contain much gold.

This is a curious situation, but it came about naturally. Guanajuato—pronounced Wah-nah-wahto—is one of the oldest mining towns in Mexico, but the value of the place as a town was discovered when a railroad company decided to build a station there. It was found necessary to tear down about 300 adobe buildings, which were made of the refuse of various mines after the ore was extracted.

When it became known that the old adobe buildings would be torn down pieces taken at random were assayed. It was found that because of the old process, which lost much gold and silver, they assayed from $3 to $24 a ton. The mean value was estimated to run about $8 gold a ton.

The old buildings have brought about $30,000 Mexican in gold, and persons who have built since the new machinery has been installed in the mines are bemoaning the fact that the new houses do not contain as much gold as the old.—Scientific American.

BE A STRONG MAN

Increase your vitality and nerve energy, restore vim and force to your overworked body. Ferrozone will do this as it did for Walter Wood, of Beauport, N. B., who writes: "I can say Ferrozone has given me a new lease of life. A year ago I suffered so much from nervous exhaustion I was scarcely able to drag myself around. My appetite was gone, and I had no color or ambition, and felt used up. One box of Ferrozone started me back to health. I took a number of boxes, and my health was completely restored." For men who are tired, pale, nervous and thin-blooded nothing compares with Ferrozone; 50c. per box at all dealers.

House With a Wrong Tablet.

A curious example of the mistakes of history comes from Paris. For more than half a century a house of the Quai Conti has borne on the front a tablet with this inscription: "Historic Memorial. In 1783 the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, officer of artillery, on leaving the school of Brienne, lived at this house in the fifth story." Then follows that the tablet was placed in position by his Majesty Napoleon III. on October 14, 1858.

After this great length of time it has been discovered that Napoleon never lived in the house, so the tablet has been removed. Only another instance of how our most cherished beliefs are shattered.—London Globe.

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 Nerviline Co., Windsor, Ont.

There Are Exceptions.

Upgardson—"Isn't a lawsuit over a patent right about the dullest thing you ever saw?"

Atom—Not always. I attended a trial of that kind once that was too funny for anything. A tall lawyer named Short was reading a 6,000 word document he called a brief.

ISSUE NO. 17, 1909

HELP WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED—MEN CAN SELL IN every house from the start. Why not get an agency to-day? Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

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

WANTED—AGENTS—MALE AND FEmale; make big money selling our office and household specialties; entirely new; everyone wants them; write quick. Agencies, Ltd., 695 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., Book C1, World's Largest Farm Dealers, University Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

FOR SALE.

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

LAND WANTED.

WANTED—SOUTH AFRICAN VETERans' land warrants; spot cash paid. W. P. Rodgers, real estate agent, 608 McIntyre block, Winnipeg, Man.

DIMINUTIVE FARMS.

Those in Portugal Cut Up Into Very Small Portions.

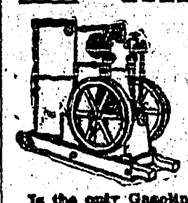
The Portuguese are an extremely conservative people. Every man follows rigidly the methods employed by his father and forefathers. In very many parts of the country the old wooden plows are used.

When a man dies instead of one of the heirs taking the whole property and paying the remaining heirs for their parts the whole property is divided into as many parts as there are heirs. More than this, each separate part of the property is thus divided.

Thus is a property consisted of ten acres of pasture land, eighty of vineyard and ten of grain land, and there were ten heirs, each heir would receive one acre each of grain and pasture land and eight acres of vineyard. This process has been going on for a very long time, so that now in the most fertile part of Portugal the land is divided into incredibly small portions.

The immediate result of this, according to the United States Consular Reports, is that the product of the land is barely sufficient at best to sustain its owners. South of the River Tagus, on the other hand, there are enormous tracts of excellent land lying unused, but it has been found impossible to induce the farmers of the north to move into this region and take up large holdings.

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"

63 Front St. East, Toronto

SUNDAY'S FOES.

(The Lord's Day Advocate.)

What a host of foes the Lord's Day has in this new century! There is the Sunday saloon, the Sunday newspaper, the Sunday excursion, the Sunday theatre, the Sunday ball and other games, the Sunday dinner and social function, the Sunday concert and vaudeville, the Sunday travel for convenience or to save time, and not of necessity, the reading of secular books, the doing of secular business, the unnecessary operation of factories, mills, and mines, the forwarding of freight, and the many other ways in which it is attempted to change the holy day to a holiday, or the rest day to a work day.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

AT LESS THAN COST OF PRODUCTION

100,000 COPIES of popular, standard and classical sheet music must be sacrificed at once without consideration as to value or cost.

This stock sells at the retail price of 15 to 35c a copy. Our prices as long as the stock last, are placed on a basis which will move them quickly. All goods are in perfect condition. Teacher or dealer never had an opportunity of this kind offered before. See the prices—then act quick.

50 Copies Assorted Sheet Music $2.50
100 Copies Assorted Sheet Music $4.00

Will send a bunch of samples for 25 cents postpaid. Special prices quoted in lots of 1,000 or more. Do not delay—order to-day—stamps accepted for small amounts.

CANADA MUSIC CO., 1420 Queen Street West, TORONTO, ONT.

