All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

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

Strawberry and Ice Cream Social on Monday night.

Work on the new schoolhouse will be in full swing in a few days

Mayor Little has returned from a business trip to Nelson.

Owing to some good boosting on the part of Messrs. Chas. O. Rodgers and F. G. Little, some very influential gentlemen will in future call Creston their home.

Our scribe paid a visit to many of the principal ranches this week. We are supplying data for an eastern publication.

Chas. Anderson has had troubles of his own the past two weeks. Whilst working at Riel & Green's camp he received some nasty cuts on his head owing to a cedar pole falling upon him. A few days ago he went to work at the Y.C.L. camp, and whilst loading logs he was caught with the hauling hook and dragged off the car and thrown against a stump, receiving a severe shaking up and many external bruises.

Geo. Munro spent two days in Nelson this week.

Miss Margaret Moore, teacher of the Erickson school, will leave on Sunday for Victoria, where she will join her parents.

J. J. Grady left for Nelson Thursday.

We understand that a Bonner's Ferry Lumber company has taken up Shoult's tie contract at McNeillie and will begin operations at once.

Mrs. C. P. Riel and baby are visiting friends at Moyie.

Notice

All members of the Creston Baseball Club are requested to meet at the Creston Hotel on Sunday at 3 p.m.

Spokane Interstate Fair

More and better live stock will be exhibited this year in Spokane at the Interstate Fair, September 20 to 25, than has ever before been gathered together in the Northwest. Besides the fuller exhibits of prize winning horses, cattle, swine and other livestock of Idaho, Oregon and Washington, the Inland Empire is at last to see the prize winners from the Eastern State Fairs.

The East has already sent some live stock to the Northwest, but on that occasion, the Portland Fair, it was impossible to arrange for the entire exhibit for this country, as the Interstate Fair date followed the Portland Fair.

In September, however, the stockmen of the Inland Empire and all who attend the Spokane Interstate Fair will see the live stock that won premiums at the Minnesota State Fair, the greatest fair for stockmen, farmers or producers that is held in the United States; just as the Spokane Interstate is the greatest Fair that is held west of the Missouri river. Stockmen have long been convinced of the incalculable benefit to the proper breeding of stock that lies in comparisons between the finest of one section with the finest of another, and it is no exaggeration to say that this year will present to the stockmen of the Inland Empire the best opportunity for such comparisons yet afforded in the Northwest.

John L. Smith, of Spokane, is to be superintendent of live stock exhibits and Prof. W. T. McDonald, of Pullman, assistant superintendent. For all classes of live stock there will be extraordinary liberal premiums offered this year, full particulars of which may be obtained by writing to Robt. H. Cosgrove, secretary of the Interstate Fair.

Jno. Crawford is complaining of the too frequent visits to his hen coop of members of various Boullions.

Catholic Church Notices.

Sunday, July 11th: High Mass at 10 a.m.; Sunday School at 3 p.m.; Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

Fr. Jas. Wagner, Priest.

Church of England

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

Services in the Mercantile Hall, July 4th, (5th Sunday after Trinity): Matins, Litany and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m. Evensong, Erickson Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.

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

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

Philip C. Hayman, Vicar.

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.

Can Anyone Beat This?

A mammoth berry was brought into our sanctum on Friday by W. K. Brown and presented to the editor. This strawberry was raised on Mr. Brown's ranch, and when he brought it to town it caused considerable speculation. We know that it is not the largest strawberry known, but we also know that it takes some bealing. It measures exactly three inches across and weighs a quarter of a pound. To decide a bet Mr. E. C. Wilson was appointed arbitrator, and he decided that the berry turned the scale at 4 ozs. and measured 3 inches across.

Don't forget the Strawberry and Ice-Cream Social on Monday night.

Mrs. R. Riel has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Farrell at Moyie.

Campbell Dow, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dow has arrived from Moose Jaw, where he has been attending high school. He is home for the holidays.

Frank Bast lost a very valuable brood mare on Sunday last. Owing to one of the railway crossing gates being left open, the animal strayed upon the track and was knocked down by the eastbound passenger train.

Rodger's sawmill is through with the big cut.

W. P. and Robt. Stark left for their home in the south of England on Thursday. They have booked passages on the s.s. Tunisian.

J. F. Gusty, manager for the P. Burns Co. in this district, arrived here Thursday.

C.P.R. Auditor Wright was in town Thursday.

J. H. Schofield, M.P.P., and son arrived from Trail on Saturday last and remained here several days, Mr. Schofield making an inspection of the government road work now in progress in and around Creston.

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SCHOOLS CLOSE

CRESTON AND ERICKSON SCHOOL CHILDREN GIVE FIRST ENTERTAINMENT

Wednesday, June 30th, will be jotted down by those who keep a diary as the day on which the school children of Creston gave their first entertainment.

A year ago about forty children were on the roll, and now there is an average attendance of 100. A junior school has been found necessary, and this has been capably managed by Mrs. J. Darbyshire The senior school, under the care of Principal King, has come along in a marked manner.

For this auspicious occasion the school children of Erickson joined forces with the Creston children in providing a really splendid entertainment. The large hall of the Opera House was crowded when the entertainment began, and it must be said that the little tots and the older children showed the effect of good training, both in general conduct and ability displayed. Many of the items were encored vociferously, the following program being given:

Opening Song: "The Maple Leaf," School; Opening Address, May Laurie; Recitation, "A Boy's Complaint," Philip Hurry; Instrumental Duet, "The Flower Song," Misses Cartwright; Recitation, "A Bachelor's Sale," Jamie Nicholls; Song, Drumchollier," Joseph Carver; Recitation, Primer Class; Instrumental Solo, "Lucretia Borgia," Roy Stocks; Dialogue, "The Sick Doll," Philip Hurry and Jean Cole; Song, "Black Dinah," Willie Hall; Recitation, "The Reason Why," Arthur Hurry; Instrumental Duet, Jane and Willie Long; Motion Song by Junior Grade; Recitation, "Examinations," Bessie Hurry; Song, "I don't want to play in your yard," Jane and Willie Long; Recitation, "Joe's opinion of Grandmothers" Joseph Carver; Instrumental Solo, Vera Dixon; Recitation, Reggie Atherton; Instrumental Solo, "Rustic Dance," Hazel Loyst.

After the entertainment came the presentation of prizes for the pupils of the three schools. Mr. J. H. Hyde made the presentations to the Erickson children, and Mr. J. J. Atherton handed the prizes to successful Creston children, who were loudly applauded as they advanced to the stage.

Winners of the Honor Roll were Effie Arrowsmith and Bertha Hurry, for proficiency, a tie; Bessie Hurry, for regularity and punctuality; Jessie Dow, for deportment.

Those signalled out for special merit in the Senior School were Ethel Huscroft, Hazel Loyst, Roy Stocks and Ernest Atherton.

In the Junior Fourth the following starred in order of merit: Ethel Huscroft, Bertha Hurry, Elsie Hendren, Roy Stocks, Gertie Gilpin, Capitola Hickey.

In the Intermediate Grade the following was the order of merit: Frank Bamford, Ella Dow, Andrew Patterson, Ella Dow, Jennie Nicholls, Stanley Hendren, Bert Arrowsmith, Frank Patterson, Olive Gilpin, Floyd Rodgers.

Second Reader order of merit: Percy Hendren, Bertie Hobden, Blanche Hendren, Vera Dickson.

Special prizes were awarded in the Principal's Department to Hazel Loyst for literature, and Elsie Hendren for geography, by Mr. S. A. Speers; to Roy Stocks for reading and Gertie Gilpin for neatness in work, by Mr. E. C. Wilson; Ethel Huscroft, for writing, Stanley Hendren for arithmetic, Frank Bamford for reading, by Mr. J. B. Moran; to Laura Edmondson for spelling, by Mr. J. E. King. Special prizes for mathematics were awarded to Bertha Hurry, and for grammar to Effie Arrowsmith.

In the junior grade, beautiful prizes were presented to the pupils by the Creston Mercantile Co., Chas. Moore, C.E., Geo. Munro, Mrs. McPeak and S. A. Speers.

Rolls of Honor were awarded to the following pupils of the Junior Grade, Creston Public School:

Herbert W. Gobbett, for proficiency; Iris V. Hickey, for deportment; Francis Talerico, for regularity and attendance.

The spelling match prize was won by Joseph Carver, and the one drawing by Agnes Cole.

In the Erickson School, Rolls of Honor were awarded as follows:

William Albert Hall, for proficiency; William Robert Long, for regularity and punctuality; Effie Alberta Johnson, for deportment.

The spelling match prize was won by Mary Littlejohn; Grammar prize, Georgina Cartwright; Regularity and punctuality, being a tie. Jane Long won the prize presented by Mr. Hyde.

Promotion List: From 1st to 2nd Primer—Ray and Stella McKelvey; 3rd to 4th Reader—Leslie Timmons.

The Annual Meeting of the Creston Conservative Association will be held in the Mercantile Hall, on Saturday, July 10th. Business: Election of Officers.

Jas. Compton, Sec,
R. J. Long, Pres.

A practise baseball game was held on the 4th inst. between the C.P.R. carpenters and the local team. A correspondent writes that Ty Cobb was in very bad shape; short-stop Ryckman was suspended for throwing a ball at the manager; "Empire" Hatfield is fined five bucks for arguing the point with Mead; Fuzzy Merrill is warned off the keg for ever and ever amen; pitcher Malone is fired for throwing the game; and the rest of the team will be presented with a pound each of resin to rub on their hands and a chunk of butter to grease their heels and joints.

Chas. Swanson and his crew of land clearers left for all points of the compass this week. Mr. Swanson has gone to his home in Dryden, Ont., having completed the clearing and plowing of all Swan Swanson's land in this district.

The depot platform is now being extended 250 feet.

Alice Mine Resumes

CREW OF MEN START TO-DAY FOR CRESTON MINE TO BEGIN OPERATIONS

The Alice mine, which was bonded a few weeks ago, will be reopened to-day. Mr. G. Lowenberg, the owners' representative, yesterday received notice to this effect from Messrs. Ley and Douglas, who bonded the property for other capitalists.

Messrs. R. H. Ley, H. Winfield and A. Thompson arrived to-day from Nelson and made the necessary arrangements for sending up the first pack train with provisions.

The First Home-Made Bricks

The first bricks to be manufactured in Creston have been turned out by Mr. T. Quaife, from material on his ranch. T. Quaife, jun doing the work. This was an experimental burn, 6,000 being turned out. Those capable of expressing expert opinion state that the bricks are of a very good grade.

What's The Move?

Rumors are current to the effect that the Great Northern may overhaul the Kootenay Valley line from Kuskanook to Bonner's Ferry and put it in shape for traffic to haul the expected zinc tonnage from this camp that way. Should the tonnage materialize, as indications point that it will, the step would be a logical and sensible one, as it would result in the elimination of the very heavy grades over the Nelson and Fort Shepperd division of the S. F. & N. Nothing official, however, can be obtained as to the intended move.—Kaslo Kootenaian.

Extensive repairs are now being made to the Great Northern track between Port Hill and Creston. A large crew of men is employed.

Lost.—A black and white fox terrier dog.—A. D. Pochin.

Green and Riel started a pole camp at Goatfell this week.

The government road gang are now working on the new road to Duck Creek.

The new reservoir of the Waterworks Co. is now completed. This will give a water reserve of 100,000 gallons, practically a month's reserve, which will be a great boon in case of fire.

Jas. Buckman has returned from a business trip to Spokane

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

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, 131, Shuter Street, Toronto, Ont.

TAN SHOES . For . Men, Women and Children

Tan Shoes for the Hot and Dusty Weather : :

THEY ARE COOL AND EASILY CLEANED

We have them from $1.00 upwards for children

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

The Creston Mercantile Co.

FOR WOMEN.

"WHICH IS PUNCH?"

Pretty Pomeranian in Photograph is Mixed With Muff.

"Have you seen the clever photograph of Punch?" asks a certain maiden of every guest.

Of course, they haven't, are very anxious, and the photograph is produced. It shows Miss Prettygirl on a picturesque wooden seat with Punch beside. Her right hand is on Punch's head, while her left rests on the fox muff in her lap. Punch is a good-sized Pomeranian, his head not unlike that which adorns the fox muff, and, indeed, his whole fluffy coat is foxy enough.

Intimates, especially young feminine intimates, know just what to look at when they murmur "to sweet" or "the darling," but some masculine visitors and some old persons look at it from one side and then from the other, moisten their lips, cough and then ask, "Which is Punch?" At first Miss Prettygirl was insulted, thinking the choice rested between Punch and herself. She said as much to one near-sighted person, and the reply opened her eyes. She was so accustomed to the muff that it never occurred to her to think it could be confounded with her beautiful live pet.

The Every-day Girl.

She is not beautiful, as far as features go, but she is beautiful with the expression that sweetness and nobility of love lend to her steadfast eyes and tender face.

She is not marvellously clever, but she knows just how to hold the love of the husband and children, around whom all her ambitions centre.

Her face may be lined by many anxious vigils over restless little fever-racked bodies, her hands roughened by toil for those she loves, but her blessed mother heart is as fresh and pure and eager as a child's.

Or perhaps she is not a mother, nor a wife, but just a loving woman with a heart big enough to hold the joys and sorrows of others and to sympathize with them.

But, whatever her station in life, thank God, she is not scarce; there are millions of her type.

The every-day woman is the home-maker, and she is not restlessly seeking a career and stretching out groping, unsatisfied hands for the unknown. What she wants is love and home, and fortunately for her she usually gets it.

The every-day woman is the backbone of the world.

If she is a mother, she rears her children wisely and tenderly, teaching her sons to be honorable, manly men, and her daughters to be good women.

If she is not a mother she is interesting herself to the cause of her sex and taking an intelligent stand on the issues of the day. She may like pretty clothes, but she is not frivolous, and she is not so complex but that her friends may understand her; and she is not brilliant but loving.

I do not know that the every-day woman ever inspires a great passion, but she does inspire a very true and lasting affection.

Men of genius usually fall in love with women of the average type. It may be a question of the law of opposites—restfulness and peace appeal strongly to the nervous, excitable mind of genius.

The average woman has her hours of depression, when she feels that she is commonplace and envies her more brilliant and beautiful sisters.

But she need not feel that way, for the world could not get on without her. Her sweetness and common sense are indispensible to mankind in the making.

The every-day girl is wise when she tries to beautify herself, for every woman has the right to make the most of herself, but she should never try to be witty; wit must be spontaneous.

She is good and she is sweet and she is intelligent, and men revere and love her. The every-day woman is not to be pitied, but congratulated.

HAPPY ENDINGS.

A Notable Dame Expresses Her Very Sensible Sentiments.

In the course of an interview in the April Pall Mall Magazine on the question of happy endings to plays, Lady Bancroft says:

If the matter were in my hands I would simply end a play in a sad or happy way according to the argument of it. If the play is intended to point a moral—if, for instance, it ends to show the consequences which ensue when one does what one should not do—then in its denouement I should, as Sir William Gilbert put it, 'let the punishment fit the crime.' Otherwise the lesson would not be driven home."

"Then you regard the theatre as a serious educational force?" "Certainly. The stage, in my opinion, should not only interest, but teach, in more ways than one. And it does do so."

World's Finest Butter.

