All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

NO. 10. 2ND YEAR. CRESTON, B.C., FRIDAY, OCT. 22, 1909 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

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FAMOUS FOR

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

Rancher Has Close Call

A narrow escape from an awful death was the thrilling experience of T. M. Edmondson, the local rancher and onion king of the district. It seems that on Tuesday afternoon, as Mr. Edmondson was driving down a slight incline on the Kootenay Flats, within a mile of Creston, on a load of hay, the load suddenly slipped off and in a most unaccountable manner pinned Mr. Edmondson beneath the enormous weight, his legs being held fast by the load he was unable to extricate himself and was slowly smothering to death. In vain did he call out for help, but no one came until after he had been there some time, a couple of Indian women happened to come along the road and they, following Mr. Edmondson's directions, at once commenced to pitch the hay off. One of the women, Mrs. Philips, rendered yeoman service especially, and deserves great credit for her heroic deed. The team, although by no means tame, seemed to realize that something was wrong and did not attempt to move, as any movement on the part of the horses would have been fatal to the unfortunate man.

When Mr. Edmondson was finally released from his terrible plight he was unable to stand and had to drive home in a lying position. Mr. Edmondson states that if help had not arrived just when it did he most certainly would have smothered to death within a few hours at most, and he owes his life today to the heroic work done on this occasion by the two Indian women.

The ladies of the Methodist Church will be fully prepared to serve all comers an excellent dinner at the rifle range on Thanksgiving Day, consisting of chicken, hot potatoes, vegetables, Boston baked beans, salads, pies, etc., coffee and tea hot on the knob All for the small sum of 50 cents a head.

J. M. Barton came in from Cranbrook last Saturday.

Expert Fruit Packer Coming

We are informed that arrangements have been made for an expert fruit packer to visit Creston in the course of a week or ten days, and that he will give lessons in that most important branch of the fruit industry—packing, at J. Compton's packing house. It is hoped that all the ranchers and others interested in Creston's premier industry will take advantage of this opportunity. Further particulars will be announced in a later issue.

(From the Cranbrook Herald)

Fred. Little, mayor of Creston, fire warden for that district, and all round booster for the Orange Belt, was in town two days this week and it is said that he was here to confer with Chief of Police Dow and Constable Morris in regard to to the wild man that has been roaming around the district of Creston. Mr. Little has been a resident of the western country for many years, and is known to be an expert hunter of wild men, as he has chased them on the slopes of the mountains of Mexico, through the valleys of Colorado, over the arid deserts of Arizona, and over the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies in British Columbia. Brock Moran and Billy Taylor thought they were hunters of wild men, but Mayor Little told them to go away back and sit down. Conductor Jackson, who owns a valuable ranch at Creston, is very much interested in the capture of the wild man, and has offered a reward of $500.00 and it is presumed that Mayor Little came to Cranbrook to see if the offer was good. Mayor Little returned today and will resume the search, feeling confident that he will be successful.

A correspondent in the Old Country, writing to resident of Creston, writes: "I see by the 'Times' that there has been bad timber fires at Creston and the inhabitants had escaped to a place of safety."

Wells Attempts Suicide

A despatch from Lethbridge, dated the 20th inst., says: "Geo. Wells, convicted of abducting a 15-year old girl, attempted suicide in his cell. Chief Gillespie cut him down just in time."

This is the man who was arrested near Kitchener last week by special constable T. McCreath, on a charge of abducting Miss Lucy Jones, the 15-year old daughter of Samuel Jones, of Lethbridge. It now seems that the man Wells has been convicted on the charge laid.

"Boy Kubelik" to Appear In Creston on Monday

Under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Church we are to have an opportunity of hearing one of America's leading young violinists, in the person of Master Wilfrid Laurier Small, who will give a violin recital in Bast's Hall, on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, October 25th. From the flattering press notices by the highest Eastern musical critics, this performance should be a treat to all true lovers of music. This opportunity to hear so talented an artist should not be missed. Such a chance is not likely to recur in the near future.

WILFRID L. SMALL
(The Canadian Boy Kubelik).

The Gourlay piano will be used at the violin recital on Monday evening. Artistes appreciate the Gourlay.

Watch Creston grow. Mrs. Trombeley, mother of S. H. Trombeley, arrived from Manistique, Mich., the forepart of this week, and will hereafter make her home in Creston. Mrs. Trombeley was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Egan, also from Manistique. Mr. and Mrs. Egan could not resist the attractiveness of the Creston district, and they also will hereafter be numbered amongst its prosperous residents.

Notice is hereby given that any parties wanting their advertisements changing must bring them to the Review office not later than Tuesday evening in order for the change to appear in that week's issue. Any change of ad. handed in after that that date will not appear until the following week. It is imperative to make this announcement and there will be no exceptions.

Presentation to Rev. Read

LOCAL LODGES HOLD CONCERT IN HONOR OF PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER

The concert given on Tuesday evening by the local orders of the Knights of Pythias, Orangemen, and Canadian Order of Chosen Friends, in honor of the Rev. N. E. Read, who is leaving Creston, was an unqualified success.

Shortly after 8 o'clock the Rev. Philip C. Hayman took the chair, and after a few introductory remarks, the following program was presented: Pianoforte Solo, "Medley," Mrs. F. J. Rose; Song, "Let me like a soldier fall, Mr. E. Gibbs; (encored) "When other lips"; Song, "I want to be a Sunbeam," Miss E. Dow. The Rev. F. J. Rutherford was then called upon to speak on behalf of the Orange Lodge. Mr. Rutherford spoke at length and dwelt upon the severe loss that the Orange Lodge at Creston, as well as the town itself was experiencing by the departure of Mr. Read from their midst. Mr. Rutherford interspersed several anecdotes that fairly brought down the house. The next on the program was a song by Willie Long, "What can I do for you,, (encored); Parody on "The shade of the old apple tree." The next was a recitation, by special request, "The tragedy of the suicide," by Mr. H. Godfrey (encored), "Seven ages of man."

Mr. R. M. Reid was then called upon to speak on behalf of the Knights of Pythias, and in a short but appropriate address expressed the regrets of the Order he represented at Mr. Read's departure. The chairman then spoke at length on the good qualities of the Rev. Mr. Read as a citizen and as a clergyman, and presented him with a purse of gold. This purse was a parting gift bestowed by the citizens of Creston generally, irrespective of the churches or any fraternal order. In closing his remarks, the chairman called upon the Rev. N. E. Read, who in appropriate terms thanked the citizens of Creston for the handsome and useful present. The Rev. gentleman stated that words would really fail to express his feelings on the present occasion, and after making some good anecdotes the guest of the evening took his seat amid prolonged applause.

Mr. J. C. Carver, on behalf of the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends, spoke at some length and expressed the regrets of the Order he represented on the fact that the Rev. Mr. Read was about to leave Creston. He said that the town of Creston would miss Mr. Read, both as a citizen and in his public capacity. Mr. Carver created prolonged applause by several anecdotes that he related in an adept manner. The next on the program was a pianoforte solo, "The Brook," with variations, by Miss Jeannie Johnson. This was followed by a song by the Rev. N. E. Read, after which refreshments were served and the crowd of Crestonians made good with the great variety of delicious eatables, provided on this occasion. After the refreshments had been served the hall was cleared and those present who were lovers of dancing tripped the light fantastic until the wee small hours of Wednesday morning.

There were over one hundred and fifty people present on this occasion, and it is stated that that this number would have been doubled had it not been for the fact that it was a wet evening and many of the ranchers living at a distance were prevented from being present.

The success of this entertainment is a practical proof of the very high esteem that the Rev. Mr. Read is held by the residents of Creston, and one and all wish him God speed and success and prosperity in his new field.

A Victoria despatch announces that the Provincial elections will now be held this fall, the nomination day being the 11th of November and polling day on November 25th.

The Grand Forks Gazette says: "Alex McLaren, of the Harper ranch, Kamloops, was a visitor to Grand Forks last week, being on an inspection tour looking up trees to purchase for that large concern. The Harper ranch has 4,000 acres in cultivation and is owned by the Canadian Cattle Co. Mr. McLaren has had many years experience in fruit growing in Oregon, and his judgment on such matters gives his opinion the weight of authority.

After visiting all the chief nurseries of the province, Mr. McLaren purchased 10,000 trees from the Riverside Nurseries in Grand Forks and declared to the Gazette that they were unsurpassed by any stock obtainable elsewhere Hours of work with the glass failed to reveal any fungus, disease or pest whatever.

Mr. McLaren said few here realize what an important industry the district owns in the nursery and thought if it were visited more frequently citizens might begin to know what they had in this local institution."

The Riverside Nurseries are represented at Creston by Walter V. Jackson.

James H. Schofield, M.P.P., accompanied by R. Long, returned on Tuesday morning from a ten days' trip up the Goat river. Their trip was an unusually pleasant one as the weather was perfect. They went up the Goat river to its source, a distance of about thirty miles. The object of their trip was to locate a herd of cariboo that was reported to be roaming in that region. When they had taken observations they found that only cariboo tracks were left to tell the tale. The cariboo had been there, but it must have been a couple of weeks ago, as a party of C. P. R. timber cruisers had frightened all the big game off, and Messrs. Schofield and Long had to make themselves content with grouse and ducks.

It is stated that an employee of Mr. E. Mallandaine actually took a snap shot of a bunch of eighteen fine cariboo as they were feeding at the head of Goat river, a couple of weeks ago.

Mr. Schofield left for Trail on Tuesday afternoon.

ABDUCTION CASE

ACCUSED STATED TO HAVE A STRONG DEFENCE IN ANSWER TO CHARGE.

On Saturday last, George Welsh, alias George Wells, alias Thomas McMullen, charged with abducting young Lucy Jones, of Lethbridge, Alta., was brought before E. Mallandaine, J.P., and received the necessary remand to enable him to be taken back to Lethbridge, and on Saturday afternoon Corporal Wade, of the Northwestern Mounted Police, of Lethbridge, arrived for the prisoner.

Further particulars of the affair appear to be as follows: It is alleged that the accused in this case represented himself in Lethbridge to be a representative of the McPhee Vaudeville Co., of Minneapolis, and as young Miss Jones was anxious to go on the stage, it is reported that the accused induced the father of the girl to allow her to accompany him on his trip. It is stated that Welsh claims he received the full consent of Samuel Jones, the father of the girl. It is also alleged that in addition to the charge of abducting the girl, a charge of stealing a suit of clothes has been preferred against Welsh, and to this it is reported that Welsh says he borrowed the clothes on the understanding that they were to be returned by the 15th of this month.

Samuel Jones, the father of the girl, is a foreman in No. 6 mine at Lethbridge.

The girl, Lucy Jones, was also taken back to Lethbridge on Sunday's train, with the man Welsh. George Welsh, the accused, it is alleged, has stated that the father of the girl actually went down to the station at Lethbridge to see his daughter off with him on the train. He, Welsh, it is reported, says he has a good defence to both charges. The girl, from Lethbridge reports, is just fifteen years and six months. It is not stated what Welsh has to say about the alleged representation made by himself in Lethbridge that he was a representative of the Minneapolis Vaudeville Co. It is reported that young Miss Jones, has all along had a great hankering for a stage life and that as soon as she learned of the accused representing a vaudeville company, she was eager to accompany him on the stage.

It is reported that the city police of Lethbridge had this case in hand, but made arrangements with the mounted police to come to Creston for the prisoner.

As previously announced, the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends will give a Grand Ball on the evening of Thanksgiving Day in the Mercantile Hall. Residents from all the towns between here and Fernie to the east, as well as Kootenay Landing and intermediate points will be at this ball and it has been authoritively stated that all of Port Hill will be tripping the light fantastic in Creston on Thanksgiving evening.

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CURING A SUNBURN.

Oil, to Which Most People Resort, Not the Thing to Use, Says a Doctor.

Most people seem to believe that oil will give relief in cases of sunburn which are severe enough to need treatment.

"It is certainly high time," a doctor said the other day, "that persons suffering from sunburn should know that it is not going to do them any good to cover themselves with oil of any kind. What is needed is a cooling astringent.

"An application of oil in any form will only serve to make the sunburn worse, yet in nine cases out of ten it will be oil in some form that a sufferer will apply. Where greasy applications will cause the irritation of sunburn to continue, a cooling astringent applied on a compress will soothe almost immediately."

The sun has this year been blamed for other evils than sunburns. There has been an impression that the actinic days have been more powerful than usual and that they have caused much eye trouble, the sufferers being principally persons who wear glasses.

"There has been no increase in the sale of our colored glasses," said an optician in town, asked about the matter, "in spite of the talk about the actinic rays this summer. There has not been a summer in recent years without some story about the actinic days and their bad consequences.

"At one time people were wearing yellow glasses to counteract their effect; one oculist gave his patients amethyst glasses, and at another time the only kind of glasses that did any good were said to be violet glasses. But the people who kept on wearing their ordinary

Care of the Refrigerator.

Nothing is so dangerous to the health of the household as a refrigerator that is not perfectly clean.

It means possible typhoid fever, for one thing, and other diseases less dangerous, but troublesome.

In the first place the waste pipe should not be connected with the drain. It is more trouble to empty a pan once or twice a day, but to have the food supply connected with the house drain is certainly undesirable.

The refrigerator should be washed out at least once a week, and twice in hot weather, with strong ammonia water. The shelves should be taken out quickly and washed, too. Rinse in clean, warm water, and wipe dry. This is important, as one of the properties of the perfect refrigerator is dryness, which helps to preserve the food.

Every morning take out the food left from the day before and examine it. If it is the least bit tainted it should be thrown away at once.

Charcoal or a lump of dry lime should be kept in the food box. They absorbe impurities and act as a disinfectant.

Milk and butter should always be kept in a covered crock, or otherwise protected. They are extremely perishable, and easily absorb the odor of other foods.

Of course, all foods with a strong odor should be covered also, and such things as pineapple.

Food should always be put away in china or glass. Tin, and eben silver, affect foods when they are kept together for a number of hours.

Finally, never put food away hot. It is likely to spoil, and it causes moisture in the refrigerator.

LATEST PSYCHE COIFFURE.

Yes, you do see bangs in these pictures. Yes, bangs are in to stay. Many of us have been trying to avoid it ,hoping that the fad would soon die out—but we're in for it!

These pictures give two views of the newest way to do up a psyche knot. The hair is parted and curled a little in front, and has many large and small puffs in the centre of the back, surrounded by a loose flat braid. It is really one of the prettiest of the many styles of psyche knot, and one that will be universally becoming to old and young.

Household Hints.

(Harper's Weekly.)

Do not throw away old umbrellas. By removing the cloth cover and cutting it up in strips you can make a number of dainty neckties for your husband. The ribs properly twisted and woven together, make a very good rat trap, and the stick, when carefully polished, will do for a cane to present to the clergyman at Christmas.

To keep freckles from showing get a small paint pot, quart size, and fill with a pink paint carefully matching the tone of your complexion, and with a camel's hair brush paint each freckle out.

Young wives cannot be too often reminded that they should always greet their husbands with a smile. It is safe to say that there is nothing in the world that will more deeply irirtate him than this, and it should therefore not be forgotten.

Domestic science has been experimenting almost since the flood on methods to make washing easy, with but indifferent success until last week, when the editor of the Household Hint Department received a postal card from a young housekeeper at Togus, Connecticut, solving the problem satisfactorily. "To make washing easy," she writes, "get somebody else to do it."

If your lamp wicks give out, a very satisfactory substitute can be made of Irish point lace or Valenciennes, carefully wound round the wick holder. A knitted necktie will serve the same purpose, but is apt to burn fitfully and give out a pungent odor.