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

BY AVON RIVER

Jessie MacKay in the New Zealand Mail

Blow me a story, great ocean of Kiwa, rolling in with your million tuitufts of foam towards the long Canterbury sands. Blow me a story of the old pilgrim days, before the pier, yonder, jutted into the sea, or the lighthouse rose on Lyttelton Heads.

* * * *

It is the torrid mid-afternoon of the sixteenth day of December, 1850. A ship, with sails set, is driving into the burning barrenness of old Port Cooper. It is the Randolph, bearing on board the fourth part of the promise of Canterbury. Among those who devour the coast with sea-weary eyes, one stands a little apart—a brown-haired girl, with lips firmly set. To her, fresh from the green sea-borders of England, full of blossom and murmurous life, the desert hills glint hot and cruel, like the eyes of a basilisk. Dot Heatherly has worn a smiling face all the eighteen years of her sunny life; none the less bitter now is the silent passion of her disillusion, as she prays inarticulately.

"To live bravely and die well! To live bravely and die well!"

And if any care to read, this story tells how Dot Heatherly lived and died, and did all things that became a woman and a pilgrim.

* * *

"It looks awful, Dot! These hills are red-hot, and they're dead! Papa can't ask us to live like gulls on a rock. Say we must go back in the next ship, Dot!"

In all the abandonment of petted sixteen, Mona Heatherly clung to her sister, as she looked out through a sunnist of angry tears. And motherly Dot, herself already mortified, replied with a studied sang froid:

"My dear, it isn't always red-hot. Yesterday the Captain told me how a wise Quaker man, called Tuckett, sailed round this coast to see where a Scots company could settle. He would not look at Canterbury; it was too cold and damp, even for a Scott, he said. So we English may hope for snowballs in season."

"After we are dead of starvation. When we have eaten everything in the ship, what can we get off that wolf of a hill?"

"We are not going to play Red Riding Hood on the hill. We are going beyond it, to Mr. Godley's town, to make a little England of our own, only without poachers and debt and smallpox. It will be all milk and honey there next year, only we must plant potatoes now. I long to be there, and digging," concluded Dot, with noble mendacity.

"Papa must go back in the next ship," wailed Mona. Dot's rosy lips contracted to a stiff line.

"And die in the workhouse or live in Aunt Bracegirdle's attic? Don't you know that all our money—little enough, goodness knows!—is sunk in the Canterbury Association?"

She could see her father standing, with outstretched arm as he rolled out some oecfervid impractical oration on the ideal of colonization. And Mona, neither cowardly nor selfish at heart, sobbed acquiescence on Dot's strong shoulder.

Port Cooper was a busy place that starry summer night. Boats had plied to and fro till dark between the Randolph and the shore, where the women's barracks had been erected. Tents, and other primitive shelters for men, were dotted about the steep slopes. Here, an adventurous Bohemian had laid a huge packing-case on its side for a bedchamber; farther up, another stolid Spartan spread his blankets for a bivouac under a plumy toi, with his saddle for a pillow. Down at the shore, settlers and sailors struggled with chaos and night. A ship's lantern hung high at a post, lighting the frantic struggles of women striving to seize their own out of what seemed a mountainous dust-heap. The wiser or luckier virgins were within, piling their rescued goods on bunk or box by the muddy glimmer of the slush lamps Godley's men had made, taught by the Pre-Adamites of the plains. On the beach was an open fire, under a huge cauldron. Over it stood a good-humored Hecate from the North Country, admonishing her husband in a strange tongue.

"Weelly, man, thou'rt a slowaad youth."

"Weely" (Anglice Willie) threw down with outstretched arm, as he rolled out some scrub, grumbling. "Can Ah mak' wood, woman?" Then Hecate speedily brewed her tea.

"Hyor's a moog for thee," she said, handing her lord a steaming pannikin, after which wifely act all Port Cooper had leave to drink. Friendly hands carried similar pannikins to Dot and Mona—welcome, indeed, although the hot tin burnt their unaccustomed lips. Before night had fallen, other Samaritans had brought them aromatic bundles of green manuka, for beds.

But a strange greeting waited the exiles. The great "white birds" had not come into harbor unnoted of the nearer Peninsula Maoris, who now gathered on Norwich Quay for an impromptu dance of welcome. Half terrified, half fascinated, the English girls watched the warlike pantomime, which, to the elder men, looked like an African dance of devil-worship. When the last yell of Ngai-Taha had echoed up the starlit harbor, Dot and Mona retired to their tiny lumbered cell. Peace was not there, however; still they heard the cries of children, the thud of cases, the ring of hammers. Mona contrived to sleep, but under these unknown heavens, a horror of great loneliness rolled back upon Dot, child in years as she was.

"I don't want to build nations. I don't want to conserve ideals of British polity," she sobbed to the manuka, repeating familiar scraps of her father's talk. "But yet, I could have borne all if Wilton Brett had come too. That could not be. The call of the motherland's need was paramount."

The high-flown alien words lingered had been as vinegar to cut fingers. She resumed wistfully:

"If only they have sent the picture of Oakhurst, we could make room for it somehow."

"It could scarcely get lost in the dough, like your silver locket," suggested wicked Mona. Dot blushed slightly; she took her housekeeping seriously, if not sadly.

"It baked well, and came out of the camp oven without a stain on its character," she replied, laughingly.

"Look; they have slipped down the zigzag already!" exclaimed Mona. "Who is that man with papa?"