The wealthy women who have gone in for dairy farms should take notice of the fact that the butter of Denmark is considered superior to any other in the world, and consequently cast about to find Danish dairy maids. The butter packed in Denmark sells for $1 a pound, and is shipped in two and three-pound tins to such warm regions as South America, South Africa, Egypt, India and the East and West Indies, standing the climatic changes perfectly. It is said that no preservatives are used and that the remarkable properties are due solely to the care taken in the scientific sterilizing of the milk and cream. It is also maintained that there is no secret process, but, nevertheless, says The New York Tribune, American dairymen who journey to the most famous Danish dairies, and even travellers on pleasure bent, are all refused admission to the butter-packing establishments. The Danish packers import from America 1,000,000 pounds of butter annually, which they repack and ship to the ports mentioned, the same butter not standing these trips when sent directly from this country.

A Musical Anecdote.

Madame Katharine Goodson, the noted English pianiste, had an experience with Leschetizky, writes Allen W. Gennert in Smith's Magazine. She had played the Tchaikovsky concerto at one of Leschetizsky's receptions, and when she had concluded the lesson of the following day she placed the fee for her instruction on the piano, in compliance with the usual custom with European teachers. Instead of taking the envelope containing the fee, the great teacher surprised Madame Goodson by tendering it to her, with the remark: "No, my child. I cannot take any more from you; your playing of the Tchaikovsky concerto yesterday quite astounded me. Come to me whenever you like; I am quite at your service."

Heroines of the Violin.

The women who have achieved greatness as violinists form a goodly, artistic company. It is not necessary to go back to the Milanolla sisters. We will cherish remembrances of Camilla Urso and her broad manner; the finished style of Normann-Neruda, Maris Soldat, the brilliant Arma Senkrah, Nettie Carpenter, Teresina Tau—who did not metamorphize into a "fiddle fairy" when she visited us in 1887—Leonora Jackson, Dora Becker, Olive Mead and Maud Powell. In Europe years ago, writes James Huneker in Everybody's Magazine, I heard with astonishment Marcella Sembrich, who, after playing the E flat Polonaise of Chopin on the piano, picked up a violin and dashed off Wieniawski's Polonaise; these feats were followed by songs, one being Viardot - Garcia's arangement of Chopin's D major Mazourka. Sembrich is a rare artist. But that a little Polish woman can handle with ease two instruments and sing like an angel besides, borders on the fantastic. Geraldine Morgan is an admirable violin artiste who plays solo as well as quartet with equal authority.

Of Maud Powell there is this to be said: She had fulfilled her early promise. She is a mature artiste, one who will never be finished because she will always study, always improve. A Joachim pupil, she is, nevertheless, a pupil of Maud Powill, and her playing reveals breadth and muceanship, bauty of tone and phrasing.

Suffrage News.

Mrs. Alma V. Lafferty, the only woman member of the Colorado Legislature, has introduced fifteen bills, all of which have passed the House.

A bill has been introduced in the British Parliament "to amend the Law Agents (Scotland) Act of 1873." Its object is to enable women to practice as law agents of Scotland.

Mrs. Clarence Mackay has presented 42 sets of six books each to Dr. John S. Billings, of the New York Public Library. The books all advocate equal huffrage for women. It is intended that the sets shall be distributed among 42 branches of the public library.

Since October, 1905, no fewer than 328 women belonging to the National Women's Social and Political Union and to the Women's Freedom League of England, have gone to prison for the cause, their total sentences amounting to 24 years, 8 months, 2 weeks and 6 days.

President Taft paid a penny the other afternoon for a "Votes for women" stamp, the first of an issue which is to be put on sale at once in every State in the Union by the Co-Operative Women Suffrage League. The transaction took place at the White House, the Co-Operative Woman Suffrage League being represented by its president and vice-president, Mrs. Helen Hoy Greeley, and Mrs. Rheta Child Dorr. They had called by appointment with the intention of presenting the stamp to the President, but he insisted on paying for it.

Among the Suffragettes.

O where is my wandering Ma to-night?
O where can my mother be?
She hied her forth to the suffrage fight
And hasn't come home to tea.
The range is cold on the kitchen trail,
The cupboard is bleak and bare,
For mother has gone to the county jail
For pulling the Speaker's hair!
O where is my wandering ma to-night?
My mother, O where is she?
She dwells in the "Box,"
While father's socks
Are holey as they can be!

Spring Housecleaning.

One authority in household affairs gives the following method of procedure as a good one for the spring housecleaning.

In the first place, do not turn the house upside down. Clean one or two rooms at a time, going from the top of the house down. The best time to take is after the weather has become settled, but before flies and moths begin to come.

Move everything out of the room. Small rugs may be cleaned at home. Carpets and big rugs must be sent away. The first sweeping should be done with a stiff broom to take out the dust. Then the rug should be rolled up and the floor swept and scrubbed. The closets should all have been cleaned before. Walls and ceilings should be wiped down with a broom covered with flannel. The wood work is washed with soap and water, and rinsed carefully, and then the windows, on which soap should not be used.

If the walls are very much soiled they can be cleaned with dry bread, always rubbing down so as not to rub the dirt into the paper.

Next brush and polish the furniture and dust and wash the pictures and ornaments. These may then be put back, with the window shades, but it is better to leave the curtains until the whole house is cleaned.

The kitchen and cellar wood work should be scrubbed, as well as the other rooms. The shelves must be thoroughly washed and insect powder scattered liberally in the corners and along the edges.

A Feminine Apology.

"I'd like to be a suffragette,"
She said, with truth sublime.
I ought to claim my rights, and yet
I cannot find the time.

"I have no leisure to go out
With speeches brave and strong,
Because of tots who climb about
To hear the mother song.

"I'd like to be extolled and sought,
With lofty thinkers ranked;
But I have girls who must be taught
And boys who must be spanked.

"And so admiringly I let
My friends to glory climb;
I'd like to be a suffragette,
But cannot find the time!"

—Washington Star.

THE LATEST FREAK IN MILLINERY.

The wearing of the single string, loosely hung from one side of the hat to the other, is another millinery freak this year. With a crown of green metallicied net, posted over gold, a gold straw brim, and a row of large pink roses nestling in front, this is a charming model.

RECIPES

BREAKFAST OMELET.

Beat four eggs separately; add to the yolks one teaspoonful of flour stirred into a little milk; add a half teaspoonful of salt, a cup of warm milk, then the stiffly beaten whites. Pour into a well-greased pan and bake in a fairly hot oven for 15 or 20 minutes. Serve with a cream sauce.

TAPIOCA CUSTARD.

Scald a pint of milk with half a cup of sugar and half a saltspoon of salt. Add a heaping teaspoon of instantaneous tapioca, cook 10 or 15 minutes, until clear; then add a well-beaten egg, white and yolk beaten separately. Take from the fire, flavor with vanilla or almond extract. Serve very cold, with cream.

BAKED TONGUE.

Soak a corned (beef's) tongue over night; boil until tender; remove skin and roots. Cover with fine cracker crumbs and brown sugar and bake half an hour in a slow oven. Garnish with mashed potatoes forced through a pastry tube and delicately browned.

CRULLERS.

Cream well four teaspoonfuls of butter and a large cup of powdered sugar. When well blended add a half teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and work this in thoroughly. Beat four eggs light and add them to the sugar and butter mixture and stir until free from lumps, then add sufficient flour to make a dough that is stiff enough to roll out. Roll out, cut into shapes and fry to a golden brown in deep boiling fat. Drain in a colander and sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar.

CHEAP COFFEE CAKE.

One cup of cold coffee, one cup of molasses, one egg beaten light, one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of lard or butter, one teasponful of soda, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste. Dissolve the soda in the coffee, mix the molasses, sugar and lard together, add the coffee and a pinch of salt, then enough flour to make a good dough. Bake in a slow oven in a large dripping pan. When done cut into squares and pile on a plate.

QUICK BAKING POWDER BISCUIT.

Mix as usual, excepting the milk and water, which should be sufficient to make a very soft dough. Drop by spoonfuls in greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven.

SCRAMBLED EGGS AND BRAINS.

Soak a set of calf brains in cold water one hour, then boil 20 minutes in salted water with one tablespoon of vinegar. Blanch in cold water, remove fibers, separate in small pieces and mix with a batter of one well-beaten egg, one-half cup of milk, one tablespoon flour, salt and pepper to taste. Cook like scrambled eggs.

A CHINESE STATESMAN.

Yuan Shih-K'ai Rose From Humble Origin to Be a Great Oficial.

When the Great Epress Dowager of China died she not only bequeathed the throne to a ruler of her own selection, but she also left in control of the various boards of government men of her own choice. Some of these were acknowledged to be among the most progressive of China's statesmen. The personnel of the Wai Wu Pu, or Board of Foreign Affairs, was especially satisfactory from a foreign standpoint, having as its active head a man who had proven himself to be a stanch friend of reform, and one upon whom China and the world could rely for sane and enlightened judgment in all Governmental affairs. This man was His Excellency, Yuan Shih-k'ai.

I asked one of the members of the diplomatic body in Peking for his opinion of the great viceroy, writes Eleanor F. Egan in Everybody's Magazine.

He answered me indirectly: "Governor Yuan was of humble origin, you know," he began. "He was born in the Province of Honan—that province south of the Yellow River which is almost annually flooded by that great muddy stream called 'China's Sorrow.' As a boy he studied the Chinese classics and such foreign books as had been translated into the Chinese language, but he has never studied a foreign tongue, nor visited a foreign country. And this, I think is the first element of his greatness—that, without any knowledge of foreign language, law, literature, science of government, or the history and progress of civilization, he has occupied the highest and most responsible positions in the gift of the empire, has steered the ship of state on a straight course between the shoals of conservatism on the one hand and radical reform on the other, until he has brought her near to the harbor of a safe, progressive policy."

Deer Jumps Through Windows.

A deer chased by dogs jumped through the kitchen window at the home of Chas. H. McLure, of South Ryegate, Vt., and leaping through another window escaped. The deer was followed by a number of men and after a long pursuit was found in an exhausted condition from the loss of blood caused by being cut by the window glass.—From Fur News.

You can't reconcile a woman to gray hairs even by telling her how beautiful they make her look, but you can get mighty popular with her.—New York Press.

Our Scotch Corner

A SHREWD SCOTTISH SPINSTER OF THE LAST CENTURY.

In Airth there lived a spinster, who could count as many golden guineas as ever "Tibbie Fowler" could. Beside this spinster there also lived a bachelor of somewhat parsimonious habits, and passionately fond of the yellow "Georgies." After the necessary quantity of "billing and cooing," this pair agreed to get married. But such was the bachelor's love for gold that the day before the marriage, when chuckling over his good fortune, he could not suppress his insatiable desire from some of his neighbors, who immediately went and informed his intended spouse. Next day, upon repairing to the church, Mr. Hewit, the clergyman, after having gone through the preliminaries and forms, requested them to join hands, but what was the astonishment of both clergymen and company, to see the bride offer the bridegroom her pocket instead of her hand. Thinking there might be some misunderstanding, Mr. Hewit again requested them to join hands, but this, as well as a third request, met with the same pantomimic reply. Mr. H. was at last under the necessity of asking for an explanation, to which the bride at once replied, "It's no' me he wants, it's the pouch. He can marry it if he likes, but he'll never marry me;" upon which she slowly curtseyed, turned nimbly on her heel, and left the astonished and bewildered bridegroom staring with out-shot eyes and open mouth; and we can fancy to ourselves, exclaiming in language something akin to that of the Scotch bailie's—"My conscience! but the women are strange customers."

ADAM'S FALL.

Mr. Adam Black was lately unpopular with his constituency in Edinburgh, which gave rise to a respectable joke. "What can have caused Adam's Fall?" asked one constituent. "The eve of an election," was the reply.

COUPIT AT LAST.

One of Mr. Robertson's hearers at Craigdam was a farmer much addicted to sleeping during the service. One hot summer day he came in late, and the church being very full he had to take a seat at the outmost edge of the pew next to the passage. Even though thus uncomfortably seated, the hot day, the long journey, the close air of the place, and the force of habit proved too much for him. He began to nod, and was soon fast asleep, and swaying to and fro he lost his balance, and fell with a great "reemish" into the passage. The minister stopped, and looking over the pulpit at him while he gathered himself together, addressed him thus: "Ah, Tammas, Tammas, ma man, the deevel's been rockin' you for mony a day, but he has coupit you at last."

MANY MANSIONS.

A young Scottish clergyman having occasion to preach in a church a few miles distant from his native town, an old woman who had known him in his infancy went to hear him. The text was, "In my Father's house are many mansions," which phrase he repeated very often in the course of his sermon. The old woman, ignorant of the allegorical meaning of the expression, was quite indignant at what she considered the vain glory of the young man; and at length, unable to sit longer, rose up and exclaimed, "My troth, lad, ye're no blate (modest) to come here and tell the like o' that! D'ye think I dinna ken the Braehead House?—a but and a ben a storey and a half high, wi' a garret aboon. That's mony mansions for ye! I think ye've a gude stock o' impudence!"

A SCOTCH ANSWER.

The Rev. Ralph Erskine, one of the fathers of the Secession from the Kirk of Scotland, paid a visit to his venerable brother, Ebenezer, at Abernethy. "Oh, man," said the latter, "but ye come in gude time, I've a diet of examination today, an' ye maun tak' it, as I have matters o' life and death to settle at Perth." "With all my heart," quoth Ralph. "Noo, billy," says Ebenezer, "ye'll find a' my folk easy to examine but ane, and him I reckon you had better no' meddle wi'. He has an auld, fashious, Scotch way of answering an question by putting another; and may be he'll affront ye." "Affront me!" quoth the indignant theologian; "do ye think he can foil me wi' my ain natural tools!" "Aweel," said his brother, "I'se gie ye fair warning; ye had better no' ca' him up." The recusant was one Walter Simpson, the smith of the parish. The gifted Ralph, indignant to the last degree at the bare idea of such an illiterate clown chopping divinity with him, determined to gravel at once with a grand, leading, unanswerable question. Accordingly, after putting a variety of simple, preliminary interrogatories to the senior clodhoppers, he all at once, with a loud voice, cried out, "Walter Simpson." "Here, sir," says Walter, "are ye wanting me?" "Attention, sir! Now, Walter, can ye tell me how long Adam stood in a state of innocence?" "Ay—till he got a wife," cried the anvil-hammerer in an instant, "but can ye tell me, sir, hoo lang he stood after?" "Sit down, Walter," said the discomfited divine.

THE PROFESSOR AND JEMMY.

A late professor was one day walking near Aberdeen, when he met a well-known "natural." "Pray," said the professor, "how long can a man live without brains?" "I dinna ken," said Jemmy, scratching his head; "how auld are ye yoursel'?"

THE LANDLADY AND PACKMAN.

A peddler lately entered a public house in the country, and, at the landlady's desire, displayed nearly every article in his pack for her examination. After she had satisfied her curiosity, he inquired what she would buy. To which she replied "Hoot, I dinna want to buy onything, I only wanted a seat o' them." The peddler said, "I wish ye had bought something; but never mind, let's see half-a-mutchkin o' your best whiskey." The stoup was soon filled, and a farle of bread set down beside it on the table. The packman kept warming himself at a good fire and crumping the gratis cake, while the landlady, according to the good old custom, helped herself and some of her female cronies to a good share of the whiskey. After drinking the peddler's health, she filled up a glass and desired him to drink also. "Na, na," said he, "I want nane o' yer whiskey, I only wanted a sicht o't," and then, shouldering his pack, he took his leave.

