All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

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We are Clearing the following lines in MEN'S

SUMMER

Underwear

Men's French Balbriggan	Sale Price	$1.00
Men's Elastic Ribbed Knit	Sale Price	$1.00
Men's Merinos	Sale Price	$1.00

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

Rifle Match was Close Contest

The rifle match between Creston and Erickson on Saturday last furnished an exciting contest and ended in a narrow victory for the Creston team, a margin of two points only dividing the contestants. The shooting throughout was good and there is no doubt that the members of the local Rifle Association are taking a keen interest in the practice, and the committee should have no difficulty in choosing a strong team, should they decide to compete at Nelson in the contests to be held this fall.

Appended are the scores of both teams at all three ranges—200, 300, and 600 yards, the highest possible being 105 points.

CRESTON—J. Wigen, 88; W. Ryckman, 79; J. Hayman, 77; O. Hagen, 77; C. Moore, 76; E. C. Wilson, 75; W. Crawford, 68; R. O'B. FitzGerald, 55; C. Sherrington, 51; C. C. Dixon, 43; Total, 685.

ERICKSON—E. Cartwright, 85; J. H. Hyde, 75; F. Jackson, 75; A. S. FitzGerald, 73; A. Dupery, 73; G. Cartwright, 71; G. Loyst, 69; J. Stocks, 63; G. Hoben, 55; G. Campbell, 49; Total, 683.

Another match between these two teams will take place on Saturday and Sunday next.

Tom Hickey and his crew of men have completed the haying on C. O. Rodgers' ranch at Harrop.

A. Huyghe has started to clear his ten acres on Block 812, which he recently purchased from C. O. Rodgers.

Mr. Oleson has already cleared six acres of his land on Block 812.

Several half-acre lots for sale, easily cleared, suitable for building sites and gardens. $150. Easy terms.

Tomatoes are now ripe in Creston and are selling at five cents a pound with good demand.

Services Next Sunday.

Church of England

Services will be held on Sunday next, August 15, (10th Sunday after Trinity), in the Mercantile Hall. Holy Communion, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m. Evensong at Alice Siding Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.

Divine Service at Moyie every Monday at 8 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar.

Methodist Church

Services in the Methodist Church on Sunday next at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday school at 2.30.

F. J. RUTHERFORD, pastor.

Presbyterian Church

Sabbath School, 2:30 p.m.; Divine Worship in the Schoolroom at 7.30 p.m. All heartily invited to be present.

N. E. READ, Pastor.

Christ Church Sunday School Picnic will be held in Mr. Huscroft's park, which has been kindly lent for the occasion, on Wednesday next, August 18th. A hearty invitation is extended to all the congregation.

Next Saturday evening the girls' guild of the Presbyterian Church will hold a sale of home-made cooking, ice-cream, lemonade, etc., in the Munro Block. Everybody should turn out on this occasion and bring their best girl.

Rev. Philip C. Hayman conducted service at Moyie last Sunday. This is the first occasion on which the Church of England have held Sunday service in Moyie. There was a large congregation present.

Mrs. J. Patterson and two sons, Andy and Frank, left Monday for Blairmore, on a visit to friends.

Renew your subs to the Review NOW

Water System for Canyon City

That the residents of Canyon City will be provided with an abundance of water for all domestic purposes in the immediate future is evident from the fact that Mr. C. O. Rodgers has asked the ranchers to call a meeting for the purpose of ascertaining what each is willing to pay as water rates preparatory to the installation of an up-to-date water system for all domestic uses. It is understood that this water system will provide water for all the residents in and around Canyon City, comprising 8,500 acres.

Ralph G. Scruton, who will in future edit the Review, is expected to arrive on tomorrow's Great Northern, from Seattle, where he has been taking in the fair.

We are just in receipt of the prize list of the the 4th annual Kootenay Lake Fruit Fair, to be held at Kaslo, September 16th and 17th next. The prize list is an exceptionally good one and reflects great credit on the committee having the arrangements in hand.

McCreath Bros. are putting in a set of five-ton scales, on Fleet street, near the bakery. They will be used as public scales for the weighing of hay, coal, etc. and should be a great convenience to the general public.

Both business and residential lots in Prince Rupert townsite can be bought from Messrs. Johnson and Scruton at the Review office, where maps of the northern metropolis can be inspected. People are making fortunes daily out of Prince Rupert lots, why not you?

Messrs. Johnson and Scruton have taken over the real estate business of Mr. J. J. Atherton and have some snaps in Creston town lots, also fruit lands in in the immediate vicinity. Drop in at the Review office and talk it over.

Ranchers of the Kootenay valley are now mowing the strawberries down and preparing for a prosperous year with hopes of success.

We are glad to see that the Hoomer Times has resumed publication after a suspension of several weeks. The Times is a newsy weekly and should receive he united support of its home town.

NOTICE

Public Notice is hereby given that whereas I have sold the business and plant of the Creston Review heretofore published at Creston, B.C., by the Creston Publishing Co. to J. K. Johnson and Ralph Scruton, all debts due the Creston Review or the Creston Publishing Company prior to August 1st inst., shall be payable to the undersigned who will also pay all debts contracted by the Creston Review or Creston Publishing Company prior to August 9th inst.

Dated at Creston, B.C., this 9th day of August, 1909.

(Signed) J. J. ATHERTON

FOR SALE.—Man or Woman.—My South African Veteran Bounty Land Certificate, issued by the Department of the Interior, Ottawa. Good for 320 acres of any Dominion land open for entry in Alberta, Saskatchewan, or Manitoba. Any person over the age of 18 years Man or Woman, can acquire this land with the certificate. For immediate sale. $800. Write or wire L. E. TELFORD, 161, Shuter Street, Toronto, Ont.

SUMMER PRUNING BEST

PROVINCIAL FRUIT EXPERT ADVISES APPLES GROWERS

ALSO SPEAKS ON METHOD OF KILLING GREEN APHIS

(Nelson News)

M. S. Middleton, assistant horticulturist for the Kootenay district, who has been posted here by the provincial government in order to assist the fruit growers and ranchers in the district by giving them advice on horticulture and kindred subjects and by making a study of conditions to arrive at some conclusion as to the best varieties of fruit, etc., for growing in the Kootenays, has just returned from a trip through the Slocan country.

Interviewed by a representative of The Daily News last night Mr. Middleton stated that the growers were now giving most of their attention to the coming apple crop. He had been making a tour of a large part of the Kootenays and had been advising the ranchers to make a special point of summer pruning as opposed to cutting back the trees in the winter. Up to the present it had been, observed Mr. Middleton, the practise of the local horticulturists to go in for winter pruning almost exclusively and while this method was not without its advantages it had a tendency to promote a too exuberant growth of wood. On the other hand, summer pruning had the effect of producing fruit producing spurs. By nipping back the twigs according to their strength, the sap was forced into the lower buds and energy was stored up in them in them in preparation for the spring blossoms.

From now on to the beginning of September, said Mr. Middleton, was quite the best time for pruning apple trees. If the cutting back of the terminal growth were left till the late fall or the winter all the energy of the trees was taken up by these terminal shoots and the lower buds lay dormant and unproductive. The result was that long, lanky trees, producing fruit only at their extremities, were far too general in this province. There were some varieties of apple, such as the Northern Spy to which this applied particularly, but his experience and training had taught him that summer pruning is the most advantageous in every case, no matter what kind of apple was under cultivation.

Another advantage of summer pruning, continued Mr. Middleton, was that the ingrowing shoots could be more easily and successfully cut back so that they too became fruit producers. These shoots should be pruned to about four inches in length. Mr. Middleton believes that if this plan of summer pruning is adhered to that the trees, after they reach an age of about five years will need very little attention with the knife, apart from cutting back the ingrowing branches. The terminal growth would be almost wholly checked by the effect of the amount of fruit produced on the lower branches.

In making this last tour of the district Mr. Middleton noticed that the green aphis was somewhat prevalent. This could be done away with to a very large extent, he states, by summer pruning as the fly was to be found in almost every instance on the terminal and ingrowing branches, generally on the former. If the pruner when doing his work carried a sack with him he could throw the tips of the branches into it and then burn them, aphis included. In very bad cases the trees should be sprayed with Blackleaf mixture, one part to 70 of water, or with the ordinary whale oil quassia mixture.

Mr. Middleton is an advocate of fall spraying with full strength lime and sulphur solution or double strength Bordeaux mixture, in preference to winter or spring spraying, owing to the prevalence of black spot or Oregon canker, the spoors of which mature and start to grow in the fall.

Heretofore residents of Creston and vicinity have been compelled to go all the way to Port Hill, a distance of seven miles, in order to get their goods cleared where the American customs broker resides. There is no reasons why we should not have a bonded warehouse at Creston as well as a customs broker, when there would be no delay in holding goods up at the boundary line. Surely Creston is a more suitable location for the transaction of this business than Port Hill, and by the establishing of the bonded warehouse at Creston a great convenience will be afforded the residents of this place. It is sincerely hoped that the proper authorities will take time by the forelock and take steps to bring this matter about.

Walter V. Jackson left on Wednesday for Cranbrook, Windermere, Golden and other points on a business trip in connection with the Riverside Nurseries.

Bob Reid, the genial C P.R. agent, made a trip to Cranbrook this week.

Geo. Mead and W. O. Taylor left on Tuesday for Meadow Creek on a fishing trip.

Mesdames Darbyshire, Henderson and E. C. Wilson left on Monday for Spokane on a pleasure trip.

BORN—On Monday, August 9th, to the wife of A. Green—a son.

Mr. Kennedy, foreman of the C. P. R. painters, has been giving the depot and fence a new coat of paint, which adds very much to the appearance of the station.

A bush fire on Sunday last was started by a C. P. R. train at mile-board No. 35 and might have been serious only for the attention of firewardens Long and Little, who were immediately on the spot and with the assistance of the section foreman and his men extinguished it without any damage being done.

The many friends of Joe Jackson, the old C. P. R. passenger conductor, are glad to see him back on his run again.

At a meeting of the Creston Cemetery Company held last Tuesday evening it was decided to fence the cemetery at once.

Squatters Get Papers

BRITISH COLUMBIA GOVERNMENT WILL ISSUE QUALIFICATION PAPERS TO EARLY SETTLERS

Those early settlers who squatted on land in the vicinity of Creston have at last had their claims acknowledged by the B.C. Government. As far back as thirteen years ago land was squatted upon by men who have since become powers in the district, but they have never received the necessary qualification to claim indefeasible title to the land they are located upon.

At the time of the Government auction sale a difficulty arose owing to a number of lots being placed on the market that were squatted upon. Besides this, the Canadian Pacific and Great Northern railways jumped in at the eleventh hour and claimed a two hundred feet right of way. The claims of these corporations demanded at the time a rigid examination of previous charters by the land officials at Victoria, and it happened that the day prior to the big auction sale Mr. W. F. Teetzel, the government land agent here, was apprised of the fact that a new survey had to be made to cover the old charter now owned by the C.P.R. This hurried re-survey was made by J. D. Anderson, and it was so perfect that there has been no question since.

The Review at the time demanded an enquiry as to the right of the C.P.R. to jump in at the eleventh hour and claim land which they had made no previous claim to, and as a result of the agitation then started the matter has now been definitely fixed.

Without doubt the terms of the old charter demand for the C.P.R. just as much as they claimed, that is a two hundred foot right of way; but it so happened that there were several squatters who were under the impression they were located on crown lands. These men have made considerable improvements to their ranches, and we are pleased to report that the C.P.R. have magnanimously given them the right to remain.

The whole B. & N. right of way remains as surveyed, that is a 100 foot right of way. The C.P.R. will in places have a 200 feet right of way, but nowhere will it affect any of the ranchers.

The reserve of fifty feet along the B. & N. (or K.V.) railway, made at the time of the sale will now be offered to the purchaser or present holder of the lot abutting, at the same price per acre and on the same terms as were paid at the government auction sale.

The squatters, we are officially informed, will at once, or as soon as surveying is finished, be able to get titles to their allotments.

For Sale.—Six acres of first-class land adjoining the Dow Addition. Easily cleared.

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Creston Lumber Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Complete Stock of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER

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FAIR WOMAN'S REALM

Mothers know that the new-born infant must sleep about twenty-two hours and that this amount is so slowly lessened that the child still demands 12 hours when it is about 12 years old. It is quite likely that the normal amount is not reduced to ten hours until about 18 years of age, or perhaps until 21 years. Nine hours may be required until well along in years.

To let boys of 14 sit up until 10 o'clock and then rout them out at 6 is nothing short of criminal, but it is a long-established custom. Lower animals can be quickly killed by depriving them of sleep—the boy is not killed, but perhaps he is so exhausted that he loses resistance to disease.

Medical students not infrequently make the same mistake, forgetting that a tired brain never absorbs anything. The midnight oil frequently represents wasted time and money, and the student sleeps during the next day's lectures when he should be wide awake.

A good test of exhaustion is the tendency to sleep during a dry lecture—and this is no joke.

Experience has proved that those who retire in time to sleep at least nine hours, and occasionally ten, get far more out of their course than the "grinds." Some of the best men habitually take ten hours. Theoretically a student should be as fresh at the end of the term as at the beginning—the vacation is for another purpose than sleep.

The whole subject, though old, is so new to the laymen who do the damage to school-boys, particularly in boarding schools, that there is urgent need of wider publicity and much discussion for enlightenment. Not only will proper sleep permit more to be gained for less effort, but it will prevent the exhaustions which so frequently follow school courses.

Physicians might teach mothers that it is harmful to waken children of any age—they should waken in the morning naturally. If they are not in time for school they do not retire early enough. If they are sleep heads it is either the fault of the parents or the result of ocular defects.

There is much comment upon the large number of midshipmen who fail at the Naval Academy in a course not worse than in many colleges. It is suspected that they would do better if they had ten hours' sleep daily.—American Medicine.

Worth Knowing.

Salts of lemon will remove ink stains from wooden floors. Use two tablespoonfuls to quart of water and use no soap.

A flat trunk tray kept in the laundry will prove a great convenience. The napkins, doilies, lunch cloths, etc., may be laid out on it in neat separate piles.

Cut-flowers may be preserved for an unusually long time if a little saltpeter or carbonate of soda is added to the water. Salt also helps to keep them fresh.

White paint, when dirty, should be washed with milk, which will effectually remove the dirt. Colored paint may be treated in a similar way with cold tea, which is an excellent solvent.

Clean mahogany with cold drawn linseed oil and polish with clean cloths.

Marble should be washed with ammonia and water, rather than with soap and water.

White veils dipped into skimmed milk and pinned upon a sheet will be as fresh and crisp as new when they dry.