But Dot stood still, her soul iridescent in her eyes. She would have known that tall figure in the twilight of Erebus; as now in the glorious clearness of a Can with a sweet, heroic memory on Dot's own severely practical tongue, as the lulling plash of the tide stole her senses away.

* * * * * *

A year had passed, bringing strange labors and privations to the two girls. The Heatherlys had early left Lyttelton for Godley's town, which, regally laid out on paper, was now beginning to raise a phostyl presence in patches above the tussock. Their wattle and dab hut at Avonside was hidden by a wilderness of sandhills from the wooden booth or two that presaged the traffic of a later Cathedral Square.

Dot and Mona were pushing their way through the flax to the tiny landing-place, poetically called "The Bricks" (now Barbadoes Street Bridge), to meet a friendly cargo boat. But they turned often to scan the distant Bridle Track for their imagination ran riot on the English ships that had arrived that day.

"Will Aunt Bracegirdle have remembered the delaine she promised me?" pondered Mona, anxiously.

"If not, perhaps she has sent some glass beads, and the 'Dairyman's Daughter,'" unguardedly remarked Dot, to whom Lady Bracegirdle's favors of yore terbury summer's day. Mona was happily blinded with joy, as she raced along.

"Oh, oh! it is Wilton Brett. And, Dot, he walks more like a giraffe than ever. And, Dot, he will tell us all about the Christmas pantomime, and the cousin-crew at Langley. And, do look! is my mouth very brown with flax-gum?"

Dot walked on clouds. The voices of Mona and her father sounded far. She only knew that Wilton Brett, in his dilettante grace, was again beside her—that his slow, honeyed voice sounded in her ear once more.

"Yes, I have come out to help shape this new Britain of yours—a Britain that shall be worthy of us both, Dot," he said, with a grave princeliness.

How good the earth was! Even the warm, oozy, flaxy Avon, up which the boat was being more pushed than rowed, was now a tide of crystal gliding through a land of Beulah. The great Canterbury Sierras were the vast blue pillars of the dark patches of bush at Riccarton and Papanui, not one tree broke to the eye the majestic Druid circle of them. And, then and there, Dot's strong heart opened and took them in forever. Wilton Brett was more to her here, in these magnificent reaches of he silent vast than in the dim thronged vistas of England.

The days of the Pilgrims wore on with strenuous sequence. Their toy Parliament passed from dream to reality. But the land-hungry "Shagroons" from Australia troubled their Israel in temporal things; nor was the spiritual horizon cloudless, for their Bishop Designate had taken one look at his wild diocese, and fled.

"He preached and he rode away!" laughed Dot, one later day, when the two heads of Canterbury had come to cap Latin and argue the grade of the summer road with Brian Heatherly.

"True for you, Dottie! 'Cross of wood' is Canterbury's portion, and not so much as a copper bishop to set it off," rapped out the superintendent.

"They have a golden bishop in the north, sir," soberly answered Dot, to whom the large-hearted Selwyn loomed as but a little less than Paul. Wilton Brett smiled superiorly, as he condoled with his spade-marked hands.

"Christianity in the rough! No setting, no reality, no no-atmosphere! A benediction from a hand than can fell an ox——"

"Is over strong for a calf!" leaped to the quick Irish tongue of the superintendent; but Dot's dove-eyes intervened.

"What should we do for that young man, Godley?" he asked later, as the two stumbled homeward through the scrub.

"Which means, Fitzgerald, what shall we do for Brian's little girl?" answered the founder, with smooth precision.

"That's the case, in a nutshell—more's the pity! It's not a matter for hurry. We need not abet the celestial powers till the match is a dead certainty. But you know little Dottie; starve him, and she'll stick to him the closer."

"We shall not abet beforehand. We may condone afterwards to the tune of it was for her black brows and great grey eyes, her twelve stone of magnificent sun-browned womanhood, or her Sydney, fortune, more liked her than left her. Under the wing of an Australian land-buyer's wife, the wild young sea-queen, even slipped into one of the select dances, given by the settlers. The Englishmen laughed outright to see Moll take the floor by native right, while the pale Pilgrim girls scattered before her like wild fowl; and their mothers sat rigid with consternation. The night did not pass, however, before Mistress Moll vindicated herself even in those steely Saxon eyes.

She was going to supper with an Auckland officer, who plumed himself overmuch on his prowess in Heke's war. In the dim oil-lit passage he twined an impetuous arm round Moll's more than Medici-like waist. Instantly the ocean maid dealt him a blow that sent him crash into a reserve tray of pastry, full in the horrified view of two great dames entering behind, to whom she addressed herself with a delicious assumption of maidenly reproach.

"If that's English manners, a poor girl had better be getting back to her old dad in Sydney. I'm surprised at yez, so I am!"

The great dames were overborne, and laughed. On that laugh, the substantial Peri, Miss McGinty, floated into recognition.

But deeper consequences waited on that festal night. The wild whaler girl, with her honey-thick brogue and her primitive aplomb, was Poles asunder from the slim aesthetically conventional clerk; yet Wilton Brett and Moll Maginty, in one flash of the primeval consciousness, saw wonderful things in one another

So the Banshee anchored in Lyttelton Harbor. Her commandress took a fatal interest in provincial affairs, while the first faint furrow of care scored the smooth brow of Dot. Also in these days the Superintendent glowered balefully on his junior's infatuation.