SHREWD WEIGHING.

A peddler in the Highlands of Scotland having run short of butter, applied to a farmer for a supply. "How much do you want?" said the woman. "A pun will do," said the peddler. "I canna mak' you a pun," said the woman. "Why?"—"I ha' nae pun weight." "Weel, what weight hae ye?" said the peddler. "Twa pun," said the woman. "And which is the weight?" said the man. "Oh, its just the tangs" (the tongs). "Well," said he, "put ane leg in the scale and t'other out, and that'll be a pun." The woman did as requested, but when it was weighed, she looked doubtfully at the butter, and said, "It looks a large pun." "It's a' right, woman; how much is it?" said the peddler. "A saxpence," was the reply, which the peddler paid and hastily departed, lest she should discover how she had been cheated.

Flying Isn't Very Dangerous.

Now get it out of your head, in the first place, that flying is an exceptionally dangerous pastime. To the contrary. And, at the same time, clear your mind of the idea that the Wright flier is not suited for ordinary man. If you will ask the Wrights themselves about the future of their invention, ten chances to one, their first effort will be to deprive you of a lot of highfalutin notions. One of them is the general impression that they are going to put the railroad out of business. They grin when you suggest things like this—or that the ocean liner is doomed. And when you inquire whether the motor car is now on the way to the scrap heap, they try hard to look polite and interested. The truth of the matter is that the Wrights never miss a good chance to club an idea like this over the head, hitting it a good, solid thump before the idea has even had time enough to sit up and take notice. Why? Well, that's easy too. Because the flying machine, as they will patiently tell you, seems to lack a probability, or even a remotely plausible chance of disturbing, in the least way, the present methods of transportation. Instead, it only adds one more factor to the facility of travel; and as for its first utility, hear what the Wrights themselves have to say:

"Sport first of all. After that, its use in exploration and in war. And after war . . . . Oh, well, you can guess as well as we can."

But this idea, new as it will be to the average American, has already been grasped abroad. To-day in France there are already nearly a hundred persons who have ridden in the air; and the number is growing constantly. In America, however, a scant dozen will fill the list—a statement that many will accept as evidence of the American's more conservative regard for his neck. But if you'll stop to think, you'll see this can't be true, for the most daring and the fastest and best drivers of motor cars are from the United States. Necks have nothing to do with the case. It's because, over on this side of the ocean, we haven't had the chance.—From "The Sport of Flying," by Maximilian Foster, in the Outing Magazine for May.

GREATNESS THROUGH SUFFERING.

If I am great, I've shared the birth-pang plea,
And shuddered on the crest of howling sea;
Touched the depth, and reached remotest star,
And on my brow received divinest scar,
Mark of ownership inscribed by pain,
Burning the blood that tinged the quivering brain.

The piercing stylet of the primal curse
Becomes the ductile, kindling, tender nurse,
Soothing the passions of the troubled soul,
Crowning the life with Love's supreme control.

What if Love's firstborn brings the keenest pain?
First note of life's most trembling strain,
What if I leave behind dim, dismal death,
And swelling bust omits life's fragrant breath?

Biting Thread.

Don't bite off your thread.

Women are told that it is a bad habit, they may even believe that it is, and yet they continue to do it.

It is very hard on the teeth.

It is likely to scratch the enamel.

It may even wear tiny grooves in the edges.

A young woman not long ago, in biting off a tough thread, cracked the enamel of her front tooth from top to bottom.

Besides being hard on the teeth, this thread-biting habit is hard upon fine work.

It is almost certain to roughen and pull it.

Charles—Yes, old Jones lost his leg in a railway accident; but he was always lucky. George—Luck! Where does it come in? Charles—Why, don't you see that was the leg which gave him so much trouble with rheumatism, and he got $10,000 for it.—Kansas City Journal.

Alabama Town That Is Run Without Taxes

How would you like to live in a town where they don't have to pay any taxes? Where, in fact, if you tried to pay taxes, you would be sternly refused?

Down on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay there is a town which for fourteen years has been giving, so far as is possible under existing laws, a practical exemplification of Henry George's theory. It was established for that purpose; it was built on practically uninhabited ground, and in the years of its existence it has grown from nothing into a thriving, prosperous and happy community. Its inhabitants pay no taxes and get along in fine style without them.

Henry George's theory is commonly known as "the single tax," a term coined by the late Thomas G. Sherman, not because of its accuracy, but because a short and easy name was needed. Actually, the George theory does not contemplate the paying of any taxes at all. It contemplates the wiping out of all taxation and the support of the community by the payment of ground rent into the treasury. In form, of course, that payment would be made a tax, but the Georgeites contend that it would not be a tax in the sense that a levy made upon one's personal belongings, for example, would be.

SINGLE TAXERS STARTED IT.

It is impossible completely to demonstrate the efficacy of the George doctrine to any community where personal property taxation and taxation upon improvements, to say nothing of the indirect taxation of the tariff, exists. But in Fairhope, Ala., they have got as near to demonstrating it as can ever be done under present-day conditions.

Fairhope was started in January, 1895, by four single taxers from Iowa. It is now a thriving town with a city charter, three schools, a hotel, two newspapers, a wharf, a steamer, several stores, a number of clubs and a free library. It has a waterworks system, but no water rates. It has a telephone service which is free. It doesn't cost anybody in Fairhope a cent to go into his telephone room and call up anybody in Baldwin county.

Now, in a state which levies taxes after the good old-fashioned way, it could be possible for a community to exist without taxation of individuals might puzzle the huskiest intellect. However, E. B. Gaston, J. Bellangee, and the other Iowa single taxers discovered that where there's a will there's a way. Their scheme was simply this:

To found a community wherein all the land should be owned by the community—that is, by a corporation representing the community; to let out the land on long-term leases to individuals; to take from the lessees the full amount of the ground rent; to support the community out of that ground rent, and to pay the taxes levied by the State and county out of the same fund.

WITHOUT A TAX LEVY.

Fairhope's tax theory must necessarily be halting and incomplete. Nevertheless, as far as it has been able to go, it has made such a demonstration as must challenge the attention of the students of economics. In a far broader sphere the George theory has been tested in New Zealand, and with satisfactory results, and a taxation of land values is on the Liberal programme in Great Britain, but Fairhope is the only example of an attempt to demonstarte it in the face of adverse laws. The fact that the experiment has been successful in spite of the levying of taxes by the state and county is a striking bit of evidence for those who think there may have been something in George's doctrine.

It is a curious fact that the only acrimonious critics of Fairhope have been men who were themselves single taxers, and just now there is raging a hot controversy among them about it.

Sifted down, it comes to the immemorial inability of social reformers to agree among themselves about details. The opponents of Fairhope want a democratic rule substituted for the rule of the Fairhope corporation, arguing that the running of a single-tax community by a private company is undemocratic. The answer of the Fairhopers is twofold: First, that as long as the present system of taxation exists it is impossible to run a single-tax community on any other basis; second, that the initiative and referendum are in operation at Fairhope, and any time a majority wants a change in the system they can get it.

FREE 'PHONE AND WATER.

Meanwhile, the benefits which the Fairhope experiment confers on the superiors are big and undeniable. Originally Fairhope, or the sandy ground which is now Fairhope, was not worth a sou markee. Now, by the presence of a hustling community, its values have risen to such a point that the receipts of the town are $4,000 a year and still rising, and this free telephone system and free waterworks have been installed out of the proceeds.

It all demonstrates the groundwork of Henry George's theory, which was that land has no value until the presence of a community makes that value, and that as the community makes it no individual should be allowed to reap the benefit of it. Since the community makes it, the community should receive it—that was George's position.

The statement that the telephone and waterworks systems are free should perhaps be qualified. A Fairhoper who wants a telephone put in his house has to pay $3 for the maintenance of the call box. That, however, is his last payment; he has no quarterly rent coming due. Under an ideal system of single tax he would not have to pay even that; it is, in Fairhope's case, a payment made necessary by the existing system of laws. So, too, he has to pay $50 to have his water drain connected, but after that he has no rates to pay, and under an ideal single-tax system he would not have to pay even the initial $50.

The Home Telephone Company watched with envious eyes the progress of the free telephone system in Fairhope. Finally they made a proposition to the Fairhopers to the effect that they would pay long-distance charges on everything outside that region, and on this basis the connection was made.

Again it was a practical demonstration of George's doctrine, a minor part of which theory it was that the ground rent of the community would not only pay all expenses thereof, but would enable the community to support out of its own pocket what are now monopolies, such as the telephone, the telegraph, the street railroads, etc.

OWNS ALL THE LAND.

The Fairhope Single Tax Corporation owns all the land, and its lease is for 99 years. If, for example, a person should acquire a leasehold whereon the annual rental was $25 he would turn that amount into the communal treasury. Then the county or the State would swoop down with a tax of say $5, that being the assessed value of the improvements and of the land. It might also include any personal property that the tenant might hold. Anyway, we will assume that it is $5. When the tax assessors came down on the community they would find that only the corporation was liable, because only the corporation held the land, and they would assess their $5 against it. The community thereupon would pay it—out of what? Out of the rental value already turned in by the 99-year tenant. In other words, the tenant simply pays over whatever may be the assessed valuation of his land and has got no other consideration to care for; the community looks out for that.

It isn't an ideal demonstration of the single tax; nothing can be that while the present laws continue in force. Nevertheless, it is about as near it as you can get. The purpose of the originators was to demonstrate the way in which a community can grow and prosper with nothing but ground rent as the source of its revenue and its payments. That it has done.

FOUNDERS OF COMMUNITY.

The founders of this community were E. D. Gaston, James Bellangee, J. B. Hummel and Alfred Wooster. They were all Iowa men, devoted single taxers and practical folks. Mobile Bay is a sort of scallop in southern Alabama. On one side of the scallop is Mobile. On the other side was the sandy tract of ground which then was uninhabited and now is Fairhope. These four Iowans came down there and picked out this unpromising piece of earth as the foundation of their model community.

That was fourteen years ago. Now Fairhope is the biggest town in Baldwin county. It certainly has got the liveliest and most hustling population in the State of Alabama, if you leave out the big cities like Birmingham. Its growth to such a success from miserably small beginnings is attributed by Gaston and the other men who have stayed with him to the application of single-tax customs.

It is not by any means solely a single-tax colony. There are people in it who never heard of the single tax or who don't believe in it. All of them, however, take their leaseholds from the corporation upon the same basis as do the devotees of Henry George.

A SINGLE TAX CRITIC.

The most prominent among the single-tax critics of the Fairhope enterprise is Joseph Dana Miller, who has been for many years one of the leaders in that cult. In explaining his opposition to the enterprise, as at present conducted, Mr. Miller said:

"The objection now seems to be among a number of the people of Fairhope that the government is not democratic. They object that they have no voice in determining the value of the land or the taxes they have to pay. That, however," Mr. Miller added, "has been remedied by a referendum taken on the assessments."

The criticism of Fairhope from the inside appears to proceed entirely from persons who are not single taxers, and who want to instal the old system of private ownership. The land values have been created by the presence of the community, and to that extent have justified the single-tax theory. Now that these land values, which originally were nothing, have grown to a remarkable asset, there are persons in the town who desire to reap the advantages of that situation by reverting to the old system of ownership.—Exchange.

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Toronto, Canada.—"I shall endeavor to describe to you how I felt before I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I scarcely knew what it was to be well. I had awful bearing-down pains and usually before my monthly periods I suffered terribly and had to go to bed. I was not able to walk across the floor the pain was so bad. I doctored for a long time, but the doctor's treatment did not do me any good. I gave up all hopes of ever being well again until one day my husband saw the Compound advertised in the paper. He decided to get me a bottle, and I am thankful he did. I had not taken one bottle before I began to feel better, and I kept on taking it until now I am a different woman. It also helped me during maternity and childbirth. I can thoroughly recommend your Vegetable Compound to any woman who is afflicted with female troubles."—Mrs. J. M. TWEEDALE, 138 Nassau St., Toronto, Canada.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

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

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

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.

"Tired Feeling" Has an Antidote.

For "that tired feeling" take chemicals. Prof. Angelo Mosso, of Turin, found in his experiments that the illness caused by over-fatigue was due to the absorption of certain compounds into the blood, and that these substances when injected into other animals produced the same symptoms. The presence of such toxins is thought to be the explanation of the illness sometimes caused by eating the flesh of overhunted game or of overdriven cattle.

Liebig mentions a case in which the flesh of a roebuck which had struggled violently after being caught in a snare gave rise to symptoms of poisoning. Similar cases are recorded by Gautier, including one in which pigs were fatally poisoned through being fed upon the flesh of a horse that had died during its struggles when being broken in.

At first these poisonous products of fatigue were regarded as animal alkaloids similar to plant poisons like strychnine and bromine. But Dr. Weichart succeeded in isolating from the muscles of wearied animals a specific toxin, which when injected in small doses into animals gradually produced immunity and formed an antitoxin. In large doses the toxin produced all the symptoms of fatigue, followed by death. A simple method of producing an antitoxin has been described in a recent German patent.

When albumen is gently heated for about ten hours with a chemical agent like dilute nitric acid it is broken down into various products, one of which yields all the physiological effects of fatigue. In continuing the heating for a long period or on boiling the mass this toxic substance is destroyed, and among the products of its decomposition is one that neutralizes its action. This new substance may be separated from the other products of decomposition and from the accompanying mineral salts. When injected into the body it is stated to act as an antidote to the toxin of fatigue, preventing its injurious effects.

TOO MANY WOMEN SUFFER IN SILENCE

When the Blood is Weak or Out of Order Disease is Inevitable.

Many women go through life suffering in silence—weak, ailing and unhappy. The languor and bloodlessness of girls and young women, with headaches, dizziness and fainting spells; the nervous ailments, back pains and failure of strength of wives and mothers; the trials that come to all women at the turn of life, are caused usually by impoverished watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have helped more women to the joy of good health and robust strength than any other medicine in the world. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood, which reaches every part of the body, feeds the starved nerves, strengthens every organ, and makes weak girls and women bright and well. Mrs. A. Eagles, Dundas, Ont., says: "I am writing this letter out of gratitude to let you know the great benefit Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been to me. From the time I was a girl I suffered from weakness and fainting spells—was always doctoring, but it did not help me. As I grew older I seemed to grow worse. My blood seemed literally turned to water. Sometimes I would faint as often as twice in a day. I suffered from indigestion. I could not walk upstairs without stopping to rest on the way, and my heart would palpitate so violently as to produce a smothering sensation. I grew so weak that people thought I was in consumption. I was in this dreadful condition when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention and I began taking them. The first sign of benefit I noticed was an improvement in my appetite. Then I began to grow stronger, the color began to return to my face; the fainting spells disappeared and gradually I was brought to a condition of more perfect health than I had ever enjoyed before. This is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, and that they have been of lasting benefit is proved by the fact that it is several years since they restored my health, and I have remained strong and well ever since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a cure for all troubles due to impure or watery blood, such as anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, headaches and backaches, indigestion, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, etc. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"The ancients believed the world was flat." "I am beginning to believe it myself." "Actually?" "Actually! I haven't had a proposal for a month."—Houston Post.