Kerosene will polish zinc, if it is rubbed on with a soft cloth until clean and then washing the zinc in boiling water.

What of Your Nose?

Do you consider this important feature of your face, when buying hats or dresses or trimmings?

Some noses do not cause any trouble, but there are a surprising number of good effects spoiled by failure to recognize those that do.

A long nose is perhaps the most difficult. It is at variance with the present style of hair dressing, for one thing, since the pointed psyche knot sticking out in the back makes the profile most unattractive.

Neither may the hair be worn in a knot that drops very low on the neck, nor in a very high peak on the top of the head.

Low collars are difficult to adjust so that they will look well.

V-shaped chemisettes and dangling ornaments on the bodice are tabooed.

The person with the long nose should wear trim neckwear, while, conversely, the girl with the tip-tilted nose wears fluffy little bows and laces.

The latter also, if she is wise, leaves alone severe, uncompromising hats, with trimming that sticks out straight, making a funny angle with her nose.

Curiously enough, most people give but scant attention to the matter of noses, but it is quite as important as the shade of one's eyes or the color of one's complexion.

GOING AWAY?

(Philadelphia Record.)

Then consider.
You've bought hats.
You've lovely dresses.
And doubtless you'll have a good time.

But there's one detail that some overlook.

They leave the family cat to forage for itself.

If only one family went away this might be possible.

Though, naturally, it would not appeal to a person with much pride or a very kind heart.

With whole blocks of houses boarded up, the meouws one hears in midsummer are, indeed, a pitiful sound.

Unless one arranges with a caretaker to feed the animal one leaves behind, it is best to have it boarded.

Stray and diseased cats and other small animals are best sent to that fine institution, the Morris Refuge, where they are painlessly put to death.

Pet cats may be boarded at the Morris Refuge, too, in clean, comfortable quarters, with the best of food and fresh water always.

Tribute to an Old Servant.

Dr. Henry G. Spooner, of Stanton, Fla., sends to the Banner this tribute to an old and faithful servant: "Aunt Tina Jamison, beloved wife of Mack Jamison, of Stanton, Fla., died early this morning of apoplexy. Tired as her old feet were, she never failed to do her duty. In washing a dish or roasting a joint of meat, she took infinite pains, and no horse or cat or dog left in her charge ever suffered for water. Aunt Tina was of the type of the old fashioned colored woman, fast disappearing from off the face of th globe, who reared and tenderly guarded our earliest infancy. For four generations she worked for the writer's family, but never failed once to keep her word. God bless her."—Ocala Banner.

If You Would be Popular.

Be sociable.
Be unselfish.
Be generous.
Never worry or whine.
Study the art of pleasing.
Be frank, open and truthful.
Always be ready to lend a hand.
Be kind and polite to everybody.
Be self-confident, but not conceited.
Never monopolize the conversation.
Take a genuine interest in other people.
Always look on the bright side of things.
Take pains to remember names and faces.
Never criticise or say unkind things of others.
Look for the good in others, not for their faults.
Forgive and forget injuries, but never forget benefits.
Cultivate health and thus radiate strength and courage.
Rejoice as genuinely in another's success as in your own.
Always be considerate of the rights and feelings of others.
Have a good time, but never let fun degenerate into license.
Have a kind word and a cheery, encouraging smile for everyone.
Learn to control yourself under the most trying circumstances.
Be respectful to women and chivalrous in your attitude toward them.
Meet trouble like a man, and cheerfully endure what you can't cure.
Believe in the brotherhood of man, and recognize no class distinctions.
Be not self-opinionated, but listen with deference to the opinions of others.
Never utter witticisms at the risk of giving pain or hurting someone's feelings.
Be ambitious and energetic, but never benefit yourself at the expense of another.
Be as courteous and agreeable to your inferiors as you are to your equals and superiors.
Do not bore people by telling them long, tedious stories or by continually dilating on your own affairs.—Orison Sweet Marden, in Success Magazine.

"I WANTED TO BE A MARTYR, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND."

Cincinnati, O., despatch: This is a love story, taken from life:

Anna Louise Militz worked as a servant in the mansion of Chas. Dickson. David Dickson, young and impetuous, the son of the family, fell in love with her. Over and over, he repeated his love pleadings.

"Don't," said Anna. "I cannot marry you. It will mean only unhappiness. I am poor and you are rich. We come from two different worlds."

David still pleaded. Anna began to be pleased. Slowly she let the dream grow that some day she might possibly be mistress of a Dickson mansion. David pleaded with renewed fervor. Anna finally believed that love would work the miracle.

"At last," says Anna, "I said I would be his wife."

David went off to school to study medicine. Anna, her life's dream ever before her, became a student nurse. It was her only way to make herself the equal of David, mentally.

He graduated. So did Anna. She kept waiting for him to mention the wedding.

One day he came to her with a terrible message.

"I want to be released," is what he said, according to Anna.

Anna says that he told her he could marry Mrs. Lycurgus Winchester, a wealthy widow of New York, and that the wedding would help him tremendously in a financial and professional way.

"I told him that I would release him if he would sign a statement that we had been engaged," says Anna. "I loved him and I wanted to see him get ahead in the world. I determined to be a martyr to love. I wouldn't have asked even for the letter, if I hadn't heard that he had denied we were ever engaged.

"But I have changed my mind.

"Just about the time the wedding bells were ringing in New York I filed a breach of promise suit for $50,000. I couldn't be a martyr. But I cannot stand this unfair play. Oh, how I tried to lift myself out of the depths. And what did I accomplish?

"It isn't the money I want. If I get it I'll be willing to give it to a charitable organization.

"But I cannot be a martyr and suffer this way. It's against human nature."

Looking Angelic in a Devil Collar

The devil play has brought into vogue a thirst for things mephistophelian. There are always several devils at every masquerade, the eyebrows are carefully cultivated to the proper degree of obliqueness by the faddy college boys, and at last the craze has struck the fair sex.

The picture proves that the summer girls has been bitten by the devil microbe. The latest thing in neckwear is made to resemble mephisto's own. It is made of white linen, with hand crocheted medallions and edge, and is particularly effective when worn over black.

CONCERNING THE CLAM PIE.

Details of Making and Manner of Baking the Top Sawyer of All Clam Pies.

"What? You didn't know they ever put potatoes in clam pies? Why! They always do; always; only," said a man who knows all about clam pies, "there's right ways of doing it and wrong ways.

"Some people put boiled mashed potato into clam pie, which, of course, is wrong; and then some people put in potatoes cut into cubes or dice, which is foolish and frivolous and out of keeping with the clam. The real way to fix potatoes for a clam pie is to take medium sized potatoes and peel 'em and then cut them into very thick strips of uniform thickness, so that they'll all cook alike.

"And then some people chop up the clams for a clam pie; a terrible mistake to make. Chopping the clam messes 'em all up, and that way you lose half the juices of the clam, lost in the chopping bowl. The true way to fix the clams in this: You take melum sized clams of uniform size and lay them on a board and slice them into pieces not too small; they look better that way, and they are better, and so they taste better.

"Of course you have for the pie a number of thin and narrow strips of pork of the sort that has a streak of lean in it; and when you have got all the ingredients ready, composing, so to speak, the pie stuff, you cook them all together, partly; enough so that when you come to put this filling in the pie and put the pie in the oven to bake the baking will bring the whole pie out cooked perfectly.

"Now, of course, there are all sorts of clam pies; small individual clam pies, and pies cooked in dishes of various larger sizes, to be cut up and served; and different people may have different notions about what size and shape is best for dishes to cook clam pies in; but the best clam pies I ever ate were cooked in a dish about fifteen inches in diameter by about three and a half inches deep.

"The pies baked in this dish were made with a bottom crust, but with a crust all around the walls of the dish, and, of course, the crust on top. And whenever a clam pie was baked in this dish there was brought into use with it a teacup which was especially reserved for this purpose only, and which was used in the manner that I will now describe to you.

"This teacup was a very deep one, or a very tall cup when you turned it over, bottom up, and made of thin china. And when the filling was in the pie and it was all ready to put on the top crust, that tall, thin cup was set in the centre of the pie, bottom up, and then the top crust, with a hole in it of exactly the right size at the centre, was put on the pie, leavnig now the bottom, or as we have it placed, the top of the cup, projecting up at the centre above the top crust like a little dome.

"The object of the dome? Why, as the pie bakes the steam within, or a good part of it, rises not to saturate the top crust and makes that soggy, but it rises in the cup, to be condensed in the dome and go back with all its flavor and richness into the pie itself, making the filling rich and elegant, as it ought to be, while the crust remained nice and light; and then when you come to eat your portion or portions of this clam pie you could break up that nice light crust and sop it with the juices of the pie if you wanted to.

"And when you get a hold of a clam pie built like that, why, then you begin to realize what a great joy a real clam pie can be."

MOBILIZING GERMAN ARMY.

System by Which Each Reservist Finds His Place and Regiments.

Nobody who has visited Germany can fail to have been struck by the large official signboards at the entry to each town or village.

These contain full information as to exactly which official in the community to apply to should the magic word "mobilize" be spoken. Wherever the German reservist may chance to be when the order to mobilize is given—assuming of course that he is not out of the country—he has only to ask the first inhabitant or walk to the end of the village and look at the directions on the signboard to find out his own particular place in the military scheme.

He will see that he must go to Herr Schmidt at 40 Schutzen street. Herr Schmidt will tell him exactly in which town he has to go in order to rejoin his own unit and, what is still more important, will give him the money and the railway pass to take him there. Arrived at his destination, he will find his uniform, arms and accoutrements piled neatly in a heap with a label bearing his name and regimental number on the top of the heap.

He has only to put it on and take his place among the comrades with whom he did his military service years ago. This destination was arranged upon many years back, and the exact time schedule for marching and railway journeys are compiled long since.—From Pearson's Weekly.

Foot Racing in the '60s.

One has to go back to the 60's to find anything like the present enthusiasm about professional foot racing. In those days, too, a redskin played a conspicuous part in attracting tens of thousands of people to watch his paces—we mean the reservation Indian L. Bennett, popularly known as Deerfoot.

He was one of a paid troupe of runners, organized and bossed by one man, very much after the manner the American amateurs were controlled at the recent Olympic games.

The parallel can be carried further, inasmuch as another of the troupe was a middle distance runner, as Shrubb is to-day. We refer to the late Bill Lang, who once ran a mile in a shade outside four minutes on a downhill course at Newmarket, and could, when told to, defeat the Indian at ten miles. It was this controlling of results which killed the popularity of professional pedestrianism in the '60's.—From Baily's Magazine.

Bishop (who has "looked in" at the rural Sunday School)—Now, children, can any of you tell what is meant by the visitation of the bishop? Little Girl (after a long pause)—Please, sir, an affliction sent from Heaven.—Tit-Bits.

WHAT KILLED THE PONY.

Drank From an Alum Spring and the Constriction Shut Off His Breath.

"I had a little experience with animals and water myself," spoke up another whose attire did not speak of the traveling man, but rather of the native Montanan.

"I used to be in the Yellowstone National Park before there was ever a road there or a forest guard or soldier. In fact, I helped pick out the routes by which the tenderfeet of the present day see the wonders of nature and occasionally the wonderful nerve of the highwayman. Naturally the old trails led along a different course from the present roads, for we used to take the shortest way across and where we could not ride we would walk and lead our ponies.

"One day I was riding between the upper and the lower geyser basin and my pony and I came to a creek which looked as if it would be pleasant to taste. I stopped the nag to taste the water, but the pony beat me to it. He had his muzzle buried up to his eyes in an instant and in less than half that time he had it back out with a roar of pain that could be heard a mile away. The water was boiling hot, but the heat of the ground near the earth kept the steam from rising. The pony jerked away from me and went bucking and bawling through the trees, carrying my blankets and grub with him.

"It was two days before I found him and caught him again. Then all of the hair was off his muzzle from his eyes to his nostrils. I greased his head with bacon fat and made the nag as comfortable as possible. It was necessary that I should ride him, for I had an appointment on the banks of Yellowstone Lake with the rest of the party, and I turned his nose gently in that direction.

"Next day we came to a stream which came directly out of a snow bank and the pony, depending upon that sign of coolness, put his head down and took another drink. The result was that his mouth and nostrils shrunk up so that he could no longer whinny or breathe. Within two minutes he was dead. Investigation showed that he had drunk from an alum spring; what we believed to be snow was alum crystals. I stripped the saddle from the horse and packed it ten miles to camp.

"From that day to this I have never tasted water on my occasional trips to the Yellowstone Park, and I do not see how I can be blamed for my action, either."—From the Anaconda Standard.

Humanisms.

A man likes to be generous about something so he can feel what a fine fellow he is to do it.

If we all had our own way other people would quickly get out of it.

If you are in a small place it may be because you won't fit in a big place.

Everybody wants something for nothing, but few people are satisfied with what they get that way.

Women have their troubles the same as men, but they have less to say about them.

For reasons unnecessary to mention, some people never have brain fag.

Some are rich in money and some in dreams, and though the world is old, no one has ever been able to say which are the richer.

Most of the brilliant ideas in after-dinner speaking come out of a champagne bottle and disappear with the bubbles.

The finest invention would be how to go home late and be eager to get up early the next morning.

Many a city man boasts of his boyhood on the farm—but he doesn't make a strenuous effort to get back to it.

A man's good deeds don't live after him because they are only his imagination.

For Windows of Dark Rooms.

This is made by dissolving 5 parts of xanthorrhoea or acaroid gum in 5 parts of 95 per cent. alcohol. When solution has been effected, it is advisable to add about a quarter of a part of copaiba balsam, or castor oil, to prevent the cracking or peeling off of the gum coating. This will not permit the passage of any chemically effective rays of light and is to be preferred to the ordinary gold varnish because it does not bleach out in the light.—Scientific American.

HOW TO DO IT.

Are You Looking For a Job? Answer Want Ad This Way.

(By L. Calvin Reed.)

Without exception the most popular and successful method of securing employment is through the medium of the classified ad columns of the newspaper. It is also the cheapest and quickest way. But you must know how to answer the ad in order to obtain the most satisfactory results.

Regardless of the nature of the position advertised, there are a few certain rules to follow in answering the ad. which are applicable to all cases. A strict adherence to the following rules will insure a favorable reply in almost every instance.

To begin with, be consistent in your selection of an ad. If you are one of the rank and file, receiving $10 or $12 a week, it is only a waste of time and money to answer an ad. for an office manager at $100 to $150 per month. Try to get something in your line, but if you desire a change answer an ad. offering a moderate salary or at least a figure near what you have been used to receiving. As a rule employers do not even consider applicants who strive to secure a $100 position when they have but a $50 or $60 record.