"I am saving a blister for that young man, to accompany the last emolument he is likely to get from an admiring country," he said one day.

Certain Provincial reeds murmured the matter to Wilton Brett, who began to take heed to his ways. Again the light of faith kindled in the firm brown eyes of Dot, that never appraised man or deed amiss save this once, after which no other mistake mattered. With all grace and seemliness, Wilton began to press for an early marriage, and spent a whole long, halcyon day with Dot, among the sandhills of Avonside, planning their home.

Ever afterwards, Dot thought the old sun stood still over that day, in a far fixed heaven, leaving a lesser light to rule the Polar World that remained; for on the next, a dreadful whisper crept down the Bridle Track: Wilton Brett had been drowned while bathing in Lyttelton Harbor.

All was forgotten now by the kindly Pilgrims but the better self of him, and the youthful promise never to be fulfilled. But eyes at once curious and hostile were turned on Moll McGinity, the troubler of Dot's peace. She opposed them with a new mood of dense inscrutability. Only one thing she was reported to say:

"'Tis unlucky to be plowing over a dead man's grave!"

And that night the Banshee sailed out of the Heads, never to return.

But in that darkened hut by the Avon, Dot held up her hands, shuddering with a quick passion of rebellion to think how young and strong they were.

"Oh, God! Must I go on living? Must I!—must I live and wait, alone, all the long years?"

Day and night were one to her. She scarcely knew how long her face turned a small appointment; cautiously agreed the founder.

So it chanced soon after that Wilton's betrothal to Dot was followed by a modest but promising opening in the Provincial Office.

But Wilton was not so eaten up of self-love that he did not divine why this sun of favor had arisen, and he ate his bread with the inward grudge which is to manly independence what sour milk is to Devonshire cream.

In the summer of that year there shot an audacious meteor across the decorous Pilgrim sky, in the shape of Moll McGinity, a whaler's daughter, from Otago, and now a damsel errant, sailing the seas in her own ship, the Banshee.

"Do just be way of taking a turn round the world before I settle down to filling me dad's pipe, and taking tea with the Governor's lady in Sydney. I've come to see the fine English town you've got here, and make up me mind if it would pay to buy it for a cabbage-garden, now the whaling's done. Them that like me can say so; them that don't can lave me, and no offence taken."

In some such naive and breezy way did Miss McGinity introduce herself to the infant Cathedral City; and whether to the wall, seeking death, before the needs of Mona and her father drew her back to life. She, too, grew gently inscrutable after that, and most thought, as time drew on, that she was almost the old, busy, contented Dot again.

Fitful gleams of sunshine began to melt the frost of Canterbury's natal vicissitudes and poverty. A reflex of this was vouchsafed to the Heatherlys in a small legacy, which the disillusioned man would have used in returning to England. But Dot strenuously argued against this.

"England does not need us more than it needs three flies," she said, "but Canterbury does. Can't you hear it calling still? All of it—the great quiet ranges, the deep sea-basin over the Bridle Track, the crowned hills of summer, our own yellow mushroom town, and even this dark oozy Avon? They are home to me now. I want to be a good Pilgrim, and go on building."

And Brian Heatherly took a pioneer's heart of grace once more; so Dot was not torn from the sacred coast that gave Wilton a grave.

In the sixth year of the Province, Mona was married, and went inland to found one of the grand old squatter homesteads of Canterbury. She was the first bride married by the new Bishop, who did not "preach and ride away," but stayed to build up an episcopate by nearly forty years of wise, gentle, and strenuous ministry.

It was an Indian summer of gladness to Dot, when she stayed with Mona, and made friends with the solemn kings of the Alps, finding for herself strange treasures of mountain lily and lichens, in the earlier [illegible] in the purple-vapoured autumn.

But in the tenth year of the Province her father died suddenly, leaving little for Dot but a sunny single-hearted memory.

It was now that Roger Taft, a young Australian, who had landed in 1851, made bold to press the suit his clear-eyed knowledge had divined to be useless hitherto.

"Let me give you rest and a home, Dot," he pleaded, with the boyish license of an old acquaintance. "I know you don't care a hang about me now, but you will, you know. You will care a little in time. Only let me take care of you now."

"And give you brass for gold? No," gently said Dot, Wilton's ring pressing warm on her finger.

"That's your Canterbury pride, Dot!" he insisted. "You still think that Pilgrim and Shagroon will not mix—no, not if you pound them in a mortar!"

That made Dot smile mournfully, remembering old battles with Roger Taft, in which the gleanings of her father's politics had been proudly and prettily arrayed against the stranger's. And she felt it was true that there was still a little girdle of British ice round the sanctum sanctorium of her inner likes. Yet that was so thin, a touch might have broken it, if—

"No," she said, with a faint Cassandra note in her voice. "It was our town; it was our Province. But we could not hold it for ourselves; it is an every man's land now, and why should we quarrel over that? No, but look," she said, with pathetic frankness, "I have worn widow's black ever since—that day, and I shall wear it till I die."