MR. GNAGG WOULD GO WALKING

HAVING LEARNED THAT MRS. GNAGG ISN'T ABLE TO GO.

Whereupon He Dilates Upon Her Inherent Laziness and the Impropriety of Her Discussing Her Ailments, but Resents the Suggestion That He Might.

Finding that Mrs. Gnagg is temporarily incapacitated for walking, Mr. Gnagg naturally desires her to accompany him on a Sunday walk in the country, as follows:

Just look at this flooding sunshine, and not a cloudlet in the sky. Haven't seen a springtime Sunday like this for a coon's age. Huh! Nature is not only smiling; she's giggling, she's laughing out loud.

Come on! Let's beat it out of this stuffy flat. Toss on your duds and we will hike out to the end of some trolley line or other and then strike through the woods and gather a few hunks of this winey air and sunshine. We'll—

How's that? A callous on your foot that is killing you? How would I know anything about it? Huh! It's the first I've heard of it. Kept you in the house for the last four days, you say, and you've mentioned it to me several times? Now, don't say that. Be kind enough not to try to hurl anything like that at me. This is the first minute I've known anything about any callous on your foot as you call it, and I couldn't guess it, could I, merely because you've been moping around? You're moping around pretty nigh all the time anyhow, and if I were to be obliged to conclude from your moping that various ailments afflicted you I'd have you doped out more than half the time as a victim of the bubonic plague or the bends or the housemaid's knee or carpenter's wrist or things like those.

Well, come on out into the country anyhow, can't you? Why can't you muster up a little spunk and gumption and try and forget about that trivial little complaint that you say you have—what's the name of it, you say? Callous foot? That's a new one on me—callous foot. Where did you pick that up—the name, I mean? I've heard about callous souls and callous hearts and callous bondholders and all like that, but this is the first time I've ever heard about callous feet. What are they callous about? What makes 'em callous? What train of embittering circumstances caused 'em to become callous?

Can't you sort of use your mind and pluck up a little nerve and come out into the country for a good long walk, hey? Maybe your callous feet'll forget it if you ask them to. Why don't you frame up a petiton requesting or beseeching your callous feet to sort of bury the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace and behave, hey? Why don't you?

How's that? Can't get your shoes on? Oh, you can't? Well, have you tried to get 'em on? When did you try? Oh, three days ago; and you haven't tried to get 'em on since? Well, that's like you. How d'ye know you can't get your shoes on your embittered, hardened, world weary feet if you haven't tried to get 'em on for three days, eh, and how d'ye know that you'll ever be able to get your shoes or even moccasins on if you don't give the job an occasional trial?

Huh! I'm in bad, that's all. I'm what they call in Dutch. Here I am asking my wife to go out into the country on the first really decent, civilized Sunday of the year and she stands me off with some kind of a fairy tale about having something the matter with her feet that I never even heard about. If that isn't calculated to get a man's Angora then I'd like to know what it is.

Only blooming day in the week that I have the chance to enjoy a little air and sunshine and here I get flagged this way. By George! It's discouraging, that's what it is. Discouraging, depressing, disheartening and a lot of other things. Irritating, too, when it comes to that. Doggoned irritating for that matter.

Of course you can't see it, but I call it pretty decent for a man to invite his wife to go out into the country with him of a fine spring Sunday, and there are not many fellows who'd be soft enough to extend their wives that kind of an invitation. Well, here I skate to the centre with a well meant invitation to you to spend the day with me out under the blue sky, and this is what I get. It's enough to take the sap and the tar out of any fellow, blamed if it isn't.

Here, just shuck those floppy old slippers that you're mooching around in, and see if you can't draw on some kind of a pair of shoes, won't you? Huh! Just to sort of show me, won't you? Oh, yes, of course, I take your word for it that you've got callous, callous, callous—oh, yes, callous, that's the word—callous feet. Take your word for any old thing. That's what I'm here for. I'm the dandiest little word taker in this section of town, if I do say so myself; but, anyhow, just to please me, won't you at least give an imitation of somebody trying to slip on a pair of shoes?

Can't do it, eh? Oh, of course you can't. Don't suppose you can ever get on a pair of slippers, eh? We could take a little shorter walk out in the country—three or four miles only—and you could wear a pair of slippers for a little trudge like that, couldn't you? No? Oh, well, what's the use? I'm just wasting my time and breath urging you to do anything that'd please me. I might as well talk at the Chinese wall.

What is this callous feet gag, anyhow? Hardening of the sole of the foot, you say? Well, that's a bit. That's the sure fire comedy. That's the best I ever heard. Hardening of the sole of the foot, hey? Ha, ha! You'll have to excuse me for rolling around on the floor over that, because it's too rich, you know.

"Oh, you don't see it, eh? Well, here it is then. What, pray, do you ever do that'd cause the soles of either or both of your feet to harden? That's where the laugh comes in. Wouldn't it naturally be supposed that only folks who do something with their feet—walk around a little bit, say, or at least stand up for a couple of minutes at a stretch, or something like that—that only such people would become afflicted with what you so glibly call callous feet?

That's the way it'd strike me, anyhow; and it's the knockout humor to think of your doing anything that actually requires the use of your feet. You take a car when you have to go two blocks, and I never see you standing up for more than three minutes at a stretch. The deep chairs and the rockers and the couch claim your reclining attention most of the time, so far as I've been able to discover. How the dickens, then, did you ever develop such a weird, uncanny, not to say unbelievable, complaint as callous feet?

As a matter of fact, if you want to take it from me, it's just a leetle indelicate for you to talk about such things. there are certain little niceties and amenities and delicacies and things which should be observed even between man and wife, and it isn't exactly dainty, if you're inquiring of me, for you to sit there and dilate so expansively upon these ailments of yours. I don't talk about my ailments. I have some regard for the minor properties.

How's that? Only last week, you say, I told you with great particularity about the case of hives I got from eating those early strawberries?

That's it, go right ahead and toss things up to me. That was different, if you'll be good enough to acknowledge it. I wasn't suffering from what could be called a little piffling ailment. I was downright sick—sick as a human being could be—and there wasn't any possibility of my being able to conceal it from you. If there had been any such a chance you bet I'd have taken it, for I might have known durned well that you'd throw it up to me the first chance you got.

Anyhow, you're trying that old gag of shifting the thing over to me, and I find that I'm still idiot enough to permit you to get away with that scheme.

We were conversing, you'll remember, about your peculiar and none too dainty habit of fetching up the subject of your own ailments upon every trivial occasion and even when there isn't any occasion for it, and I don't pretend to be switched off or sidetracked till I get through with that subject. I'm not under the gun at the present moment, please understand. We're discussing you and what you call your callous feet. We——

How's that? Why continue to talk about it if I don't approve of the subject, you say?

Now, don't try to shut me up that way, because it isn't going to do. It isn't going to do at all. I guess I haven't yet sacrificed the right to open my mouth around here.

Anyhow, you brought this thing up. You stand it off with your discursive, learned, but not, I am bound to say, entirely edifying remarks on the subject of callous feet—your callous feet.

Since you insist upon sticking to that subject, permit me to nudge in the humble observation that it's a strange thing that I don't ever have any such a thing as callous feet. It might naturally be supposed that I'd be the callous feet proposition of this family, considering that I do something with my feet right along—hoof it around from morning till night attending to business, and all that sore of thing. Well, there never has been anything callous about my feet. Far be it from me to brag, but I never dragged a callous foot around after me.

So you expect me to hang around this infernal, gloomy, stuffy, sunless flat all day to-day, do you, when everybody on earth knows that anything'll be out in the open?

How's that? You wouldn't mind at all if I'd go out into the country for a walk myself?

That's a fine proposition, I must say. Want to get rid of me, don't you? Huh! Great! Can't endure to have me around this dump for a few hours on Sunday, hey? It has come to that, has it?

Huh! You only suggested my going alone because you thought I'd enjoy the tramp in the open? That's what they all say; but you're not going to chase me, you know. I decline to be chased. I'll stick around here as long as a I please and you needn't look gloomy and sad and sweet over it either.

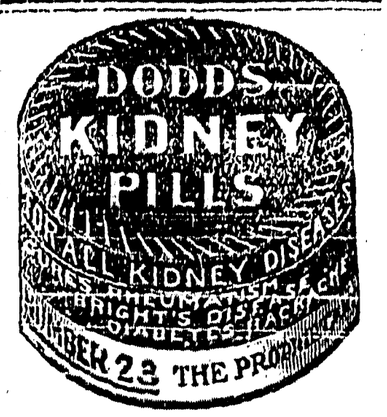
Danged pretty note I must say when a woman becomes so selfish that she insists upon having a whole blooming ten room apartment to herself all the time, including Sundays! I'd be a nice looking mutt, wouldn't I, tramping through the woods with not a soul to talk to? I lead a lonesome enough life as it is. I have nobody to talk to at home on the kind of topics that I care to talk about. I can't get you interested in anything that interests me, and you don't care a hang, that's the plain truth, whether I get any pleasure or satisfaction out of my home life or not; and that's why there isn't a lonesomer fellow in this man's town than I am even when I'm in my own home. Yes, that's why.

The next time I dance around here like a big lummox of a fool Newfoundland pup and invite you to take a Sunday walk with me in the country—well, you won't have callous feet when that next time comes around, because there isn't going to be any next time. I can find people to take walks with, don't you worry about that—people that'd be glad to walk with me, and I won't have a bit of trouble in digging them up either.

NOT NEARLY SUFFICIENT.

Wigg—Old Gotrox is devoted to music. There is a clause in his will leaving $25,000 to establish a home for poor singers."

Wagg—How inadequate. Twenty-five million wouldn't begin to house all the poor singers.—Philadelphia Record.



SCIENTIFIC PARAGRAPHS

Germany is the land of duels at present.

The water of the ocean is rich in radium.

In ten years Cleveland will be the "Concrete City."

The world's yearly record of earthquakes is 30,000.

Roller skates were invented in 1768 by a Hollander.

The dress of the Japanese woman shows her age.

It is stated that the first bread was made by a Chinese.

Alaska has a trifle less than 300 miles of railroad.

The teeth of a squirrel will penetrate deeper than those of a dog.

Some of the cigars of the Philippines are two and a half feet long.

The microphone makes the footsteps of a fly plainly audible.

Only 10 per cent. of Japan's population may be classed as illiterate.

Eight times as much energy is expended in walking upstairs as on the level.

The coal bill of the United States navy during 1908 amounted to $5,545,000.

The newest telephone mouthpiece is of glass, which can be readily cleaned by boiling.

It is likely that there will be laws in New York and other States requiring that stock yards in the future be constructed of concrete.

An American syndicate is building a large cement mill, and a vigorous campaign is being started to teach the Japs how to make use of this material.

Japan is selling coal to China to the value of about $5,000,000 a year, fully three-fourths of all the coal China imports.

Many accidents have happened from the presence of too great a proportion of carbon monoxide in the illuminating gas at Washington, D. C., and now it is proposed to restrict the amount to 10 per cent. of the volume.

Two big vessels for use in the Pacific trade are now building at the Mitsubishi dockyards for the Oriental Steamship Company. One is of 13,500 tons and two of 9,250 tons each.

The most powerful dredge in the world is claimed for Russia. It can move 7,000 cubic yards of earth from the bottom of a river in the course of dredging.

The Limerick Chamber of Commerce has approved of a resolution making Greenwich time the standard for the entire United Kingdom. At the present time Ireland is 24 minutes behind London.

The exportations of condensed milk from the United States have shown a very rapid growth in recent years, the total value being in 1895, $219,785; in 1898, $671,670; in 1900, $1,139,492; in 1905, $2,153,616, and in 1908, $2,455,186.

In its mercantile marine Japan has 1618 steamships, of 1,153,340 aggregate tonnage; 4,515 sailing vessels, of 372,319 aggregate tonnage, and 1,399 Japanese "ships of the old style," of 511,452 aggregate tonnage; in all, 7,523 ships, of 2,037,111 agregate tonnage.

Battleship maintenance cost during the past year, found by averaging the cost of current repairs on seventeen United States battleships during 1908, amounts to $110,000 per year per ship. This does not include the more extensive repairs or overhauling.

The operating cost of the Brooklyn Bridge is found to be as high as $336,000 a year, according to an investigation made by the Comptroller of New York city. This figure is the average of 10 years' maintenance and operating costs, beginning with 1898.

Plans for the permanent illumination of Niagara Falls next summer have been worked out by Engineer Ryan, of the General Electric Company. The details will be laid before a committee of interested citizens from Niagara Falls, Ont., and Niagara Falls, N. Y. The plans as outlined by Mr. Ryan call for two batteries of lights, one to be known as the Cliff battery, the other as the Gorge battery. It is planned to excavate a recess in the Canadian cliff opposite Goat Island, this shelf to be 128 feet long and 12 feet wide; the height of the excavation to be 10 feet. Here will be installed 20 projectors, each 30 inches in diameter. The Cliff battery will consist of 12 projectors, each 60 inches in diameter. These will also be placed in a recess which is to be 126 feet long, 12 feet high and 10 feet deep, the front to have the appearance of an ancient fortification. The previous illumination made during the progress of the exposition at Buffalo, was of 1,500,000 nominal candle-power, whereas the proposed illumination will be of 2,500,000 nominal candle-

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.

Dangers of Railway Travel in China.

Railway travelling in China apparently has dangers of its own. Of late complaints have been rife as to the failure of the authorities to afford proper protection to passengers on the Shanghai-Nanking line. It appears that when some irresponsible Chinaman meets with an accident, through trespassing on the line or not exercising proper caution at a level crossing, it is customary for his fellow villagers to stop the next train, bombard it with stones and extort compensation from the unlucky travellers, who are fortunate if they reach their journey's end with their heads unbroken. Such attempts at repression as have been made have proved entirely inadequate and these outrages are said to be of frequent occurrence. Near Chinkiang recently a mob hurled through the windows of a train heavy jagged pieces of granite, any one of which might have caused serious injury to passengers.—London Telegraph.

HUMOR IN THE JUNGLE.

Lion—Here comes Roosevelt with his gun? Skip before he sees you.

Leopard—What's the use? Can't you see that I'm already spotted?—Boston Transcript.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

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

It will be good news to the people of the town to learn that the C.P.R. Co. has issued instructions for the clearing up of all the ground facing the depot. This land has been a desolate dumping patch for years, and the cleaning up will be greatly appreciated by the business men and the citizens generally. We forcibly drew the attention of the powers-that-be to the genuine eyesore recently, and we therefore hope not to be classified egotistical when we take to ourselves a little credit for accomplishing something for the good of our town. We now go a step further and urge upon the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. to conserve this small piece of land for a garden. It would be a beautiful accomplishment, and at the same time be remembered by tourists as the best looking depot on the system. The company are now making extensive improvements to the depot, and in this connection it would be a thousand pities if a false sense of economy spoilt a good job. Think it over, gentlemen; you have lots of water for a fountain; you have the best site for a display of our scenic marvels. Keep up the good work. We leave the matter in your hands.

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

The Waterworks Co. are complaining that some malicious person or persons have destroyed one of the valves in one of the reservoirs and pulled the plug out of the other.

Chas. O. Rodgers is about to clear 100 acres in Lot 812, and with this end in view he to-day telegraphed for the return of all the Swan Swanson gang. Tom Hickey will superintend the work. Mr. Rodgers expects to keep a large crew of men at work in the bush during the summer and winter clearing his large tract of land and getting out saw logs for his mill. Mr. Rodgers also contemplates the installation of a portable sawmill at an early date on Lot 812.