Select good writing materials. White bond paper of a fairly large size is preferable. Write on one side of the sheet only. It is advisable to make use of four appropriate paragraphs: First, introductory; second, personality, such as age, education, etc.; third, experience and references; fourth, closing. Avoid long sentences and confine your remarks to the subject in hand.

BREVITY THE BEST FORM.

Be brief. Make your letter as short as possible without omitting anything important and never use more than one page unless absolutely necessary. As the advertiser generally receives a large number of replies his time is necessarily limited and he more than appreciates brevity.

In answering an ad. for any clerical position always apply in own handwriting. And never indulge in any unnecessary flourishes or curves. Write in a neat, legible, uniform business hand. Be particular to sign your name distinctly. Many are prone to scratch down an illegible scrawl and then they wonder why they receive no reply.

Answer all inquiries appearing in the ad. fully and truthfully. Never make a statement which you cannot prove if called upon to do so. Give full particulars whether the ad requests them or not. The advertiser will invariably give the letter answered in full the preference over the one which is indefinite.

Always state your age and experience. And if the ad calls for the name of your present employer show no hesitancy in giving it. By so doing you may save both the advertiser and yourself a great deal of useless trouble, because he can, with remarkable precision, decide if the line you are used to will conflict with the position advertised.

SMALL WORDS USUAL TRIPPERS.

Be care in your spelling. Keep a close watch on the small words especially, as they are the ones which are most apt to be mis-spelled. The widespread prevalence of erroneous spelling is directly due to carelessness—not ignorance. And to exhibit the least carelessness in writing your letter is to lessen your chances of success, as a careless worker, of all, is the most undesirable.

Be just as discreet in your choice of words. Never, under any circumstance, indulge in slang. Though you are positive that you can "deliver the goods" by "classy methods," do not do it on paper. It is not only suggestive of ill-breeding but it is altogether unbusiness-like. And it will lessen your chances of securing the position, for though it may not create an absolutely unfavorable impression in the mind of the reader, it will tend to lower your standard of "high class." Make every word count.

Give the best business references obtainable, as they are the real arbiters of your future success. Remember, a good reference only can get you a job—it's entirely up to you to hold it.

Do not lay too much stress upon what you think you can do or what you know you can do. What have you done? About the most important factor in securing a job is a record of your experiences—backed up, of course, by your references. Produce your record. Results count; not sometimes but always.

DON'T TELL HARD LUCK STORY.

Throughout your entire letter maintain a police and respectful attitude, but do not overdo it. And never attempt familiarity of any kind.

Above all never relate any personal troubles or hard luck stories of any nature, as they tend to convey the impression that you possess a whining temperament, which is decidedly undesirable in any line of business. On the other hand, do not display a feeling of too much independence, for a person who "does not have to work for a living" really never does work at all, as employers soon find out. He merely goes through the formality of reporting in the morning and leaving at night, which doesn't last long.

And last, but not least, give good old Common Sense plenty of exercise, which, combined with the foregoing instructions, can produce but on result—Success.

Shell to Hit Two Marks.

A shell which will hit two marks will be tested during the coming summer. The solid steel head of the shell contains a charge of high explosive, which is detonated on impact. Back of this is the shrapnel chamber, containing 120 bullets and a charge of high explosive. The shrapnel portion can be timed to explode above a body of troops, leaving the solid head of the shell to pass on and strike an independent blow. Some preliminary tests have proven very satisfactory.

MUZZLING DOGGIE.

(Windsor Record.)

Over in Chicago the dog is not a public favorite, and he and his owner must walk circumspectly in the ways of the ordinance, which requires the muzzling of every animal allowed at large.

The Confessions of a Debutante.

"So I look perfectly hideous?" inquired Kitty, glancing up at me anxiously.

"Oh, I—I shouldn't say that," I replied deprecatingly, as I noted her stiff sailor hat, common sense boots and plain little tailored frock.

"Of course, you shouldn't say it," rejoined Kitty with a touch of disappointment in her voice, "but you think it, don't you?"

"Well," I agreed compromisingly, "you do look rather—rather different. There isn't any powder on your nose, nor any rustle to your skirts, nor a single kink in your pompadour; and you don't smell of violets, nor seem quite happy, but—there it is!" I exclaimed suddenly.

"There what is?" asked Kitty, with a smile of satisfaction.

"Your dimple," I explained.

"Oh, that," said Kitty, rubbing her offending cheek with a little frown. "I wish I could leave that off, too," she added with a sigh.

"What on earth have you been doing?" I demanded.

"It isn't what I've been doing," quoth Kitty promptly, "but what I'm going to do that—that is the matter. I'm going to call on my mother-in-law, Mrs. Curtis," she added, turning solemnly upon me.

"Your—what?"

"A woman who owns a son," explained Kitty.

"But her son isn't your——," I began, quickly.

"No, he isn't mine," responded Kitty, frankly, "and he never will be! But she's a 'mother-in-law' in the most harrowing sense of the word. Every mother of every son is a 'mother-in-law' to every girl who—who——"

"Who looks at him?" I suggested.

"Whom he looks at," corrected Kitty. "She's the mother-in-law 'before taking;' and, like medicine, 'before taking,' she's much worse than after you've swallowed the dose and gotten it down. Did you ever see a man so depraved and homely and unattractive and uninteresting that his mother didn't fancy that every woman he met wanted to marry him and didn't hate her for it instead of—of thanking her?" and Kitty severely pushed back an obstreperous curl that crept from under the sailor hat and hung down over one ear. "It's the mothers of men," she went on, walking rapidly, "who prevent all the happy marriages and make all the stupid, grouchy old bachelors and are at the bottom of all the silly runaway matches and of most of the matrimonial misery in this world!" and Kitty's heels clicked angrily as she hurried down the avenue.

"You," I remarked, lifting my eyebrows accusingly, "seem to have had an unusual amount of experience for——"

"No," interrupted Kitty, jingling her chatelaine impatiently, "only the usual amount—the amount that every girl has who hasn't a hump or a squint. And the more charming and popular and eligible a girl is the more agonizing her experience and the more desperately she is fought and frozen and snubbed by the embryo mothers-in-law. It's a battle to the knife for a really fascinating young woman to get a husband in these days!" and Kitty sighed mournfully.

"Oh, well," I remarked cheerfully, "we've got to be protected some way. It's the natural provision of Providence——"

"Providence didn't give a woman a son," retorted Kitty, "as it gave her a nose or a finger—to be attached to her through life. But she invariably thinks it did. And she looks upon every fairly attractive girl as a thief or a bird of prey, ready to pounce upon her 'treasure.' Every time I meet the mother of an unmarried man I feel as if I were on trial for my life, and it makes me so self-conscious and rebellious that it simply drives me to—to do things."

"Kitty Glenn!" I exclaimed, reproachfully. "To do what things?"

"Well," said Kitty, twisting her chatelaine and looking the other way, "to sit in the conservatory longer than I should and to say things I shouldn't and don't mean and—and, oh, you know how a wrongfully convicted criminal feels!"

"I can't say I do," I remarked, coldly.

"He feels," said Kitty, "as if he might just as well eat the cake he is accused of stealing."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Then that is why when my mother is around you are always so——"

"I'm not," cried Kitty, reddening.

"So——"

"Don't you dare say it, Mr. Curtis."

"So particularly fascinating," I finished. "Ah, well! There's something on the mother-in-law side after all."

"There's nothing on her side," retorted Kitty defiantly, "but pure, unadulterated selfishness. It isn't her love for her son that prompts her to keep him away from the girl he wants. It's her love for herself and the fear that some other woman will profit by her handiwork. She forgets that she herself profited by another woman's handiwork when she married her husband. She forgets all that she endured at the hands of that other woman before she got that husband. She forgets that her son is human and that his happiness is at stake, and——"

"Not at all!" I objected. "That's just what she remembers that he is human—too human—and that his happiness depends upon finding the right girl, and——"

"There isn't any right girl!" declared Kitty.

"What!"

"Not in the eyes of a man's mother. Cleopatra herself wouldn't be beautiful enough, nor the Queen of Sheba rich enough, nor Saint Cecilia good enough for the meanest, smallest, most miserable specimen of manhood a mother ever cherished. His name might be Smith and his income $10 a week, his chief feature a hump, his only talent a talent for amusing himself; but you couldn't convince his mother that any girl, who, out of sheer pity dances with him or allows him to call, isn't a siren trying to lure him from his happy home. And the worst of it all is that it is the right girl she breaks him off from every time."

"Nonsense!" I declared. "Nobody on earth can break a man off from the girl he loves, unless——"

"No," rejoined Kitty, scathingly, "but a determined mother can make it so unpleasant for that girl that the girl will break it off herself if she has an ounce of pride. And, besides, no man's mother ever waited long enough for her son to fall in love before beginning to 'mother-in-law.' She takes time by the forelock and her son by the coattails the moment he is old enough to enter a ball room or to feel a glimmer of interest in the opposite sex. She can scent a love affair or a flirtation as quickly as a hunting dog does a rabbit. The sight of a pretty girl's photograph on her son's dressing table sends her into paroxysms of fright. Every time she kisses him, she sniffs at his coat lapels in mortal fear that she will detect the odor of violets or peau d'Espagne. She watches the clock and listens for his footsteps whenever he stays out after half-past ten. She drives him to subterfuges and lies by her eternal questionings, and warns him against 'designing' women, until he shudders at the thought of matrimony. She remembers all the little tricks she practiced when she herself was young and explains them to him in their most revolting details, until he being to look upon femininity as he would upon cold poison. Somehow, the little gods only know how, the moment he stops calling promiscuously and cuts the list in his engagement book down to one address, she finds it out, and from that moment she regards her son as a doomed man, the victim of a malicious, designing, scheming woman."

"But," I protested, "if you aren't malicious——"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Curtis!"

"And haven't any designs," I continued, "couldn't you convince her, or propitiate her, or——"

"Could you convince a lunacy commission that you weren't insane by signing an affidavit to that effect?" inquired Kitty bitterly. "Could you convince a judge that you weren't guilty of theft with the stolen goods at your heels? Could you propitiate a lioness whose cub had followed you out of the jungle? Whatever you do you convict yourself. Snub the man, and his mother will declare you are only trying to whet his passion by indifference, or that you are hurt because he isn't more attentive. Be pleasant to him, and she will vow you are pursuing him. Try to make her love you, and you will end by making her hate you and talk about you as 'that woman who attempted to ensnare my son by making me sofa pillows and sending me flowers.' Ignore her, and she will think you are afraid of her. Fight her openly, and she will tear your good name to tatters. Be charming, and she will dub you 'fast;' sweet, and she will call you 'insipid;' clever, and she will say you 'know too much' in a tone that will make cold shudders run up and down her son's spine. And then, when she has driven you to desperation or to throwing the man over she will put her arms tenderly round his neck and soothingly assure him that she always knew you were 'that kind' of woman and 'warned' him against you, anyhow."

"Whe-eew!" I exclaimed. "And I never realized——"

"Of course you didn't!" broke in Kitty. "No man ever realizes until too late—until his mother has managed to separate him from every nice, wholesome, self-respecting girl who might have made him happy, or——"

"Perfectly wretched," I suggested.

"And until he has become a grouchy old bachelor," continued Kitty, spitefully, "or in a mad fit of revolt has run away with the cook or a chorus girl or some creature depraved enough to—to fight the embryo mother-in-law with her own weapons, and then—and then——"

"There's the devil to pay!" I said shudderingly.

"And everybody is beautifully miserable, and the mother-in-law rails at Providence in one breath and cries triumphantly in the next 'I told you so!'" finished Kitty, waving her chatelaine dramatically.

"Now I understand!" I exclaimed, turning on Kitty with a look of enlightenment.

"Understand what?" inquired Kitty, looking up at me in surprise through the refractory curl.

"Why my mother hates you so."

"Does she?" gurgled Kitty delightedly.

"She calls you 'That woman,'" I explained.

"How nice!" cried Kitty.

"And warns me against you."

"Oh!"

"And when a man's mother hates you," I proceeded, "it's a sure sign——"

"Well?" Kitty smiled encouragingly.

"That the man——"

"Doesn't?" broke in Kitty quickly.

"Loves you," I said softly.

"I don't believe in signs," said Kitty, with a toss of her head. "And, besides, I have made up my mind——"

"Already?" I asked in astonishment.

"To marry——"

"What!"

"A nice lone orphan," said Kitty, as she turned suddenly into a side street and mounted a flight of brown stone steps.

"Kitty!" I cried. "This is my house. You aren't going in——"

"I am going," said Kitty, "to call on your mother."

"Then my mother is your——"

"I didn't say so!" cried Kitty, turning rosy to her ears.

"Kitty!" I whispered softly, "I could almost kiss——"

"How dare you, Mr. Curtis!"

"My mother," I finished, virtuously.

HELEN ROWLAND.

LOCKJAW.

The Deadly Disease and How It Destroys Life.

Did you know that since the introduction of the toy pistol and giant cracker the number of lives sacrificed yearly in the celebration of the Fourth of July has averaged about four hundred, the greatest mortality beign from fireworks used on the Fourth in 1903, when the number tabulated by the Journal of the American Medical Association was four hundred and sixty-six, of which three hundred and sixty-three were from tetanus caused by toy pistols?

When lockjaw, or tetanus, is about to develop, the wound from which the infection has come and which has probably been helaing gets irritable, red and tender, and pains shoot up the nerves toward the spine. The first evidence of the seizure is nearly always in the nerves which control the muscles in grinding food and the jaws become rigidly closed; hence the name given to the disease. The muscles of the throat become so sensitive that they resist the passing of food, making it painful and difficult to swallow. The muscles of the face take a fixed position, with lips retracted exposing the teeth; the brow is wrinkled and the eyes stare, giving the countenance a mixed expression of anguish and laughter, producing the "sardonic" expression peculiar to tetanus. The rigidity of the muscles next extends to the body and its extremities and the victim becomes helpless, stiffened. Often the muscles of the back are drawn so tense that the body is bent like a bow, resting on the head and heels. Less frequently it is bent forward or to one side. In the beginning of the attack the rigidity is not constant and does not affect all the groups of muscles equally, and may pass from one to another group with intervals of complete relaxation.

But the spasms become more frequent and severe and are presently excited by the slightest muscular effort. So exquisitely excitable are the nerves that a mere touch, a current of air, the reflection of light from any bright object, will bring on a sudden spasm in all the muscles ordinarily controlled by the will; the face is horribly distorted, the spine bent, and the hands violently clinched and drawn up. So severe is the contraction that muscles are sometimes torn in two. During the convulsion there is a severe pain through the stomach and back. Immediately following the maximum of the paroxysm, the breathing becomes easier and a little fluid may be taken through a tube.