That was the end of Roger Taft's wooing. So brave Dot, refusing to be chargeable, even to Mona, went afield to the Peninsula, half-a-dozen ladies vying with each other for such a grara avise as a overness who would stay out a term without gravitating to the altar of Hymen. After two years she returned and set up a girls' school in Christchurch. Season after season brought her the wild daughters of the wool kings to tame, and patient Dot shaped them with careful thought, as she had shaped her cottage loaves along abo. By middle age she had secured a tiny income, and went to live with Mona and her lovable hoydens.

And in those years Dot was not unhappy. Through the sun-mist of her ancient sorrow; all life looked soft and noble, like her own loved Southern Alps through their dream-hazes of purple. Practical as her busy life had ever been, it veiled a grotto of purest ideality. In that shrine Wilton's image had unconsciously grown greater, wiser, with her own widening conception of earth and heaven. Sometimes he had tried her faith painfully on earth, there was no bar to her womanly worship now. Often she would check her musings on the hereafter in a little horror of her own presumption and earthliness. Once she read "The Blessed Damozel," and wept quick tears of all but joy over it; then put it away in fear. It showed, accusingly, as in a golden mirror, her own yearning humanity, so far below the angels. And how, she would think again, should she appear in Wilton's eyes when that solemn tryst was come?—she, the earth-stained, and tuneless, before him who had so long learned the songs of heaven?

These morbid thoughts never lingered long, and her story was now a faint forgotten thing in the world, even to her nearest relations. How could lusy Auntie Dot have any sorrow of her own? All Mona's hoydens were married now; and she flitted from household to household, a veritable angel of help and cheer.

* * * * * *

Once more it is the 16th of December—a day cloudless as that on which the Randolph came in so long ago. But now the many-spired City of the Plains celebrates the Canterbury Jubilee of 1900, and thirty thousand people are thronging gladly through the square, circling round the Founder, as he faces the noble rose-window of the cathedral, whose cornerstone he did not see in life.

In a balcony, near the river, sat Dot, with Mona and her family, watching the jubilee procession pass. The two old ladies were in a world of their own, almost oblivious of the young people.

"Now, I call that Maori canoe a ripping good show!" said college-bred Brian, the eldest grandson.

"Niggers no priest. Give me the bullock drays!" cried country Bob, his brother.

"And don't forget those old sketches of Pilgrims in the lorry, if you want style," said schoolboy Frank, relying on his grandmother's abstraction. But dove-eyed Gertrude, the flower of the grand-nieces, laid her hand on Auntie Dot's—pretty old Auntie Dot, in her black silk and delicate lace cap, and whispered:

"Oh, I'm so proud for you and grandmat! I see the great town you built you and your people; its all your day, this."

"Did we build it? I feel it is a gourd that will wither to-night," smiled Auntie Dot, with lips a-tremble.

"Auntie, did you take your medicine to-day? You are very white," whispered Gertrude again; for it was known now that strong Auntie Dot had discovered symptoms of heart trouble these later years.

"The best medicine will be a walk with you to the Domain this afternoon," was the little lady's reply. She hated keeping the state of invalidism.

After the others had gone down, Dot sat still in the balcony, and strange bitterness began to work like yeast in her generally calm spirit. This day—so long and hopefully expected—so cloudless, so prosperous; why should this sudden vapor come between her and the sun of her soul? She saw the Avon glide, dark and smooth, at her feet. Down yonder, among the mansions and trees of Avonside, was the spot Wilton and she had chosen for their home. Rebellion leaped up like a geyser in her heart. The home, the husband, the children that should have been hers! Where are they? What if there were no hereafter, no resurrection, no tryst in the windless glades of heaven?

It was now late afternoon, and Dot, calmed and built up again in faith, leaned on tall Gertrude's arm, as they passed through the museum gate.

"Sixty-eight years, dear!" she mused. "No, they were not wasted, all of them."

"You never wasted a minute in your life, Auntie Dot," said Gertrude.

"Ah, no, but we did our share. I—I helped to rear all of you. And sometimes—how foolish!—I feel as if this great town were my child, too. Ah, strange! They talked so much of building then, but the strong men dropped away—away—one by one. The strong men died so early, and only we two girls are left to see—I mean your grandmother, Gertrude, and I. And I am tired—tired, too, and want to be gone with the Pilgrims, dear."

"Sit down, auntie; you are overwrought."

They seated themselves near the Moorhouse Statue. The little old lady looked at it strangely.

"I knew him, too, Gertrude. I would scarcely feel surprised if he were to step down and talk to us. Ah, to think they are only men of stone now!" The soft, dim eyes filled suddenly. "What a stupid old woman I am," she smiled, a little later. "Go, Gertrude; don't you see young Roger Taft and Minnie waiting for you yonder? Go and see the pheasants with them. I would rather be alone for a short time."

Gertrude blushed, lingered, and finally went, to the high satisfaction of that wise, terrestrian matchmaker, Auntie Dot.

A great peace fell upon her now, after the morning cloud. God was very good; the earth was warm and scented; and Wilton was very near. In her dreamy quiescence she saw the people part round her, and one handsome old man came out of the throng towards her. Instantly she stood up, trembling with wholly infantile delight—

"Wilton, at last! I am ready!—ready! But, Wilton, why are you old? They do not grow old in heaven!"

The man knew her now, and stood like a stone. A girlish pink had flown over the soft withered cheek. For one moment the mantle of years dropped from the never-aging self of her.