Mrs. Gensmer left for a two months visit to her son and brother at Moyie to-day.

There are a few house flies buzzing around who think they are king bees.

W. F. Gurd, barrister, arrived from Cranbrook to-day.

Conductor Burton is in town to-day.

Strawberry and Ice Cream Social by the Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church in the Opera House Monday night.

You are too busy with your Berry Crop
TO READ ADVERTISEMENTS
ut Don't Forget That you need Goods from the HARNESS SHOP
HARNESS, SADDLES, WHIPS, BITS, SPURS, STRAPS, COW BELLS
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Place your orders for Implements, Wagons, Seeders, Potato Diggers, Planet Junior Goods, Mowers and Rakes at

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

Moyie Brewery

MOYIE, B.C.

Manufacturers of the Celebrated Lake Shore Export.
BOTTLED BEER A SPECIALITY
Pure Mountain Spring Water used in the Manufacture of our Beer.
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Cigars
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FOR SPRAYING TREES
Pendray's Arsenate of Lead
Whale Oil Soap, Quassia Chips
Blue Stone and Sulphur
CRESTON DRUG & BOOK STORE

Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

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

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

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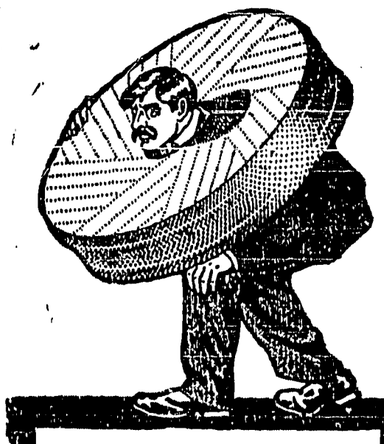

The Man With A Millstone About His Neck

The millstone is *lack of special training*. It holds one man down to hard work and small wages while others, properly trained, go ahead. But every man and woman who is laboring under such a burden can easily rise to a better position and increased earnings and can find out how for the asking.

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

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We Furnish your Home Complete.
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Write for Prices — *NELSON, B.C.*

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

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

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

Ladies!

Let me do your baking during the Hot Weather

Home-Made Pastry and Confectionery

T. G. Mahon Creston Bakery

The Frost Woven Wire Fence Is a Winner

The LOCK is Solid with no Loose Ends to Spring

Also Ornamental Gates and Fences for town property. Easy Terms. Write, stating wants, and I will call on you. WALTER V. JACKSON, Box 53, CRESTON, B.C.

Tam o' Shanter Talks

Weel, freens, dae ye ken whit yae fop o' a chiel cum ower an' said tae me the ither day? He says: "A dinna ken whit awe the noise is aboot that ye mak o' Creston; a'm shair thair is naething aboot this yin-horse toon tae puff and blaw aboot." Min' ye, he had the impidence tae tell me tae ma cheek that oor toon o' Creston wis yin-horse. Weel, ye'll ken freens, a didna let ma bane gang wi the d'ug, bit as a had nice pleasant dreamy dreams o' whit a wid like tae see b'ilt in Creston, a gaed ma wey gey huffed. A hadna time tae gie that chap his desairts. Awa a gangs as a say, an' a meets "Jay Jay". He stertted on me tap like a taurry d'ug at a bane, an' says he, "Ye've made ma name the talk o' the toon." "Hev a," says I, "ye ocht tae be thenkfu' a cam so faur doon frae ma deegnity as menntion yer name. A jist creeticized ane of yer remarks, that wis aw." "Weel," says he, "A'll tak the medicine o' whit a print." "A ken," says I, "specially if it his Whyte an' Mackay's or Johnnie Dewar's label on it." "Dinna think," says he, "that ye're gaun tae dictate tae me hoo tae rin ma paper; thair is nae strings on me tae force me whit a'll print."

"No, no, a'm weel aware o' that," says I, "bit if ye dinna haud in yer haun, thair's shair tae be yin roon yer neck afore lang."

Then ye sh'uld hae seen him glower at me an' rushes efter me, oot thro' steebit doors, an' a' he wis sae close on ma heels, the hin'most door a gaed thro' he a'maist tullot me ower. A felt his hot braith fan ma cheek, his he'rt thumping hauf an oor every twenty meenits, that a thocht a wis dune for. A'm shair freens, that hin'maist door is weel kent tae the maist o' us—it wis the bar door—an' he saw me staunin wi' a quarter in ma haun, an' he was efter ma bluid.

Whan we had ta'n oor dram, he began tae tell me whit he wid like. It wis this, freens: He says "A wid like unco weel tae get awa fer a month in solitude wi' some chum an' hae some tackle an' bait an' whitnot tae dae somethin' great an' clever. Wull ye gang Tam?" "Shair," says I, "a'll gang an' order provisions an' stores tae last a month." Sae a gangs tae ane place an' orders a medicine kist; gangs tae the baker, an' aw a could get wis twa wee loafs, an' a comes an' tells him; sae he got quite nebby wi me. Says he: "Whit! sae muckle breed fer ane month." Dae yae ken a neerly foonert at his sarcasm. A didna ken hoo a could dae wi twa loafs fer yae day let alane a month, sae a telt him quately a wis feert, the enthusiasm o' the spoart wid be rayther muckle fer me. "Bit," says I, "come awa doon tae yer sanatorium, an' a'll gie ye a piece o' richt guid news—that pleesed him, freens. Whan we got saited a says: "A wid like ye tae ca' fer subscriptions tae b'ild an observatory here on yin o' oor mountains." "Whit dae we want wi that kin o' thing here," says he. "Man, it wid serve three guid ends," says I. "In the first place, we micht be able tae luk intae Nelson an' see if we saw the street caur sterting oot fer Creston." "Guid," says he. "In the second place, we micht see f the bonders o' the Alice mine were aboot tae stert wark." "Capital! Glorious! Splendid!" he cries. "Whit's the third," he says. "Dinna be hufied gin a tell ye then, fer I've anither quarter left." "Nae feers, Tam, nae feers whit it is." "It's this then," says I; "The third usefu' pairt wid be tae ken when we wid get oor Review."

He scarts his heed a wee while (he mindet the quarter). "A'll think it ower," says he. Sae twa or three days efter, a ca'ed on him tae hear his opinion, an' I got him sitting in a trance, bein' as a wis a kennin' feert tae approach him whan under the telepathic influence. A jist waited till he wauk-ened.

"Weel mon, whit dae ye think o' my propisection?" "It luks weel enough tae me," says he. "The only trouble sae faur as a ken o', wid be tae get a w'ather cock tae pit on the toor." "A kin get that aw richt," says I. "Whaur," says he. "Weel, a saw Maister Little the ither day tryin' tae catch a wee cock robin, an' am maist shair he wid feel pleased tae donate it tae sich a worthy object, gin he e'er be able tae grup it. Gin he canna, a'll buy ane masel, an' further, it'll craw the name o'

TAM O' SHANTER.

JULY ROD AND GUN

"Big Game Shooting in the Yukon Territory," by that veteran sportsman, Mr. C. G. Cowan, opens the exceptionally fine July number of Rod and Gun, published by J. W. Taylor, Woodstock, Ont. It is clear from the account given that big game is plentiful in the Yukon, and provides fine sport for those who can afford time and money to travel so far. Mr. Reginald Gourlay predicts a good fall for hares and a consequent relief to the big game of the North from Indian raids. Canadian and American sportsmen should note and govern themselves accordingly. The Basset Hound for Sport is an article which will interest all dog lovers. These are but samples of a long list in which fishing and hunting topics come in for adequate treatment, while numerous short papers supply variety and enable sportsmen to pick up the magazine at any time, confident of finding much that will give them pleasant reading on topics which appeal to them all the year round, even if the force is increased somewhat in the summer weather when the wild is calling in many ways.

Notice

All members of the Creston Baseball Club are requested to meet at the Creston Hotel on Sunday at 3 p.m.

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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A Home from Home. Headquarters for mining men.

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

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MERRILL'S Barber Shop

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Apartments

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

FRANK BAAST

LOOK!

FURNITURE

Iron Beds

Springs, Mattresses and Cots

Homes completely furnished

Creston Furnishing Co.

I MAKE IT STICK

PARTICULARLY IF IT IS PLASTER.

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

Ed. Fulljames
PLASTERER

WANTED NOW

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

PELHAM NURSERY CO.
Toronto, Ont.

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

Facts About CRESTON.

Climate

The climate of the Creston district is so mild in winter that seldom does the mercury touch zero, and in summer the weather is very warm which is so beneficial for the cultivation and coloring of fruit. Cool evenings, however, are a persistent factor for the enjoyment of repose. The early springs are vey favo able fo gad e ning and budding fruit trees. The autumns are very long and the weather is of an ideal Indian summer. Violets and wild strawberries bloom as late as November.

Soil

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

Moisture

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

Products

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

Markets

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

Transportation

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

Progress

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

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

WRITE FOR ANY INFORMATION

A Healthy Life
A Happy Home

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

Fruit, Grain or Stock

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

THE
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

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

Good shipping facilities Easy transportation

For Maps, Application Forms, Regulations and Literature apply to

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

Desk 19,
B.C. Land Dept.

Town Lots for Sale in Creston

THE TRAMP.

Scientific Treatment of Vagrancy as Practiced in Denmark.

Scientific treatment of vagrancy is not to be expected in the immediate future, but a good beginning has been made. It is now suggested, says American Medicine, that laws be passed by the New York Legislature whereby tramps, drunkards, and idlers without means of suport, be confined in farm colonies. Unfortunately, the underlying idea is that these human wrecks are able to work for their keep and should be forced to labor. As a matter of fact they are sick men, some of them chronically starved and incurably neurasthenic. That is the reason they are idlers—not from choice. Denmark has solved the problem scientifically in self-supporting institutions. The beggar or tramp is arested and taken to the settlement, where he becomes really a patient, who receives careful study, is appropriately treated, and given only such work as he is able to do. Quite a percentage recover and are released after positions are found for them. Some prefer to remain and their earnings accumulate; the incurables must remain.

The system has ended mendicancy and vagabondage and must be adopted here not only to restore wrecks to usefulness, but as a matter of economy. The railroads alone lose $25,000,000 yearly through stealing or accidents due to tramps. Counting the crimes committed and the other losses, it would be cheaper to spend a hundred millions a year confining and curing idlers, than to allow the present orgie of crime to continue, though as a matter of fact the colonies would become self-supporting. Nothing can be done as long as public opinion holds to the delusion that idlers are simply vicious men needing punishment, a delusion as false as the mediaeval theory that the insane must be scourged and loaded with chains.—Philadelphia Record.

A GUARANTEE OF SAFETY

Most of the "soothing" syrups and powders advertised to cure the ills of babies and young children contain *poisonous opiates, and an overdose may* kill the child. Baby's Own Tablets are sold under the guarantee of a government analyst that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. They can be given with absolute safety to a new born child. They cure all those minor ailments originating in disordered stomach or bowels. Mrs. F. Young, River Hebert, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and stomach rouble and when my baby was teething, and have found them the best medicine I know of for these troubles." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Doesn't Now.

"I used to worry a good deal," said the boarding house philosopher, "over the national deficit. Often I've lain awake till midnight thinking about it. But one night when I was asleep I dreamed that George Washington, looking just as he does on the 2 cent paostage stamp, came and touched me on the shoulder and said: 'My son, don't fret your gizzard about that deficit. You don't have to pay it.' And, by George, I haven't done any worrying over it since!"

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION.

It is expected that over $85,000,000 will be expended this year by the railways in constructing lines in western Canada. The budget for construction prepared by the Canadian Pacific calls for an expenditure of $20,000,000, the Canadian Northern is to expend fully $11,000,000, the major portion of which will be in the interest of its extension to the coast, and James J. Hill has announced *construction plans which will* take another $15,000,000 to be exptnded on the Great Northern in the making of the fourth trunk line from Winnipeg to the Pacific coast. Almost as great a sum will be expended by the Grand Trunk Pacific in its march towards the coast, and a large sum is to be used by this company in building branch lines. At least three branches will be built by this road from Melville, Saskatchewan, one northwesterly to Prince Albert, a second northeasterly to Hudson Bay, and a third to the United States boundary through Regina. The remainder of the estimated $85,000,000 will be expended by many companies which have recently been organized to build short roads.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Little Church Back Home.

When the big pipe organ's swellin' an' the city choir sings,
An' you almos' hear the swishin' of the lovin' angels' wings,
An' the congregation's musin' on the proneness for to sin,
Sort o' listenin' listless, waiting for the preacher to begin;
In that holy hush it happens that I clean forget the place,
An' again I'm meek an' lowly 'fore a throne of savin' grace—
A throne that wasn't neatlin' 'neath a spire or a dome,
But the sinners sought their Savior in the little church back home.

When we had protracted meetin's, why 'twould done you good to hear
The congregation singin' with a blend o' voices clear
How the "Rock of Ages" towered like a shelt'ring sort o' wall,
An' our souls soared up to glory since the Rock was cleft for all;
Ev'ry face was wreathed with sweetness, an' we always had a smile
For the stranger, saint or sinner, in the pew across the aisle;
For a diamond's often gathered from the commonest of loam,
An' we didn't mind the settin' in the little church back home.

There were weddin's where the neighbors gathered in from far an 'wide
An' the boys looked on in envy while their sisters kissed the bride,
There were fun'rals, too, where neighbors didn't feel ashamed to cry
When they laid to rest the sleeper in the little yard close by;
Each new grave kind o' sacred, an' the lowly pulpit there
'Peared like a holy gateway to a firmament that's fair;
Where the sweet, supernal sunshine softly scatters earth's gloom
An' let us enter heaven from the little church back home.—Don Farrell Greene

PLANS DASH TO POLE.

Equipped with three balloons and an aeroplane, George E. Nitsche, head of the Department of Publicity of the University of Pennsylvania, will make a dash for the North Pole next summer from Spitzbergen. This elbow-shaped island, lying north of Norway, has been selected by the explorer for several seasons. It is a typical "No Man's Land," almost bare of vegetation, without inhabitants for ten months of the year, and unclaimed by any government in the world.

"I am assured," said Mr. Nitsche, yesterday, "that July and August, 1909, will make a most favorable time for the dash for the pole. On my preliminary trip last summer I had the rare good fortune to encounter extremely mild weather, taking into consideration the fact that the island is over 1,000 miles north of the Arctic Circle. I have been in communication with the Norwegian Government Geological Survey, and they have given me every reason to believe that next summer will be at least as moderate as was the open season in 1908. Besides, Spitzbergen has other advantages, such as natural fitness as a base of operations.

"My main dependence will be placed upon dirigible balloons, of which I will use three. The main constituency of the party, which has not yet been made up, will use balloon No. 1. The other two, with one operator and one assistant apiece, will be used for the apparatus, fuel and supplies. I shall not consider the expedition a failure if our aeroplane does not work. It is frankly only an experiment. I have followed up the Wright tests rather closely, and, with an adjusted weight in the motor, of a pound to the rose-power, I am sanguine that the aeroplane will be entirely dependable. All the airships will be shipped to Spitzbergen in the steamship Florida, and will be already set up by the time the party arrives, about June 29. The Florida will remain at Spitzbergen until the expedition returns."