Unfortunately the mind of the sufferer is clear and his sense acute during the attacks. Profuse sweats occur, and the voice is dry, guttural and, at times, inintelligible. Owing to the severe activity of the muscles, lockjaw causes the highest fever ever seen, and the body temperature sometimes rises for an hour or two after death. Finally the boy, your boy, sinks from exhaustion or a severe paroxysm arrests the breathing and death terminates the disease which has the worst terrors of meningitis, strychnine poisoning and hydrophobia, causing an agony hardly to be surpassed by the tortures of a martyrdom, and a distress to the helpless bystander which is unmeasurable in words.—From "The Deadly Toy Pistol," in July Technical World Magazine.

GOING SOME.

(Toronto News.)

With a big run of mackerel on the Atlantic coast, a big run of salmon on the Pacific coast, Cobalt increasing its silver output, and improving crop prospects in the interior, Canada should wind up the year in a satisfactory frame of mind.

Newark Man's Collapse

Caused by Dizziness, Biliousness and Pains in the Back.

DROPPED IN THE STREET.

Warm weather and acute indigestion were the chief causes of a physical collapse that overcame Mr. J. V. Donaghue near the entrance of the Pennsylvania Railroad depot last Thursday. A policeman lifted him into a cab and he was hurried to his home. In an interview next day, Mr. Donaghue stated: "I was practically unconscious when I arrived home. I knew I was in bad shape, because for weeks I had been fighting against pains in my back as severe as if I had been shot at. Indigestion and biliousness were the cause of my collapse, and no doubt had been keeping up the headache and dizziness from which I suffered. Fortunately, my wife knew just what I needed. She gave me three of Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut and put me to bed. In the morning I was as fresh as a daisy, my system was cleared of its load of poisonous waste and I felt like a new man. From now on, in order to keep my system properly regulated, I will use Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly. I know many who do so and they never have a day's illness."

Why not be healthy, hearty and well. You owe it to yourself, to your family, to your friends. You cannot work properly, you cannot be happy yourself, if your are tortured by indigestion, and all the nagging pains and unpleasantness which accompany it—if you are weakened by anaemia—if your blood is being poisoned and your system upset by constipation.

If you are suffering from any of these derangements of the system—either temporary or chronic—you should go at once to the nearest chemist and ask him for a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. This perfect tonic-laxative will cure your indigestion; purify and enrich your blood; banish constipation by safe and natural means; improve your appetite; quiet your nerves, and help you to sleep soundly. Dr. Hamilton's Pills will give you strength and vigor. They will help you to work better. 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers, of The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

PIGEONS AS MESSENGERS.

Carry Packages and Letters Between Australian Lighthouses.

Pretty pigeons of Australia carry packages and messages between Hobart and Maatsuyker Island lighthouse, a distance of about seventy-five miles. Last November they called a physician for a lighthouse attendant and probably saved his life. Three birds are liberated with messages every three weeks, and when accident or illness occurs three additional birds are set free. Twelve birds in all are used for the service. While messages have not always reached their destination, the service has nevertheless been highly satisfactory. The messages are written on a piece of paper tied under the bird's wing; but the marine board has in view some celluloid cases which may be adjusted under the wird's wing and in which a good deal of information might be carried.

The birds are fed on gray peas of good quality, get plenty of grit and fresh water and are kept thoroughly clean. They are also allowed at their station plenty of oportunity for needful exercise. That Maatsuyker Island lighthouse which has a most isolated position, could secure a physician from Hobart sixteen hours after he had been sent for by pigeon post has suggested important posibilities for more general use of homing pigeons for such service. Trophies are to be provided for homing competitions, so as to encourage owners to breed the best descriptions of carriers. There are about 20,000 of these birds in Australia.

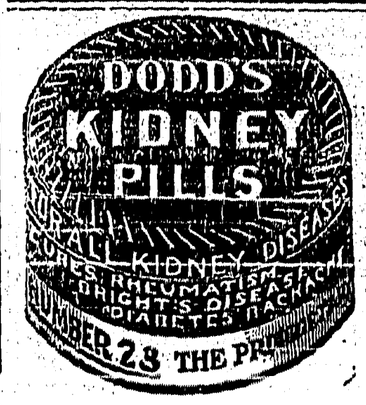
TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain. Murine doesn't smart; soothes eye pain. Is compounded by experienced physicians; contains no injurious or prohibited drugs. Try Murine for your eye troubles. You will like Murine. Try it in baby's eyes for scaly eyelids. Druggists sell Murine at 50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, will send you interesting Eye Books free.

An Upper Atmosphere.

One of the most remarkable discoveries made by "balloon soundings" is—the existence around the earth of stratum of air now known as the "inversion layer." The automatically recording instruments sent up by M. Tesserenc de Bort and others have just shown that the temperature of the air steadily diminishes up to a height of about eight miles, but that beyond is a layer about a mile thick that shows a constant or rising temperature with increasing height. As this stratum must vary the atmospheric density and refraction, it gives a basis for some interesting speculations. M. Durand Greville thinks that it must be faintly luminous, and suggests that it may produce the "gegenschein" or midnight glow opposite the sun, that it may give the second lighting up of high peaks in the Alps after the first twilight glow has faded, that it may hold the fine dust that gives the brilliant skies after volcanic eruptions, and may explain other puzzling happenings.

There is only one thing that bores a woman more than flattery, and that is not to be flattered.



IF A CAT HAS NINE LIVES, THIS MAN MUST HAVE NINETEEN.

ALONZO SOUSLIN, IN HIS ODD HARNESS, AND HIS WIFE AND CHILD HE SUPPORTS BY SELLING POST CARDS

Dayton, O., Despatch—If the theosophists are right, Alonzo Souslin must have been a cat in some previous existence. He must have at least a dozen lives. You can't kill him.

Souslin has fallen from buildings and had them fall on him, has dropped between trains, has broken wrists and ribs and legs, and a few months later would be hobbling around as good as ever.

Now he's broken his neck and lives to tell the tale.

Souslin had a six-foot plank drop on the back of his neck two years ago in Dayton. It left him unconscious for eight days, and in bed for nine months. Then he got up, and is now actively engaged in his old job of making a living for the Mrs. and the baby.

"I just couldn't let myself die," he says himself. "I couldn't think of going off and leaving the wife and baby helpless and alone. So I just gritted my teeth, and hung on to life. And after a while I got well."

Souslin, 49, is unable to do hard work any more. He has to sleep on his side, and eat very slowly. A man with a broken neck can't be expected to move around as lively as other men. He is making his living since his last accident by selling postcards and pictures of himself and the story of his life.

A history of Souslin's accidents during the last four years alone include these:

Columbus, three broken ribs, six weeks in hospital.

Chicago, locomotor ataxia, caused by strain, six months.

Chicago, typhoid fever, cause—night work and bad water, eight weeks.

Dayton, as boilermaker, had sciatic nerves of hip wrenched loose, eleven weeks.

Dayton, painting school, fell two stories and broke leg in two places, nine weeks.

Dayton, October, 1906, neck broken.

WIT AND HUMOR

Standing on His Rights

Police Justice—Have you any way of making a living?

Vagrant—I hev, y'r honor. I kin make brooms."

Police Justice—You can? Where did you learn that trade?

Vagrant—I decline t' answer, y'r honor.

Time.

"It's sort o' curious," said Uncle Jerry Peebles; "but when a man is workin' for another man he's always wantin' to go and see the ball game. When he's workin' on his own time he gets stingy with it and can't spare it."

Naturally.

"I am sorry, my son, if your studies worry you. Do the best you can, and let it go at that.'

"But I'm at the foot of the class, mother—that's where the shoe pinches."

Fatal Oversight.

Achilles had discoveed that he was vulnerable in his right heel.

"It's nothing," he said, "I'll pickle that before I go into action."

But he put it off too long, and Paris one day shot an arrow into it.

With Apologies

The centipede has a hundred legs,
The crippled vag but one;
But when the vag stumps out and begs
He has the other skun.

Among Girls.

"I wish I were a man."

"Why?"

"Oh, because."

"You might at least think up a man's reason."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Wayside Communings.

Adam Zapple—"Wot's the hardest work yo ever done?"

Esau Phagus—"Digestin' a young wife's fust plum puddin'."

His Experience.

Curious Bystander—When you are once up in the air I presume you can keep going as long as your gas holds out.

Balloonist—No—no; not exactly. I can keep going as long as the gas holds in.

A Good Reason.

"I shall never marry that man as long as I live!"

"Why not?"

"I have just learned that he is going to marry some one else."

Unfavorable.

"I don't think that young lady you introduced me to likes me."

"What makes you think so?"

"She didn't say that I reminded her of somebody she knows."

The Fan.

Daily he reads
These words with pain;
"No game to-day—
Wet grounds and rain."

Not Yet, But Sometime.

Man From the City—You intend to keep bees, I suppose.

Suburbanite—Some day, perhaps. At present we are devoting our entire energies to keeping a cook.

Discordant Note.

"Mr. Meekun, don't you think a woman should receive a man's pay when she does a man's work?"

"Why—er—look at the other side of the question a moment, will you. Think how many men are doing women's work and not getting a cent for it!"

Disapproves.

"I always had a high opinion of Mr. Roosevelt," said Mrs. Lapsling, "until he went to Africa to kill animals. I don't like that one bit, even if he does call himself a fawning naturalist.

Complete Trousseau.

Stella—Have you got your going away gown?

Bella—Yes, and a going home to mother gown.—New York Sun.

Putting It Up to Her.

Self-Possessed Young Woman—Geoffrey, you have been coming to see me for more than a year. Don't you think it's time to tell me what your intentions are?

Bashful Youth—Why, Miriam, I was in hopes you'd suspect what my intentions are by this time.

Those Foolish Questions.

"Our train hit a bear on the way down."

"Was the bear on the track?"

"No; the train had to go into the woods after him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It's a Toss-Up.

Hicks—My wife never says, "I told you so," when my plans go wrong.

Wicks—By Jove, she's a treasure. I wish——

Hicks—She merely remarks, "Didn't I say so?"—Boston Transcript.

Give Her Time.

Him—Could you learn to love me in time?

Her—Perhaps. Call to-morrow night, will you, Charlie?—Cleveland Leader.

Cynical.

"The law, you know, presumes that every man is innocent unless he has been proved to be guilty."

"Yes; I sometimes think the law hasn't any more sense than the average jury."

An Expert Opinion.

"Maria, is there a single good thing about these great wide hats the women are wearing

"Yes, John, there is; when two women meet they can't kiss each other now."

Looking Up.

Stranger—Any improvements going on in your village?

Uncle Welby Gosh—Improvements? Ther' ain't nothin' else goin' on here but improvements, mister. We're layin' plans every minute fur a Greater Drearyhurst!

Suspicious Circumstance.

"Do you know they suspect that old man of leading a double life?"

"What gives rise to that?"

"Why, he's so mean and cross around home that they think he must be pleasant and agreeable somewhere."

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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

WAS A NEWSY.

Voice That Once Cried "Wuxtry" Now Rings in U. Ss Senate.

Springfield, Ill., despatch: When "Blonde Billy" Lorimer got enough votes in his pocket to allow his name to go before the Illinois state legislature, and be elected United States Senator, he was realizing his boyhood ideals.

Newsboy, sign painter, packing house worker, street car conductor—these were the steps in Lorimer's life that lead to millions as a real estate operator, brick manufacturer, contractor, congressman and senator.

Illinois had tired of Albert J. Hopkins as senator, because Hopkins was a politician. So, in his place, they chose Lorimer, the acknowledged Republican boss for many years of Chicago.

"Billy" Lorimer, partly perhaps on account of his early struggles, had the trick of popularity, and mixed well with

SENATOR WM. LORIMER.

the men with dinner pails. He was on the popular side, too, in the Chicago harbor improvement and drainage canal movements in congress, and was one of the group of congressmen in 1900 who all but forced the administration into declaring war on Spain.

Lorimer first went to congress from a Chicago district in 1895. He was beaten through a gerrymander of the city districts in 1901, but came hurrying back two years later— to stay. He is a member of many important committees.

In his fight for the Senate, Lorimer laid low, collecting votes and filing them away, while Hopkins and others were vainly trying to break the three-month deadlock. When Lorimer got enough he let his name appear.

LACK OF BLOOD

Is What Causes Headaches, Dizziness and Heart Palpitation.

On the blood depends the welfare of the whole body. Where good blood exists disease is unknown, but where the blood is poor and watery disease quickly seizes hold of the body—it is then headaches, backaches, dizziness, heart palpitation and other serious ailments make themselves felt. Good blood can always be obtained through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They actually make good, rich blood and thus restore lost strength and banish disease. Mr. Herbert Hanson, Brewers Mills, N. B., says: "I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly. I was troubled with headaches, dizziness and loss of strength and had a hacking cough which I feared would lead to consumption. I tried a number of medicines without benefit, but was finally persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so and used these Pills for several months with remarkable results. They helped me so much that I now strongly recommend them to all other sufferers."

The experience of Mr. Hanson is that of thousands of others who have found health and strength through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after other medicines had failed. It is through their power in making good blood that these Pills cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, nervous troubles and the distressing ills of girlhood and womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers in medicine or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

In Examination Time.

Miss Clara Evelyn McHugh, a teacher in one of the Topeka schools, read at a recent teachers' meeting from a collection of quaint examination answers that she had been gathering for some years.

The gems of Miss McHugh's collection were:

"A blizzard is the inside of a hen."

"The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth."

"Oxygen is a thing that has eight sides."

"The cuckoo never lays its own eggs."

"A mosquito is a child of black and white parents."

The microscope in the hands of experts employed by the United States Government has revealed the fact that a house fly sometimes carries thousands of disease germs attached to its hairy body. The continuous use of Wilson's Fly Pads will prevent all danger of infection from that source by killing both the germs and the flies.

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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 Friday at Creston, British Columbia, by the Creston Publishing Co., at their office, Fleet Street, Creston. J. K. JOHNSON, Manager

RALPH G. SCRUTON - - - - - - Editor.

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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

With this issue the Review passes into other hands. The change has been made at a most opportune time, as it is just a year since we staked down our plant here, and the new proprietors will therefore start out auspiciously on the first anniversary of the installation of this paper. Mr. J. J. Atherton takes this opportunity to thank from the bottom of his heart all those friends who have stood by him through the struggles that necessarily abound during the early infancy of an ambitious newspaper. At this juncture let me say I have never met a more whole-souled enterprising aggregation of business men and farmers, and it is to them particularly that the subscribers who come through with their $2 a year have to thank for the establishment and maintenance of a newspaper in Creston. Creston is yet in short frocks, but it is growing into a big lusty youngster. Possibly the coming year it will take on airs and endeavour to speak for itself. During my too brief newspaper life in Creston I have seen the town nearly double its population and buildings. I have seen wonderful improvements made to the town generally and commercial enterprises mooted that have made less fortunate unprogressive towns in the interior sit up and wonder. It has often been said on the outside that Creston is "biting off more than it can chew," but that fallacy has been exploded. There has been such a steady substantial growth and such grand results achieved that there is no knowing what are the possibilities in store for Creston in the immediate oncoming years.