All housekeepers know how flat is the taste of pears when cooked. This can be cured by soaking them well in cod liver oil over night, before boiling. It gives quite a flavor to the fruit, and, as we all know, is not unwholesome.

If your small boy is restless and kicks the covers off at night, a good way to stop it is to make them over into a bag, and after inserting the boy tie the neck of the bag firmly with seventeen knots in a stout cord.

Where Woman Would be Missed.

Struck the other afternoon by the vast preponderance—there were at least thirty to one—of women over men at a fine concert, I was set wondering what would happen if all women suddenly determined to stand by each other and withdraw from charitable functions, church services, theatres, concerts, picture shows and so on until they got the vote.

It is very certain the arts would be poorly supported, philanthropy would be in a sad way, and indeed most things would come to a standstill if women were not energetic, kindly disposed and possessed of a live of the arts. One only realizes how much they do and think and influence on trying to imagine at least one month of life in London alone in which women took absolutely no part.—Ladies' Pictorial.

PRETTY THINGS FOR BABY.

Here are three new things for the baby's use. First, there's a pretty little round skull-cap-shaped bonnet, made of natural tuscan braid, edged with loops of ribbon ending in fluffy bows behind the ears.

And there's a new style sack in white challis or cashmere, bound around all edges with inch-wide silk ribbon, featherstitched on. The sack is cut in two pieces joined in the centre of the back and seamed under the arm, kimono fashion.

And last, there's a new-fangled combination of doll baby and rattle, which will please the youngster every time. It is made by glueing a small unbreakable doll's head on a round wooden stick about five inches long. Below the head the stick is padded to formulate a body, and a pretty waist is made for it of ribbon and lace. The same ribbon is wound around the stick tightly, and ends in a loop large enough to slip over baby's wrist.

All these things are home-made, and are very easily fashioned by loving hands. They are very simple as well as pretty, and make dainty gifts.

ROYAL DISCIPLINE.

The Queen of Spain, who, before her marriage, was Princess Ena of Battenberg, is said to be a devoted mother, whose principal topic of conversation is her children, of whom the youngest, Princess Beatrice, is especially attractive.

Recently, when talking to the wife of a Spanish diplomat, the Queen told how one day the doctor advied her not to go too near the children on account of a bad cold from which she was suffering. She was wearing a dress which had at the neck a gilt button, for which the little heir-apparent stretched out his hand.

"No, no," said the Queen, keeping at a discreet distance, "you cannot have that."

At the moment King Alfonso came into the nursery and exclaimed, "Yes, he must." He pulled out his penknife, cut off the button, and presented it to his son.

"Since then," declared Queen Ena, with much solemnity, "my son has got to care less and less for me. That is how discipline is maintained in the nursery of the Royal House of Spain."

MAKE YOUR OWN HATPINS.

Embroider Them of Linen or Material to Match Your Frock.

The touches of embroidery which are almost essential with the linen gown of this season are being introduced in a great many instances in the form of large embroidered buttons and hatpins to match. The latter most effectively supplement the simple trimming of the giant sailor hat of the moment, or that of the mushroom of Tagal straw.

Nothing can be simpler to work, says the Queen. You trace out the requisite number of circles enclosing designs upon a piece of linen left over from the dress and proceed to embroider them all before the circls are cut out. You can thus, if you prefer it, work the designs in a frame, which is the most satisfactory method of keeping the rounds in shape, or carry the work out in the hand much more easily than if each button were embroidered separately.

Half a yard of linen will probably be sufficient for a set of hat pins and buttons, but in estimating the amount of material it must be borne in mind that double the quantity necessary for embroidering must be neatly finished at the back with a circle of plain linen, turned in and invisibly hemmed.

It is well to trace the circles for these plain pieces at the same time as those for the embroidery, and both must of course be left with ample margins; in the one case for turning well over the edge of the mould, in the other for turning under and hemming.

PURITY OF HEART ELIXIR OF STRENGHT

(By Ada May Krecker.)

When we say, as with reason we can, that a man's strength is as the strength of ten because his heart is pure, we are only extending our materia medica to subtler spheres. Much of modern materia medica turns on the purities and impurities of the system. It is making more and more of clarifying agents for the restoration of health and the renewal of youth.

That the mental influences the physical we long have known. We have known without the doctor's dictum that we grow pallid with fear, flush with shame, laugh with delight, shed strange little drops of briny water because we are grieved. If frail little women we may pine away with unrequited passion, and, albeit the stoutest of men, we wear to a shadow under severe mental stress.

But latterly the experts add to our knowledge with laboratory work. Dr. Elmer E. Gates finds that the baser emotions breed poisons in the blood, and that the higher emotions, such as love, hope and happiness, are elixirs. He avows that the ptomaines yielded by a two hours' passion of violent hatred injected into the veins are fatal. He terms hatred the deadliest poison known to science. Anger is a poison. Fear is a poison. Despair and sorrow and sadness all instill their deadly toxins into the blood.

But if we laugh we grow fat. If we hope we have bright eyes. If we love we are strong. If we are suffused with some vast idea, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, we become conquerors.

"The Empire Builder," as Prof. James relates, was a youth enamored of a maiden on a desert island. Through the complexities of his government position he could not marry outside the kingdom, so he worked for love's sweet sake until the island was annexed to his king's teritory. So he built an empire under the impetus of his love.

The original plan of the Indian suttee, it is said, was not intended to be painful for the widow who was burned on her husband's funeral pyre. Her mind was thought to be in a magnificent frenzy of self-sacrifice, her heart all aglow with an exaltation which whelmed all her being with the ecstasies of her renunciation of life, her hail to death for her husband's sake, for her duty's sake, for the sake of her faith. Amid the blaze she was caught up in a delirium of spiritual blisses, the bodily experience wholly nullified by the supremacy of the heart and mind activity.

The Christian Scientists and those of kindred convictions are ceaselessly cataloging fresh examples of the pure mind building a sound physique and of an impure heart undermining bodily health. The theorem is proved if we go no further.

But the occultists do go further and reinforce the argument. They say that thoughts are things and go wherever we send them. They say that all our heart life, our emotions, our loves and our hopes and our fears, and wraths, and joys are little lives, little souls clothed with material forms, just as we are clother with our bodies.

These impress themselves upon those to whom they are directed. If there is nothing in harmony with themselves in the vibrations of the one to whom they are sent, they rebound to the sender, influence him in accordance with their nature and vigor. Thoughts of a feather flock together. They hover in vague clouds, ready to be drawn hither and yon by some wave of thought or emotion. So all our own love and joy and hope have added love and joy and hope from the thought clouds, from friend and passerby, and thus reinforce themselves.

The affectionate, hopeful, happy, courageous thoughts return to us as blessings. The discordant and discouraged come back as banes, and draw added bane from any discord or discouragement that lurks near.

Thus the pure in heart, those whose hearts are pure of thought poisons, pure of hatred, wrath, despair, those whose hearts are cleanly nourished with the elixirs of love, peace, hope, joy, courage, are strong not only with their own strength. They are invigorated with the power attracted to them by their own purity. And their strength is made manifoldly stronger.

Broadface and Longface.

Down the street comes Mr. Broadface,
Smiling like the summer sun;
Bows and nods to all around him—
Greets the boys with eyes of fun,
E'en the dogs seem glad to see him—
Wag their tails in canine glee;
All the air is full of sunshine
When is passing Mr. B.

Right behind comes Mr. Longface,
Looking like a thunder-cloud;
Greets no one unless to grumble;
Gets no smile from all the crowd—
People call him proud and selfish—
Say, "He must live in a cell."
And the air grows chilly, gloomy
While is passing Mr. L.

Mr. B., so kind and loving; Mr. L., with cares oppressed—
I can tell without much trouble which of them we all like best.

DRESS FOR MEN.

Flannels No Longer Worn as They Were in the Summer.

(New York Sun.)

It may be a new manifestation of the desire to make men's dress as expensive as possible, but it is true that the convenient white duck or any kind of extra flannel trousers have gone out of fashion completely. Men who dress carefully wear them only when playing tennis or sailing, and at the smart summer resorts as well as at the country clubs near the city there has been a sharp line drawn for the use of white duck or flannel trousers. They are often carried in hand bags to the clubs or to the houses at which tennis is to be played and put on there, so decidedly has the trend of smart dressing turned away from the wearing of extra trousers except when actually engaged in sport.

There was a time when white trousers of one kind or another were considered not only appropriate for any kind of summer wear, but smart. One suit of day clothes was sufficient to take to the country. With this suit and a pair of extra duck or flannel trousers the wardrobe was sufficient for all ordinary occasions. Then there were men who seized with delight this opportunity to give their clothes a rest while in the country. They can do that no longer and be smart dressers.

The full suit of flannel has succeeded to the place once occupied by the coat and the white trousers. At the Narragansett and Newport casinos only the players wear white flannel trousers, while other men are in full suits of flannels—dark blue, brown or grey—or in tweeds and homespuns. Such dressing is much more expensive. A four dollar pair of white duck trousers with any kind of sack coat was formerly sufficient. The smartly made flannels may cost from $50 to $75, while tweeds and homespuns may cost from $75 to $100.

This change in styles has come about gradually. The result has been to make full suits of light colored flannels more popular than they were. The light stripes or checks are worn and the trousers are considered appropriate for tennis, so with these suits no change is necessary. But these full suits in light color are about as expensive as the darker flannels. The newer mode in reference to the extra white trousers seems designed, like many others, with the object of making it cost more to be smartly dressed.

This change in fashions has not extended as far down as men's shoes. It is no unusual thing to see men at the swimming pool at Bar Harbor wearing a dark blue cutaway, a fancy waistcoat and white chamois shoes. This combination is of course opposed to all rules of careful dressing, but it goes in the summer and is accounted smart.

Equally eccentric in the matter of dress is the habit of wearing with a check tweed, for instance, a pair of patent leather pumps. White canvas shoes are also a favorite accompaniment of tweed and flannel suits, especially when the suits are rather dark in tone.

For formal dress there is nothing so smart as white linen spats on tan low shoes. They are much smarter this summer than the tan leather shoes with the white uppers. The gaiters, however, should be of white linen. Tan colored or biscuit linen is also used, but just as white is regarded as the only color for the line inside the waistcoat, so is it, in spite of the attempt to make other colors smart, the only shade for the summer linen gaiters.

The abandonment of flannels in light colors for anything but actual sporting wear has had the effect of giving the preference to plain white flannel for tennis trousers instead of the striped materials which were popular for several years. Stripes and other patterns in the very light or colored goods are all right for the whole suit, but for the separate tennis or boating trousers the heavy white flannel is used. It has become quite possible to make them costly also. The fashoinable tailors are able to run the price up to $18 without compunction. Thus has it become more expensive even to dress for tennis.

As a natural accompaniment of the fashion of being always dressed up even in the country there comes the abandonment of the informal or summer neckwear. The stock has disappeared altogether, but will return for the hunting in the fall. The soft standing flannel collar is seen about as rarely.

The well dressed men seen now at the principal watering places have on stiff white collars, with no heed of the summer weather. They know that changing the trousers for tennis means also a complete change of dress, so there is nothing to be gained by wearing the stock or any of the negligee neckwear that made tennis possible at any minute.

American summer dress was always attractive through its informality, its variety in form and color and its perfect suitableness to its purpose. Its present changed condition is admittedly due to the influence of foreign fashions. At all the English resorts dress is just as formal as it is in London, and has been for years, white flannels and duck never having been assumed for general wear, but for sport.

Men at Brighton were never seen arrayed in the same style as when at Bar Harbor, for instance. At Ostend nobody dresses in any different style from what may be seen in Paris, except that flannels may be lighter in color and there may be more variety in the hues of the tall bands and the neckwear. The same is true of men's dress at Carlsbad and Homburg. So the change in summer dress here is probably to be attributed to this influence.

Cutting Iron by Gas.

Most of our young folks have seen pictures projected on a screen by an oxhydrogen "limelight" stereopticon. In this double "magic lantern" a bright light is produced by the intense heat of burning oxygen and hydrogen together against a small cylinder of lime. The heat makes the lime shine very brightly, on the same principle that a piece of iron glows when the blacksmith takes it from his forge. Though this familiar form of burning gases is very hot, it is far excelled in heat by burning acetylene (a gas) in oxygen.

This intense heat has recently been used in a marvellous tool, the results of which seem almost if not quite like magic. The Davis-Bournonville Company has perfected a torch that burns oxygen and acetylene together, and makes it convenient to apply this intense heat in cutting off or welding iron.

Running this penlike flame across a thick sheet of iron melts a very narrow strip and cuts it off about as you might cut a sheet of ice with a red-hot poker. It will also melt the edges of two sheets or blocks of iron and enable a mechanic to fasten them together easily. Huge iron castings that have been broken may be repaired by running the flame around the edges of the fracture and "sticking" them together. From the mechanical point of view the possible uses of this new tool are very many. * * * The intensely hot flame melts a narrow open space through a piece of iron, even up to half an inch thick, almost as easily as would a red-hot wire melt through a very thin sheet of ice.—From "Nature and Science" in September St. Nicholas.

HE'S A WEATHER PROPHET

But Like All Other Great Men He Has to Pay a Penalty.

"I suppose," said Mr. Brillkinton, "that all greatness has its penalties, and I don't know of any reason why there should be an exception in my case, but the penalty that I have to pay does shake me a little at times.

"You see, my greatness—let me state it as modestly as I can—consists in my ability to prognosticate the weather Some men, you know, add to their powers of observation an instinctive ability in this direction; they can come pretty close to telling you with accuracy what the weather is going to be for a day or two ahead, however things may look at the moment, and of such wise men I am one, and I dare say that on some occasoin, in my human vanity I have let this fact be known, with the result that among my friends as a weather prophet I have chieved fame, and I have to pay the penalty.

"I am deeply engrossed in business in my office and I hear the telephone bell ring, and I say to myself: 'Bet that's Jones, going to close the order he was talking about yesterday.' But when I take down the receiver it isn't Jones I hear, but my friend Gwilks, and what he says is:

"'Bliffy, old boy, what d oyou think the weather is going to be to-morrow? Wife and I were thinking of taking a little run in the country, but we don't want to go unless the weather is going to be right.'

"And I tell him and he hangs up.

"Next morning when I hear the telephone I think it's Slimby sure, calling me up to say that he'll have that cheque around before 3 o'clock without fail, but it's my old friend, Gorks, wanting to know for his information and benefit something about the weather, and I tell him I'm glad to, and it's all right; but you can see that in this way I do get a good many more or less sharp shocks and jolts.

"Still, I am ready to pay the penalty and I pay it willingly. I don't suppose there ever was a great man yet but what he found some drawbacks in the joys of greatness."

Money in Rats.

The only good rats are dead rats. Alive, the rat carries disease. Dead, it may have a commercial value. The skin is fine material for book covers and for making purses and photograph frames. It may also be used in the manufacture of gloves for women, and in several of the great cities the rat killing industry is assuming proportions. The rat in Scandinavia, as well as the species known as the Norwegian, a big, bothersome rodent because of its fighting proclivities, is particularly valuable for the purposes named. The bodies can be converted into fertilizing material. Thus, in many commercial centres abroad, is the rat being killed by the many thousands not because it is a menace to public safety, but because uses have been found for the heretofore worthless hide. The time may come when the rat will be hunted assiduously in this country, not only because of the money that's in it, but because it is our enemy.—Indianapolis News.

Duel With a Tiger.