"Is this the way the sea gives up its dead, Wilton?" she muttered, piteously, fallen back into an infinity of toil-worn age. "Tell me! tell me you are not alive!"

He was weakly offended at her folly.

"Surely, Dot, it cannot matter now," he gasped. "Surely there was a better man——"

"I cannot understand," she wailed, faintly. "Make it very plain. I am so tired—building and waiting for fifty years. Make it very plain."

The old man repeated slowly, as if mesmerized.

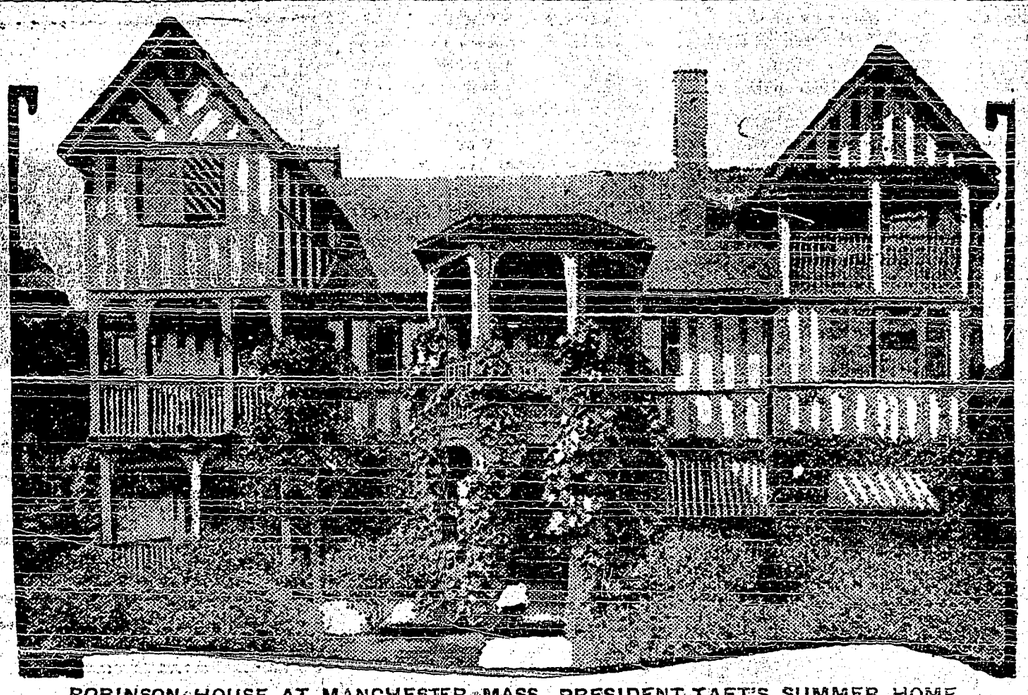
"I sailed in the Banshee with Moll McGinity. I married her in Sydney 47 years ago."

"Ah—h!"

Her hand rose to her heart, and fell so quickly that it seemed the flash of a white bird's wing. Before the sigh ceased, a beautiful calm sealed her face young for ever. Before the sordid truth took form in her brain, Dot Heatherly had gone home to the fountain of verity, where One stood waiting to heal "the heart a hard man broke" on earth.

More Nature Faking.

The buzzard is a useful bird,
But has no sense of humor;
Nor by ambition is it stirred
To claim to be, upon my word,
The ultimate consumer.



ROBINSON HOUSE AT MANCHESTER, MASS., PRESIDENT TAFT'S SUMMER HOME.

Manchester, Mass., Despatch —Nestling amid hills and trees on the old north shore of Massachusetts, and well under the lee of Cape Ann, is the house President Taft,—or rather President Taft's wife—has chosen as the summer capital of the United States.

The Edward Robinson house, which President Taft will occupy this summer, was chosen very largely because it is within easy calling distance of the home of Miss Mabel Boardman, who for long has been to the first lady of the land what Damon was to Pythias; and then, incidentally, the golf links of the Essex County Club are also close at hand, and that pleases the president himself.

NEGLECTED ROYAL GRAVES.

Tomb of Murdered Alexander of Servia and His Queen.

One morning, Leo Claretie writes in Le Gaulois, of Paris, in a cafe which served as a saloon to the hotel I was staying in at Belgrade, I made a sign to a waiter and asked him in German where the tombs of Alexander and Draga could be found.

The man looked at me with eyes wide open in fright, terrified by the audacity of any one who dared to speak aloud of the past tragedy and to pronounce these accursed names. He made no reply, but fled. I was more fortunate with one of his colleagues, who spoke a little French. He gave me this advice:

"Go discreetly, so that nobody can see you. There are spies and you might be arrested as a partisan of the old regime; such a visit is considered a protest."

He wrote an address for me on a piece of paper in the Bulgarian language.

"Just show that to the cabman without speaking."

"Thank you."

I went out and called a cab. I showed the little bit of paper to the driver, who looked at me in terror, whipped up his horse and I expect is still going.

I went to the cab stand in the Theatre Square. I held out my paper to another driver, but he could not read. He called a companion and the two bent their fur-capped heads over the writing. There semed to be some difficulty in reading the address, other cabmen crowded up and even passersby stopped to inquire what was going on.

"Well," I said to myself, "for a visit that ought to be made discreetly here's lots of publicity."