As far as the Creston Review is concerned the writer has always endeavored to produce a bright live newsy sheet. He has stumbled into the usual pitfalls that bestrew the path of an editor who doesn't give "two whoops" for any person in particular. He has made many friends by taking a firm stand on some matters of local importance, and a few enemies; but that is as it should be. To my way of thinking, if a newspaper man isn't packing around a load of worry of other folks he isn't down to his business.

In conclusion, let me express the hope that the friends of the Review will extend to Messrs. Johnson and Scruton, the new proprietors, the same courtesy and liberal patronage that has helped the writer to produce a paper that is now read in every country in Europe, every province in the Confederation, and every state in U.S. Keep up the good work. The paper has helped to put Creston solidly on the map. It is your duty to foster its interests.

JNO. J. ATHERTON.

****

The recent fire at Vernon whereby the lives of at least eleven of the citizens were blotted out, besides a financial loss of many thousands of dollars should be a warning to other towns in British Columbia that are without good fire pro-

WILD ROSE LODGE No. 39
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Creston, B. C.
Meets every other Monday from June 20 to October 4 at 8 p.m. in Speers' Hall.
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BOTTLED BEER A SPECIALITY
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The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

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

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CRESTON - B.C.

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"OLD SPORTS"
Sold Everywhere — CIGARS — High Class Havana

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Complete House Furnishers and Undertakers
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tection. In this respect Creston should act immediately. The young town that we have here could be very easily wiped off the map in a remarkably short space of time by the fire fiend, and what has taken years to build could be obliterated practically in the twinkling of an eye. The only remedy to prevent such a catastrophy is immediate action by the residents of Creston. It would not be out of place for the Board of Trade to call a special meeting and take the necessary steps to have at least a hook and ladder brigade formed as well as a volunteer fire department with a practical fireman as chief, so that if necessary at least an attempt to extinguish fires could be made by more modern methods than the simple bucket of water. We feel sure that the enterprising citizens of Creston will recognize their responsibility in this matter and see the necessity for immediate action and have at least a volunteer fire department formed and some fire-fighting apparatus provided.

****

The Creston Review heretofore published by J. J. Atherton and J. Atherton at Creston as well as the printing plant and office, formerly owned by the Creston Publishing Co., has this week been purchased by J. K. Johnson and Ralph G. Scruton, of Prince Rupert, B.C. Mr. Johnson is a pioneer resident of British Columbia and holds a commission of Justice of the Peace and Notary Public for the Province. He has also had several years experience in the newspaper business in British Columbia, being one of the proprietors of the Grand Forks Miner in 1906, and more lately manager of the Grand Forks Gazette at Grand Forks, B.C. Mr. Scruton has been holding a responsible position in the office of Harbor Engineer Bacon at Prince Rupert until the last few months when he successfully carried on a real estate business along with Mr. Johnson at the Northern Metropolis.

Under the new management the Review will continue as heretofore to present to the public in a fair manner the resources of the Creston district as a fruit growing section and as an ideal place for homes. We will endeavour to deal with all public matters in an unbiased manner and shall only criticize public officials when such is absolutely necessary and then only when facts have been presented to us. Street talk and gossip regarding public servants will not find a champion in the Review.

In politics this paper will be Independent-Conservative. We will however not be bound to the Conservative party should it prove untrue to its trust in the future, but as long as the present administration continues its present good government the colums of this paper will support the Conservative paper.

In starting business in Creston the new proprietor of the Review will spare no pains to advertise the Creston district generally, sincerely believing that Creston is destined to be a city of great importance in the near future, being in the very heart of such an ideal fruit and farming sation as it is and provided with transportation facilities by no less than two railways.

For Sale

TWO TEAMS

About 3,000 lbs. Weight each Team

Also a fine Clydesdale Breeding Mare

(About 1700 lbs.)

The Best in the Country.

Can be seen at Griffin Ranch

C. SWANSON

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.

Tam o' Shanter Talks

Weel freens, dae ye ken a hae been trauchled the life oot o' me frae yin gen tae the ither o' this week. As ye maun ken oor paper has chenged hauns this week, an' a'm shair ye wull aw jine wi' Tam in wishin' oor late eeditor muckle luck wheere'er he may pit up his neixt staun. He wis a gey guid chiel wis Jay Jay an' a wish he may ne'er dee tae a deid horse kicks him or tae yince he'll be able tae eat his ain printin' press.

Noo freens, jist wan word aboot oor new eeditor, Maister Joansen by name (Johnson), tae wham it wis ma pleesure tae shake hauns wi' the ither day. He seems a nice bit body, an' by whit he telled tae me he disna seem tae be a stranger tae the bizness he noo tak's ower. Whilk 'es proprietor an' eeditor o' oor ain hame paper a'm shair he winna disgrace the efforts o' his forerinner in daen onything that disna gang tae boost oor ain wee clean toon o' Creston. Gin he disna dae richt by us aw, freens, a'll cuff his lugs an' sen' him no whaur he cam' frae, bit tae the place they sen' aw meenisters that tell lees. Hooe'er, let that be as it may, a'll tell ye later.

Then freens, efter he bocht the paper an' rolling stoak (no oor sometimes rolling eeditor) the neixt p'int o' honor fell tae me whilk wis tae intrayduce him tae oor mayor, whan a kent a wis tae dae the gran' that day. Hame a gaes an' gets dress't in ma kilts. "Whaur are ye gaun?" says Peggy. "Whaur are ye gaun, faither?" oor wee Tam greets oot; sae a tellt them.

Weel freens, in hauf a jiffy Peggy has aw the weans kilted an' mairchin' efter me. Whan a saw that, insteed o' playing "Hurray fer the Heelans," a sterted an' played "Lord Lovat's Lament"—bit 'twis puir Tam's. Doon the road we mairches, an' here ma een clappit on that chiel who luks efter yon hey wire thing on poles that ye speak throo—a telescope a think he ca'ed it. He says: "Maun, Tam, dae ye ken whit ye are playin'?" "Fine," says I. "Disna that plees ye?" "No, no," says he, "ye shouldna play that, ye should play 'The Campbells are coming.'" "Aw richt," says I, "Maister Lowenberg, thank ye," (tae masel a says fer yer cheek), bit a played aboot Campbells whan a should hae played aboot the Mitchells. An' we dune the intriducement gran' ilka yin gien his wee bit lilt.

Then cam' the fun. Ye see Billy Taylor wis on a veesit frae Cranbrook, sae 'twis agreed that Maister Johnson, Geordie Mead, an' Billy wid gang an' fish in Meedow creek gin a wid jine the pairty. Sae a telt them a wid gae, bit on twa condeetions. "Name them, Tam," cries Geordie Mead. "Aye, aye" cries the ither twa, "name them." "Weel," says I, "in the first place, if we're gaun tae fish a dinna wint it tae turn oot a bear hunt like Geordie Munro an' Jock McPeak, whaurby a lost ma pair o' bagpipes. An' secondly," says I, "if we're gaun tae fish, let us fish, fish, an' no be like Joe Carver, fish raspberries, because the watter wis wat." Weel we aw agreed an' aff we gaes tae Meedow creek. 'Twill hae a sworn ne'r tae dae the like again an' a'll sweer it ne'er happens tae me a second time. Sic a trauchle, up hill, throo bushes, ower wee humpluks, an' muckle, a wis fair dune oot afore we gaed hauf wey. Bit they say "Necessity is the mother o' Invention" an' a'll gie ye ma invention gin ye dinna tell it tae ony ither.

When we sat doon tae tak' dinner, ma win' wis gey sair dune an' then an invention cam' tae me like this, an' a dinna ken hoo a ne'r thoght o' it afore. 'Twis this: fill ma bagpipes wi' win' an' try an' mak' a balloon oot o' them. 'Twis a failure like aw ither furst attempts at aerial flight. Then cam' ma success. Whey no fill them fu' o' win' an' whan ma ain win' wis dune on it as a reserve, an' ther's whaur I hae cam' holds aboon Edison, Bell an' even Wilbur Wright. Wi' muckle bother we gat thare an' stayed twa days afore a left it. A bid it a long farewee, fer a'll mak' shair I ne'er gang thare again unless it be on a cushioned chair.

Whan we got back tae Creston an' had oor tea, nuthin' bit bare plates wis left. Geordie Mead wis tellin' some fouk aboot hoo mony nibbles he got an' nae bites. Bit tak' ma word, thair wis nane o' us fower nibbled at supper time. We did bite, an' sae hard tae, that them wha gied us oor bit bite got gey sair bitten, an' we were askit quately tae tak' oor trunks some ither place as the establishment wiana kep' by government, an' bein' as Maister an' Mrs. Bevan, o' Griffin Ranch, wis gaun tae hae a laun party on Thursday night some o' us didna vera weel ken hoo oor chance wid be tae get invoeted. "Leeve that tae me," says I, "a'll manage aw richt."

TAM O' SHANTER

(To be continued)

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.

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

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Sirdar, B. C.

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FREE SHAVES

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MERRILL'S Barber Shop

TO-MORROW

Apartments

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

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FURNITURE

Ostermoor Mattresses

Iron Beds

Morris Chairs

Bed Lounges

Folding Cots

Homes completely furnished

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PARTICULARLY IF IT IS PLASTER.

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

Ed. Fulljames

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THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

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

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62½c. per Acre Cash and 62½c. Once Each Year thereafter

secures to you a BRITISH COLUMBIA FARM in the British Columbia Southern; Columbia and Kootenay and Columbia and Western Railway Companies' Land Grants. These Farm Lands are eminently suited for the raising of

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

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Apply to the address as shown on the attached coupon for Maps, Application Forms, Regulations and Literature.

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Assistant to 2nd Vice President
Calgary, Alberta
Desk No. 19
Please send me all facts pertaining to your lands in B.C.

ABOLISH THE FLY.

A Fruitful Source of Infection, a Menace to Health.

It happens every day, and so one pays very little attention. Maybe it is the butter, or perhaps the slice of bread alongside one's plate. Or else, quite possibly, it is the milk in the pitcher. But, whatever it is that attracts the omnipresent fly, its appearance, as it crawls over the food on the table is unappetizing.

The health authorities of New York City estimate that about one-half of the deaths from typhoid in the metropolis annually are attributable to the distribution of the germs by flies. But serious as this matter is, it is of vastly less importance than the destruction of human life, particularly that of young children, by the bowel complaints which these insects are chiefly instrumental in spreading. It is reckoned that deaths from these latter maladies in New York would be reduced from 7,000 to about 2,000 a year if proper precautions were taken to prevent the breeding of flies.

The insects will breed in fermenting vegetable or animal material of almost any kind. Garbage suits them first rate. The maggots and chrysalids have been found in great numbers in rotten straw mattresses, among old cotton garments, and even in waste paper that had been exposed to wet.

Now, so far as stables are concerned, which are accountable for ninety-five per cent. of the fly output in cities, the hatching of the insects can be absolutely prevented by the simple device of putting all manure into a covered receptacle, and removing the contents once a week. This receptacle should be a watter tight bin or pit, provided with a cover, so as to prevent the ingress and egress of flies.

The additional methods demanded are the following: Abolish all unsanitary outhouses. Allow no accumulations of filth of any kind. Compel people to put all their garbage in covered cans, and remove the contents at least once a week. Compel owners of abattoirs to keep all refuse in covered receptacles; and remove such waste at least once a week.—From "Poisoner a Table Guest," in July Technical World Magazine.

ONCE MORE THE PROOF IS GIVEN

That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure even inherited ill-health.

Charles Dayon Suffered From Early Youth, But the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Banished His Ills and Made Him Strong.

St. George, Man., June 21.—(Special.)—Yet another case in which ill-health inherited from parents has been vanquished by Dodd's Kidney Pills, is that of Mr. Charles Dayon, a farmer well known in this neighborhood.

"I suffered from a number of ills from an early age," says Mr. Dayon, who is now thirty-two years old. "I inherited my trouble from my parents. I was weak, nervous and run down. I suffered from Backache and my muscles would cramp. I had a heavy dragging sensation across the loins. I was always thirsty; I had great difficulty in collecting my thoughts, and my memory was failing me.

"I was altogether in a bad way when I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills but they helped me almost from the first box. They gave me strength and helped me so much in every way that I am satisfied a little longer treatment will make me a well man."

Mr. Danyon's symptoms were the symptoms of Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cure every form of Kidney Disease, no matter what stage it is in or how it is contracted.

DREAMS.

Many Instances in Which Dreams Are Corroborated by Facts.

Dreams that pass through our heads during the night that is sacred to sleep, from whatever cause produced, frequently turn out to be prophetic in their character.

An instance is given of a young Italian lad named Luigi Tiranti, employed in a home for lost children in London, England, having a dream in which four numbers occurred frequently. So impressed was he that he saved up until he could afford to spend $3 on lottery tickets. At the drawing, which occurred shortly afterward, the magic numbers were drawn, bringing him in $80.

An elderly Oregon woman was the recipient a few years ago of an interesting present from Queen Alexandra. She then lived in Croydon, England, and had several dreams in which her majesty had given her a chair, a shawl and a Bible. Worried by the constant repetition of these dreams, she wrote to the Queen, and a day or two later a chaplain of the royal lady went to Croydon and fully inquired into her circumstances. Soon after the dreamer was made proud on receiving a beautiful warm woollen shawl, and a Bible on the flyleaf of which was inscribed that it had been sent by command of the Queen.

During a breach of promise suit an epistle written by the faithless lover was produced. In it he stated that he would terminate all relations with the young lady, as there were "no signs of the coal business ever becoming a fact." In explaining the peculiar reason the defendant stated that for three nights in succession he had dreamed that the father of the girl had been made rich by finding a rich seam of coal on some of his land. This dream had led him to court the girl that he might investigate the matter and see the likelihood of the dream ever coming true, but his efforts being fruitless, he decided to break off the engagement. In summing up the case to the jury the judge commented scathingly upon the sordid motives of the mercenary lover and the jilted one was awarded $250 damages. The father though a hard-headed business man, could not rid himself of certain impressions received during the young man's call[illegible] of his oft-repeated dreams so [illegible]

menced boring for coal in the field, and, as the sequel proved, found it in such rich quantities that he and his daughter are now worth a small fortune through such find. The faithless lover now wishes he had married the girl.