Three Jakuns (aborigines) and a Malay chanced to be together in the jungle in Johore when they came across a tiger. They were only armed with parangs, and the Malay, wisely deciding in favor of discretion, took to his heels. Not so the Jakuns, however; for they at once determined to give battle, not utilizing their numerical superiority, but in the most sportsman manner arranging for the combat in a series of duels, if necessary.

As might have been expected, the series was necessary, and the end was not long in coming. The first man who entered the fray missed his blow and was at once struck down, and the same fate befell his two companions, all three being killed.—Singapore Free Press.

Identifying the Cruisers.

A system of identification has been adopted by the Pacific fleet to designate what division and to what position in the division each ship belongs. The identification consists of one or more black stripes painted on the upper stacks of the ship. The number of stripes denotes the number of the division. The smokestack on which the stripe or stripes are painted indicate the ship's position in the division.

As there are four ships in each division, and four smokestacks on each ship the system of identification works out very well.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HUMAN CAMEL.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Boss—When you told the new clerk that he'd have to hump himself if he expected to hold his job, how did he take it?

Department Manager—He got his back up right away.

A STOPPAGE IN THE SUPPLY.

(Boston Transcript.)

Father—Heavens, what a noise that child is making!

Nurse—Well, I don't wonder. I see you made a knot in the tube of his bottle so that you shouldn't forget to feed him.

"Pa, what is an optimist?" "An optimist, my son, is the man who makes himself believe it will not rain to-morrow because he doesn't possess an umbrella."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER AND BABY'S SUMMER ILLS

BY JOSEPHINE HILL.

An anxious mother may make herself and others miserable by imaginery symptoms, but a careful mother may prevent sickness by a quick recognition of the symptoms of children's diseases. In most instances the symptoms are definite, and the remedies are simple, but the chief importance is to notice promptly and to administer immediately, if you would prevent an illness.

Croup, of course, is what many mothers dread, but, fortunately that illness seldom comes in warm weather. If it does—and you can tell it by the wheezing, a short dry cough, and a tendency to choke on the part of the child—use immediate remedies. Give a teaspoonful of the syrup of ipecac at intervals of a half hour, until there is free vomiting. Also keep the air in the room warm and moist by having a kettle boiling and steaming. Keep warm clothes around the child's throat. A piece of thin flannel soaked in turpentine and penty of vaseline will prevent another attack during the night.

Colic will make the baby scream or be restless, sleepless and fretful. You can tell by the way the child draws up its knees that it has pain in the abdomen. The gas distends its abdomen, and to get out this gas is your chief care; so do this: Give very warm water to drink, containing a few drops of peppermint; or if this fails, give more hot water, containing two or three drops of gin. Rub the child's abdomen gently, and even putting the child up against your chest—almost over your shoulder—seems comfortable for the baby. Also apply warm cloths to the abdomen. If all this fails, inject very warm water into the lower intestine by means of an infant's rubber bulb syringe. All young mothers should own such a syringe. Your family physician can tell you where to get it and how to use it.

The Weaving of Fate

One, who seemed the younger, was endeavoring, so it seemed to old Dan, to tear a bundle of what seemed like old clothes from the firm and fast grasp of the other.

The one with the bundle was shielding his face from the shower of fierce blows, when Mr. Nickelboy came up, and he seemed on the verge of exhaustion. His face was white and pallid and streaked with blood.

Neither of the combatants had observed Mr. Nickleboy. They seemed blinded by their insensate fury, and with clinched teeth and flashing eyes, fought with the rage of demons for the precious bundue clasped to the heart of one of them.

Mr. Nickelboy's presence of mind returned in a second, or so, and he uttered a loud cry for help.

As he did so, the conflict was terminated by a heavy fall to the ground by the man with the bundle, who had been felled to the earth by a heavy blow on the chest.

The other uttered a cry of triumph and with a fiendish leer stooped and grasped the bundle; but, though fallen, the other had strength enough to cling to the treasure he had fought so hard to retain.

On seeing Mr. Nickelboy, the man uttered an oath, and, shielding his face with his cloak, walked rapidly away.

"Heaven bless us" exclaimed Mr. Nickelboy, kneeling over the prostrate figure. "What is the matter? Are you hurt? What—what——"

"Hush!" replied the gentleman, with a groan, raising himself upon his elbow and wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead with a long, white hand. "Hush!" for Mr. Nickelboy had again opened his mouth to call for help. "Do not call. I—I am not hurt. I—I—oh, Heaven! oh Heaven! a second Cain! Thank you"—as Mr. Nickelboy gave him his hand and helped him to rise, which he did with difficulty, clutching his precious bundle fast and pressing his disengaged hand over his heart. "Thanks, thanks; I am better now. There is nothing you can get me m-. I—I——"

And, half dreamily, he turned away.

Mr. Nickelboy, more astonished by his abrupt departure, stared after him with a gaze of astonishment, which, however, turned to one of alarm—for the stranger staggered and fell.

"Oh, let me help you! Let me call for help!"

"No, no for Heaven's sake, no. Do not call."

"Very well. Try and raise yourself and catch hold of my arm My shop is only a minute's walk from here, just around the corner, and you can rest there and have a drop of brandy. Come, sir." And he held out his arm.

The stranger shook his head once more.

"I shall be well in a minute. Will you kindly loosen my handkerchief. Thanks."

Mr. Nicelboy uttered an exclamation of horror as he did so—it was full of blood.

The gentleman shuddered.

"Ay, he struck hard and deep."

"Bless me, sir, you must be hurt."

Old Dan gazed upon the handsome, though worn and haggard face, which wore a dreamy expression, making the eyes appear to look miles away. Suddenly they were turned upon Dan's honest face.

"You saw the struggle?" he asked, faintly.

"Yes," replied Dan.

"You heard?"

"Nothing, excepting two cries."

"Heard no words—no threats?"

"Not a word."

"Good!"

And, rising slowly hi placed his hand upon Mr. Nickelboy's shoulder, and with a keen but troubled glance into his face, said:

"You have a kind, compassionate and honest face; your eyes speak your kind, tender heart. Oh, where is there any refuge? Oh, Cain, Cain!"

Mr. Nickelboy's tears started at the agony in the gentleman's voice.

"You seem to be in great trouble; let me help you in my humble way," he pleaded.

"You can. I will trust you. You saw me fight for something dearer than life. You will guess I did not defend a worthless prize so bravely. It is my dearest treasure on earth. I give you it to guard and keep."

Mr. Nickelboy started. Was the man insane?

"I—I——" he stammered, and it flashed over him to call the police—the man must be mad.

But the madman—if mad he really was—with a low cry of pain, pressed the bundle once to his heart and then defiantly held it out to Mr. Nickleboy.

"Take it quickly, or it will be too late," he said, hurriedly. "He may return and find it. Watch over it, guard it as you would your life, and be warned that if harm come to it from him I will arise from my very grave to avenge it."

"But—but," commenced Mr. Nickelboy, taking the bundle.

"Hush—not a word. You ask for reward? It is here in this purse. Take it—take it, I say!" he repeated, fiercely, as Mr. Nickelboy hesitated. "Use that and more will follow. Spare nothing and—remember!"

Uttering these words with a rapid voice, and looking fearfully around, the stranger drew his cloak over his breast and hurried away. Once more he turned back, however, and with a low sob of anguish put forth his hands as if to take the bundle, but as suddenly clasping his hands over his eyes, he muttered:

"No, no, safer there; he will not look for it there!"

Then he was lost in the darkness.

For the space of ten minutes Mr. Nickelboy stood motionless, staring after him like a statue, then with a start he hurried of home. Was it all a dream? Arriving at the shop he found Mrs. Nickelboy, who asked him what he had in the bundle when he laid it on the counter.

"Is it something you picked up?" she asked.

"No, my dear, something I had given me," he said, in a strange, scared whisper.

"What is it?" she asked, curiously.

"I don't know," replied Dan.

"Don't know!" retorted Mrs. Dan. "Who gave it you?"

"I don't know that, either," replied Mr. Nickelboy, looking half frightened.

"Don't know what it is! Dont know who gave it you! Oh, Daniel!" cried Mrs. Nickelboy, a dreadful suspicion entering her bosom. "You ain't been stealing?"

"Stealing, no!" thundered Dan. "No, but I've been a dreaming—or—something. Here, get me a knife, misses. I'm half scared with this. Don't speak—don't say a word. There, the string is cut. There's a treasure inside here."

"A treasure, Dan'l!"

"Ay, a treasure. He said it fifty times. I—I—hello!"

By this time the shawls and wraps had been removed.

The cry had come from Mr. Nickelboy by the sudden discovery that the treasure for which the mysterious gentleman had fought so fiercely was nothing more or less than a blue-eyed little girl.

CHAPTER IV.

On the corner of one of the most fashionable squares in the modern Babylon stood a large house known as the De Jersey's. Therein lived Mr. De Jersey and his only son. They had lived there for nearly twenty years, and from the first day of Mr. De Jersey's tenantry—when he arrived in a post-chaise and four, bearing his infant son in his arms—to the time of which our story treats, the interest of his neighbors in him had never decreased.

For there were several things intensely mysterious and interesting about him. He was a tall, dark gentleman, with a stern, haggard face, and very dark black eyes deeply set in his head; a certain morose bearing about him, and, as a climax, a most peculiar habit of never appearing until dark, when at a regular hour—nine in summer, seven in winter—it was his invariable wont to emerge from the dark portals of the gloomy-looking house and wend his way through the square.

Whither he went and what the object of his evening journey could never be discovered, although his next-door neighbor, a curious man, had spent one summer's night in dogging him down to the water's side, through the city and home again, with the praiseworthy intention of discovering the mystery. Added to this, it was known that the De Jerseys were enormously rich.

Mystery or no mystery, the inhabitants of the square were doomed to remain unsatisfied and discontented with perpetual endeavors to pierce the thick curtains that screened the large plate windows, or peer into the dim hall when the heavy doors were opened to a chance tradesman.

Visitors there were none. Father and son lived solitary and alone, seeing no one, speaking to no one, and as impenetrable as the Sphinx. We, being privileged, will open the door and peep into the large, handsomely furnished dining-room.

It is near Christmas, and there is a large fire burning in the old-fashioned stove. On either side of it sit the De Jerseys, father and son.

The father is reclining in an easy chair, his fair face lit up by the flickering fire flame, his hands clasping his knees and his eyes sadly glancing every now and then at the motionless form of his father, who sits rigid and stern, gazing at the fire, his brows knit and his lips tightly closed, as if guarding the nameless secret which his neighbors fully credited him with possessing.

What was the youth talking of? Perhaps his short past, of which he can remember nothing scarcely save one dreary, monotonous sort of life, spent with a tutor and various grim and taciturn masters in the no less grim and gloomy house.

Perhaps, straining far back, he can recall a vision of some far-off place, not one whit more cheerful, even more dismal, perchance.

A bleak old house upon a bleaker hill. But this vision comes but faintly, and as he has never heard such a place or such a house spoken of by his father, he doubts their reality, and is fain to think that he never knew another home or birthplace than this dreary house in the square.

A quiet, thoughtful youth is he, made thoughtful and speculative, even beyond his years, by the solitary life he has led.

For what companion has the silent, heavy-browed father been to him.

Not once, since he can remember, has the stern face looked at him lovingly—not once have the dark eyes lit up with a paternal smile.

Ever and always has the grim figure before him been strict guardian, monitor, counsellor, and after a stern, unbending kind, a friend; but that immeasurably sacred thing—a father—never.

For there was always a shadow, dark, dim, yet ever present, that divided Mr. De Jersey from the rest of mankind, and, most of all, from his son.

"Does he love me?" wondered the youth, a spasm of painful doubt crossing his heart as he sat opposite the stern being that winter night. "Does he wish me dead? Do I stand in his way, between him and some hope, some wealth, some ambition or gigantic purpose? Oh, powers of Heaven! Why is he not like the other fathers whom I have chanced to see—fond, ay, even proud of their sons?" And lost in bitter reverie, his suppressed emotion found vent in a deep sigh.

His father glanced at him for a second, then returned to the glowing cavorns in the red-hot coals.

They sat for an hour in the same attitude, silent and lost in thought, then the father looked up suddenly and said in a deep voice:

"What is the time, Clare?"

"It has just struck ten, sir," said the youth.

"You are tired?" said the father.

"No, sir," replied the youth, removing his hand from his face and rising with a sigh.

"You look weary," the elder man said. "And yet you are young."

The sigh arose again, but was suppressed as he replied:

"I am not tired, father, but I fear——"

"Not for me—not for me," interrupted the father, slowly. "Fear not for me. I am old; life for me is past, but for you the shadow should not have come."

The young man looked around the room.

"It has never left me, sir," he said, with a shudder.

"It is dull for you," said the father, noting the look and covering his face with his hands. "Clare, would to Heaven that I could make it less dreary."

The youth stared with astonishment at the unusually gentle tone, for the kind words his father had spoken to him since first he lisped his name could be counted on his ten fingers.

"Father," he said, coming boldly forward and timidly resting his hand on the bent shoulder. "Father, you are weary. Tell me what it is that hangs over us—ay, around us on every side—like a black pall, a huge shadow, an ominous cloud. Oh, father, tell me what is the nameless something that has stood between us ever since I was born. Tell me, sir, I entreat you, that I may spend my life in trying to throw off the blackness."

In his excitement and loving energy he fell upon one knee and grasped his father's arm tightly.

Mr. De Jersey, the elder, bowed his face for one moment, and a shudder ran through his frame, so plainly that the son felt the arm within his grasp thrill again, then with a great effort he threw off the unusual emotion, and firmly releasing his arm, said, in the old cold tone, measured and icy:

"Arise, Clare, I bid you. You say there is a dark shadow between us and over us. Lad, if there is, think you that it is to be lifted after twenty years? You are tired—and filled with idle fancies."

"Idle fancies, sir!" replied the youth, reproachfully. "It is an idle fancy that I see you aged and broken, while other fathers, with older sons, are young and strong? Is it idle fancy that this dismal house has a dark mystery that clings to the very walls? Is it an idle fancy that tells me I have a father in name and nothing else? Oh, call me not fanciful, sir, or if you will, help me to dispel the hideous thoughts that flit around my bed at night and fill my waking thoughts with despair."

With his hand still held before his eyes, the father listened to the stream of hurried talk, and shuddered once more.

"They are fancies, I tell you once again, Clare," he said. "Would you anger me with them? If I am cold, silent—ay, gloomy, if you will—say 'tis some sorrow too deep, too dark to melt into the past."

"Sorrow!" reepated the youth, with a flood of sympathy. "Oh, father! let me share it. Unlock those stern lips that have imprisoned your love for me so long. Unbosom yourself to me, your only son, and let us mourn and weep together—ay, mourn and weep, suffer and be silent together; or even that were better than I should longer watch the black shadow and know that it divides us forever and forevermore."

"Enough! enough!" cried the father, rising hastily from his chair, and pushing aside the hand once more laid upon his arm. "I am weary, Clare, and will go to my room," and with head bent down and eyes darkly fixed on the floor, Mr. De Jersey fled from the pleading voice, to which he was afraid to listen.

The son, left alone, walked to and fro, his arms folded tightly across his breast, and his low, agitated lips muttering:

"In vain! in vain! At last I have spoken—at last I have tried to break down and eyes darkly fixed on the floor, me from him. But in vain. The dark secret, if there is one, is a secret still. The veil that hides his heart from me is unriven yet, and I am his son in name only, yet—he is my father, a shadow and a mockery, now and forevermore!"

The thought was almost too bitter to bear, and the outflowing heart, thirsting to pour its filial love upon the sacred altar of his father's bosom, gave utterance to its emotion in a deep groan. Then, as if with an effort, the youth threw off the fit of black and despairing grief, and, hastily traversing the hall, caught up his hat and left the house.