At last one cab driver made it out, folded the paper and made me a sign to get in his cab. We drove through the suburbs, until the cab stopped and the driver showed me some way off a worm-eaten door. He dared not drive right up to it.

I reached the enclosure on foot, an old abandoned cemetery, all tangled with bushy growth and alive with the song of countless birds, which nothing seemed ever to disturb. An aged guardian hurried up. From my first words he gathered the object of my visit and led me across the overgrown paths to a little chapel almost in ruins.

Inside it was empty, the glass in the windows broken in two places, no sign of a tomb, headstone or marble slab. The walls were bare, as was the floor.

"Where is the place" I asked.

The guardian struck the floor with his foot in two places. It was below, but nothing was there to mark it. In a corner two small wooden crosses, both unpainted, were leaning against the wall. One bore the name of Alexander and the other Draga. The ends had been sharpened so that they could be driven into the ground, but no one had touched them, the points were still white and evidently unused. No one had rendered this last duty to these two dead, who have at least made some expiation.

A Castle in the Clouds.

(By a Banker.)

A few miles from Lisbon, and in the immediate neighborhood of lovely Cintra—well named "the garden of Europe"—stands, on the peaked summit of an isolated mountain, or lofty eminence, an ancient citadel erected by the Moors at the time when that now degenerate race were masters of that portion of Southern Europe.

The zigzag road winding amidst a wealth of luxuriant vegetation is here and there of extreme beauty and natural attractions, bordered on each side by wild masses of enormous detached boulders brought by glacial agency from some still more elevated mountain range and stranded on that lofty peak when the ancient ice at length succumbed to the more genial clime which then supervened. Here and there 'midst this wilderness of rock are bushes of lovely white heather; plants of a most beautiful gentian of a vivid blue almost equal to that of the wonderful variety frequently found in the Alps; stretches of rock covered with profuse flowering "periwinkles" of a delicate mauve; with, although still winter, many another gem of the floral world.

Higher, higher, and still higher, the public road at length terminates at the gates of the royal castle of Pena, the remainder of the ascent being performed on foot along winding pathways amidst great shrubs of camellies in full flower, numerous varieties of palms, the handsome Australian glory-pea—the flower like a scarlet lobster claw, with many other subtropical plants and trees. At length the great castle is reached, and the visitor enters through a quaint doorway studded with stone cannon balls. After passing through a number of halls and reception rooms, some decorated by the Moors in arabesque designs, some of more modern ornamentation, an exterior gallery high up the external walls of the castle is entered, where a glorious view of the attractive surroundings is attained. On one side the mountain range of the Sierras uplifts its lofty snow-covered peaks; beneath, the undulating plains of Portugal, dotted with farmhouses and handsome villas, oliveyards and vineyards, woods and forests; while southwards, margined with a snow-white line of foam, is the mouth of the Tugus, whence those Portuguese sea-dogs of old sallied forth to cross the broad ocean in quest of spoil and a conquest in a new world.

But there are now no more new worlds to be discovered. For practically the whole habitable globe has been visited by explorers and by missionaries, and the good news has been proclaimed of the sojourn upon this earth of the Son of God in order, by making expiation Himself for mankind's transgressions, to nullify both the effects of the fall, and also to satisfy the demands of inexorable justice on behalf of all and any who will accept Him as their Saviour and their Deliverer from the wrath to come.

When the Deaf Heard.

"I'm stone deaf, your honor," declared a prisoner in the dock at the police court yesterday. "I didn't hear a word the officer said about me, and I can't hear what you are saying."

Although the judge raised his voice there was nothing doing from the prisoner. He only shook his head wearily. At last the judge turned to the officer and said almost in a whisper: "He was drunk when arrested, wasn't he?"

"I only had one glass of beer," said the prisoner quickly, in an injured tone; and every one laughed.—Boston Record.

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With a Local Flavor

To-night's the night of the Box Social.

Richd. Griffin, Cranbrook, this week bought Block 89 in Lot 812 from C. O. Rodgers.

J. Attwood, station agent, Moyie, is in Creston visiting his son Bruce.

We regret to record an accident to George French, one of our prominent citizens, which occurred at the Rodgers sawmill yesterday. Mr. French, who is millwright, caught his hand in a saw' severing one finger and severely lacerating the others of his left hand. Mr. French has the sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

On Sunday next the members of Wild Rose Lodge, No. 39, K. of P., will meet at Castle Hall and parade to the Presbyterian church, where a "Memorial Service" will be conducted by the Rev. N. E. Read, and a special sermon will be preached.

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

In an open 250 yards handicap at the Corpus Christi festival, held at Cranbrook last Thursday, Shirttail Tommy ran through a big field of swift white runners.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Burrell left for their home, Sunday.

Fred. Ryckman, of Cranbrook, is spending a holiday with his parents at Creston.

A freight train ran over a cow owned by W. Gobbitt, on Tuesday. The animal was so severely injured that it had to be killed.

Tuesday's K. V. train was derailed south of Port Hill.

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

The Creston ball team have all kinds of nice things to say about the way they were entertained at the Huscroft ranch near Port Hill on the 13th.

The ladies of the Catholic church intend holding a card social Tuesday 21st inst.

Martin Burrell, M.P. for Yale-Cariboo was here on a visit Saturday, guest of Rev. Philip C. Hayman.