A story comes to us from Scotland of a dream being the means of saving the lives of two little children near Dumfries. They were daughters of a blacksmith and disappeared one evening at dusk. Search parties scoured the neighboring country during the night, but without success. One of the searchers went to bed early the next morning tired out with his long search, but, unable to sleep, he passed into an uneasy doze, when he dreamed that he saw the missing children in a hole at a certain part of the woods which he and others had passed in their search during the previous evening. Though skeptical of dreams, he got up and went to the place, and, lo and behold, he found the children fast asleep, though hidden by a dense pile of brushwood.

Richard Mansfield, the actor, once had a dream in London, England, which was the turning point in his career. It occurred years ago when Mr. Mansfield was trying to eke out an existence as a painter in London, that his training as a singer enabled him to obtain an engagement with d'Oyly Carte, in a traveling "Pirates of Penzance" company, but the manager of that company was so exacting, cutting salaries, or imposing fines on the slightest excuse, that Mr. Mansfield found it hard to get along. As he did not yield promptly to unjust demands, he at last was set adrift with hardly a shilling in his pocket. So he walked to London, found a cheap lodging house, and tried to get a job. On the third night away from the company he dreamed of being called back to play once again for d'Oyly Carte. He dreamed he saw the secretary of Carte call upon him in a great hurry, rush his portable property into a travelling bag, and do the lightning run act for the next train. So plain and vivid was the dream that on awakening in the morning at 6 o'clock he jumped quickly out of bed, and without considering how foolish it might be began throwing things in his satchel. But when he had completed his toilet, he began wondering why he had been acting so absurdly, when there came a knock at the door. On opening it he saw d'Oyly Carte's secretary, just as in his dream; and he was in a great hurry, too. He cried out to Mansfield:

"Can you pack up and reach the station in ten minutes to rejoin the company?"

"I can," answered the actor, calmly pointing to the bag. "It is all ready, for I was expecting you."

The little man was a trifle scared, but Mansfield was bundled into a cab and they hurried to the station in a way similar to his dream.—Chicago Tribune.

"LOGGED OFF LANDERS."

They Follow the Timber Men in the Northwest.

When one of the huge trees in the Northwestern forests is to be felled the boss of the timber gang looks over the ground in the vicinity and finds the best place for the fall. If there is a marshy spot near the tree, so much the better, as it will strike the mud and water with less danger of splitting or being broken.

If the ground is hard and stony the men gather branches of different sizes and make an artificial bed. The branches are piled at intervals of ten or fifteen feet apart to a height of three or four feet above the ground, says St. Nicholas. Any small trees which might throw the falling tree out of the course marked for it are cut down.

When the direction for falling is decided upon and the tree's "bed made up," the expert axemen get to work, one pair on each side. Sometimes a whole day is required to cut a "gash" in the side of a fir tree fifteen feet in diameter, but the axe handlers cut away steadily, usually following lines which have been marked around the trunk, showing the length of the cut, also the width of the notch which is allowed.

When the axemen have cut through from four to five feet of the fifteen foot tree, it is ready for the saw gang. The big crosscut saw, twelve or fifteen feet in length, is brought up, and its teeth covered with a coating of oil. They vary from half an inch to one and a half inches in length, and every tooth has been sharpened to an edge which is as keen as a file can make it.

This is one of the hardest tasks of the lumberman's work—sawing through the tree trunk. It must be done in a straight line, for if the saw should run "crooked" it may buckle and break, and in that case a new fissure must be cut.

The time to pull out the saw is generally indicated when it has gone through the heart of the trunk and is half way to the other side. The enormous pressure of the trunk causes it to sag a little into the hole made by the axes. A cracking sound is heard and this means the beginning of the end. The saw is pulled out and two men begin cutting away on each side of the fissure.

In an hour or two after the chips have commenced falling enough has been cut away to start the forest giant, and it comes down with a crash, which may be heard a mile away through the still woods. The piles of limbs are crushed to the earth and pieces fly in every direction. The top branches frequently dig a hole several feet deep.

The gaps which are thus made in the forest by the lumbermen are called by the people of the Northwest the "logged off lands," so in the footsteps of the axeman and sawman follows the "logged off lander"—the man who would make his home in the heart of the wilderness.

If you were to travel through the country where the logged off landers live you would see novel ways in which they have used the great stumps, for some of them have actually been made into temporary homes. After the tree has ben cut down exposure to the weather rapidly decays its heart, so that in a few years it may become merely a shell with the outside.

Then it is an easy matter to cut a hole in one end for a door and two or three small holes for windows, to clean out the inside, to cut down an adjacent cedar and split it into shingles for a roof and the house is ready for occupation when the stove, dishes and furniture are put in. If the stump is so sound that it would be too big a task to cut away the inside of it the settler sometimes uses one end for a wall of his house, placing logs or planks against it and making a sort of lean-to.

PAINTING CEMENT WALLS.

(Contract Record).

The following method of painting cement walls was described at a recent convention of master painters. The building had become discolored in places, and the joints were of a different color from the surface of the blocks. Two parts of Portland cement were mixed with one part of marble dust and mixed with water to the consistency of thin paint or a thick whitewash. The will must be well wetted before the application of this paint and kept constantly wet white the material is applied, and then must be kept for a day longer, in order to make the cement wash adhere to the cement surface. The wash was applied with ordinary whitewash or calcomine brushes, and a man was kept busy playing a hose on it while the work was being done. The whole secret of success lay in keeping the wall constantly wet.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gents.— I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best remedy obtainable.

Yours truly,

ALFRED ROCHAV,

Proprietor Roxton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

CONSTABLE OR PREACHER?

(Montreal Gazette.)

One church body lately in session made demands for enactments prohibiting the traffic in liquor and restricting the sale of tobacco, and calling for severe treatment of sinners against the moral law. This may be well and it may not be well. There was a time when the church sought to make men better, not with the club of Caesar, but with the persuasion of the Word. It is notable also that with the cries for laws to restrain men in what many think are harmless enjoyments, come complaints of a decline in the spiritual life of the community. May not the two things have a connection? If the constable is to keep people in the right path, where is the preacher's usefulness?

Wilson's Fly Pads, the best of all fly killers, kill both the flies and the disease germs.

Gifts of Healing.

Peter's shadow had healing power in it. The sick upon whom it rested even for a moment, as he passed by, became strong and well, and rose up cured and happy. There are those in every community who carry with them, wherever they go, a like influence of healing and blessing. They bear into a sick room a delicate sympathy which not only enters into the experience of the suffering, but puts new cheer and hope into the heart of the sufferer. They speak encouraging and inspiring words. Their face has in it a message of cheer wherever it appears. They bring some promise of God, some word of hope and encouragement. The discouraged man they meet is made to feel not only that he has found a friend who is truly interested in him, but also that, after all, his case is not so hopeless as he imagined it to be, and that he need not despair. He is ready to try again. It is a blessed thing to carry such cheer and sympathy to despondent hearts.—Forward.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes

Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Compounded by experienced physicians. Murine doesn't smart; soothes eye pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for illustrated Eye Book. At druggists.

On the Deep Again.

The retired old whaler had married a shrew.

Thus it happened one morning that when she was trying to wake him from his slumbers by giving him a vigorous scolding he stirred uneasily, half opened his eyes, and sang out in a stentorian voice:

"There she blows! There she blo-o-o-o-ws!"—C. W. T.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

COUNTS DEFEAT.

(Woodstock Sentinel-Review.)

There are some things the church might do—put an end to war, stop race-track gambling, discourage fishing on Sunday and the like; but when the church undertakes to dictate fashions to women it assumes a task which can bring it nothing but defeat and humiliation.

A Navigator's Complaint

The Flying Dutchman sighed.

"My distinction is gone since John Bull has been seeing scareships!" he cried.

Herewith he luffed to port.—New York Sun.

Spent Shot Kill Ducks.

The wild ducks in this vicinity are affected with a new and fatal disease which is killing them off by scores. Dead ducks are drifting ashore in numbers, which shows that the disease is epidemic among the fowls. An old trapper and duck hunter of this vicinity who has practically spent his life at those vocations gives a theory for the epidemic which sounds rational. He says: "Put a shot of the smallest kind in a kernel of grain and feed it to any kind of a fowl and the first thing you know the fowl will die. Now, if you will bring up sand from the bottom of a river or lake you will be surprised at the number of shot you will find, which has ben fired away by duck and goose hunters. In the spring the ducks are ravenous for gravel or sand and dive to the bottom to secure them, getting shot into their gizzards with the sand or gravel and dying in consequence. If you don't believe it examine as many of the dead ducks as you please, and if you don't find one or more shot in each of their gizzards just set me down as a numskull. That's all there is of it."—Winneconne Local.

OUTDOOR SPORT & ZAM-BUK.

Every athlete, every ball-player, every swimmer, every canoeist, every man or woman who loves outdoor life and exercise, should keep a box of Zam-Buk handy.

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal preparation which, as soon as applied to cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, blisters, etc., sets up highly beneficial operations. First, its antiseptic properties render the wound free from all danger from blood-poisoning. Next, its soothing properties relieve and ease the pain. Then its rich herbal balms penetrate the tissue, and set up the wonderful process of healing. Barbed wire scratches, insect stings, skin diseases, such as eczema, heat rashes, ringworm, babies' heat sores, chafed places, sore feet—all come within Zam-Buk's power. It also eases and cures piles. All druggists and stores.

What the Editor Cannot Do.

Don't think because the reporter sees you getting on the train that he ought to know who you are and where you are going, or if he sees you greet some friend that he knows who they are and where they are from. We aim to get all the news, but you may be the one we don't happen to know. We try to become familiar with names and faces, if possible. But during the years past we have been to church and failed to see you there; we have hung around the town pump, but some of you weren't there; we have loafed on the street; we've been risked our reputation on back streets on a dark night, but you weren't all there. And we'll be hanged if we know where to find you all. So if you are going or coming, or know anybody cutting up queer capers, let us know.—From the Norton, Kansas, Telegram.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

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

From the Rubbish.

While working on a rubbish heap at Barking a man picked up a brooch which was studded with brilliant stones. On his way home he called at a jeweler's to ascertain its value, and the jeweler, seeing that it was worth at least £100, informed the police. Inquiries were then made, and it was found that the brooch was the property of the Hon. Mrs. Harley, who had reported the loss of the article to the West End police. It has now been handed over to her.—From the London Globe.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Had Nothing on Bill.

"Kid, wot's yer name?" asked the boy with the dirty face, through a knothole in the back yard fence.

"Bill," answered the new boy, who was on the other side of the fence. "Wot's your'n?"

"Dick. Say, I bet my dad kin take twice as big a chaw o' tobacker as your'n kin."

"That ain't nothin'," scornfully rejoined the new boy. "My dad's got a cork leg, an' your'n hain't!"

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A Boy's "Grigsby Station."

Father's bought a limousine, as big as all creation,
Black and solemn like a hearse, all shuttered in with glass;
Heavy as a railroad car, befitting of his station,
Shiny sides and tufted seats, all bound and trimmed with brass;
Sister has a touring car, all fixed up swell and "touv,"
Gets a lot of other girls, but there's no room for me,
Wish I could go back again and have a cart and pony,
Back where I could have some fun, as poor as I could be!

Mother's got a runabout and takes her friends out driving,
Spends her days out in the park and on the boulevards,
Lots of times I'd like to go out where there's fish and diving,
But there's no room for me, which makes it awful hard,
Bill has got a racing car that goes a mile a minute,
Spins along the road so fast that you can hardly see,
Wish I had a pony cart right now and I was in it,
Wish that I coud have some fun, and poor as I could be!

Aunty's got a roadster that she uses for her airing,
Takes some neighbor woman out, as happy as can be,
I can hear her honk sometimes, but when it comes to sharing
Any joy in Aunty's car, why I'm not one, two, three.
Father's in his limousine and Bill is in his racer,
Sister's in her touring car and Mother's in the park;
Wish I had a pony and some boys to run and chase her,
Five cents worth of peanuts and a dog to jump and bark.

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

Some men are not satisfied to have opportunity knock at the door; they expect him to push the electric button.

The Tudhope-McIntyre

$550. MOTOR CARRIAGE

Runs 30 miles on one gallon of gasoline—makes 3 to 25 miles an hour. Solid rubber tires—puncture and trouble proof.

12-14 horse power, double cylinder air cooled Motor will take you anywhere, over any kind of road, up any hill, that any horse can pull a buggy. Complete with Chapman double ball bearing axles, horn, and 3 lamps. Top with Roll Front $30.00 extra.

"Simple and safe to operate."

Write for 1909 catalogue. 15

The Tudhope-McIntyre Co. Dept BN Orillia, Ont.

HOW HAVE YOU DECIDED, MY BOY?

Have you chosen the route you shall take through the year?
It is time you decided, my boy,
You may march with the proud or go skulking in fear.
You may find the world cold or be warmed in fear.
You may wisely create or destroy;
You may dawdle along through the glorious days,
You may stray with the lazy in profitless ways,
Or bravely set forth to be worthy of praise;
How have you decided, my boy?
Are you going to face without fear what you must?
Have you hoisted your banner, by boy?

Have you made up your mind to be worthy of trust,
To stand for your rights and to dare to be just?
In the stress and the strife and the joy,
You may hide in dismay at the end of the year
You may feel that the earth is all barren and drear,
Or the world may be fair and the skies may clear!
How have you decided, my boy?

Queen's University and College KINGSTON ONTARIO.

ARTS
EDUCATION
THEOLOGY
MEDICINE
SCIENCE (Including Engineering)

Students registering for the first time before October 21st, 1909, may complete the Arts course without attendance

For Calendars, write the Registrar,

GEO. Y. CROWN, B.A.

12 Kingston, Ontario.

THE WAR SITUATION.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

Here is the strategical situation in Europe in tabloid form:

Backer (to J. Bull, heavyweight champion of the world): That big German round the corner has gone into training to lick you.

J. Bull (suspiciously): That's a war scare!

Backer: Not on your life! It's the goods. He says he will be ready to lick you next year.

J. Bull: You tell him that if he doesn't stop training right now, I'll lick him NEXT WEEK.

BED WETTING Cured. 25c Pkg. FREE C. H. ROWAN Dpt. 309 London, Can

NO ROOM FOR THE DRUNKARD.

A few decades ago it was common to hear of ability rendered comparatively worthless in many walks of life by alcoholic indulgence. In professional and industrial callings the lament for bad habits on the part of the otherwise competent was frequently heard. Now the able man who drinks is seldom heard of, because his weakness speedily robs him of recognition and of any chance to demonstrate his abilities. There is no longer any room for the drinker, however able he may be.