The night was dark, and, half blinded by his feelings, Clare De Jersey rushed through the dark squares and dimly lighted streets into the crowded thoroughfares, where the glare of the gaudily decked shops so confused him that, stopping short, with an air of bewilderment, he accidentally pushed a passer-by aside.

Hastily turning to apologize, he saw that the sufferer from his inattention was a young girl, whose beauty was heightened by the flush of modest confusion with which she bent to his prayer for pardon to recover the basket he had knocked from his arm.

With a quick gesture he had lifted it before her hand could touch it, and uncovering his head, politely begged her to allow him to carry it for her.

She blushed again and looked displeased, but his frank, earnest eyes belied her fears, and murmuring something in a soft, musical voice, she held out her hand for it with a shake of her golden head.

Still uncovered, he pleaded again, and the girl, uncertain how to act, hung her head, and replied that her home was but a little distance, and she could carry her basket as she had often done before.

"Then, if not for your sake, at least for mine, grant my request," said the youth, eagerly. "If you do not, I assure you that I shall not close my eyes to-night for sorrow for my clumsiness."

Seeing her hesitate, he slung the basket on his arm and they proceeded.

Neither spoke again until the crowded street had been left behind, two quiet streets were passed and the girl stopped before a small chandler's shop.

"Your home?" said the youth.

"Yes," she said, holding her hand for the basket; "I thank you very much."

He was about to reply, gazing at her with respectful admiration, when the door opened and an old man, with a mild, gentle face, enshrined in a wreath of white hair, said:

"Daisy! Are you there—who is that?"

The girl blushed again and whispered in his ear.

"Carried your basket, Daisy? It was kind of him," said the old man, and turning to Clare, he said:

"It was kind of you, very kind of you, to carry the basket for our little Daisy, and Daisy thanks you."

"The thanks are on my side," replied the youth, still gazing at the girl's beautiful face as if his eyes were chained there. "I was careless enough to hurt her as I passed in the street, and she was good enough to show her forgiveness by letting me guard her safely home."

"Kind, very kind," murmured the old man, looking at the speaker's face keenly, and reading nothing bad there, but on the contrary, a youthful earnestness and innocence vastly unusual, he continued: "Will you walk in, sir? We are humble folk, as you see—but we know how to be grateful for a kindness, especially if it is done for our Daisy!"

The girl had already glided past them and entered the house; the young man, still looking after her, shook his head absently, and dreamily turned away.

"Dear me! dear me!" muttered the old man, looking after his graceful form. "A good face, a handsome face. I—I—bless me, I must have seen it before!"

Then, humming a tune, he called to the lad to put up the shutters, and singing still in a thin, cheery voice, entered the house.

Meanwhile the youth retraced his steps, walking on air, deaf to the busy world around him, blind to the glitter and the glare of the crowded street—hearing nothing but the girl's sweet voice, seeing nothing but the vision of the gentle face and childlike eyes.

The dark room and the bitter burden, the hot, eager words he had poured forth—ay, even to his father, and the dark shadow that divided him and his son—were forgotten, thrust aside from his memory by the passing vision of a beautiful face.

That night, as he lay turning on his bed, Clare De Jersey, son of the mysterious, gloom and morose father, was in love with the blue-eyed daughter of the keeper of a chandler's shop.

Yet, with the first tide of this new feeling, rushed a noble resolution to his heart.

As he lay there, thinking of his father's coldness and the young girl he felt he already loved, he determined to cast aside his position and appear as her lover in the character of a hard-working, struggling man.

Not only did his love prompt him to this step, but his pride.

How could he longer take the means of subsistence and luxury from the hand which gave it to him so coldly, so haughtily.

No. Unknown to his father he would seek some means of obtaining a livelihood and win a home, or rather a nest, for the beautiful bird he felt certain—so hopeful is young and true love—of drawing to his breast.

With this resolution, strengthened by the dawn, he arose early, and dressing himself in his plainest clothes, taking care to lay aside the valuable jewelry he usually wore, he left the house, and walked huriedly in the direction of the city.

So secluded had been his life, and so unused was he to the most ordinary everyday scenes that the noise and bustle of the city confused and startled him, but wisely determining to show no sign of perplexity and hesitation that filled his brain, he endeavored to look as composed and preoccupied as the screworn faces rushing past him, and pushing his way into a quiet street leading out of Cheapside.

Here he stoped to rest a moment, and looking around, tried to form some plan of action.

His wondernig gaze settled upon the windows of the house opposite to where he stood, the wire blinds of which bore this announcement: "James Brown, accountant."

Remembering that he had been praised for his aptness at figures by his tutor, Clare determined to enter and ask for employment as clerk.

Pushing open the green baize door, he found himself in a small office crowded with shelves and desks. Upon the former were placed rows of green-backed ledgers.

As he entered, a short, gentlemanly-looking man, dressed in almost clerical black, arose and came forward.

Clare saw by his manner that he expected a client, and not an applicant for employment, and felt a consequent embarrassment.

In vain striving to still the beating o fhis heart, he said:

"Can I see Mr. James Brown?"

"My name is Brown, sir," replied the gentleman, reaching forward a chair. "What may be your business?"

"I have come to ask you," commenced Clare, with a painful flush, "if you require a clerk."

(To be continued.)

A READING COUNTRY.

(Car. London Times.)

There is one great Dominion, that of Canada, where the situation is affected by the near neighborhood of the United States. The Americans pour out an enormous flood of newspapers and magazines and books, and do their best to swamp the Canadian market with them. So far as newspapers are concerned Canada has plenty of good dailies of her own, and American dailies cannot hope seriously to compete except in certain frontier districts far from Canadian publishing centres. The weekly editions of Canadian newspapers, too, are so strongly established, and cater so well for their readers, that they have nothing to fear from American competition; though a few American weeklies of a different sort have a wide circulation in the Dominion. When we come to the magazines, we find enormous masses of the American produce on Canadian bookstalls and counters, with few Canadian competitors. The special "penny-a-pound" rate has very largely increased the number of magazines and newspapers sent out by the post from the Old Country; but the time necessarily elapsing between publication and delivery must always handicap them in competing with serials from just over the border.

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS.

An American was dining late one evening in a crowded Parisian restaurant that is more celebrated for its "atmosphere" than for its good cooking. He suddenly saw an American woman arise from a table not far distant. There was evident perturbation on her face as she cried:

"Is there one of my countrymen here who understands French? If so, I want him quick, quick!"

The American, who was aware that he filled the stated requirement, rushed to her side, proffering assistance. She turned to him eagerly and grasped his sleeve convulsively.

"I cannot," said she—"I cannot make them understand. Will you have the goodness to order for me two hard-boiled eggs?"—M. A. P.

MUNICIPAL WEAKNESS.

(Vancouver Sunset.)

The reason why the C. P. R. can earn dividends on its capital after paying operating expenses is that it is run by men who understand their business, and are put in their positions because they do understand.

The reason why Vancouver is faced with deficits in nearly every department, shamed by incompetence in most of them, disgraced by flighty bursts of passion and nonsensical ward toadying eloquence in Council is that we elect that size of men to sit at the board and we have no hope of getting better ones because good men will refuse to waste their time on the petty issues which are so interesting to the diminutive intellects that sit at the desks in the Council chamber.

CORNS CURES 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

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE STANDARD ARTICLES

It is to the advantage of every housekeeper in Canada to use them

Magic Baking Powder.
Gillett's Perfumed Lye.
Imperial Baking Powder.
Gillett's Cream Tartar.
Royal Yeast Cakes.
Gillett's Mammoth Blue.
Magic Baking Soda.
Gillett's Washing Crystal.

MADE FOR OVER 50 YEARS
(Established 1853)

E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.

"Expected To Die"

Biliousness, Dizziness, Vertigo and Pain in the Back.

Owes His Life to the Curative Powers of Dr. Hamilton's Pills

Lack of exercise and overwork were the cause that combined to almost kill Samuel S. Stephens, jun., one of the best known and most influential citizens in Woodstock. In his convincing letter Mr. Stephen says:

"A year ago I returned home after a long trip, completely worn out. I was so badly affected by chronic biliousness, so much overcome by constant headaches, dizziness, that I despaired of ever getting well. I was always tired and languid, had no energy and spirits, found it difficult to sleep for more than five hours. My appetite was so fickle that I ate next to nothing and in consequence lost weight and strength. I was pale and had dark rings under my eyes that made me look like a shadow.

"It was a blessing that I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In one week I felt like a new man. The feeling of weight and nausea in my stomach disappeared. My eyes looked brighter, color grew better, and best of all I began to enjoy my meals. The dizziness, languor and feeling of depression passed away and I fast regained my old time vigor and spirits. To-day I am well—thanks to Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

The regular use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills keeps the system clear, healthy, and thereby prevents all manner of sickness. One pill when retiring will make you feel like new. For health, strength, comfort and good spirits there is no medicine like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Beware of substitutes and don't let any dealer palm off some other pill on which he can make more money; 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, by mail from The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

THE RED-SHIRT MAN.

The skies are his and the hills are his
and the valleys that lie between,
The buck that drinks at the mountain
run or feeds on the tender green.
The stars are his and the clouds are his,
and all that the eye may scan,
The forests, peaks, and the trails and
creeks belong to the red-shirt man.

Since "cinching up" fully sixty miles
have vanished along the trail—
His burro has rattled his blackened kit
all day at the broncho's tail,
The only sound that the rider heard as
he rode o'er the virgin land,
Save now and then a whispered voice he
never could understand.

He hobbles his beasts on the grassy
banks where the crystal streams
have met
For ages gone, and he browns some meat
and fashions a cigarette—
He stirs the blaze, and a pitying eye he
casts toward the world of men,
With nary regret for the things he's
missed, or the man that he might
have been.

The stars come out—his stars they are—
the stars that but shine for him,
The haze comes down and the breezes
sigh and the line of the hills
grows dim;
He wraps himself in his blanket grey
and under the stars sleeps well—
A sweeter sleep than a man can know
who never has felt the spell!

When the dawn's first streak and the
reddened glow of his dying fire
have met,
He shakes the dew and he browns some
meat and fashions a cigarette;
He "cinches up" and the wandering
three drink deep from the crystal
run—
A hearty "Y-e-a-h—" and then away
in the path of the rising sun.

Away beyond, where the sun came up,
where the strife and the greed
run strong,
Where might is right and the weak are
lost, there's a host of men who
long
To take the hand of the red-shirt man,
in a world that's but made for
one,
And lope away at the break of day in
the path of the rising sun.

—John D. Wells.

After making a most careful study of the matter, U. S. Government scientists state definitely that the common house fly is the principal means of distributing typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox. Wilson's Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease germs, too.

Anti-Climax.

In narrating a story of a naughty girl, and an English magistrate in his recent book, "Old and Odd Memories," Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache supplements it with that famous example of anti-climax, the rebuke of a headmaster to youthful Etonians for unpunctuality at chapel: "Your conduct is an insult to the Almighty and keeps the canons waiting."

A young girl was had up before the magistrate by a farmer for killing one of his ducks with a stone. The case against her was quite clear, but it was thought worth while to call witnesses to prove that she was very naughty indeed, and in the habit of using bad language.

Then, in solemn accents, the magistrate addressed her:

"Little girl, you have heard the evidence against you, and you see how one thing leads to another. You began by cursing and swearing and blaspheming your Maker, and have ended by throwing a stone at a duck."

It Was a Blessing.

An English gentleman went to Killin for a week's fishing on Loch Tay. He was very unlucky, having got nothing for the first five days. Of course, his hotel bill and the fact that he had a boatman to pay made his fishing rather expensive. On the last day, however, he killed a nice salmon. "Hamish," said the gentleman to the boatman, do you know that fish has cost me about £20?" (alluding to the expense.) "Aweel, sir," quoth Hamish, "A' things are mixed wi' mercy; it's a heaven's blessing ye didna catch any mair."

2 in 1

SHOE POLISH

is different from any other—the best—the brightest and blackest. Quickest to shine—longest to stay shined.

It is real Shoe Insurance. Feeds and preserves the leather.

Insist on "2 in 1." No other is even half as good.

10c. and 25c. Tins.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

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

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

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT

Deposits of $1 and upwards are received and interest allowed at current rates. Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons and withdrawals made by any one of them or by the survivor. 124

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

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.

CRESTON L. O. L.
Meets at 8 p.m. every 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month.
Andrew Miller, W. M.,
A. E. Mutton, R.S.
Visiting brethren cordially invited.

This is how your wife will find Separating if you buy her a

SHARPLES' TUBULAR SEPARATOR

NO HARD WORK. NO WORRY.
CLOSEST SKIMMER. CHEAPEST MACHINE.

Carver's Harness Store

The Creston Review

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

J. K. JOHNSON - Manager. RALPH G. SCRUTON - Editor.

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

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

It is with the deepest regret that we bid farewelll to the Rev. N. E. Read, the young energetic minister of the Presbyterian Church, who is leaving Creston for other spheres of labor in a few days.

Ever since his acceptance of the call to Creston, Mr. Read has taken a leading share in all those things which help towards the uplifting of the community. He has identified himself especially with the young people of our town, and the work which he has done has been of that good kind which bears lasting fruit.

The large company which gathered in Bast's Hall on Tuesday evening to wish Mr. Read "God-speed," was only one of the many proofs of the high esteem in which he is held by the residents of the Creston district. If the Rev. Read has received this token of our regard for him, he on his part leaves with us a lasting proof of his ability and zeal. The fine new Presbyterian church has been erected during his short term of ministry here, a building of which any town might justly be proud and in which the retiring minister embodied the work of his hands as well as his brains, which will stand for many years a a worthy monument to his services here.

Owing probably to the wet night and to the fact that the date had been changed, the citizens' meeting, called to consider fire protection, was so poorly attended that it had to be postponed. This subject of fire protection however, is a very important one, and another meeting should be called at an early date to proceed further in the matter.

Some important information relative to the subject has been collected by several citizens, and this information will be at the disposal of the meeting, and it is expected will expedite the matter a good deal. It is up to all those interested to get together and give this matter the attention it deserves.

There are still about a couple of hundred subscribers to the Review who have not yet paid their subscriptions for the current year. It is impossible for our representative to call on each individual, with such a scattered circulation list. In many instances the cost of a horse or rig would come to more than the amount of the subscription to be collected, and it is therefore up to all who have not yet done so, to send in their subscriptions for the current year.

Even the editor of a newspaper, to whom most things are possible, cannot continue indefinitely to give something for nothing.

The following is a copy of a letter received by Mr. P. B. Fowler, Hon. Sec. of the Creston Board of Trade:

Montreal, Oct. 13-09.

Percy B. Fowler, Esq.,
Hon. Sec. Creston Board of Trade

My Dear Sir,—I asked Mr. Reid to impress to you my thanks for the box of apples you were kind enough to send me. Since telegraphing, the fruit has come to hand, and the three varieties appear to be excellent. Please let me repeat my thanks.

Yours very truly,
T. G. SHAUGHNESSY, Pres.

Miss Wooley, sister of Mrs. G. R. Northey, left on Monday for her home in Vancouver.

C. P. Riel made a trip to Nelson on Tuesday and will return probably tomorrow.

Among the many visitors from outside points during the past week to visit Creston were Mrs. C. W. Wheaton and Miss Wheaton, of Winnipeg, who were returning from a tour of the coast cities, having taken in the Seattle Fair. During their stay here they were the guests of Mrs. J. M. Barton

Geo. A. Laurie went to Nelson on Wednesday on business in connection with a big timber deal which he has landed.