Mrs. C. E. Moore and family have returned from a visit to relatives at Kaslo

P. B. Fowler, accompanied by his son Dick, arrived from the coast Saturday

A communicated account of the Corpus Christi feast at St. Eugene mission is unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

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

A. S. Goodeve, M.P., was a passenger on today's east train.

Box Social to-night at 8.

A dime tea will be given by Mrs. E. C. Wilson and Mrs. J. Hobden at the home of the former on June 25th. Ice cream, cake, lemonade, etc., will be served. Everybody welcome.

Hermann Graf and Bob Ross were Sirdar visitors to-day.

Take in the Box Social to-night.

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

C. J. McClure, Great Northern station agent at Port Hill, this week purchased the general store business of H. I. Barnes.

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

Meet you at the Box Social to-night.

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

FOR SALE
LOT F
In CRESTON TOWNSITE
Five Acres Good Land
Price - $1250
APPLY
Okell, Young & Co.

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

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

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

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

Take Notice that William Burton, of Cranbrook, B.C. railway conductor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at a post planted at the northwest corner of J. C. Stephen's land in Lot No. 8080, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement, and containing 40 acres more or less.

Dated this 26th day of April, 1909.

WILLIAM BURTON.

LAND ACT.—NELSON LAND DISTRICT.

DISTRICT OF KOOTENAY

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

Commencing at a post planted in the centre of section 4, thence north to right of way of B.C. Southern Ry., thence south-easterly along said right of way to the north line of Sublot 148, and thence west to point of commencement.

WALTER B. MUIR.

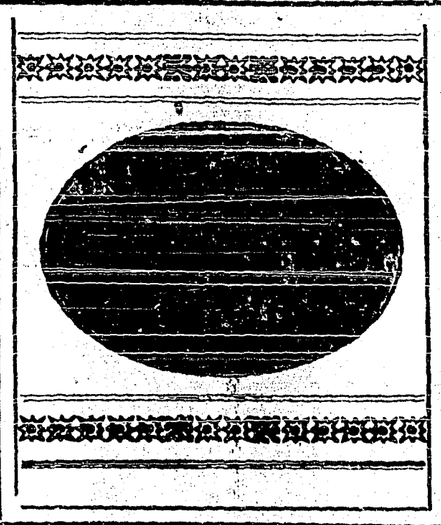
May 30, 1909 Je 19—60

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

	Bid	Asked
Aurora Consolidated		.25
B.C. Amalgamated	.02½	.03
B.C. Copper	6.50	7.50
Consolidated Smelters	77.	95.00
Canadian N. W. Oil	.16	.20
Can. Goldfields	.03½	.05
Canadian Marconi	1.00	1.75
Cranbrook Fire Brick		1.10
Diamond Coal	.57	.61
Diamond Vale Coal	.09	.11½
Int. Coal & Coke	.66	.72
Nicola Coal Mines	.04	.4½
Nipissing	10.75	11.25
North Star	.08½	.12
Nugget Gold Mines		.82½
McGillivray C. Coal	.25	
Pincher Creek Oil Co.		.82½
Rambler Cariboo	.12½	.14¾
Royal Collieries	.29	.30½
Society Girl		.25
Sullivan		
Veteran War Scrip	450.00	650.00
Western Oil ordinary	1.70	2.50
Western Oil preferred		

Box Social in Opera House to-night. The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian Church invite You

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



THE MUNRO HOTEL
CRESTON -:- B.C.

The Creston Livery changed hands this week. T. H. Hickey disposed of the business to Cameron & Sons.

JOB PRINTING
At The
REVIEW OFFICE

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH
Horseshoeing and General Blacksmithing. Shop at rear of Hickey's Barn.
CHAS. BAGLEY

SMOKE the 'T. L' CIGAR
Sold at the Munro and Sam Hatfield's Union Goods

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

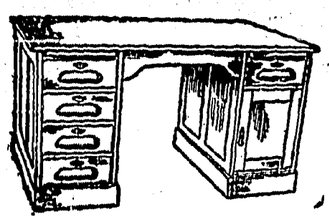
Now is the time to get your
Pictures Framed
I have a large and beautiful assortment of Mouldings. Everybody invited to come in and see them, whether they buy or not.
I ALSO REPAIR OLD FRAMES
W. J. Downey
Photographer CRESTON

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

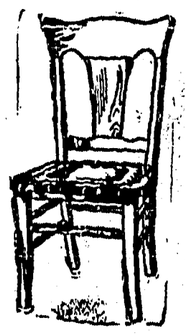
Drink the Famous Products Of the
Le Roi Brewery
Special: Ask for "PERFECTION" Bottled Beer
SUPERIOR TO ALL IMPORTED BEERS
ROSSLAND, B.C.

MONEY TO LOAN
On TOWN and FARM PROPERTY
Easy Terms of Repayment . . .
APPLY FOR PARTICULARS
Pay No More Rent
Own Your Own House
The Canadian Birkbeck Investment and Saving Co.
G. A. M. YOUNG, Local Secretary.
W. F. GURD, Solicitor.

Furniture



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



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

W. R. Beatty
CRANBROOK - B.C.
The Funeral Director

SURE!
Kalsoming and Paperhanging
Are in my Line of Business
See my Pattern Books for Wallpapers
JAS. ADLARD
Residence, Victoria Ave. Dow Addition