Don't experiment with unsatisfactory substitutes. Wilson's Fly Pads kill many times more house flies than any other known article.

CONCRETE DWELLING HOUSES.

(Toronto Star.)

It is said that Mr. Edison's plans for inexpensive concrete houses are now completed. For $1,200 the great inventor promises to build a house measuring 25 by 30 feet, with six rooms and bath, with a cellar under the entire building, provided with boiler, wash tub, and coal bin, and with an eight-foot porch. The roof, as well as the walls, will be of reinforced concreat. There will be nothing of wood except doors and windows. The house can be finished in a fortnight.

ISSUE NO. 25, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

CANVASSERS—HAVE THE BEST LOOKing sample cases, best goods, best terms. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

CAN THE STATE HELP?

(Kingston Standard.)

Given, on the other hand, a man and wife with eight or ten children, earning the same wages, and the result is dire poverty and distress. The children will be in rags; they can not be kept at school; the mother will be overworked, ill-fed and soon a physical wreck; the home life will be wretched. This may be brutally plain speaking, but it is the truth. If the State would intervene in the case of large families and make provision for them, then conditions would at once improve; but the State does not intervene; indeed, under our present social system, it can not intervene effectively.

HOT WEATHER MONTHS KILL LITTLE CHILDREN

If you want to keep your children rosy, healthy and full of life during the hot weather months give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents deadly summer complaits by cleansing the stomach and bowels; or it cures the trouble promptly if it comes on unexpectedly.

The mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as if she had a doctor in the home. Mrs. C. C. Roe, Georgetown, Ont., says: "I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a great help to baby during the hot summer months. I have used them for summer troubles and am much pleased with the result." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MR. TIFFIN AND THE GRADE.

(Toronto Saturday Night.)

Mr. E. Tiffin, the G. T. R. Superintendent at Allandale, has a division of heavy grades. One Sunday being in a hurry to get home, he was going up from Toronto on a freight train. There are no passenger trains up the Northern on Sunday till evening.

The long train was slowly crawling up the ridges of King to roll down to Allandale, and Mr. Tiffin from the top of the caboose was impatiently viewing the puffing locomotive laboriously making the ascent.

"Where's the top of this grade, Anderson?" the Superintendent asked the conductor.

"That pine, sir," said the "con.," pointing to a tree on the crest ahead.

"I'll have it moved down this way," announced the lord of the division, with decision.

But it's there yet.

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

FREE $1 Box. *To quickly introduce and make known, will with first order mail two boxes for one dollar and five 2 cent stamps. Order at once as this offer is for a short time only.*

THE JOE PHILLIPS WRECK.

(Toronto Telegram.)

York County Loan is to pay 50 cents on the dollar to its shareholders. Ontario Bank shareholders are to pay $1.60 on the dollar, counting the par value of their stock, to the liquidator. Ontario Bank shareholders who have to add 60 cents, double liability to the $1.30 they paid for their stock, will be about $2.50 on the dollar worse off than the York County Loan shareholders. A Joseph Phillips wreck that pays 50 cents on the dollar will do better than most of the wrecked banks and loan companies in Toronto's history.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

His Benefactions.

"In my humble way," said the oil magnate, "I have assisted many a young man to gain an education and fit himself for a successful career in life."

"I don't know of any instances in which you have," commented the muckraker.

"You don't. Think of the many poor boys who have had to do all their studying by the light of a coal oil lamp!"

IN FOUR LINES.

(Pittsburg Gazette Times.)

Edward Everett Hale's whole biography might well be written in the four lines that occur in his story, "Ten Times One Is Ten:"

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in—and
To lend a hand!

School of Mining

A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE, Affiliated to Queen's University,

KINGSTON, ONT.

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ontario.

The following Courses are offered:
I—Four Years' Course for Degree of B.Sc.
II—Three Years' Course for Diploma.
a—Mining Engineering.
b—Chemistry and Mineralogy.
c—Mineralogy and Geology.
d—Chemical Engineering.
e—Civil Engineering.
f—Mechanical Engineering.
g—Electrical Engineering.
h—Biology and Public Health.
j—Power Development. 9

THE BEST WOODEN PAIL

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

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

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

THE SNEEZE CLUB.

WHEN THE HAY FEVER ASSOCIATION WINS IT BUSTS.

It is Down on Goldenrod, Ragweed and the Tariff on Handkerchiefs—25 Cents and a Sneeze Will Get You in—Its Anthem is "Blow, Bugle, Blow."

(N. Y. Sun.)

The United States Hay Fever Association is getting busy for the season of 1909. If you are not familiar with the work of this important organization it may interest you to know that it has points that are unusual. For example, if the association is successful its success will exterminate the organization totally. Up to date it reports a remarkable growth, which indicates that it has been unsuccessful. Why do people show so marked a desire to join an unsuccessful organization? Ah, there's the sneeze! And anyhow can an organization that shows so healthy a growth be truly described as unsuccessful?

Answer is that the United States Hay Fever Association is partly palliative in purpose. It has been palliating for thirty-six years, according to its secretary, William M. Patterson, 45 Cedar street, New York city. Mr. Patterson has been secretary of the association for a long time and the chances are that he can have the job as long as he goes on sneezing and wants it. Under his guidance the Hay Fever Association has been brought up to a condition of effectiveness where members can be informed of a lot more places where they can get hay fever now than was the case in the early days of the association a quarter of a century ago. Considering the all around efficiency of Mr. Patterson's management, is it strange that none of the aspirants for his high office has ever been able to make much headway with the association's membership?

From year to year Secretary Patterson has added improvement after improvement. This season it takes the form of getting out the annual publication Where to Go fully two months earlier than usual in order to meet the demands of member who lay in their annual supply of hay fever every year in the season of roses. It's called "rose cold" then, but it's the same old thing.

The annual convention of the association will be held this year at Bethlehem, N. H., on August 27, and according to Secretary Patterson again, an unusually interesting programme will be provided. It is expected that samples of all the sneezes indigenous to the American climate will be on exhibition, ranging all the way from the "false" or "cat" sneeze to the real, robustious roof raising affair that always gets a laugh in public.

In order that this part of the programme may be as successfully carried out as possible special plans have been laid. Out of 177 members of the association who have been to Bethlehem 93 report the place exempt from the titular affliction while 61 report it partially exempt. To get the most perfect sneezing, therefore, the convention will temporarily adjourn while buckboards and stages carry the delegates over the town line, say to Maplewood. Here the sneezes will be placed on view and carefully examined, the delegates returning to Bethlehem for the rest of the programme when this part of it has been completed.

This may prove a bit irksome, but then that is one of the disadvantages of holding a hay fever convention where there is no hay fever. It is understood that a number of the members of the association from New York have begun an agitation for the selection of this city as the place in which to hold the convention in 1910. No place on the continent, they will argue, has more hay fever than New York. Anybody can get hay fever in New York, if he can get it anywhere, and then, there's Coney Island. You don't hold a Republican convention where there are no Republicans, do you? these delegates will ask. Well, then, why hold a hay fever convention where there is no hay fever?

It is understood that among the subjects that will come up for discussion at the convention in August is the matter of the selection of the national flower. Everybody knows that there has been manifested a fairly widespread sentiment in favor of conferring this distinguished honor upon the goldenrod. But the advocates of this beautiful golden blossom have reckoned without the members of the United States Hay Fever Association. Now it is to the goldenrod that scientists have traced the origin of much of the hay fever that the members of the association suffer. It can be said without fear of successful contradiction that the United States Hay Fever Association, will put itself unanimously on record next August as uncompromisingly opposed to the selection of the goldenrod as the national flower. It's the pollen from this posy, it appears, which, borne by the breezes to the mucous membranes of the nasal passages of members of the association, produces these hectic, humid eyes and that notable dialect every recurrent year, beginning on or about August 15 and terminating six weeks or two months later. Ragweed too furnishes much of the pestiferous pollen, and it may be just as confidently affirmed that any attempt to make ragweed the national flower will meet with a prompt protest from the United States Hay Fever Association. Nor need any friend of Indian corn expect to get the suffrages of the hay fever association's members, and for the same reason.

As Secretary Patterson said last August at Bethlehem, where he doesn't have hay fever: "Never so long as grass runs and water grows will the members of this association give their consent to such a proposition." Or, as was said also by Secretary Patterson on his return immediately thereafter to this city, where he does have hay fever:

"Never so log as grass runs add water grows will the bembers of this associatiod give their codsed to sudge a propositied."

Mr. Patterson is now engaged on the collation of statistics regarding the various remedies for hay fever. Members have received from him blank forms in which they are asked to set down their experiences with pollantin, nasal filter, liquor ambrosia, respirator, Christian Science, Tucker remedy, Marchand's hydrozone, Hegeman's specific, adrenalin, ascate, diet treatment, osteopathy, mentholated vaseline, whiskey or brandy, nasaloids, quinine toxico, faith, profanity, falling in love, marriage, business success, uric acid, illuminating gas, flying machines, dirigble atomizers, church subscriptions and submarines. It is conducted extensive experiments with the whiskey treatment.

But to return to the annual convention. Samuel A. Harlow, of Grafton, Mass., who for years has been the standard bearer of the organization, will again be in the chair. His annual address is expected to be a corker, and there are hints that he will make a bitter attack upon the handkerchief trust, together with a recommendation that the association prepare an address to Congress praying with as much respect as anybody can be expected to show that body that Congress will remove the duty on manufactured handkerchiefs, as well as upon raw materials. As the members of the association have long suffered beneath the exactions of the handkerchief trust it is expected that this recommendation will be unanimously adopted and that it will result in the enthusiastic re-election of that justly popular chief executive, Samuel A. Harlow, of Grafton, Mass.

The convention, immediately it is called to order and the president's address has been delivered, will begin its deliberations, as for many years, with the singing of the association's anthem, beginning:

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying."

Hay fever and twenty-five cents a year will entitle anybody to share in these and other pleasures afforded by membership in the United States Hay Fever Association, which appears to have a long career before it. Is there any reason to suppose otherwise? In the language of Secretary Patterson, beginning with August 15 of each year, "Doh, certaidly dot."

Dog Which Helped His Friend.

Thomas Jones, who owns a big ranch on San Juan island, lost a collie dog last fall for nearly a month and for several days searched the woods about his place zealously for the animal without success. One day he tossed a bone to another collie. Instead of gnawing it he picked it up and started for the woods. He kept turning his head, apparently to see if he was followed, and Jones concluded to follow him. The dog trotted along for about a mile and stopped at the edge of an abandoned well. He dropped the bone over the edge of the well. Jones got a ladder, climbed down, and found the dog that had been lost. There was only about two inches of water in the well, but the animal would have starved to death had it not been for the other. The lost dog was in good condition, and as it had been missing twenty-four days the other animal must have kept it supplied with food for nearly a month.—London Telegraph.

Studies in Zoology.

(New York Press.)

Maude, who lives on a New Jersey farm, got hold of her older sister's history book and began to read the history of the Reformation. Soon she stopped and looked at her father, a dairyman.

"Papa," she asked "what is a Papal bull?"

The old man scratched his forehead a moment. "I never seen none o' them there kind," he said after a long pause. "But I guess they're Italian. I never heard tell of a Papal bull in these parts."

"Perhaps they're extinct," remarked Maude's mother, with a learned look, "like the Dinna Sours."

When we do meet a man whose head hasn't been turned by success we conclude that he must have a stiff neck.

MADE WELL AND STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Dovedale, Sask.—"I was a sufferer from female weakness—monthly periods irregular and painful and a bad discharge, backache and wretched headache, and had felt weak ever since the birth of my twins. I tried doctors but got no relief. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after three weeks I was feeling much better, and now I am well again."—Mrs. Bessie Bily, Dovedale, Sask., Canada.

Another Woman Cured.

Christiana, Tenn.—"I suffered from the worst form of female trouble so that at times I thought I could not live, and my nerves were in a dreadful condition. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and made me feel like a different woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold to suffering women."—Mrs. Mary Wood, R.F.D 3.

If you belong to that countless army of women who suffer from some form of female ills, don't hesitate to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs.

For thirty years this famous remedy has been the standard for all forms of female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, fibroid tumors, ulceration, irregularities, backache, and nervous prostration.

FRINCE AND PRINCESS NASHIMOTO.
Who are to visit the United States.

THE BRAKEMAN IS HAPPY.

He Sleeps on the Company's Time and Has All the Leisure He Requires.

"I have slept in my own home only one night the last year," said the brakeman of a passenger train which carries commuters chiefly, "and that was only because I was transferred to another run for a few days to substitute for a man who had to testify in a damage suit. It seemed very odd indeed sleeping at home."

"Where do you usually sleep?" was the natural question.

"In the cars, of course," said the brakeman. "Most of us who work on the trains that take care of the suburban travel do all our sleeping on the job, on the company's time, mind you, and we have nearly half of every twenty-four hours free for full, wide awake enjoyment of our homes."

"Then you are not of the opinion that your lot in life is hard?" asked his listener.

"Not on your life," said the brakeman. "I might kick on the pay, but I have no kick coming as to hours. Now, take my regular job.

"I live in Jersey City. I have to report for duty a little before 3 in the evening in time to get the lights on in my train, which starts out about 8 o'clock. We go thirty-two miles up the line, to the limit of strictly suburban travel, arriving at 9.23. We start back at 11.09.

"There's a good hour and three-quarters to loaf, and we all get a preliminary nap. It comes easy when you get in the habit, and as far as I can see a railroader can sleep anywhere and under any conditions if he's a mind to.

"We got back to Jersey City at 12.23 and then we got our regular sleep, a good stretch of nearly four hours, for we don't start out again until 4.15. We sleep comfortably, too. We keep blankets and pillows in the baggage car. You may not have noticed it, but the backs of the seats in the smoking car lift out, and on two seats we can make a vary comfortable bed.

"Noisy? Well, the shrieking of locomotives and the rattle of cars over switches seem to affect us as much as the croaking of the frogs and the singing of the tree toads affect the dweller in the country. We get a good sound sleep of at least three hours and sometimes more.

"Once in a while the passengers by the early morning train surprise us at our toilet and I have to hustle to get the tail lights on and the car lamps lit before the train pulls out. We go twenty-five miles out on this morning trip and there's a wait of about an hour and a half before we start in again.

"In that wait we round off our night's sleep and quit work, when we reach Jersey City at about 8, in fine shape for a long day of anything that suits us. Of course most of us work in a nap before we start out again that night, but practically the whole day is ours.