Judge Wilson, of Nelson, was a passenger on Tuesday's westbound train.

C. O. Rodgers left for Sand Point and Spokane on Tuesday. He will return on Saturday.

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.
MUELLER & HESSE, Props., Moyie, B.C.

Creston Wine and Spirit Co.

WHOLESALE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS

Mercantile Block, Creston, B.C.

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.

Moran & Mead - - Props.

We are Agents for McLaughlin

Democrats, Buggies, Wagons, etc.

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

McCREATH BROS.
CRESTON

The Astors made $50,000,000 in 25 years
In Real Estate Investments

Would you like to be a Millionaire?

Then follow the Astor Plan

39 Lots in Block E, Schofield Avenue in the Townsite of Creston. These Lots are the regulation size and can be had now for **$85** each; **$25** cash down and **$10** per month with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the deferred payments. These Lots are all high and dry and in six months will be selling at **$125** each. Now is the time to get in on these Lots

Three and a half acres of sub-divided land into Lots. This plot is all cleared and lies between the proposed Great Northern depot and the C. P. R. Station. **$1500** will take this valuable property.

Choice Fruit Lands. *Call or Write for particulars.*

Buy Now and Profit by the Fall Rush

List your Property with us. We can sell it.

CRESTON LAND CO.

Box 38. Messrs. JOHNSON & SCRUTON

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

We have a Fresh Supply of
Choice Dairy Butter
25c. per lb.

No. 1 Shamrock Dairy Butter
30c. per lb.

Alberta Government Creamery Butter
35c. per lb.

Fresh Eggs, 35c. doz.

Fresh Meat of all kinds and Poultry Always on hand.

E. Ryckman
Tinsmith and Plumber

Tinware
Stoves
Piping

Hot Air and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

WHEN BUYING FRUIT LANDS

Why not Buy them where there is the Most Money to be made off them? If you do,

Creston District is the Place

WHY—Our Land is Just as Good, our Climate Cannot be Beaten, and we are 24 hours Nearer the Market : : : :

Isn't that evidence enough that Creston District Is the place to buy Fruit Lands?

We have 8,700 acres in our tract, and we are sub-dividing it into 10-acre Lots.

Our Price is $100 an acre

Terms $200 Cash, balance in five equal annual payments with interest at 6 per cent. per annum

The Railway Runs through this Land.

These Orchard Lands are also connected by Telephone with Creston.

Within the Last Year we have sold over 800 acres Out of this Tract.

Our Land is specially adapted For Fruit Growing.

CANYON CITY LUMBER CO. LTD.

Creston, B.C.

LUMBER

SAWMILL AT CRESTON, B.C.

Laths, Shingles, Brick, Lime
Doors, Windows, Mouldings
Rough and Dressed Lumber.

CHAS. O. RODGERS

Furniture Repairing | We can Save you Money | And Upholstering

Let us figure on your New Building. The Work and Price will suit.

CONTRACTORS

We make a Speciality of Shop Fitting, Show Cases, etc.

Shop Fitting — **J. Richards & E. W. Payne** — Estimating

The Leading Creston Contractors

McPeak's Creston Store of Plenty

GREAT SALE

Of Surplus Stock at Bed-Rock Prices

500 Pairs Men's Ladies' and Children's Boots & Shoes
1,000 yds. of Velvet Finish Henrietta Cloth
Ladies' Dress Goods.
These must be cleared to make room for incoming Goods
Gents' Furnishings. Boys' and Youths' Clothing
Men's Mackinaws, Sweaters and Gloves

EVERYTHING AT COST

Call and see our Goods and Prices.

Notices of Application for Renewal of Liquor Licenses

Take Notice that I, A. North, of Sirdar, B.C. intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by me for the premises known as the Sirdar Hotel, situated at Sirdar, B.C.
Dated at Sirdar, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
A. NORTH

Take Notice that I, F. Walker, of Erickson, B.C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by me for the premises known as the Erickson Hotel, situated at Erickson, B.C.
Dated at Erickson, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
F. WALKER

Take Notice that I, J. Marshall, of Kitchener, B.C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by me for the premises known as the Marshall Hotel, situated at Kitchener, B.C.
Dated at Kitchener, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
J. MARSHALL.

Take Notice that I, Geo. Munro, of Creston, B.C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by me for the premises known as the Munro Hotel, situated at Creston, B.C.
Dated at Creston, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
GEO. MUNRO

Take Notice that we, J. B. Moran and Geo' Mead, of Creston, B.C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the retail liquor license held by us for the premises known as the Creston Hotel, situated at Creston, B.C.
Dated at Creston, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
J. B. MORAN
GEO. MEAD

Take Notice that I, Percival R. Godfrey, of Creston, B.C., intend applying to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, at the expiration of one month from the date hereof, for the renewal of the wholesale liquor license held be me for the premises known as the Creston Wine & Spirit Co., situated at Creston, B.C.
Dated at Creston, B.C., October 14th, 1909.
PERCIVAL R. GODFREY

A beautiful Gourlay piano is on exhibition at the Creston Furnishing Co.'s store. The Creston Realty & Timber Co. are the agents. See them about their easy term system on a piano.

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

Services Next Sunday.

Methodist Church

Thanksgiving Service, Sunday, October 24th, in the Methodist Church. Special music at the evening service. "Come thou with us and we will do thee good." Subject for evening: Psalm 116, "What shall I render unto the Lord, for all his benefits toward me."
F. J. RUTHERFORD, pastor.

Church of England

Services in the Mercantile Hall on Sunday next, October 24th (20th Sunday after Trinity): Matins and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m. Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m. Evensong at Alice Siding Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.
PHILIP C. HAYMAN,
Vicar.

Presbyterian Church

Farewell Services next Sabbath. Divine Worship, 11 a.m.; Special music. Subject: "The Everlasting Aye." All specially invited to be present.
N. E. READ, Pastor.

Accident at Yale-Columbia

Thomas A. Peters, whilst working at the Yale-Columbia lumber camp, met with a bad accident on Monday morning. He was engaged in trimming a saw log with a double bitted axe and picking out some knots, when the axe glanced off the log and embedded itself in his right foot, inflicting a severe wound above the ankle and across the instep. For some time there was danger of the man bleeding to death. He was brought to town in a livery rig for surgical aid, but unfortunately Dr. Henderson was out of town on another case. It fortunately happened that Mr. Beatty, of the firm of Beatty and Aitchison, proprietors of the Creston and Cranbrook drug stores, was in town, and his services were secured. It was then decided to send the unfortunate man to the Nelson hospital, as the injury was more severe than was at first thought, and he left for Nelson by Monday afternoon's train. The victim of this accident has been singularly unfortunate of late as he has just recovered from the effects of a broken arm.

Riflemen, Attention!

- GIGANTIC -

TURKEY SHOOT

THANKSGIVING DAY
MONDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1909.

Ordinary, Service and .22 cal. Rifles may be used.

The Shoot will commence at 2 p.m. on the Grounds behind Gobbit's Ranch.
A. HENDREN, Promoter.

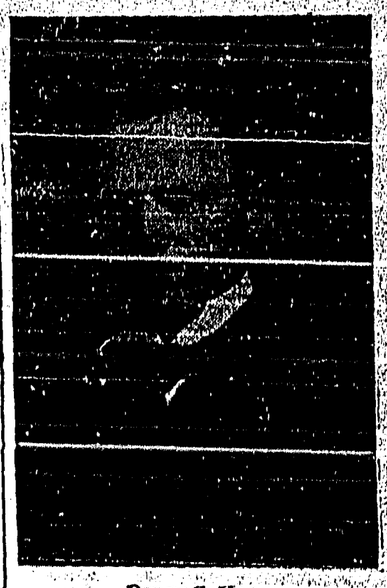
Musical Eckhardts Coming

We are having quite a number of entertainments these days in Creston, but the best is yet to come, when the Eckhardts, America's premier musical specialists, give their performance on Tuesday evening next in the Mercantile Hall, under the auspices of the K. of P.

This famous company are old favorites here and we are sure they will receive a worthy patronage. Their program through the country is marked by a long succession of delighted audiences. Wherever they go they are always welcomed for return performances, which of itself is sufficient proof that they deliver the goods, and from past experience with these talented artistes we can safely guarantee that a splendid evening's entertainment will be provided. This company are far and away the best aggregagation of artistes who are at present touring the West. They are commonly known as the Swiss hand bell ringers.

That Marathon race has fallen through The would-be Marathoners have all got a tired feeling. One of them was overheard to refuse a drink the other night, because he was too tired to walk to the bar. Yes, no, I don't think.

Do not miss the musical treat in Bast's Hall on Thanksgiving Evening, at 8 o'clock sharp, Monday, October 25th. Wilfrid L. Small, Boy Violinist, the "Canadian Kubelik," accompanied by S. H. Hook, pianist, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Church. Tickets 50cts. Children 25cts



PERCY S. HOOK
(Pianist with Wilfrid L. Small)

The Gourlay piano will be used at the violin recital on Monday evening. Artistes appreciate the Gourlay.

FOR MURDER.

Police Description of the Fugitive, John Robinson.

The authorities at Sudbury request that the following official circular be given publicity in the hope of securing the apprehension of the man named therein:

Wanted for murder—James Robinson, of the township of Hugel, seven miles from Warren, Ont., seduced his eldest two daughters, and by him the elder, barely 19, has given birth to two infants, and the younger, not yet 18, is about to be delivered of her third. Mrs. Robinson has confessed to the murder of two of these infants in one week, March, 1908, and implicates her husband as accomplice. When last seen, on or about Aug. 12 last, Robinson wore a dark suit, black fedora hat, black shirt with white stripes, No. 7 hand-made boots. Description: Aged 50, grayish light red hair and moustache, peculiar clear blue eyes, reddish purple complexion, especially in cheeks, one tooth missing near front of mouth; height, 5 feet 7 or 5 feet 8; weight, 150 to 155 pounds; walks with short nervous quick steps, speaks quickly, slightly ruptured, left foot angles out. Probably making for some lumber camp, as he is a skilled woodsman, but likely to keep moving, seeking further escape. Will travel under alias, likely Ross. Has brother working in tannery near Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. All information thankfully received by the sheriff or the crown attorney at Sudbury, Ont.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman.

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 2115 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs.

Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

A DEAF SENATOR.

The deafness of Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, is well known. He is able to hear but little of the Senate debates, and is obliged frequently to ask for information as to pending question before voting.

One day one of the Washington correspondents, desiring to see the senator on business, sent in his card. Senator McEnery came out into the lobby, and the correspondent, placing his mouth at the statesman's ear, bawled out:

"Senator, have you got any news?"

A look of astonishment came over McEnery's face. Putting his hand in his pocket he pulled out a cigar, and, handing it to the newspaper man, stalked back into the Senate. He went over to the seat of the late Senator Pettus, of Alabama, and said:

"Some of these newspaper fellows are mighty funny in their ways. One of them called me out just now and asked me for a cigar."

FISH IT AWAY.

If the heart's full of trouble and the soul full of care,
Take 'em out to the bloom of the bright spring air;
If the burden seems heavy and the back bends down,
Take a trip to the lines at the end of the town;
Sit there, sit there, sit there all day,
Till you fish and you fish and you fish it away.

The loss and the gain and the grief and the gloom,
Take them out to the bird and the beast and the bloom;
The sorrow and the worry and the tear in the eye
Need a whiff of the wind and a breath of the sky
With the soul at rest and the heart at play,
Just fish and fish till you fish it away.

Business looks bad and the work's gone wrong,
Take it out to the woods and the fields full of song;
To the trees and the streams, and they'll hear your story,
While they lean to your lips with the fresh lips of glory;
Don't mind a bit what the old folks say,
Just fish and fish till you fish it away.

Cross words, black looks, and you want to forget—
The best old cure for a grouch found yet
Is to taste God's sun where it loves to shine
On a stream where a man sits down with his line,
And his hook and his cork and his bait, to stay
Till he's fished and he's fished and he's fished it away.

—Baltimore Sun.

PROFIT SHARING.

A Boston Store Said to Have Carried It Furthest.

Never attempt to move trees when in full leaf, as they will invariably die.

Profit-sharing, which in America is virtually an experiment, has been in practical application for a quarter of a century in England. The number of labor co-partnership societies there rose from 15 in 1883 to 112 last year, with an increase in business from $800,000 to above $20,000,000.

The South Metropolitan Company last year divided $180,000 among its employees, the equivalent of a 7½ per cent. dividend on their wages, and in eighteen years it has distributed $2,100,000 to workmen as their share of the profits. Six English gas companies adopted the profit-sharing plan during the year.

According to Moody's Magazine Mr. Carnegie says that a Boston store has gone furthest of all in "the direction of making its employees shareholders." This establishment, he says, employs 700 to 900 men, the capital stock is held only by employees and is returned to the corporation at its value should the employee leave the service. Every share of stock belongs to some one working in the store.

A Symphony of the Shore.

(By a Banker.)

Perhaps of all the varied melodies of Nature the music of the shore is the most entrancing. It is a brilliant moonlit night, and the foam-crests of the curling breakers glitter and flash, then, breaking in measured sequence on the hard sand, are hurled up the shelving acclivity of a bank of small pebbles, the deep diapason of the first impact succeeded by a swirling through tuneful fugue as the waters successively advance and retire. Now it is a wailing dirge as a higher wave more forcibly strikes the pebble bank; or now the rythmical cadence of a sprightly, joyous roulade; while, as a rippling accompaniment of this harmonious symphony of the waves, the liquir murmur of a purling brooklet issuing from a coombe in the towering cliff blends its modest strains with the ever varying music of the surf.

And then the plaintive sighing of the sea breeze amidst the leafage of the aspens and the graceful birches growing luxuriantly up each side of the beautiful coombe; or the strange whirring churr of a night-jar; or perhaps the shrill cry of a belated curlew, all contribute to this exquisite concerted harmony.

And not Nature's music only gladdens and fascinates. For how beautiful the moon-lit surge as, like a flood of molten silver, it eddies and swirls in wild confusion, or is hurled against some great isolated rocks or boulders, hurtling high in air a great volume of spume and spray all illumined in a pale lustre by the rays of the full-orbed moon; while, racing each other, bounding and dancing along the hard sands, now rolling over and over, now capering in the air, or now jostling together as in rollicksome mood, are innumerable wisps of frothy spindrift and fam, fantastically and grotesquely disporting themselves in the moonlight like a bevy of sea-fays holdinb high revel.

Aye, it is all beautiful, surpassingly, overpoweringly beautiful. It is lovely and attractive beyond the power of words to express. It causes a thrill of glad fascination, of rapt ecstasy, to throb and course through the veins; and the memories of it all, never effaced, never weakened, dwell in the minds of a lifetime. Surely the utterance of the prophetic vision that in the Great hereafter there shall be no more sea is but figurative. But whether that be so or no, surely to those who attain to the glory-land will be accorded permission to roam over the beauties and the glories of Creation, and perhaps in other planets to see scenes of almost equal beauty. But surely this earth of ours must be the masterpiece of Creation. For it is the orb selected by the Son of God whereon to make the Great Atonement for the universes. For "Christ having died once dieth no more," and it is unthinkable that that Majestic Being could, in unending succession on other planets suffer the penury, the scorn, and the agony which He endured for us and for our salvation. But it was all suffered on our behalf in expiation of the sins of those who will but come unto Him for eternal life.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books, Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

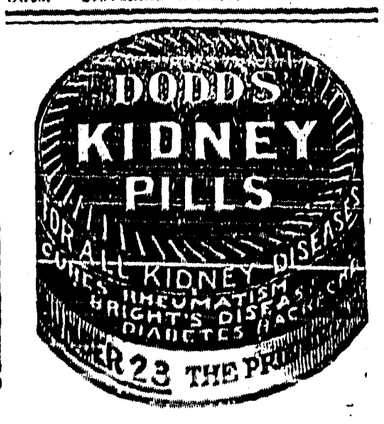
DON'T ARGUE WITH THE POLICEMAN.