Mr. Nitsche, when seen in his office in Houston Hall, exhibited with pardonable pride the curios which are the fruit of last summer's visit to the Arctic regions. First in impressiveness, if not in scientific value, were two giant polar bear skins, one of which measured ten feet six inches from tip to tip. Mr. Nitsche denied that he had brought the bear down personally, though he admitted that he had participated in the capture, which was rather exciting. He exhibited also three unusual varieties of lichen, a dark green, scrawny vegetable growth, which seems to subsist on almost nothing, and a tiny tree— the poplar willow, one and a half inches tall when full grown. This is a rare specimen of what is probably the smallest tree known to botany.

A Poor Salesman.

Carey Johnson Ludlam, the Southern philologist, said at a dinner: "I hope that the salesman who accosted me on my way here this evening will take in one of the many schools of salesmanship in eight or nine years' course. I'm sure he needs it.

"This salesman, a shabby young man, laid his hand on my arm and said:

"'Say, friend, leme sell ye a box of this here patent cement?'

"I shook off his filthy paw.

"'*Cement!*' I sneered, annoyed at his familiarity. 'What do I want with cement?'

"'Why,' cried the man, in apparent surprise, 'ain't ye broke? Ye look it.'"

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

USES FOR WASTE WOOD.

Most Recent Have Origin in Demand for Alcohols and Acids.

Uncle Sam is concerned about the wilful waste of wood which seems predestined to create woful want. Millions of cords of wood is wasted every year in the forest and on the farm because this wood is not suitable for the various mechanical uses for which wood is employed. There are, however, numerous means of disposing of this waste. Aside from tanning and paper making, which are chemical industries that have been established for hundreds of years, there are other industrial uses of more recent origin which are of agricultural importance.

Important among these are destructive distillation, recovery of turpentine, resin, paper pulp, preparation of alcohols and manufacture of acids. These are growing industries because of a steadily increasing demand for wood alcohol, acetates, acetone, turpentine, charcoal, etc., which are utilized in other industries.

The crude products from distillation are chiefly four: Gases, tar and oils, charcoal and acids. Methyl alcohol, acetates, acetone, charcoal, turpentine, wood, oil and oxalic acid are directly or indirectly obtained on a commercial scale from woods, and the yield is governed largely by specific gravity, weight and kind of wood as well as by the way in which the manufacturing process is carried on.—From the Chicago Tribune.

WELL 3,310 FEET DEEP.

(London Globe.)

The record of the deepest well in the world is claimed by France. Situated at Ronchamp (Haute-Saone), the Buyer oil well is said to be the deepest that has ever been sunk for industrial purposes. It reaches a depth of 3,310 feet. The temperature at the bottom of the well is never less than 115 degrees Fahrenheit when it is 50 degrees Fahrenheit at the mouth of the well. Apart from wells, the deepest boring on the earth's surface is probably that of the Paruschowitz mine in Upper Silesia. It attains a depth of 6,408 feet.

Couldn't Stop Him That Way.

Beautiful Maiden—Mr. Scrapple, I can't have you coming to see me any more under a misapprehension. Papa isn't wealthy now. He lost all his money last week on the board of trade.

Persistent Caller—That doesn't make any difference, Miss Flossie. I knew it already. I'm one of the fellows that got his money.

REFORM NEEDED.

First Chauffeur—It's an outrage.

Second Chauffeur—Yes, there ought to be some way to prevent the owner taking the car out without our knowledge.—New York Sun.

A Germantown bride refused to take some brown eggs from the grocer the other day because they didn't match her tiny cats.

SINGING EVANGLIST CURED BY ZAM-BUK

WIFE ALSO REAPS BENEFIT.

Mrs. Birdie Ellis Johnston, of 168 Christina street, Sarnia, Ont., gives the following testimony of what Zam-Buk has done for herself and her husband:—

"Some time ago my husband was touring through Michigan on the car, "Herald of Hope," as a singing evangelist. The minister in the car had a son, who in some manner contracted a serious skin disease, and my husband, unaware of it, caught this from him. He was all broken out in sores, which gave great pain, and he tried first one remedy and then another, but none of them did him any good.

"When all else had failed, we finally decided to try Zam-Buk, and see if this balm would succeed in healing the sores and stopping the itching and irritation. I am pleased to say that a few applications of Zam-Buk made a marked improvement, and perseverance for a short time with Zam-Buk effected a complete cure.

"About the same time sores also broke out all over my back, and spread rapidly, until my back seemed one big sore. This was very painful, and as Zam-Buk had proved so beneficial for my husband, I determined to give it another trial. My nurse rubbed my back well with Zam-Buk. We continued with this treatment, and in a remarkably short time, considering the seriousness of the case, my back was quite cleared of the awful sores.

"On still another occasion I had need to use Zam-Buk. While cooking something on the stove, I happened to burn my finger very badly. I applied Zam-Buk, and bound up the finger. In the morning the pain had ceased and the burn healed nicely."

For skin diseases, eczema, ringworm, blood-poisoning, and all kinds of eruptions, Zam-Buk is absolutely without equal. It also cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, scratches, ulcers, piles, salt rheum, prairie itch, etc. All druggists and stores sell at 50c. a box, or post-free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price.

Worth Knowing.

To remove cake readily from tins place them on a wet towel or cloth immediately on taking them from the oven.

Chopped pecan nuts, almonds and pine nuts may be sprinkled over lettuce and covered with French dressing for a dinner salad.

It is said that in sprinkling clothes if a whisk broom is used the clothes will be dampened much more evenly than by sprinkling with the hand.

If when salt and flour bags are emptied you will put them in the clothes hamper to be washed and boiled out, you will always have a supply of jelly strainers. The salt bag is just the thing for the odd glasses of jelly made all during the season.

A BOOK FOR MOTHERS

Every mother is naturally anxious for information that will enable her to keep little ones in good health. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., have issued a little book which contains a great deal of information on the care of infants and young children that every mother ought to know. The book will be sent free to any mother who will send her name and address to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Still Held the Grudge.

Medium (at seance)—Is there a Mrs. Kersmith in the audience? Her first husband wishes to converse with her.

Mrs. Kersmith—There is, but you can tell him I don't care to have any confabulations with him. Tell him that when I went to collect his life insurance I found he'd let it lapse.

Libby's Food Products

LIBBY'S EVAPORATED MILK

Contains double the Nutriment and None of the Injurious Bacteria so often found in So-called Fresh or Raw Milk.

The use of *Libby's* Insures Pure, Rich, Wholesome, Healthful Milk that is Superior in Flavor and Economical in Cost.

Libby's Evaporated Milk is the Purest, Freshest, High-grade Milk Obtained from Selected Carefully Fed Cows. It is pasteurized and then Evaporated, (the water taken out) filled into Bright, New Tins, Sterilized and Sealed Air Tight until You Need It.

Try LIBBY'S and tell your friends how good it is.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
CHICAGO

WEIGHT OF THE BRAIN.

Diference Between Savages and Races Long Civilized.

Prof. Frederick W. Mott, lecturing before the Royal Institution of Great Britain on "The Brain," said that although in 88 per cent. of the cases in which the brains of great men have been weighed the weight was above the average, brain weight itself did always mean brain quality.

When there was lack of the functionating tissue, the lecturer explained, the structural material might receive more than its normal share of nourishment, and the extra weight be due to overgrowth of "brain scaffolding." This accounted for the very large and heavy brains sometimes found in congenital idiots. Pointing out that the brain weight of a race long civilized surpassed that of aborigines, the lecturer stated that whereas the ordinary European hospital patient had a heavier brain than a savage, the Chinese coolie laborer's brain developed by centuries of use, weighed 1½ ounces more than that of the European hospital patient.

Referring to the relative brain weights of Caucasian men and women, Prof. Mott said that the female brain had a good start, weighing nearly 1½ ounces more than the male brain at birth. In adult life, however, the average man's brain weighed about 5½ ounces more than the woman's.

The average weight of the European male brain was 2 pounds 15 ounces 9 drams to 2 pounds 16 ounces 9 drams, and of the female brain 2 pounds 10 ounces 11 drams to 2 pounds 10 ounces 14 drams. Among savages there was not this difference since in the struggle for existence the female had to apply her brain as fully as the male, hence it has developed at practically the same rate. —London Globe.

EYES ARE RELIEVED BY MURINE

When Irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Room. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,928 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not 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. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Will send you interesting eye books free.

THE OLD LADY AND THE BISHOP.

(Toronto News.)

Bishop and Mrs. Sweeny were strap-holders in a car the other day.

This disturbed an old lady who was comfortably seated. She did not feel able to give up her own place, but felt that the Bishop and his wife should not be permitted to stand, therefore nudged the man who was sitting next to her.

A nudge in a street car may be accidental or it may be given to attract attention. And after he had felt the old lady's elbow two or three times, the man awoke to the fact that he was being touched in earnest, and so he turned to the old lady.

"Don't you see who is standing," she said. "Why don't you get up and offer your seat. That is the Lord Bishop of Toronto and his wife."

The man looked at the lady for a moment.

"Don't you know who I am?" he replied. "I'm the Duke of Argyle."

He kept his seat.

NATURE'S SECOND THOUGHT.

Quaint Developments During Course of Organic Evolution.

In the course of organic evolution very many strange and quaint developments present themselves from time to time, not only in the history of a race or genus, but within the narrow compass of the life of a single individual member of such race or genus. Nature changes her plans, in fact, to meet co[illegible]ncies that occur unexpectedly. Probably few who have any acquaintance with marine fish, writes W. J. Murray in Harper's Magazine, have failed to notice something strange about the appearance of what are called flatfish, known, as the flounder family (or in zoology as Pleuronectidae), embracing the turbot, plaice, brill, sole, halibut, flounder, dab, etc. The conformation of the head and of the anterior portion of the body in the adult stage is characterized by a strained and unsymmetrical appearance. In this respect the flatfish differ from all other members of their zoological class.

The question naturally suggests itself why this particular genus should be so different from all other fish, which, as a rule, are remarkable for their symmetrical and graceful appearance. And the answer is very simple. The flatfish, instead of swimming in an upright or vertical position, like all other fish, has for some reason or another taken to the unnatural habit of swimming on its side. It may be on either side, right or left. This enables it to take up what appears to be the lazy position of lying flat on the bottom of the sea, where it can move about freely in search of food as small marine animals, mulluscs, worms, etc. The young fish swims erect in the ordinary manner for some time, but it early shows a tendency to become lopsided, and gradually falls over on one side—usually the left, but not invariably so by any means.

The eye on the under side, just so soon as the tendency is shown to fall over on that side, commences gradually to move round to the other side or uppermost side, and finally takes its place beside the other eye.

This process is strangely brought about through the twisting of a portion of the bones of the head, which gives the latter a decidedly deformed and unnatural appearance. The ventral fins become useless and degenerate. Unpaired fins are developed, the undulatory motion of which enables the fish to swim with ease, and even rapidly in the new and horizontal position assumed.

INDEED THEY ARE WONDERFUL

What Thos. McDonald says of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

He Had Lame Back, Kidney Disease and Heart Flutterings, and One Box Cured Him.

Shubenacadie, Hants Co., N. S., May 10.—(Special).—"I suffered from Lame Back, Kidney Disease and Heart Flutterings, caused by cold and a strain, for three years. I was looking over some papers and saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised and I bought one box which completely cured me. Dodd's Kidney Pills are wonderful."

That is the simple, straightforward statement of Mr. Thomas McDonald, shows how quickly Dodd's Kidneys. Heart Fluttering is another symptom. It is caused by blood, from which the sick Kidneys have failed to strain the impurities, increasing the work of the heart. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the sick Kidneys well, the lame back disappears, the blood is purified, the heart is relieved and the flutterings stop.

If the case is of long standing, it may take longer to cure it, but Dodd's Kidney Pills never fail to do it.

BEARS GENERALLY JOLLY.

But Sometimes One Comes Along With a Settled Grouch.

"Rarely are bears born ill tempered. They may show some resentment at the time of their capture when but two months old, but this feeling soon disappears, leaving a jolly rogue ever willing to box and wrestle. I once knew a cub that was a regular terror," says a writer in Collier's, "and he never reformed. He would attack anything, regardless of its size or strength.

"At the age of three months he would charge at me, snorting, sniffing and striking with his tiny paws, and when I did not protect myself he seized my trousers leg between his teeth and shook it violently.

"At first I thought that he had been abused by his former owner, and that by kind treatment he would soon outgrow his temper, but no, he just had it in him and he became more and more dangerous at time sped by.

"Finally he grew large enough to be put in with the mature bears without danger of his squeezing between the bars and escaping, and to the surprise of every one he immediately took charge of the den. Old bears twenty times his size, possibly from some sense of honor, if animals have honor, submitted to cuffs and slaps in the face and actually allowed him to snatch food from their mouths without resenting the insult."

A Woman's Sympathy

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

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

A "Maze" That Caused a Suicide.

About six years ago a travelling salesman, living in Philadelphia, developed a curiously unrestrained passion for puzzles. He neglected his business, and soon his position was taken from him. His days and nights were now passed with the subject that fascinated him, and a certain maze seemed to have driven him into insanity. He had been puzzling over it for some time, and finally it sent him mad and caused him to fire a bullet through his brain. Goodness knows what his difficulties could have been! But there can be little doubt that he had a disordered mind, and that if this little puzzle had not caused him to lose his mental balance some other more or less trivial thing would in time have done so.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIMITED.

Dear Sirs,—Your MINARD'S LINIMENT is our remedy for sore throat, colds and all ordinary ailments.

It never fails to relieve and cure promptly.

CHARLES WHOOTEN.

Port Mulgrave.

HE LIKED HIS STRAIGHT.

Intemperance," said Horace Bixby, the oldest Mississippi pilot, "is what kills most of us off. Once we fished out a passenger who had been soaking in the river for half an hour. When the whiskey was brought, the victim's lips moved slightly, and I stooped to get his last words.

"'Roll me on a bar'l fust and get some o' this water out,' he said faintly. 'It'll weaken the licker.'"—Success Magazine.

AGENTS WANTED.

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

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

RELIABLE, GOOD LOOKING YOUNG MEN to introduce and take subscriptions on our yachting, marine engines and boiler-maker magazines in the city and vicinity, on commission; easy to handle; good prospects. Write quickly, giving references and recommendations to Nil Aselin, General Agent, Box 86, St. Roch, Quebec City, Que.

AGENTS WANTED FOR A NEW WEEKLY illustrated paper, national in scope edited by experts and of the highest merit. Will be a winner. Liberal commissions. Write Courier Press, Box 158, Toronto, Ont.

Growing Maidenhair Ferns.

The secret of the cultivation of maidenhair ferns, to have perfect examples for house or conservatory decoration, with an ample supply for cutting, is contained in a nutshell:

Not to repot unless actually needed or division necessary to increase stock; abundant supplies of soft rain water and frequent feeding with stimulants during the growing season; a lower temperature than generally accorded, with shade from sun, and an immunity from an arid atmosphere or cold draughts. Plants grown as stated above are in capital condition for placing in the house.—Gardening Illustrated.

PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

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

Another Failure.

Tempted by the warm rain the angleworm wriggled out of the ground and started across the cement sidewalk.

When it was about half way over it there came a sudden change in the weather and the worm froze fast to the walk.