"Two round trips of fifty or sixty miles each makes a day's work and not a very hard day either. In fact, I rarely take a day off, for I have all the leisure otherwise that I care for.

"Even the men who have day runs get in a good lick of sleep on the waits they have. If you must be a brakeman give me a pair of suburban runs out up as mine are. Deliver me from freight trains; that's all I ask. I tried freighting for a year and don't want any more of it. It's all work and no sleep."—N. Y. Sun.

There is quite a difference between extending the glad hand and lending a helping hand.

How to Pray.

Daniel could doubtless teach a great many to-day how to pray. He did not get into bed and say his prayers when half asleep, but kneeling before open windows, his face turned toward Jerusalem, he prayed earnestly, devoutly, sincerely, expecting to receive an answer to his petitions. There is too much form in prayer, when words fly up but the thought remains below. Such prayers never to heaven go. The Apostles had been with their Master, had heard him pray, and then very wisely said, "Lord, teach us how to pray." A parrot can say a prayer, but a parrot cannot pray. Many prayers are said, but far less are made. Not a few find time during the day and evening for work and pleasure, but seem to think they are too busy to pray. No man ever makes lasting headway who finds no time for private devotion. He may succeed for a time, but a man might as well cut off the fountain and expect the stream to continue, as to cut off the divine source of power, and expect to continue to be strong.

It is a mockery before God for a man to go through a formal act of saying his prayers when his mind and thought are elsewhere, or when he is doing it simply because he thinks he ought to. The hungry child does not ask for bread simply because he thinks he ought to do so. The sick patient does not take medicine as a mere form. The guilty do not ask for mercy and pardon half asleep, or as they are turning over in bed at night. The hungry ask for bread because they are hungry and want food. The sick take the applied remedies because they want to be made well. The guilty plead for mercy because they want freedom. And, shall any come before God in a less earnest and sincere manner. Will a man mock God? How did the Savior pray when in Gethsemane? If we are truly in our Gethsemanes of devoutness before God, if we, like Daniel, are in earnest, we will be "in the spirit" of prayer, praying from a soul that is in touch with God, praying in the faith of the woman who touching the hem of the garment of the Master received virtue from him, praying with the power of a Daniel, that with windows open toward God in heaven, there will be such a communication between the soul of man and God that there will be received a great blessing. We need more true faith in God, more devoutness and sincerity, more expectation in prayer, for with purity of heart and such praying, there will be such visions of God as will behold the very doors of heaven open, and like John of old, the one thus praying will be able to say, "Immediately I was in the spirit."—Dr. Zimmerman in Lutheran Observer.

Not Travelling Incog.

"Hi, there!" said the park policeman. "Keep off the grass!"

The weary wayfarer who was lying in the shade of a huge oak tree turned his head languidly and looked at the sparrow cop.

"If you're talkin' to me, awfiicer," he said, "me name ain't Keepoff de Grasse. I ain't no nobleman in rejooced circumst'nces. I'm a independent American citizen, an' me name's Wareham Long."

Rolling a little farther away from the encroaching sunshine, he closed his eyes and went to sleep again.

ARRESTING LITTLE BOYS.

(Toronto Star.)

The New York American's article on "Playgrounds or Jails" is just as applicable to Toronto as to New York. We have already inaugurated the admirable practice of arresting little boys and forcing them into the criminal class for playing on the streets.

LEPER DEMANDS THAT DOCTORS AGREE OR THAT HE BE FREED.

"When doctors disagree," says John R. Early, the Washington "leper," who is under imprisonment, "there is some hope for me."

Early has hired a lawyer and he may demand his freedom from quarantine, imposed on him by the health department of Washington.

Dr. L. D. Buckley, a New York specialist in skin diseases, declares that Early is not a leper. He examined him, when the Washington health department wasn't looking. Thereby he made the health department mad.

"Early shows no signs of leprosy," says Dr. Buckley. "There was an acute inflammatory condition of the skin, which is present in some persons who have labored in pulp mills, as Early did."

Dr. Ehlers, a Danish specialist in leprosy, looked Early over and declared that he was a leper.

Now Dr. Woodward, of the health department, says he will keep a more strict watch over Early and not permit other doctors to examine him.

"I won't be satisfied," says Early, "until I get the unanimous decision of many doctors. I know I haven't got the leprosy, and as long as one eminent physician agrees with me, it is wrong to keep me imprisoned."

Early's lawyer is considering the issuance of a habeas corpus action, in order to present to the courts a demand that medical experts get together and freely air their views in regard to Early's condition.

FOR OFFICE MEN.

Austin Woman Writes "Business Commandments" to Friend.

(Chicago Tribune.)

If you have a young friend embraking in business and wish to give him the advice of your maturity, draw up a set of "business commandments," and send them with compliments.

He will not ake offence, if he is made of the right stuff. At least that is what Mrs. O. A. Vold, of Austin, said yesterday, and she spoke from experience.

Mrs. Vold lives, who lives at 5700 Ontario street, wished to give good counsel to a young friend of the family, so she arranged the "business commandments," signed and framed them, then sent her gift. The commandments now adorn the walls of the young man's office.

AUSTIN WOMAN'S COMMANDMENTS

They are as follows:

FIRST.

Thou shalt not wait for something to turn up. Pull off your coat and go to work that thou may'st prosper in thy affairs.

SECOND.

Thou shalt not be content to go about thy business looking untidy, for thou should'st know that thy personal appearance is better than a letter of recommendation.

THIRD.

Thou shalt not try to make excuses nor shalt thou say to those that chide thee, "I didn't think."

FOURTH.

Thou shalt not wait to be told what thou shalt do, nor in what manner thou shalt do it, for thus may thy days be long in the job which fortune has given thee.

FIFTH.

Thou shalt not fail to maintain thy integrity, nor shalt thou be guilty of anything that will lessen thy respect for thyself.

SIXTH.

Thou shalt not covert the other fellow's job, nor his salary, nor the position which he hath gained by his own hard labor.

SEVENTH.

Thou shalt not fail to live within thy income, nor shalt thou contract any debts when thou can'st not see thy way clear to pay them.

EIGHTH.

Thou shalt not fail to blow thy own horn, for he who is afraid to blow his own horn at the proper occasion findeth nobody standing ready to blow it for him.

NINTH.

Thou shalt not hesitate to say "no" when thou meanest "no," nor shalt thou fail to remember that there are occasions when it is unsafe to find thyself by hasty judgment.

TENTH.

Thou shalt give every man a square deal. This is the last and great commandment, and there is no other like unto it; upon this commandment dependeth all the law and the profits of the business world.

SAYS IT WAS THE EASIEST WAY.

"It was the best way to help him," said Mrs. Vold. "I took the easiest method of showing him the proper road a business man should travel. The pitfalls awaiting a young man are so numerous to-day that a little timely advice may save him much trouble."

Indiana Farmer's Rat Exterminator.

Rigdon Johnson, a farmer living near New Harmony, has a rat exterminator which he says beats a whole pack of rat dogs. Mr. Johnson's rat exterminator is a chicken snake about six feet long, and it has taken refuge in the barn and granaries on the farm. All the year it wages incessant war on the rats and mice about the place, and as a result of the snake's strict attention to business, Mr. Johnson says he hasn't a rat or mouse on his 200 acres of land. He says he never has any corn eaten by the rats. He has given instructions to members of his family not to injure or molest the snake in any way, and intends to allow it to make its home on his farm as long as it cares to remain. A chicken snake is not a thing of beauty, and appears to be a vicious reptile. It is a black snake with white spots covering the back.—Mt. Vernon correspondence Indianapolis News.

"Why it is that you don't write any more articles on 'Advice to Mothers'?" asked the editor of the woman's page. "I really haven't the time any more," replied the female contributor. "You see, I'm married now."

Libby's Food Products

Are Best For Your Table

Because they are made of the choicest materials and guaranteed to be absolutely pure.

Libby's Veal Loaf makes a delightful dish for Luncheon and you will find, **Libby's**

Vienna Sausage
Corned Beef
Pork and Beans
Evaporated Milk

equally tempting for any meal.

Have a supply of **Libby's** in the house and you will always be prepared for an extra guest.

You can buy **Libby's** at all grocers.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

Out! out! away!
Soul, in this alien house thou hast no stay!
Seek thou thy dwelling in Eternity;
'Tis there shall be
Thy hiding-place, they nest,
Where nor the world nor self can break thy rest.
Within the heart of God,
There is thy still abode;
There mayst thou dwell at rest and be at home,
Howe'er the body here may toil and roam.
Within! within, or, turn
Thy spirit's eyes, and learn
Thy wandering senses gently to control!
Thy dearest Friend dwells deep within thy soul,
And asks thyself of thee
That heart and mind and sense He may make whole
In perfect harmony.
Doth not thy inmost spirit yield
And sink where Love stands thus revealed?
Be still adn veil thy face;
The Lord is here,—this is His holy place!
Then back to earth; and 'mid its toil and throng,
One glance within will keep thee calm and strong.
And when the toil is o'er, how sweet, O God, to flee Within, to Thee!

Gerhard Tersteegen,
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

With my whole heart have I sought Thee: O let me not wander from Thy commandments.—Ps. cxix. 10.

Now, O man, cease for a little from thy work, withdraw thyself for a while from thy stormy thoughts, forget they weary and burdensome struggling, give thyself for a time to God, and rest calmly in Him. Leave all around thee where God is not, and where thou wilt find no help from Him; go into the inner chamber of thine heart, and shut the door behind thee. Say then with thy whole heart: "I seek Thy face, O Lord; teach Thou me how and where I should seek Thee, and where and how I shall find Thee."

Saint Anselm.

PROFESSIONAL

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

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

With a Local Flavor

M. G. Gogarty, C.P.R. timber cruiser, arrived from Okell creek, Wednesday. He is about to take a trip to the old country.

Frank Rose has been acting operator at the depot during Agent Reid's holiday this week.

N. N. McInnis, of Cranbrook, has been spending a few days in town this week.

Joseph Dempster, who hails from Calgary, was amongst the many visitors here this week.

From the Alice mine comes the word that 16 men are now employed at that property and the present force will be increased in the immediate future.

A united Sabbath School picnic of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches will be held next Wednesday, August 19th. All are cordially invited to make this children's day a grand success.

The machinery for the new canning factory to be opened by Messrs. Watson has been installed and the factory will be opened as soon as the cans arrive.

Amos Johnson, a resident of Greenwood, was a visitor to Creston this week

Renew your subs to the Review NOW

August Mueller, manager of the Moyie Brewery, has returned from a trip through the Boundary country.

Fred. Hurry, of the Nelson Dairy, has being in Moyie this week on business.

W. F. Teetzel, government land agent, arrived in town on Wednesday on business connected with the distribution of the qualification papers to the squatters.

J. D. Anderson, P.L.S., Trail, arrived from the Columbia valley with a survey gang on Wednesday. Mr. Anderson recently sold about five hundred acres of land on the Columbia to a large party of Doukhobors.

Chas. Moore, P.L.S., has a crew of six men surveying a government trunk road from Kitchener to Goatfell and they are now as far as Kenneth Siding.

We noticed the familiar face of A. C. Blaine on the streets Wednesday. He was in Creston in the interests of Blaine Bros., of Cranbrook, merchant tailors.

Don't fail to advertise your business in the Review and have it read in ONE THOUSAND homes in East and West Kootenay.

Messrs. Morris and North, who recently purchased the Sirdar Hotel, have obtained their license for this popular hotel.

Miss Violet McPeak who is spending a vacation with her parents, left for Cranbrook on Tuesday to visit friends.

The C. O. Rodgers Co. has on order a steam stump pulling machine, to be delivered this fall. With this new machine stumping can be done at about half the present c st. The question of stumping the land in these parts has been a problem with the ranchers for some time and too much credit cannot be given to Mr. Rodgers for introducing this novel device into the district whereby the stumping of land will be greatly simplified.

Alex. Duperry is sinking a well on his ranch.

YES!
Mr. Rancher

We are here to do it. We are able to foot every bill our name goes to when it is connected with Excavation in all its branches, Land Clearing in lots or acreage, by day or by contract. Stumping or ditch excavation are a speciality in our branch. Give us a show in and we are sure to please you. At any rate, let your wants be made known to us and we will do our utmost to oblige. We also handle anything in basements or cellars.

Estimates given on all kinds of excavation. Work from two feet to ten and upwards.

CRESTON LAND CLEARING AND EXCAVATION CO.
CRESTON, B.C.
P.O. Box 71 Or Review Office

LIQUOR LICENSE ACT

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

Starkey & Co.
Wholesale
Provisions, Produce, Fruit
General Commission Merchants
NELSON - 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 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 southeasterly along said right of way to the north line of Sublot 48, and thence west to point of commencement. WALTER B. MUIR.
May 30, 1909 Jo 19—60

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

Take Notice that William Burton, of Cranbrook, B.C., railway contractor, 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 application to purchase, being Lot No. 8980, G. 1., thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement, and containing 80 acres more or less.
Dated this 12th day of July, 1909
WILLIAM BURTON.

Say, Johnnie, can you tell me where I can hire a Good Saddle Pony?
Sure! Try the
CRESTON LIVERY
It's the BEST IN TOWN.
There's a Good Dray and Transfer in connection. Also Green and Dry Wood.
Cameron Bros.
PROPRIETORS.

LUMBER
Sawmill at Creston
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CHAS. O. RODGERS
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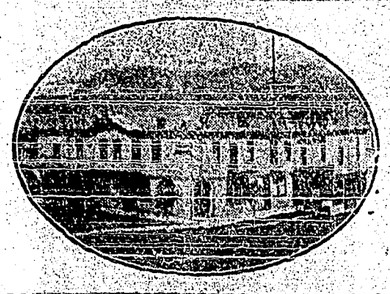

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CRESTON -:- B.C.

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

Kootenay Lake Fruit Fair
KASLO, B.C.
Winners of all the highest awards in the Interior of B.C. for the season of 1908
Come and visit us on the
16th and 17th September, 1909
Prize Lists and Entry Forms can be obtained on applibation to—
C. H. BONNOR, Secretary.

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

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.

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SEPT. 20 TO 25 INC.
CHEAP RATES
SPOKANE INTER STATE FAIR
AN INLAND EMPIRE EXPOSITION
EVERY NIGHT THE SIEGE OF JERICHO 400 PEOPLE
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WONDERFUL AMUSEMENT PROGRAM
BALLOON RACES
WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED PROGRAM TO ROBT. H. COSGROVE 218 HUTTON BLOCK SPOKANE, WASH.
CHEAP RATES
SIX NIGHTS

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

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Kalsomining and Paperhanging
Are in my Line of Business
See my Pattern Books for Wallpapers
JAS. ADLARD
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