(Toronto Star.)

The citizen is badly advised who gets into a dispute with a policeman. If he tells you to move on—move. If he tells you to shut up—shut. If he calls you hard names—listen. It is very seldom that a man who is minding his own business will, through some kind of error, attract the notice of a policeman, but should it happen, it were better to show open contempt for a judge of the Supreme Court with his wig on than resist even with the flutter of an eyelid a Toronto policeman in search of a cell-filler.

Has a Steady Job.

"I think a loafer is about as bad as an ordinary hobo." "And I think he's worse. A hobo moves around a little, but a loafer stays in the same town and works the same woman for his handouts."—Cleveland Leader.



Horse Distemper

Prince Edward Farmer Solemnly Declares Nerviline Is a Specific.

"After fifty years' experience in raising horses I can safely testify that no remedy gives such good results for an all-round stable liniment as Nerviline." Thus opens the very earnest letter of J. J. Evanaton, who lives near Wellington, P. E. "I had a very valuable horse that took distemper a month ago, and was afraid I was going to lose him. His throat swelled and hard lumps developed. His nostrils ran and he had a terrible cough. I tried different remedies, but was unable to relieve my horse of his pain and suffering till I started to use Nerviline. I mixed a bottle of Nerviline and sweet oil and rubbed the mixture on the throat and chest three times a day and you would scarcely believe the way that horse picked up. Nerviline cured him. I also have used Nerviline for colic in horses and cows, and earnestly recommend it to every man who is raising stock."

Nerviline Cures Quickly.

For strains, sprains, swellings, colic, distemper, coughs and colds, no liniment will prove so efficacious in the stable as "Nerviline"—it's good for man or beast, for internal or external use. Wherever there is pain, Nerviline will cure it. Refuse substitutes. Large bottles, 25c., five for $1, at all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Origin of the Long Boston.

It is said that the "Long Boston," the waltz which was among last season's novelties, was first danced by a couple subject to the dreamy harmony of bewitching and enticing music, who were dumbly obeying the power of this raptuous influence.

This girl and man from Boston unconsciously adopted the step, and henceforth the step took the popular fancy and was called the Long Boston, having since been taken up by a fashionable dancing teacher of New York and made by him the dance of the day.

The story goes that this dancing couple, members of the beau monde who had danced at many balls given at the most exclusive royal courts of the world, were attending a dinner dance at a New England summer resort. They had dined well and when the music in one of the two-steps suddenly changed to a blissful enrapturing waltz they had surrendered themselves so much to the dreamy, sensuous, enchanting music that they only partly changed from the two-step to a waltz, and unconsciously adopted a more harmonious, symmetrical and pleasing dance than either the two-step or the waltz.—From Vogue.

St. Joseph, Levis, July 14, 1903.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES,
Commercial Traveler.

SAVED A BULL.

An interesting narrative entitled "A Hero Life-Study," being incidents in the remarkable career of Nicholas Oberting, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., appears in the June issue of the Wide World Magazine. Oberting had been put in charge of the ferry and several days after he entered upon his duties Colonel Willis, of Boone County, Kentucky, was taking a drove of cattle across from Lawrenceburg on the ferry-boat when a vicious bull, whose feet had been hobbled as a precaution against accident, partially broke from its fastenings and plunged overboard in mid-stream, sniking almost immediately. Oberting volunteered to rescue the animal. With a keen-bladed knife clutched between his teeth he dived to the bottom of the river, where he speedily located the bull and liberated it with a few strokes of the sharp blade.

Freed of its fetters, the animal rose at once to the surface. Oberting, however, was less fortunate. His efforts to free the bull had caused him to sink almost knee-deep in a treacherous quagmire at the bottom of the river, and it was only through almost superhuman exertion that he succeeded in extricating himself. When the youth reached the surface his strength was nearly spent, but his presence of mind did not desert him. Espying the bull, which was a short distance away, swimming lustily for the shore, he, with a last desperate effort reached out and grasped it by the tail, where he clung, utterly exhausted, while the animal towed him ashore.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

WHERE THE PUNISHMENT CAME IN.

(Life.)

"What's doing in the way of amusements?" asks the newcomer of the old inhabitant of Hades.

"Baseball game every afternoon," answers the old inhabitant.

"Baseball? You don't mean it! That's great. I was a fan from wayback on earth. On the square, do you have baseball every day?"

"Sure thing."

"By kinker! This place suits me. Baseball! Say, this can't be h——l, then."

"Yes, it is. The home team always loses."

Thought Circus Performers Were Spies

The performance at a Belgrade circus of which Herr Schmidt, an Austrian, is the proprietor, was broken up yesterday by a hostile demonstration of a political character.

The cause of the disturbance was a newspaper report that the circus performers were really Austrian officers disguised for espionage purposes.—From the London Evening Standard.

MR. MAGOON'S CART ROADS.

One Great Achievement Due to Yankee Intervention in Cuba.

"In the four years between 1898 and 1902 an American military government of Cuba freed this island from the scourge of fever which had played havoc with its foreign born population through about four hundred years," says a writer in The World To-day. "The herculean labor of cleaning Cuba, accomplished though his sanitary department, is the pre-eminent service the country remembers in connection with the name of Gen. Leonard Wood, Military Governor.

"In the two and a half years which elapsed between the 'August Picnic' of 1906, which made it necessary that the Unietd States again assume control of Cuba's affairs, and the termination of intervention in the inauguration of President Gomez, the American Provisional Administration of the republic rendered the island a commensurate service. It met a demand for improved means of transportation in the provinces, as voiced in vain by the producing classes of Cuba through two full centuries.

"The system of macadamized highways planned and pushed far toward completion by his department of public works is the pre-eminent service to be recalled on mention of the name of Judge Charles E. Magoon, Provisional Governor of Cuba. Cubans call these highways 'the cart roads of Mr. Magoon,' because formerly what made roads there were in Cuba were built for ox carts and were therefore cart roads, the name being synonymous with good roads, in which sense it is still employed. The building of these roads has been of vas commercial benefit to the island."

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER.

More children die during the hot weather than at any other time of the year. Diarrhœa, dysentry, cholera infantum, and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give prompt relief, the delay may prove fatal to the child. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are children during the hot weather months. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent deadly summer complaints, or cure them if they come unexpectedly. Mrs. O. Moreau, St. Tite, Que., says: "My baby suffered from a severe attack of cholera infantum, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared, and he regained health splendidly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SCHOOLS FOR STUTTERERS.

Discussing stuttering, Dr. Leopold Senner, of Vienna, said last night that there are classes in the public schools in Vienna to overcome the defects in speech of children.

"The length of the course," said Dr. Senner, "is five weeks and instruction is given during two hours each day. The number of pupils in each class is limited to eight, as a class cannot be conducted successfully with a large number. The children with-draw from other school attendance, as it is essential that they devote themselves exclusively to the course for the cure of stuttering. In order to be admitted to the classes the children must present medical certificates that they are free from any organic disease that would interfere with the purpose of the instruction.

"The co-operation of the parents," continued the Austrian physician, "is especially important to the success of the cure. During the period of the special instruction it is necessary that the children have a separate room at home where they can practise the exercises given them without any disturbance whatsoever. The parents must undertake to have the children practise the exercises at home for at least four hours daily, and during the first two weeks not to allow them to speak at all except to practise the exercises prescribed by their instructors.

"Keeping silent is of such importance that the success of the course depends upon this requirement being strictly observed. Parents are particularly advised never to cast any doubt upon the effectiveness of the course or of the teachers. It is well known that stutterers lack self-confidence, and this must be taken into account in the treatment. The children should be encouraged by calling attention to progress that has been made, for stutterers are extremely susceptible to praise. Parents, however, should be careful to make no experiments and to make no tests.

"At the end of the five weeks course," added Dr. Senner, "the instructor brings each pupil back to his regular school and indicates to his teacher what has been accomplished, besides giving advice concerning his further instruction. The teacher is requested to try to encourage and make permanent the new habits acquired. Children who have taken the special course in stuttering are examined each month in order to determine what permanent results have been obtained."—From the Washington Herald.

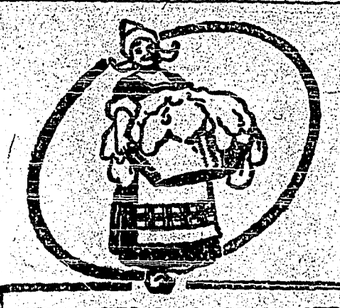
Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Coloring Billiard Balls Red.

It often happens that red billiard balls more or less completely lose their color and then present a disagreeable appearance. But nothing is easier than to restore their original color. To do this dissolve some dried sorrel, after having pounded and sifted it to assure solution, in a small quantity of water placed in a porcelain capsule large enough to take a billiard ball. Heat this liquid till it is tepid only, and add as a mordant about ten drops of sulphuric acid. Put the ball to be colored in the capsule and leave it there about three-quarters of an hour, on the corner of a stove, the temperature not being allowed to exceed from forty degrees to fifty degrees centigrade. At the end of that time take it away from the fire and let it cool.

The operation is complete in from two to three hours. Care must be taken to turn the billiard ball from time to time, so that it may be colored all over, for the coloring matter is deposited and the part of the ball at the bottom would be too deeply colored.

When the ball is withdrawn from the liquid it only requires wiping and then rubbing stronkly with a woollen rag to make it brilliant again. It may be further polished by means of chamois leather impregnated with colcothar.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

No trouble with Sunlight Soap. Just follow the directions on the wrapper and Sunlight does the rest. Costs little—goes far—never injures hands or clothes.

WORSE THAN A JOY RIDE.

"I lunched with W. B. Trites on Grand Prix, Sunday at Armenonville," said a Philadelphian. "Mr. Trites has made a hit abroad with his novel, 'John Cave.' Though the book only appeared in May, the first edition is already selling at a premium to London collectors.

"In the white and elegant restaurant in the heart of the Bois de Boulogne Mr. Trites was naturally jubilant. Our table was under a tree. A soft air rustled the leaves. The sky looked very blue, and the pale and elegant toilets about us were dappled with dancing patterns of shade and sunshine.

"Over his coffee and cigarette Mr. Trites talked. He talked, since it was Grand Prix Sunday, about horses. He told me a number of horse stories.

"One of these stories concerned a young Philadelphian who drove tandem from the Country Club home to Chestnut Hill on a very dark night after a very elaborate dinner. It's a good thing there are not many Philadelphians like that young man."

The narrator shook his head, compressed his lips and smiled a shocked smile.

"In a very high cart," he resumed, "After a very elaborate dinner this young man drove with a friend, on a very dark night, to Chestnut Hill. Dear me!

"The pace was terrific. The horses were invisible in the black gloom, but their hoofbeats made a sound like thunder. The cart bounced, jolted, ran on one wheel; and the friend held on very tight, reflecting with horror on the great height of the fashionable vehicle.

"At last the brilliantly lighted facade of a mansion appeared, and like the wind the cart rushed through a lofty gateway. But as it made the turn it leaned—it leaned——"

"'Easy, Jim! Easy round the corner, old chap!' gasped the guest.

"'Wat'sh 'at?' the host asked, sleepily. 'Why, haven't you—his—got hold of the reinsh—hic—either?'"

If allowed to roam over your house those few innocent-looking house flies may cause a real tragedy any day, as they are known to be the principal agents for the spread of those deadly diseases, typhoid fever, diphtheria and smallpox.

No other fly killer compares with Wilson's Fly Pads.

HAD SMOKED THEM.

Erskine M. Phelps, of Chicago, was introduced at Nice to Lord Blank, of England. As he was smoking, he said to Lord Blank: "Will you have a cigar?" "Thank you, but I smoke only one brand, the Henry Clay." "All right; I'll order some." The box was brought. It was embellished with the familiar figure of "Harry in the West." As he took his cigar, Lord Blank said: "When old Clay was alive he made a good cigar, but his sons don't keep up his reputation." "Henry Clay; Why, he didn't make cigars; he was a statesman, and ranked as high with us as Gladstone and John Bright do in your country." "I beg your pardon. I've smoked these cigars all my life, and I tell you old Clay made a d—— sight better cigar than his boys do."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

A LOT OF SCOUNDRELS.

(N. Y. Sun.)

One thing, however, has been clearly brought out in the inquiry, irrespective of the question of responsibility for Lieutenant Sutton's death. There was a state of society in the circle of officers in which he moved, that was exceedingly discreditable to those responsible for its tone and quality. Drunkenness, profanity and brutality appear to have been some of its characteristics. It is an insult to any respectable private in the Marine Corps to subject him to the orders and control of some of the officers who have found their way into that branch of the service. Some of those whose acts were described before the Sutton court of inquiry are certainly not gentlemen; indeed, very much stronger language might be used about their conduct.

Blobbs—The average woman is tickled with a feather. Slobbs—Yes, but it must be an ostrich feather.

ISSUE NO. 36, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

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

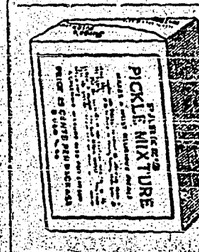
HELP WANTED.

WANTED—LADIES TO DO PLAIN AND light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

The Lady Who Danced the Minuet.

The minuet, which is to be a feature of the Bath pageant, was ever the aristocrat of dances. Before the lady of the eighteenth century elected to step the dainty measure she had many points to master, for to dance the minuet was to court criticism. The plunge taken, she wore a lappet on her shoulder to tell the company she proposed to make or mar her ballroom reputation.

Another point of etiquette lay in the gloves. A soiled pair was good enough for the country dance, but an absolutely new one had to adorn the fair hands which graced the minuet. And so the lady of the eighteenth century on dancing bent set out with two pairs in her satchel.—London Chronicle.



A Most Delicious Pickle

can be made by dropping the contents of a package of

Parke's Pickle Mixture

in a gallon of vinegar, boil for fifteen minutes and pour over the pickles. This mixture keeps the pickles solid and nice the year round and imparts a most delicious flavor to the pickles. Sold at 25c. by grocers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 30c.

PARKE & PARKE

HAMILTON Druggists CANADA

BOILED TO MUSIC.

A well-known American bishop tells a story of a visit to a small town in one of the Southern States, where he was awakened one morning by a soprano voice, which came from the kitchen, singing a famous hymn. As the bishop was dressing he meditated on the piety of the servant. Speaking to her after breakfast of the pleasure it had given him, he was met by an unexpected answer, "Oh, thank you, sir!" she replied. "But that's the hymn I boil eggs by—three verses for soft and five verses for hard."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

SHE WASN'T PLAYING.

In a Western Kansas town, relates Paul Lovewell, at a party of adults, it was proposed that the entertainment consist of the games that prevailed in the good old days of childhood—"Post-office," "tim-tim," "London bridge," and so on. Finally a prize was offered for the person who could make the ugliest face. The judges witnessed the contortions of faces for a while and then awarded the prize to an old maid.

"You win," they said, handing her a box of bonbons.

"I will thank you to know," she replied, "I was not playing."

A WINDSOR LADY'S APPEAL

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write to-day. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 8, Windsor, Ont.

PSYCHOLOGY.

(Washington Star.)

"So you believe in telepathy?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Though Henrietta is miles away I can tell exactly what she is thinking about this minute."