This thing of being a harbinger of spring is all right in poetry, but in reality it is rough on the harbinger.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

His Choice of Cheese.

Hussein Klazim Bey, the new Turkish Ambassador, discussed cooking at a dinner in Washington.

"Your cooking is better than ours," he said. "Still there are some things in it I decidedly dislike. I dislike, for instance, 'hung' game—game kept till it smells like cheese.

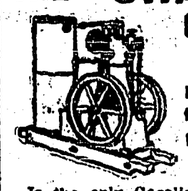
"And your cheese itself—I mean your more expensive cheese, the kind with mold in it—it isn't very——

"I cracked a joke about that cheese at a luncheon.

"'Do you prefer with the apple pie Roquefort or limburger?' said my host.

"'Let them race across the table to me, and I'll take the winner,' said I.

THE "CHAMPION" GAS and GASOLINE ENGINES



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

SOLD ON TRIAL

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

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

Hint for Rock Gardens.

My main objection to rock gardens, which nobody ever seems to get over, is that too much stone is used. If those people who design this sort of work would study how rocks crop up in hilly countries, as they often do in our own, as well as in Switzerland, they would see that the prettiest come out of the ground. If the ground is suitable, it is by no means essential that the rocks should be everywhere to grow Alpine flowers.

Many Alpine plants are as hardy as grasses of the field, and want no more accommodation, while others want the protection of rocks and stones.—From Gardening Illustrated.

OMITTED VITAL FACTS.

Assistant—I don't think this new reporter will do.

City Editor—What's the matter with him?

Assistant—Here he has written up that story of the execution down at Moyamensing and never mentioned that the condemned ate a hearty breakfast and what it consisted of.—Philadelpaia Record.

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 Piece Without a Hoop or Seam Just as Good as Eddy's Matches

Some Difficulties in the Way of Invading England

The German invasion scare in England has been mainly due to soldiers, headed by Lord Roberts. Do sailors agree with them about it? According to a writer in the Contemporary Review they do not. He signs himself "Master Mariner," and is evidently a naval officer; but he does not deny the possibility of invasion on the ground that the vigilant navy would let nothing get by it. He waives the question of interference and considers the difficulties and delays of an unopposed invader. He undertakes to show that the attempt could not possibly contain the element of surprise, which all admit to be indispensable to success. The case depends chiefly in his opinion on certain "maritime considerations" which the military alarmists, amateurs from a nautical point of view, have overlooked, says the New York Sun, by way of comment.

These calculators do not expect Germany to build a special fleet of transports for the attempt, since they argue that 200,000 tons of shipping are normally to be found in German ports, and that this tonnage, which could carry the troops required, might be commandeered for immediate use at any moment. Here "Master Mariner" puts in his first spoke:

"What does this 200,000 tons represent? It represents a heterogeneous collection averaging at least 150 vessels of different sizes and speeds from Atlantic liners to coasting tramps, in which the actual numbers and individual vessels vary, with arrivals and departures not only every day, but every tide."

How could this miscellaneous, constantly changing collection be "commandeered for immediate use at any moment" to convey Lord Roberts' force of 150,000 men? The transport of so large a force must be elaborately organized beforehand, with a precise knowledge of the number of ships to be used and of the exact accommodation afforded by each. This is imperative if the troops are to be landed in any kind of order. The various units cannot be split up anyhow, or the confusion on landing would be stupendous. The disembarkation from 150 ships, even formed up in three lines, would extend along at least sixteen miles of beach.

"Infantry divisions might be disembarked at two or three points miles apart and all ignorant of where to look for each other; the guns of an artillery brigade thrown on shore from some cargo tramp might be waiting vainly for their horses in a collier in the offing.

"It would be necessary, therefore, in order to permit of the slightest semblance of transport organization, that the vessels should be commandeered three or four days before the embarkation was completed. This step, says the writer, must be known in London in half the time. England has secret agents, of course in the German ports, and if neutral shipping were detained to prevent the news spreading, "the sudden cessation of normal trade would excite alarm, leaving us no doubt of what was to follow."

As to the first stage of the voyage, "Master Mariner" remarks:

"No seaman in the world would undertake to empty this huge and motley crowd of shipping out of the basins and pilot it down the long and tortuous estuaries of the German coast in less than two or perhaps even three high tides."

A day or more would thus be spent before it reached the open, and as it would then have to steam at the speed of its slowest unit fifty or sixty hours more would be consumed before it sighted the English coast. Meanwhile, crossing frequented trade routes and fishing grounds the mob of ships covering at at least twenty miles from van to rear could not escape observation unless in a fog. We may note here a "maritime consideration," which the military alarmists certainly do not regard in the same light as "Master Mariner." They usually postulate a fog as a sure help to the invaders; they speak of them eluding detection in it; slipping by in safety. The author of "An Englishman's Home" imagines a fog of the densest description, lasting a week. "Master Mariner" remarks briefly: "If a fog set in their stage of danger would be appalling." He is thinking of the huge unwieldly armada, with masters quite destitute of practice in combined manoeuvring; and his opinion about the "utility" of a fog to it can hardly be gainsaid.

Assuming fair weather, absence of fog, and no kind of interference, the motley array may now be supposed in sight of land. Then would come the task of sorting out and berthing the ships in their proper places for the disembarkation. "It would take many hours, and perhaps even two or three days." Then the landing, for which, "according to all previous experience of expeditions of this sort, a week would be required." Then the information on shore before an advance could be made, costing several more days. We need not follow the writer through his exposition of these details. Even though we cut his estimate of time in half he would seem to have made out a tolerable case against the possibility of anything like surprise. Since a warning of three or four days would suffice to recall the main fleet from as far off as Gibraltar (supposing there were not other means of interference) the invasion is perhaps not very likely to be attempted, unless a surprise of a different kind should happen first—a considerable naval victory for Germany.

The Child Millionaire.

Mme. Melba, at a dinner in New York, told a story of a little millionaire.

"He stopped at a New York hotel with his tutor and governess," she said, "and one night the two guardians went to the opera, leaving him alone in his apartment with his toys.

"About 9 o'clock his bell rang furiously. He didn't understand the telephone, and one of the assistant managers hurried to his suite and knocked.

"'Did you ring, sir?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said the little fellow. 'Please send some one to hear me say my prayers.'"

THE ROAD TO FORTUNE.

The Gospel of Saving Money Preached to Deaf Young Ears.

A young man who would have a competency at the end of ten years must make sacrifices for the first two or three years. Say that you, for instance, are earning $30 a week. At the present time you may be spending nearly all of this, as thousands of others are doing. Now, during the first year, you must save $1,000. "Why," you exclaim, "if I *should* save $1,000 a year that would make $10,000 at the end of ten years, without counting the interest! You're off in your figuring!"

But wait. We are supposing now that you are having your share of prosperity and that at different times within the next few years you will have doctor's bills to pay and may even be without employment at times. Those things must be taken into consideration if you would save $10,000 in ten years.

So the first year you save $1,000. This leaves you a little less than $11 a week upon which to live during that time. Perhaps you will have to move out of your present home and rent one that is cheaper. For a time it will also be necessary for you to contract fewer tailoring bills, and in all probability you will get your wife to aid you in economizing; but you must save $1,000 during that year and you will find that you can do it.

In the second year your load will become lighter, and then you will see why it was necessary for you to save $1,000 during the first year. The $1,000 you can easily place out at 5 per cent. interest and at the end of the second year it will have earned $50. So during this second year you will have to save only $950. In other words, you have $1 a week more to spend on the comforts of life during the second year than the first. In this way your load continues to get lighter and lighter. You begin your third year with $2,000 out at interest, and during this year need save only $900, which leaves you $2 a week more to spend than during the first year; and so it goes until at the end of your fifth year you are saving only $750 a year, or less than one-half of your $1,500 salary. Each year you have more to spend. At the end of your eighth year you are saving just $12.50 a week, while you have $17.50 to spend.

At the end of your tenth year you have $10,000, which is earning you $500 a year and which may even bring you $600 or $700 a year if you invest it well. If you were only thirty years of age when you began saving you are still too young to retire on $50 a month; but now you can spend all that you earn, and at the end of another ten years, if you do not gather the "honey" which your $10,000 is making for you, you will be worth a little over $17,000, which at 6 per cent. will bring you an income of $85 a month for the rest of your life.

A modification of the above scheme can be made to work to the profit of any wage earner, no matter what his weekly earnings may be, granting of course that they are sufficient to live upon comfortably. For instance, if a man who earns $15 a week could save $7 a week for fourteen years he would have acquired a little fortune of $5,096. This task of saving $7 a week out of $15 a week for 728 weeks seems stupendous at first, but when you figure it out carefully you will see that it is not so difficult after all. In the first place you would have to save $7 a week only for the first year, just as the man who was working for $10,000 had to save $1,000 for the first year only. At the end of the first year you would have $364. By the end of the second year this would have earned you $18.20 at 5 per cent., so that this year you would need to save only $345.80 instead of $364, or $6.65 a week. During the third year you would have $728 working for you, which at 5 per cent. would earn $34.00, leaving you $6.30 to save each week that year. Figuring in this way, in the beginning of your sixth year you would have to lay aside only $5.80 weekly; at the beginning of your ninth, $4.20, and at the beginning of your twelfth, only $3.15. Yet at the end of your fourteenth year you would have saved over $5,000, which, properly employed, would mean a great deal to you in the years to come.—The Bookkeeper.

San Francisco's New Chinatown.

Among the various features of the old Chinatown not yet provided for in the new is the theatre. In the old Chinatown there were two large theatres. As yet, they have not been replaced, but a site is prepared at the corner of Clay and Stockton streets, and plans have been drawn for a building which is to cost $75,000 and will be far superior to either of the old ones.

The theatres in San Francisco's Chinatown were famous, and in the audiences there were always a large number of whites. The plays are historical, usually taking up a dynasty and accompanying it to its end, even if it occupies ten years or ten centuries. The plays are filled with magnificent pageants and the actors garbed in gorgeous costumes.

The new Chinatown contains no Joss House. In the old Chinatown there were half a dozen of these gorgeous temples, and the absence of these places of devotion excites comment from all visitors. But the Chinaman is practical before everything. When you interrogate the dwellers in Chinatown about the absence of the Joss House, they reply that they are not any less religious than they were, but they think that shops, dwellings and schools ought to be built before temples.

To show the up-to-dateness of Chinatown, the San Francisco Telephone Company has a Chinese "Central." In the telephone book there are over five hundred numbers belonging to Chinese subscribers. In this book the names and numbers appear both in Chinese and in ordinary characters. Thus these members of one of the oldest and most conservative of nations are more progressive in this regard than many merchants in European cities.—Jerome A. Hart in the May Bohemian.

WISHES PATTEN EVERY DISASTER.

(Westminster Review.)

We heartily wish Mr. Patten every kind of disaster in his conscienceless attempt to squeeze vast wealth out of the necessities of the poor, and as we read the account of his proceedings it occurs to us that modern states may some day, like ancient ones, have to find means of protecting the defenceless millions against forestallers and regraters.

You may count on chicken-hearted people to hatch up some excuse.

FIVE SHORT STORIES

Intimate friends of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, are laughing up their sleeves at the latest experience of the Senator in his efforts to prevent business cares from intruding upon the quiet and rest of his home life.

The story, as told in Washington, says The Boston Globe, is that Senator Lodge, who had given strict instructions that his telephone number be kept a "dark secret," recently ordered the number changed because some wary person had found it out and called up the Senator while he was at dinner. Several days later Senator Lodge was dining out and wished his carriage to call earlier than usual.

"Hello, central give me information, please, quick!" the Senator called into the transmitter, with impatience. "Hello! Information. I want Senator Lodge's house. I forgot what the number has been changed to."

"Sorry," answered the telephone operator, "but I have strict instructions from Senator Lodge not to tell"——

"But this is Senator Lodge speaking," answered the Senator from Massachusetts, annoyed by the delay. "I'm Senator Lodge himself, and I want to telephone for my carriage."

"'But I have strict instructions'—

"I know that; but can't you see I'm Senator Lodge himself? You don't mean to tell me that I can't telephone to my own house?"

"You'll have to have Senator Lodge's permission sent to the company," continued the operator. Whereupon Senator Lodge is reported to have lost all patience and thrown down the receiver.

THOUGHT HE EARNED IT.

Mrs. Croxton was opposed, on principle, to giving money or food to professional beggars, but there was something so forlorn in the aspect of the dilapidated vagabond at her kitchen door that she hesitated to turn him away, says The Youth's Companion.

"Haven't you any occupation?" she asked.

"Nothing that you'd call an occupation, ma'am," he answered.

"Didn't you ever try to learn a trade of any kind?"

"Nothing that you'd call a trade."

"And you have never tried to earn your own living?"

"Lady," said the tramp, straightening himself up with something resembling dignity, "I earn my living every day. At least, I'm earning the right to live."

"How?"

"Dodging automobiles."

Mrs. Croxton decided that he had earned a plateful of chicken hash.

CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

"Pseudo-science!" said Nikola Tesla at a dinner of electricians, apropos of an electrical cure for old age.

"To a layman," Mr. Tesla resumed, "such a cure sounds reasonable. But to a scientist it is as ridiculous as the telephone cure for corpulence.

"You have heard of that? No?

"Well, Herbert Heavey, weighing 285 pounds, decided to reduce electrically. He wrapped a coil of copper wire round his waist, connected it with the telephone apparatus, and, sure enough, began at once to grow lighter at the rate of several pounds a minute.

"'This is a grand scheme,' chuckled Heavey, pulling out the waist band of his trousers, which was already a foot too big for his waist.

"Then, suddenly, the telephone bell rang.

"'Is that Herbert Heavy?' a gruff voice asked.

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"'Well, this is the exchange,' snapped the voice. 'Will you please stop frying scrapple with the telephone wires? Our office is all full of nasty fat.'"

DISTRUSTED.

The sages of the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in.

"What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "What would you call Si Perkins, a liar?"

"Wall," answered Uncle Bill, slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go as far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much: When feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs, he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."

THE LITTLE DEAR!

Blinks, after inviting to dinner his friend Jinks, who had just returned from abroad, was telling him what a fine memory his little son Bobby had.

"And do you suppose he will remember me?" said Jinks. "Remember you? Why, he remembers every face that he ever saw."

An hour later they entered the house, and, after Jinks had shaken hands with Mrs. Blinks, he called Bobby over to him.

"And do you remember me, my little man?"

"Course I do. You're the same feller that pa brought last summer, and ma was so wild about it that she didn't speak to pa for a whole week."

Feeding a Child's Mind.

Frank S., a boy who had spent two years in each grade and who, because of his hopelessness, age and size, was given an opportunity to get what he could out of each succeeding grade, is now, at the age of 16, in the fifth grade, while in December last he was unable to read in a first reader. Naturally, in his inability to do the work with his class, he had contracted habits of idleness. He did not recognize words like "was," "him," "her," "he," "she," etc. I led him back to the essentials of phonics and reading and spelling. He has now read a first and two second readers, and enjoys reading. Frank had been a failure in spelling. He improved greatly, and at last it was a rare occurrence when he missed a word. A remarkable thing about him was his confounding words. He would recognize the meaning without being able to pronounce the word, and would find a substitute in a synonym. He would read "listen a while" for "listen any time," "big" for "large," "small" for "little," "short" for "little," "home" for "house," "under" for "down," "catch" for "get," "tall" for "high," "untie" for "fasten," "wide" for "broad," "talk" for "speak," "save" for "keep," "arm" for "hand," "punish" for "scold," "trembling" for "shivering," "hearing" for "listening," etc. The boy spells correctly words that he has prepared. He does not read well at sight, although very much better than he did. He does not possess a natural power to spell. Known analogous words are not of much assistance to him. He learns every word as something entirely new and by spelling it. He does not conceive the relation between the letter and its corresponding sound. Frank has made remarkable progress this year.—Psychological Clinic.