"And does she know your answer?"

"She does. She is wishing I would hurry along that hundred she wrote for and she knows I'm worrying about where the cash is coming from."

Lifebuoy Soap is delightfully refreshing for Bath or Toilet in hot weather. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

EXPLAINING IT.

"I observe," said Pluto to the new arrival just from New York city, "that you do not seem to like our climate."

"I do not," responded the new arrival.

"That," pleasantly explained Pluto, "is because you are accustomed to something different. It's not the humidity here, you know; it's the heat."

What Could He Have Meant?

"Do you ever write on an empty stomach?" asked the mere man.

"Sir!" exclaimed the literary person, "I am a poet, not a tattoo artist!"—

THE BEST WOODEN PAIL

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

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

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

BRINDLE COW AND POLITICS

VEHEMENT STRANGER MAKES PLAIN THEIR CONNECTION.

He Made the First Upward Step, Only to Be Undone by a Combination of Cows, Hemlock Lumber, Smokehouses and a Red Bonnet With a Blue Feather.

Goshen, N. Y.— "Is there anybody here," said the stranger, his vehemence of manner being in such contrast to the placidty of his countenance that it was startling, "who can tell me why it is that a fellow citizen's high ambition has got to be sot down on to and the pole star of his existence put in total eclipse because the female sex is vain and man persists in building a smokehouse when he can buy good ham fer 9 cents a pound?"

There was nobody present ready with an answer, but the landlord said to the vehement stranger that there was a cheaper hotel up at the other end of town. If the stranger heard the landlord's suggestion it did not appeal to him. He took a long breath and burst forth again:

"Then it's plain to me that the news of Jake Goble's wife's red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it and the smokehouse Bill Cooper built hasn't got over as far as this yet. Has it?"

The news was still due, so they told him.

"Do you want to tell me, then," he exclaimed, "that the news of the pole star of my existence and its total eclipse is likewise as yet unbulletined, so to speak, in this bailiwick?"

They must have wanted to tell him so, for they told him. Nothing doing whatever in pole stars of anybody's existence.

"And yet," said the man, bitterly, "they boast to me that the telegraph and the telephone and the newspaper have sent the sewing society and the quilting bee to a back seat. Bah! Don't you s'pose that if it had been left to the sewing society or the quilting bee that you'd have heard long before this how I went to Bill Hooper almost with tears in my eyes, knowing that he needed a roof on his woodshed and his garden fence jacked up a good deal more than he needed a smokehouse, and pleaded with him not to do it? Don't you?"

No one seemed to care to commit himself.

"Don't you s'pose that if it had been left to them," the vehement stranger persisted. "they'd have spread the news to you long ago that, although Jake Goble's wife did have her heart wrapped all around that red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it, she'd have had to unwrap it if it hadn't been for Bill Hooper's smokehouse?"

"I'll say yes," said the landlord; "and if you're waiting for the Pine Island train it goes at 2.07. It's 2.06½ now. My watch is a little slow at that."

The vehement stranger wasn't waiting for the Pine Island train and time seemed no object to him.

"That for your telegraphs and your telephones and your newspapers!" he said, with a contemptuous snap of his fingers. "Bah! Why, I'll bet a hen that they haven't got here yet with the news even of how for something like ten years I had pined to be constable of the Huckleberry Hill. I'll bet a hen they haven't!"

Somebody said something about some folks always being ready to bet on a sure thing, but the vehement stranger did not heed it.

"Yes!" said he, "and I'll double the bet and throw in a flock of ducks that they are still shy in arriving with the news that for ten years my fellow citizens persisted in lifting some one else to the constable's office year after year, but rallied as one man at last election and hoisted me to the place! What takers do I hear for that?"

If he heard any he could hear a pin drop in a boiler factory.

"It wouldn't surprise me, though," said he, "if they had got here with the news before it was half a minute old that some folks make no bones of saying that if Sam Rigby, who was running for constable against me, hadn't had a stroke election morning and hauled off I wouldn't have been lifted in even that time. It wouldn't surprise me a bit of they got here quick with that kind o' news!"

The landlord said that it wouldn't have surprised him either.

"But I would be surprised," continued the stranger. "if they had added to it the news that I scorned those folks and their insinuations as I saw myself constable, and that I unbosomed myself to my friends and fellow citizens and said:

"Constable ain't the pole star of my existence! Not by a jugful it ain't! It's only a stepping stone! It's sheriff next, and then Legislature! That's what the pole star of my existence is, and if I don't clutch it I'll eat the greaser!"

"I would be surprised, indeed!" he exclaimed, "if they had added that news to it!"

Then he paused and pondered a while and said:

"Yes, I told 'em that if I didn't clutch it I'd eat the greaser. I ought to be a man of my word. Have you a greaser in the house?"

The landlord said he had, but it wasn't on the menu that day. The stranger mused a while and then exclaimed:

"But how could I have foreseen Jake Goble's wife's red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it, and Bill Hooper's smokehouse? Somebody tell me how I could and hear the cash register jingle!"

The man behind the counter looked 'em over with a show of pleasant expectation that this inducement might prompt some one to some plausible speculative opinion at least, but none was ventured. (The man behind the counter seemed disappointed. The vehement stranger didn't. He didn't even pause for a reply, but went right at his subject again.

"And can it actually be," said he, "that I've had to bring the news over here myself that I'm charged with stealing a brindle cow?"

The landlord suggested that maybe the stranger had got twenty-four hours the start of 'em and kept right on going.

"That might explain it," said he.

Not to the stranger's satisfaction evidently, for he ignored it, and snapping his finger contemptuously again, said:

"That for your telegraph and your telephone and your newspapers! Listen to me! When old man Frazer hired Jake Goble to tear down his old barn and take his pay for it in the hemlock boards and stuff that came out of it the eclipse of the pole star of my existence began.

"Two dollars and forty-seven cents was the spot cash price Polly Skiggins, the milliner, wanted for the red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it that Jake's wife had her heart wrapped around; but Jake's wife didn't have the two forty-seven. So Polly said she'd take a quart of milk a day from Jake's wife in pay. Jake's wife said she's be tickled all to pieces to pay for the bonnet with milk, and she'd do it in a minute only for one thing. She didn't have any cow. Not seeing any way by which she could get around that little obstacle, Jake's wife would have to unwrap her heart from around that bonnet if it hadn't been for Bill Hooper's smokehouse.

"Bill had given up that smokehouse, not because I had argued with him and shown him how incompatible a new smokehouse was with no roof on his woodshed and his garden fence down flat, to say nothing of his having to buy pigs to get hams off of to smoke in the smokehouse, while he could get good ham already smoked for nine cents a pound—he hadn't given it up because of that incompatibility, but for the sufficient reason that when he came to go ahead with the building the smokehouse it dawned on him that he had no lumber to build it out of, so he had concluded not to build it.

"But Bill had a brindle cow. Jake Goble heard about Bill and his smokehouse and he went over to Bill's and he said:

"'My wife's talking about gittin' up a deal o' some kind with Polly Skiggins payin' milk for a bonnet or somethin' like that. I've got a snag o' hemlock stuff that I took out o' old man Frazer's barn, but it won't give milk. Nor I don't see how you can make a smokehouse out of a brindle cow. I'll swap you hemlock for cow.'

"Bill saw the logic of Jake's dicker and fell in with it, but while he was on smokehouse bent he had a frugal mind.

"'My brindle cow is worth $25,' said he. 'Your hemlock ain't worth more than $10.'

"'Free to admit it,' said Jake; 'and easily fixed.'

The upshot of it was that Jake gave Bill the hemlock and his note for $15 and Bill gave Jake the brindle cow. Bill got his smokehouse. Jake's wife got her new red felt bonnet with the blue rooster tail in it. The right lobe of the pole star of my existence pased into the shadow.

"Jake's note fell due. Settling things being incompatible with Jake's disposition Bill sued on the note and got judgment. I had in the meantime been hoisted by a rallying constituency into the office of constable of Huckleberry Hill and was on my way to clutch the pole star of my existence. I levied on the brindle cow and posted her for sale. Three days before the sale she got away somehow and was lost. Responsible for her custody, I scoured the counary for her, and the day before the sale found the brindle feeding by the roadside six miles from Jake's. I drove her in glad hearted, and next day knocked her down to the highest bidder. The pole star of my existence, so I thought, was beginning to blaze like the sun.

"Next day in came Farmer Benson, mad all the way through.

"'Nice work!' said he to me. 'Runnin' off my brindle three-year-old and sellin' her to make good your losin' that eel rack of Jake Goble's, old enough to be her great-grandmother!'

"Sure as beeswax, the brindle turned out to be Farmer Benson's, and the citizen that bought her had to give her up and he fell back on me for the money, all paid out and distributed in costs. Then some one found Jake's old brindle dead in Bulger's swamp and Jake falls back on me to pay for her, because he intended to buy her in at the sale, bnut didn't when he saw I wasn't selling her. And to top it all, Farmer Benson charges me with stealing his brindle cow, and I'm out on bail!

"And now," said the stranger, vehement of voice, but still placid of expression, "is there anybody here who can tell me why it is that a fellow citizen's high ambition has got to be sat down on and the pole star of his existence eclipsed because the female sex is vain, and man, loony man, persists in building a smokehouse when he can buy good ham for nine cents a pound?"

Even yet nobody seemed capable of the answer, and the stranger, pounding the arm of his chair, exclaimed:

"I give notice right now that if there's anybody that wants to put himself in the hands of his friends to be triumphantly hoisted from the humble walks of life 'way up into the office of constable of Huckleberry Hill he can do it at once, for I've sent 'em word that the pole star of my existence is nothing but a hole in the ground bigger than a Dutch barn, and I've quit!"

No one made responsive comment, but when the vehement stranger went out some one was moved to remark that it beat all what queer things did blow in here since Goshen was connected up with Middletown by trolley.

How Animals Learn.

(Youth's Companion.)

Dr. T. Zell, a German naturalist, has collected many instances to prove that animals learn by experience, and thus become wiser than their uninstructed parents. Game animals of all kinds, he avers, have learned the range of modern rifles. Greyhounds quickly learn to let rabbits alone, and foxhounds pay no attention to either rabbits or hares. Killer whales and gulls follow whaling vessels, just as vultures follow an army. Crows begin to accompany the chamois hunter as soon as they have seen the result of his first successful shot, and rough-legged buzzards follow the sportsman after winged game. The number of birds that kill or injure themselves by flying against telegraph wires is much smaller than it used to be. Dr. Zell also refers to the fact that birds and quadrupeds have learned to disregard passing railway trains, as horses quickly cease to be frightened by automobiles. His instances of the intelligent selection exercised by sheep dogs are familiar to all.

Two Mothers' Babies Held Captives For $25,000 by Desperate Convict,

Grace, aged 2½, and Tommie, aged 4, the kidnapped St. Louis children.

If they were yours, wouldn't you pay $25,000 for their safe return?

St. Louis, Mo., despatch: Two heartbroken women in this city whose children are being held by kidnappers for a $25,000 ransom have appealed to 100,000 American mothers for aid in finding little Grace and Tommie, missing since Aug. 2, in one of the most remarkable of all the blackhand outrages in America.

While the mothers are weeping in their homes, police have sent pictures of the stolen children broadcast in the hope that mothers all over the country will aid in the search.

The tots are children of two brothers, both named Pietro Viviano, the richest Italians in St. Louis. For years they have lived in terror of blackmailers. Twice the Viviano macaroni factory has been dynamited.

WITCHCRAFT IN ENGLAND.

OLD MAGILL CUSTOMS THAT STILL SURVIVE.

Words Used to Cure Disease or Work Evil—Superstitions of Contagious Magic—Holy Trees and Wells Are Still Resorted to—The Clay Corpse.

London.—Two writers in the August number of the Occult Review contribute an interesting article on the "Survivals of Old Magical Customs in Great Britain." The majority of the cases mentioned by them are connected with a belief in the power of words, which may be either charms, that is words having a magical power of their own when written or spoken, or the power conferred by the possession of names over the people or things they indicate, for in a certain stage of mind culture the name is regarded as actually being part of the owner.

It is said that in North Ireland and Arran many of the natives absolutely refuse to tell their names because the knowledge would enable the inquirer to "call" them, no matter how far he was from them and whenever he cared to do so. Moreover, they also believe that any spell worked on the written name would have the same effect as if worked on the owner. All over Great Britain this instinctive dislike to giving one's name to a stranger exists.

Dislike to the pronunciation of their names is not confined to human beings. Certain Scotch and English fishermen believe that the salmon and pig have a similar objection to being named, but they may be called the "red fish" or the "queer fellow."

Nowhere was the power of words greater than in Ireland, where the chief weapon of the poet was the satire. A poet would recite a satire which would blight crops, dry cows or raise ulcerous blisters on the face of its object.

Word formulae were generally used to cure disease; a formula used for epilepsy runs: "I conjure thee by the sun and by the moon and by the holy gospel of the day, delivered by God unto His servants Hubert, Giles, Cornelius and John, that you arise and fall no more." This had to be whispered into the patient's ear just after an attack.

In a Roman Catholic church in Ashton-in-Makerfield there is still preserved in a white silk bag a hand which is still held in veneration, and curses are said to have been wrought by it. The hand is said to have been that of one Father Edmund Arrowsmith, who was executed at Lancaster in 1628 for apparently no other offence than that of being true to his faith. After his execution one of his friends cut off his hand, which was preserved for many years at Bryn Hall in Lancashire and afterwards removed to Ashton.

Contagious magic is founded on the idea that objects once related to one another retain their spiritual connection, although they may be separated, and whatever happens to one part the other part is affected. Thus by acting on any part the whole may be influenced.

This explains why a magician wishing to act on an individual endeavors to obtain some part of his body or something actually connected with him, such as hairs from the head or beard, nail parings or a drop of blood. In some parts of England a girl forsaken by her lover is advised to obtain a lock of his hair and boil it; while it simmers he will have no peace.

Some two years ago a London newspaper mentioned the case of an Essex man entering a hairdresser's and requesting the barber to procure for him a piece of a certain customer's hair. When asked the reason for this curious demand he said that the customer had injured him and he wished to work a spell against him.

All over England hair, nail parings and teeth are burned, the excuse being "it is for luck," but really it is a survival of the custom of allowing no parts of the body to remain for others to utilize. The custom of obliterating the saliva after expectoration may be referred to the same fear. In some districts it it believed that even the imprint of a person's footprints has acquired virtue through the contact with his body.

In Germany the idea is widely spread that if earth on which a man has trodden is cut out and dried in an oven, then as the earth parches, so will either the whole man or his foot be withered and parched up with it. He will be lamed or killed by pressing his footprint with nails or broken glass—preferably coffin nails.

Clothes have a prominent place in this class of witchraft from their intimate association with the person; no article of apparel of a living person must on any account be placed on a corpse, as the owner of that article will languish as it moulders in the grave. To hang stripes from a dead man's clothes on a vine would render it barren.

The ancient Saxon's sacred tree was the ash, and there still exists in Richmond Hill, barely ten miles from London, an ash tree which is even now used in folk medicine. Weakly children must be carried nine times around the tree and at such a time in the morning that the sun rises during the ceremony.

When Great Britain was Christianized the missionaries annexed the sanctity of the fairy wells; and thus we find wells and trees named after certain saints and the therapeutic value attributed to the latter, whereas the holiness of the wells and the efficacy was in most cases pre-Christian in origin. Needless to say an implicit faith in the healing power of these wells exist even to the present day. During a visit to a well the person in aid of relief hung a strip of his clothing, or even a whole garment, on the tree over the well, the more contact being sufficient to cure him.

Many of the Irish wells have most interesting legends connected with them. There is a well in North Ireland the water of which, according to the natives, will not boil, however much it is heated; but unfortunately they will not allow anybody to test the truth of this statement, and it is hardly discreet to make the attempt.

Many of these wells are lined with white stones, and it is quite common to find therein a large fish, generally a chub. This is the guardian spirit of the well, and the person who sees it on May eve (May Day being the great Neolithic festival) has luck for a year.

According to a local legend a certain man who apparently was not possessed of a fear of the spirit, caught the fish in one of these wells and put him on the gridiron for supper. Turning round to procure a fork with which to prod him, the fish immediately jumped off the fire and hurried back to its home, where it is still shown with the gridiron scars on its side.

Another case of this type of magic is that in which an image is constructed resembling the person on whom the evil is to be worked and magical processes represented. The last example of this is the corp-creagh, or clay corpse, which custom is common in Ross-shire.

A clay image is made of the person whose hurt is desired, and, thorns being stuck all over it, it is placed in a running stream, as the image is wasted away by the running water the victim also wastes, and the more pins and thorns are stuck in the more the victim suffers. Should a wayfarer discover the corp-creagh the spell is broken and the patient recovers.

In Argyllshire a long incantation was repeated as the pins and thorns were inserted, running, "As you waste away so may X— waste away, and as this wounds you, so may it wound X—" When it was desired that the patient should die a lingering death, the pins were not allowed to touch the region of the heart.

A curious romance attaches to the resin known as dragon's blood. It is mostly used by girls who, forsaken by their lovers, try to win back their affections. A small quantity of the resin is wrapped in paper and thrown on the fire, while the following couplet is repeated:

May he no pleasure or profit see
Till he comes back again to me.

Another method much used by women to attract the man of their choice is to mix together dragon's blood, sulphur, quicksilver, saltpetre and then throw the mixture on the fire with the usual incantation. In the north of England it is openly sold in considerable quantities for magical purposes.

Many of these processes may be worked or employed by the lay people themselves, but the professional enchanter is, the writers of the article find, by no means extinct. There are still plenty of old "wise women" in rural parts, who for a few pence are prepared to cure warts, remove spells and prepare more or less innocent love potions. Only a few years ago in Ireland a woman was burned by her neighbors to make her confess that she had cast the evil eye on their cattle.

How Did You Take It?

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But, only, how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth; well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there, that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce;
Be proud of you're blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're lick that counts:
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could;
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critics will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether it's slow or spry,
If you played your part in the world of men,
But, only how did you die?

Wheels Made by a Blow.

The visit of the over-seas delegates of the Imperial press conference to Glasgow has been rich in interest, says the London Mail.

The tour through the North British locomotive works this morning showed why Britain is keeping the lead in this great industry. The works employ some 8,000 men and make engines for the world.

Here you see lines of towering machines doing work that 10,000 handsmiths could not do. A great sheet of red hot steel comes from the furnace; one stamp of a gigantic die transforms it into a shaped semi-cylindrical vessel. Here is a hammer of Hercules, with a force of 1,200 tons. A mass of metal, glowing with such heat that you scarce dare approach, comes in place, and the hammer descends; there is a squeal and a hiss, you look again, and out of the shapeless metal this black and resistless weapon has made a steel wheel. Processes that once took squads of men days if not weeks are done in a few seconds by the electrically driven presses.

Black Beeswax.

The black wax of Burmah is made by a small wild bee of the genus melipona (M. laeviceps). This bee nests in hollow trees and forms a peculiar trumpet shaped entrance to its hive. It is very commonly found in the kanyin trees, in which large holes are made in tapping them for resin. The bees find these artificial hollows suitable for their nests. According to D. Hooper the wax is similar in composition to the resin of various trees, while that forming the vestibules of the hive is almost certainly the resin of the kanyin tree.—Nature.

A DRESS FOOTING.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"England thinks her navy ought to be just twice as large as that of her principal rival.

"My wife likes to regulate her wardrobe along those identical lines."

UP-TO-DATE ROMANCE.

(Puck.)

"At last we are alone," he murmured, as the airship rose above the city.

"Wait a minute!" she exclaimed. "There's somebody rubbering through that skylight!"

A Bamboo Peculiarity.

Bamboo trees does not blossom until thirty years old.

Bighaddo—I believe in doing the greatest good to the greatest number. Wigwag—I suppose that is why you always look out for number one.

REQUIREMENTS OF TRAINED NURSES.

The girl who is considering what she shall do for a living may think trained nursing is just the field for her. A big weekly salary with expenses thrown in sounds rather alluring; there may be day dreams, too, of getting a rich patient with little the matter, who will take you on a world tour in a chase for nerve rest.

Realities in most business fields for women are not such smooth sailing; in few fields less so than in nursing as a profession.

The girl who would be a good nurse must have a vocation as truly as if she were contemplating a cloister. If her ambition is just to earn her salary she will never succeed.

Success in nursing depends upon "making good" not with one employer, but with an ever changing supply of them. The nurse must please the doctor, not easy at the best, and less so when there may be a different doctor, even a different school, at every case.

Adjusting oneself to a new family and its life every four or five weeks is not easy, either. It would not be so bad if there were only the patient to please. There is grandma, "who never did hold with these new fangled ideas," to be placated and outwitted.

Doting mothers must be handled with gloves. Friends must be made with the small boy of the house, or he will make your life miserable.

PARAGRAPH FOR THE COOK.

The appeasing of Nora, the cook, requires a paragraph in itself. One of the rigid rules of most hospital training is not to make trouble with the servants of a family. These rules are so much waste paper. It all lies with the nature of the nurse herself whether peace or war reigns.

Another element to be reckoned with is the aunt or mother-in-law who knows it all. She may have never nursed a case of sickness in her life, but she is long on theory, nor is she backward about expressing them to any member of the invalid's family who will listen. And you bear the brunt of that insidious "Does your nurse do thus and so? I wouldn't keep a nurse who didn't do that!"

If you are thinking of being a nurse have a solu searching talk with yourself. Be sure, too, that your answers are as if you had kissed the Bible. Ask yourself:

Am I going into the work for money only, or have I an inherent love of relieving misery and a keen zest for being around sick people? If invalids bore you, keep out of nursing, though it means $50 a week clear to you.

If you are in it for money only do not fool yourself that it will not be known. Such women are not the nurses who are seldom on the register. They rarely get back on a case in the same family and by and by cases are rare.

QUESTION OF HEALTH IMPORTANT.

Am I delicate? There may be nothing wrong enough with you to bar you from the physical examination that all would be nurses must take, but you know, as no doctor knows, the tendencies of your people. If you are nervous by nature, have tubercular traits in your family history, or have an inheritance of weak heart or brain, keep out of professional nursing.

Nursing under the most favorable circumstances is an arduous life, a strain on every nerve. Only those women can meet it with justice to themselves who have no lurking ill to fight. You cannot be a good nurse and be half sick most of the time. A delicate appearance also works against you in case getting.

Am I unduly sensitive and sympathetic? Such a nature suffers needlessly in a sickroom. True, you will become hardened by years, but the hardening process wears. You put yourself not wisely but too well into your work. Sympathy is delightful to the patient, but death to the nurse.

NURSING NOT FOR THE SHIRKER.

Am I afraid of work? If your habit before entering a hospital has been to do only what you have to do, be sure you will hate nursing and you will not be loved by the families with whom you have to deal. The shirker never shines in a less amiable light than in the sick room. The girl lazy by nature would better look further in profession seeking. Dead snaps and cinches are not prolific in that line.

Am I a mischief maker? Perhaps you know it, or perhaps you only find that hitherto you have constantly gotten into trouble with your tongue. Unless you can swear reform keep out of nursing. The possibilities for your nefarious art are too strong, when you live from house to house.

Am I wobbly minded? The girl who is never quite sure what she wants to do has no business in the sick room, where quick decision is at a premium. Training may improve you, but it is a trait that is hard to eradicate.

Am I able to say "No" If you cannot you will be in constant turmoil. You will not be able to stand up for your own rest and recreation rights; and plausible patients can cozen you to your and their undoing.

PATIENCE AN ABSOLUTE NEED.

Am I patient? You would better be if you have aspirations to be a nurse. If you find yourself slapping your small brother on slight provocation, or given to snappy answers to repeated questions, be sure that yours is not the disposition for a life limited by a round of sick rooms.

Have I the innate common sense that forbids "talking shop?" There are nurses—unfortunately far too many—whose conversation has a horrid disease details tone that is both maddening and disgusting to the inoffensive families who must listen to it, and often distracting to the patient. It is all too easy to talk of the things that interest us most. If you think you cannot refrain from this go in for something as a life work that furnishes more agreeable table talk.

Above all, am I tactful? A successful nurse without tact is impossible. If you have an unfortunate proponsity for saying and doing the wrong thing, you may earn your twenty-five per, but you will probably have your patient in hysterics, the servants at loggerheads, and your employers counting the days until they get you out of the house.

Judge McGannon, of Cleveland, rules that dish-washing is no part of the husband's work.

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In attendance at Creston Office On Saturdays.

A. C. BOWNESS
Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchant
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With a Local Flavor

Provincial Constable E. Jensen has been in Nelson the past week attending a session of the Supreme Court.

F. G. Dean, inspector of schools, made an official inspection of the Creston schools the forepart of this week. Mr. Dean also inspected the schools at Alice Siding and Erickson. He returned to Nelson on Tuesday.

The sidewalk and crossings that have just been completed on Fourth street are a great improvement, as now the citizens can go dry shod to Sam Hatfield's tonsorial parlors. Mr. Hatfield supplied the lumber for the crossings.

BORN—At Creston, on the 17th inst., to the wife of Paul Hagen, a son.

Mrs. W. Speers, accompanied by Mrs. D. Speers, both of Cranbrook, have been paying a visit to their brother-in-law, S. A. Speers. Both ladies returned to Cranbrook on Wednesday.

See the new ad. of the Canyon City Lumber Co. in this issue. Last year this company sold 800 acres of orchard lands, and are now offering easy terms on many blocks of ideal fruit lands. Get in on these before they are all gone.

You know it is a musical family when you see a Gourlay piano in the house. Musicians prefer it to all makes. The Creston Realty and Timber Co., agents.

Potatoes weighing three pounds and four ounces are now quite a common thing on the ranch of Fred. K. Hurry. The samples brought to town were clean and free from scab.

Don't forget the big turkey shoot on Thanksgiving Day at 2 p.m., behind Gobbett's ranch. A. Hendren is the promoter, and he has selected some fine turkeys for the occasion. Any class of rifle may be used at this shoot.

It has been suggested that the Fruit Growers' Association should recommend to new-comers in the Creston district what particular kind of fruit trees should be planted, so that too much of the same kind of fruit will not be raised here, and that there will be a good variety. Correspondence from parties "who know" is invited on this subject.

A nine-and-a-quarter pound baby boy was born on the morning of the 22nd inst. to Mr. and Mrs. H. Maxwell, of Erickson.

Arrangements have been completed for the big shooting match on Thanksgiving Day between the Fernie Rifle Club and the Creston-Erickson Rifle Club. The shooting will start at 9 a.m. sharp, and the Ladies Aid Society of the Methodist Church will provide a turkey dinner for the small sum of 50cts. The Fernie Rifle Club will arrive on Sunday and will do some rifle practising on Sunday afternoon.

Sam Hatfield is among the progressive owners of orchard lands in the Creston district, Mr. Hatfield will plant in the early spring 400 fruit trees on his land, within a mile of Creston townsite. The trees will be well selected from the best varieties of apples, plums, and pears, and he will also plant out several hundred bushes of small fruits. Sam is one of the Crestonians who is putting his hard cash into fruit culture, believing that he will be well repaid before many years time.

The Ladies' Altar Society of the Catholic Church will hold a card social and basket supper on Thursday evening the 28th inst., in Bast's Hall. There will be games of various kinds interspersed during the evening. Ladies are requested to bring baskets, and a general good time is promised all who attend.

G. H. HOWARTH
Practical Watchmaker
English Watches a Speciality
Jewelry and Watches in Stock
Store, Town Clock, Creston

The Sirdar Hotel
A Home from Home.
Headquarters for mining men.
First class in every respect.
Adjoining C. P. R. Depot.
Morris & North, Proprietors,
Sirdar, B. C.

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

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

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

PROVINCIAL ELECTION ACT, 1908
Amended 1909.

NOTICE is hereby given that objections have been filed under Par. (D.D.), Sec. 10, of the above-named Act, to the retention of following names in the voters' list for the Ymir Electoral District:

Wm. Riley
John Riley
Hjalmer Johnson
John Hall
Arthur Ford
Joe Deroshia
Joseph Derham
John Condon
Joseph Campbell
James Bray
Peter E. Blakey
George Walsh

And Notice is hereby given that a Court of Revision of the said voters' list will be held at 7 p.m. at the Provincial Office, Trail, on the 1st of November, 1909, and that I shall strike the above-mentioned names from the said list unless proof is there produced to me that the above named persons are properly qualified to have their names retained on the said list.

Dated at Trail, this 7th day of October, 1909.

FRANCIS E. DOCKERILL,
Registrar of Voters,
Ymir Electoral District.

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

CLOTHES
Cleaned, Pressed And Repaired : :
Ladies' Garments a Speciality
Prices Reasonable.
Miss H. M. FRENCH
Macleod Avenue, Creston, B.C.

Say, Johnnie, can you tell me where I can hire a Good Saddle Pony?
Sure! Try the
CRESTON LIVERY
It's the BEST IN TOWN.
There's a Good Dray and Transfer in connection. Also Green and Dry Wood.
Cameron Bros.
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B.C. Cigar Factory SMOKE Strictly Union Made
"OLD SPORTS"
Sold Everywhere CIGARS High Class Havana

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Ostermoor Mattresses
Iron Beds
Morris Chairs
Bed Lounges
Folding Cots
Homes completely furnished
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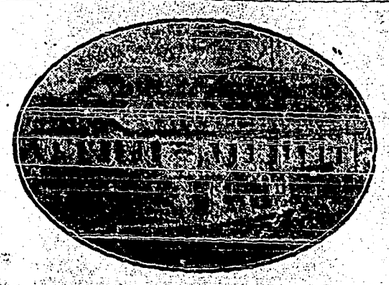
SAM - - HATFIELD
The Creston Barber
Fine Cigars and Cigarettes
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Pool Room, Billiards - and - Barber Shop
BATHS
Both Hot and Cold
At the . .
Tonsorial Parlor, Fourth St.

OF INTEREST TO FRUIT GROWERS

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that I have inspected the Nursery Stock grown by the Riverside Nursery, Grand Forks, B.C., and found no infectious diseases.
The stock is well grown and of excellent quality.
30th September, 1909.
M. S. MIDDLETON,
Assistant Provincial Horticulturist.

WALTER V. JACKSON, CRESTON, B.C.
Agent for . . RIVERSIDE NURSERIES



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Horseshoeing and General Blacksmithing. Shop at rear of Hickey's Barn.
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Kalsomming and Paperhanging
Are in my Line of Business.
See my Pattern Books for Wallpapers
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The Funeral Director

Bring your Orders for Job Printing
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DON'T DELAY
Insure your Buildings, Household Goods, Supplies and Live Stock at Once. We are agents for the BEST BOARD COMPANIES

Fruit Lands
Town Lots
Watch the great advance in building and improvements in our new Townsite Addition.
Investigate and be convinced. We want Agents to help us handle the Fruit Land Trade, which is advancing rapidly.
Creston Realty & Timber Co.