JAPAN'S DAY OF THE DOLLS.

When Honorable Little People Sit in State.

On just one day in all the year the little daughter of the Japanese house counts for more than the nursemaid for her younger brother, and that is the day of O Hina Sama, the Honorable Little People. It falls on the third day of the third month, and for all the full daylight hours of that day little Jamesan or Takenoko reigns queen over the household.

When the doll festival had its inception not even the Japanese themselves know. Perhaps the kindly Buddhism of the elder day provided this holiday for the little girls as it established the boys' day, when every housetop flutters with wind blown paper fish, one for each boy below the rooftree. Whatever may have been its first significance, the day of O Hina Sama is now a day when marvellous dolls are on parade.

About the middle of February the doll fair in anticipation of girls' day opens in every city and village throughout the island. The craft of doll makers is of small numbers, for on March 3 only are their wares designed to please.

Because of the limited scope of their sales the doll makers turn to the most intensive exploitation of the necessities of O Hina Sama. In their stalls they exhibit dolls' furniture, complete wardrobes for the honorable litttle people, sets of china and lacquered dishes, even tiny tansu, or bridal chests, for the accommodation of the doll brides' trousseaus.

In the doll bazar that flourishes for a brief two weeks there are prices for all classes. The Emperor and Empress in effigy may be had for the equivalent of $1.25 up to $5; a set of court maids of honor is valued at the same price, while a complete royal family with court attendants, palace and orange trees will run as high as $200.

All of these beautiful toys come to the girls in white wood boxes, ready to be set in the high seat of honor that every house, even the humblest, provides in its living room. Before the great day arrives little Miss Plumblossom prepares with her own hands, if she is able, a fitting feast for the honorable Hina Sama.

Of rice cakes, baked with bean meal, she makes a plenty; mochi, a kind of sweetmeat, in high favor with the little ones, is set in reserve, and a variety of thick, syrupy wine only drunk by the little girls and their guests on this holiday is provided by indulgent fathers.

On the morning of the doll festival the little daughter of the house is up early to set out in due order of their rank the dolls, and to provide for their comfort so far as her father's purse has stood the strain of the last week's bazaar.

First she sets high above the hears of the less exalted the imperial pair, arrayed in gorgeous brocades after the manner of the ancient Emperor and Empresses of the Shogunate. The Emperor caries his two swords, and his imperial spouse, her eyebrows shaved off and replaced by inked lines, holds in her delicate fingers a fan.

Below these revered individuals are arranged three maids of honor, with vases of flowers and a miniature wine bottle between them. Their sole duty is to fill the cups of their Majesties with honorable sake as occasion demands.

Still below the maids of honor on the dais stand Sadaisin, the Minister of the Left, and Udaisin, the Minister of the Right, with bow and spear to defend the persons of the heaven-born. Whatever else may be the personnel of this court or honor depends upon whether Miss Plumblossom is the daughter of a banker or a wood chopper; but even the wood chopper's daughter must have at least the Emperor and Empress to hold court for the honorable little people.

By the side of the dais and convenient to the hands of the dolls are the dishes bearing the food specially prepared and all the furniture that fathers can afford to buy. On food trays are tiny soup and rice bowls of wood or lacquer, tea steepers and bowls and eating sticks.

Thus are the honorable little people brought back from the land of dreams for one long day, entertained and reverenced. Thus for one full day of ecstasy the little daughters of Japan forget that they bear on their backs for 364 other days the fighters of Japan's new generation.

Troubles of His Own.

(Canadian Courier.)

He was a Hamilton young man, who discoursed sadly on the mysteries of the Eternal Feminine.

"I can't understand them at all," he groaned. "You can't please girls—it's no use trying. Now, I was calling on Kathleen Ferguson the other night, and I thought that, as she's a pretty girl, it would be safe to praise the fluffy-ruffles style of woman and make out that I couldn't stand the girl who takes a university degree and goes in for brains. But Kathleen didn't seem to like it at all, and I heard afterwards that she complained that I treated her as if she were a fool. Then there's Margaret Blake, who has a big nose and wears spectacles. I supposed that she was given to books and serious problems. So I told her the looks didn't count with me, that I believe that every woman ought to vote and that intellectual companionship is the finest thing in the world. But Margaret gave me a frosty stare and told my cousin Helen that I needn't let her know how utterly homely I thought her. Now, if any kind friend will tell me what to say to girls——"

"You'll never learn, George," was the comforting reply. "It's a gift."

When a man comes home late with the excuse that business has detained him he is lucky if he can pronounce business without arousing suspicion.

Even clear profit may be under a cloud.

Getting on in Life.

(Hand-made Letters from a City-made Son to His Home-made Father.)

Yours with inclosure came promptly, and I put said inclosure right into a new suit. I also put a few extra dollars that I didn't have into a hat and topcoat. A topcoat here, Dad, is an overcoat up home. You don't know how much better I look now, but I know, and you can take my word for it. Clothes are a great thing in a town like this; they carry. A chap here feels just the way he's dressed. I don't want to put on lugs, Dad, but a good outfit is all right; it's half the battle.

I hope that touch of rheumatism won't get a strangle hold on you. I should hate to have to pull up here now and take hold of the chores and things. My hand is out. Of course, I would come if necessary, but you see, Dad, help is so scarce here they would be put to it to fill my place. You know you always told me to make myself valuable to my employers. I have always tried to impress them with that idea. They couldn't get along without me any more than I could get along without them. They never told me that, but that is the way I figure it out, and you always told me figures wouldn't prevaricate.

Am glad to report that the beaches will open pretty soon. It's an old story to hug the town day and night all week. There's always something doing around the beaches, and something to see when the bathing season opens. It's wonderful, the number of people who go down to the sea in bathing suits. It's more wonderful how some of them dare to. But the call of the sea is a loud one. Sometimes I envy you, Dad, up there with all the good air and outdoors; plenty of room and nothing to do but work and enjoy yourself. It's the confinement and social ties here that kill, to say nothing of the neckties and the ones in leather. The latter, Dad, is a "Jeu de esprit"; I'll explain when I come up.

The baseball season is on, and probably I shall have to come up to bury you a couple of dozen times this summer if I get to see any games. It will be hard on you, of course, but then, you won't mind as long as I recompense the fiddler, will you, Dad? It looks like a big season.—Boston Herald.

India Tea Labor.

The demand for labor is very much greater than the supply, and until this state of affairs is remedied some other means must be found of keeping the tea industry in the sound financial position that now obtains.

It is notorious that owing to the scarcity of labor the work on tea gardens is scamped to a very great extent, and the land upon which the tea is planted is not worked to give a fifth of what it is really capable of giving under a very high state of cultivation. The garden that produces ten maunds of tea an acre is considered to be doing wonders, but when we take into consideration the perfunctory manner in which the cultivation is carried out we might well ask ourselves what such a garden might give were the land properly worked, the bush properly treated and the leaf taken off always when it was ready.—From the Calcutta Statesman.

LOVE'S CHANGE OF COSTUME.

He—In olden times women disappointed in love used to don nuns' garbs.

She—Yes, but the styles have changed. Nowadays they go into breach of promise suit.—From the May Bohemian.

STOP DARNING

No more need of wife or mother spending hours of eye-straining, nerve-exhausting labor, darning for the family. She can end it all with

NEVERDARN
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

As the washing machine banished the wash board, and the sewing machine lightened the labors of the seamstress, so NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery will do away with the drudgery of the darning needle and the mending yarn.

You see NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery is not the kind of hosiery you have been used to wearing. It is better made—of better yarn and is

Guaranteed Holeproof for 6 Months

We are the only makers in Canada who make hosiery good enough to guarantee for six months.

We use specially prepared maco and long fibre Egyptian lisle yarn. Our six strand yarn is interwoven by special machinery. This hosiery is made to wear—extraordinarily durable, but not heavy—and the *heels and toes are doubly reinforced*, made to resist wear where the wear comes. Then they are so soft and easy on the feet.

Holeproof Hosiery is dyed by an *entirely new process*.

Dyeing hosiery in the ordinary way weakens the fabric, making it harsh and stiff, and, in a great many cases, positively unclean as the dye rubs off discoloring the feet.

But our new process makes the Holeproof fabric as clean, soft and strong as undyed hosiery. The colors of Holeproof are absolutely fast.

Holeproof Hosiery is the most cleanly and sanitary hosiery in existence and costs you no more than the ordinary kind. You buy them *6 pairs $2.00*, with the following guarantee in each box.

If any of all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

No red tape—simply detach coupon from "guarantee" enclosed in every box, and forward with damaged hosiery direct to us.

State size, and *whether black or tan*. Only one size in each box of six pairs. Send in your order to-day, if your dealer cannot supply you send us money order or bills for $2.00, and start enjoying Holeproof comforts right away. Do it now.

We also make boy's and Girls stockings in same quality.
Box containing 3 pair, $1.00.
Guaranteed for three months.

"It's the name behind the guarantee that makes it good."

THE CHIPMAN HOLTON NEVERDARN Holeproof HOSIERY GUARANTEED 6 MONTHS

Chipman Holton Knitting Co., Limited
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In attendance at Creston Office On Saturdays.

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

With a Local Flavor

P. R. Godfrey has secured a wholesale liquor license for his premises in the Mercantile block, and his stock has all arrived.

Tom Cole had the misfortune to fall off the roof of a cottage he is building on Hamilton's ranch, last Saturday, severely bruising himself and breaking a rib.

J. H. James, the Creston photographer has lately secured some excellent pictures of the town and surrounding scenery, which have found a ready sale. A particularly good one is a view of Goat Canyon. James is making good in Creston.

Messrs. W. P. Stark and Robt. Stark, of Basingstoke, England, have just concluded a tour of British Columbia in search of a location for future homes. They are experts in fruit culture and were seeking land with certain qualities that apparently are to be found in no other district outside Creston. They arrived here on Saturday last and for several days were piloted to all points of the valley. On Wednesday last Mr. J. J. Atherton sold Frank Baast's ranch to Mr. W. P. Stark. In all there are 41 acres, ten of which is under cultivation, the remainder being slashed. There is a handsome residence on the land. Messrs. Stark left for England on Thursday's eastbound train, and it is possible they will return in the fall. The people of Creston must congratulate themselves upon securing such very desirable settlers. Both gentlemen are family men, public spirited and progressive. It is this class of people that any community of B.C. will be proud of.

Chas. Swanson, who has just completed clearing forty acres, returned to Dryden, Ont., on Monday.

Jas. E. King left for Moyie on Monday, where he will spend a part of his summer vacation.

Ayden Godfrey arrived from Victoria on Thursday. Mr. Godfrey, who is a brother of P. R. Godfrey, manager of the Creston Wholesale Wine and Spirit Co., is a noted "Handcuff King," and has appeared in many of the large cities in B.C., his specialty being to release himself from any make of handcuffs, leg irons, straight jackets, and ropes. He is also a past master of sleight-of-hand tricks. He will be located here during the next few months and will build a house on the land recently purchased by his father, Mr. P. W. Godfrey, from Geo. Munro.

Mrs. R. M. Reid left on Thursday for Cranbrook, where her little her little daughter is to undergo an operation to her eyes.

Mrs. P. W. Godfrey arrived from Victoria on Thursday.

T. Birt left on Wednesday for Winnipeg to meet his wife and son, who are coming out from the old country. They are expected to arrive here about the end of next week.

Jack Philips, who recently left Creston to work for the Melson Dairy Co., spent a day in town this week, breaking his journey here whilst on a trip to his home in London, Eng.

S. W. Lawson, who recently moved to Hillcrest, returned this week, and is in charge of the P. Burns' meat market during the absence of T. Birt.

Frank Putnam and J. Cook have been appointed fire wardens.

All interest in mining centered this week in the resumption of work on the Le Roi, and the purchase of the lease of the Blue Bird. The necessary funds have been raised for further development. A meeting of the board of directors is being held in London, and advice from the managing director states that work will probably be resumed this month.

The Blue Bird company is capitalized for $6000,000, and Mr. Carter is president and managing director, with E. Bousquet, of Spokane, as secretary-treasurer.—Rossland Miner.

Strawberry and Ice Cream Social by the Ladies Aid of the Methodist Church in the Opera House Monday night.

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 Speciality
A. MIRABELLI
THE SHOEMAKER
CRESTON - - - B.C.

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

Take Notice that William Burton, of Cranbrook, B.C. railway conductor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at a post planted at the northwest corner of J. C. Stephen's land in Lot No. 8080, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement, and containing 40 acres more or less.
Dated this 26th day of April, 1909.
WILLIAM BURTON.

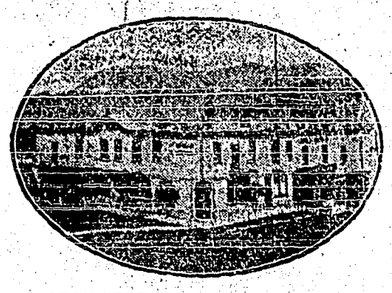
LAND ACT.—NELSON LAND DISTRICT.
DISTRICT OF KOOTENAY

Take notice that Walter B. Muir, of Sirdar, miner, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted in the centre of section 4, thence north to right of way of B. C. Southern Ry., thence south-easterly along said right of way to the north line of Sublot 143, and thence west to point of commencement. WALTER B. MUIR.
May 20, 1909 Jo 19—60

MINING STOCKS
(Beale & Elwell, Brokers, Cranbrook)
June 21st, 1909

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

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



THE MUNRO HOTEL
CRESTON -:- B.C.

JOB PRINTING
At The
REVIEW OFFICE

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

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

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

Say, Johnnie, can you tell me where I can hire a Good Saddle Pony?
Sure! Try the
CRESTON LIVERY
It's the BEST IN 9 OWN
There's a Good Dray and Transfer in connection. Also Green and Dry Wood,
Cameron Bros.
PROPRIETORS.

Drink the Famous Products Of the
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Special: Ask for "PERFECTION" Bottled Beer
SUPERIOR TO ALL IMPORTED BEERS
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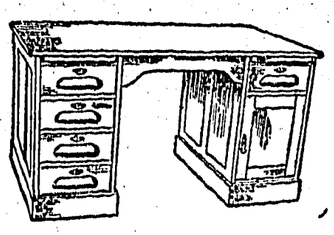
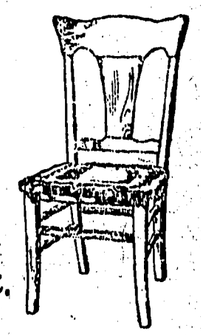
Easy Terms of Repayment . . .
APPLY FOR PARTICULARS
Pay No More Rent
Own Your Own House
The Canadian Birkbeck Investment and Saving Co.
G. A. M. YOUNG, Local Secretary.
W. F. GURD, Solicitor.

Furniture



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



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Fink Mercantile Co. Ltd.

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

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