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

C., FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1909 SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Men's Sweaters

Bargains that Come but Once a Year.

We are offering, for TEN DAYS ONLY, your choice on an assortment of Six Dozen Sweaters at

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Be among the First Comers. Get your pick of the pick of the Goods.

We are losing money on some of our Lines of Sweaters, but it's good storekeeping. It keeps our stock from undesirable accumulations.

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

B. C. Fruit Growers' Meeting

(Continued)

Mr. W. J. Brandrith, secretary-treasurer of the Provincial Association, then took the floor. "The suggestions made by Mr. Wigen were included in the suggestions which resulted in the formation of the Old Fruit Growers' Exchange for this Province, but this is now defunct, and its failure was due to the incompetence of the men handling the affairs of the Local Associations and exchanges. For instance, only in the last year of its existence, the secretary of the central exchange wrote to the various local exchanges for particulars of what produce they would have to sell, and they gave figures totalling something like $400,000, whereas after the crop arrived it was only to the value of $100,000 in the lines concerning which the information had been requested. The secretary had already marketed a large quantity of produce on the basis of the reports sent in to him. He was of course unable to fill these orders and consequently the whole scheme collapsed. The failure was on account of the lack of correct information from the local exchanges; for instance, X exchange might have sent in a report that they were going to have fifteen carloads of apples of a certain variety, when they might only actually have five when the time came for filling the orders. It might be however, that a Government Bureau on the lines suggested would be of some use, although he did not think that the information gathered would be at all proportionate to the expense involved."

Mr. Cook, president of the local association, then took the floor. "I am not sure that the previous matter under discussion, namely, the matter of disposal of produce, is in order. I am of opinion that the question of this association having to do with the marketing of produce is quite foreign to the aims and objects of this association.

"Of course, in reading over the reports of the annual meetings of the B.C. Fruit Growers' Association, there are various suggestions and motions made there. I notice in the report that they aim at making the association more comprehensive, but it is a question to my mind as to whether the question of supply and demand comes under the hand of the B. C. Fruit Growers' Association. I very much regret to say that I see in that report that the Constitution of the Association was lost and that all the members were under a misapprehension as to where they got off at; and until such time as this association has a copy of the rules and regulations, so that this matter can be settled, anything which might be noticed under this heading might be ruled as foreign to the aims of this association."

The chairman, Mr. T. Wilson: "For the benefit of those who are not such old members as the previous speaker and myself, the B. C. Fruit Growers' Association had its inception in 1889. Mr. Brandrith is the only one now left of the old crowd who started this association. This association was to improve fruit growing, hold meetings and exhibitions (they did hold one or two exhibitions). A few years later they began to extend into plant growing and the name was changed to 'The Horticultural Society and Fruit Growers' Association of British Columbia.' About that time the Government expressed their willingness to take hold of the matter and do something and from that association sprang the British Columbia Horticultural Board, composed of men appointed and paid by the Government, five being on the first board and the fruit districts of B. C. were divided into districts, each member of the board representing a district. It was found that this board was too cumbersome and it was reduced to three members, exclusive of the Inspector of Fruit Pests and the secretary, who was also Deputy Minister of Agriculture, the Minister of Agriculture being of course, chairman.

"Later on the question came up of over production. People seemed unable to market their fruit, and the B.C. Fruit Exchange was inaugurated, with headquarters in New Westminster. This venture became hopelessly insolvent and went down and out. It was resurrected but the results were no better and people got tired of having anything to do with this, which seemed always to end, leaving the shippers in debt. Some of the men who kept their accounts absolutely up-to-date were the only ones who got anything out of it. The failures of these ventures has resulted in the growers going in for handling their own shipments.

"But, in my opinion, the small fruit grower will have to come to some system of co-operation. We must have organization; and looking over the history of the growers in the United States, we see that now they have got through the lean years they are doing very well; and it appears that we also, unless we profit by their example, will have to buy the experiment at the cost of our time and pockets. We should profit by the mistakes they made in the South. We can study their literature and their failures, but there is no doubt about it, we have to have organization; one bee cannot make the honey; it is only the whole hive that can make honey in quantity. This, gentlemen, is the history of the B.C. Fruit Growers' Association, Board of Horticulture, and Fruit Exchange."

Mr. Brandrith: "Although the Articles of the Association were burned some fourteen years ago, yet the original minute book was saved. There have been no copies of these minutes printed for some fifteen years, and I cannot do anything in this direction without the authorization of the various associations; and a motion to that effect would be in order. But the organization of the association is on the same lines of other bodies, namely, President, Secretary and Treasurer, with Executive Committee to oversee all bills before they are paid. No funds are paid out except by cheque, signed by the President and the Secretary-Treasurer. The original Fruit Growers' Association was formed for the purpose of encouraging the cultivation of choice fruits, flowers and vegetables. About three years after the name got changed in the public press, and on the annual reports, without any authority, into the B.C. Fruit Growers' Association and Horticultural Society; and upon my appointment to the secretaryship I found that there was no authority for this change of the name, and I cut this latter part out. Nine years after, the objects of the association were changed to include the marketing of fruit. Now it might be said that the aims and objects of this association are: 'To encourage the cultivation of choice fruits and to assist in the marketing of same.'"

Moved by Mr. Watson, seconded by Mr. Wigen. "That the secretary be authorized to have the Constitution, Rules and By-laws of this Association printed, and that a copy of same be sent to each individual member as soon as possible."—Carried.

Mr. Brandrith: "One of the benefits of being a member of this association is that spraying materials, such as sulphur, etc., can be secured at practically cost price from the association."

"Mr. Winslow and Mr. Middleton, fruit experts of the Provincial Government service, will deliver addresses at a public meeting to be held this evening in the Mercantile Hall, on various aspects of fruit culture."

Mr. Cook: "In thinking over this question raised by Mr. Wigen, as to the advisability of forming a Government Bureau of Information, it occurs to me—Is the policy of a Provincial organization of any kind for the marketing of produce for this Province, practicable? Personally, I do not think it is. Of course I have no wish to throw cold water on any proposition. We are here primarily for the discussion of the best methods of disposing of our fruit, and I seriously doubt whether it is practicable for us to market our fruit as a whole province, owing to the varying conditions, time of crop, etc., in the different parts of the province. It is not practicable for us to lay down a standard price for most of our products as a province. The price will be controlled by the conditions in the markets and the distance from shipping points, which cannot be helped or altered by any provincial arrangements. Here is what I am trying to get at; take for instance, berries, which are our chief trouble; in shipping any from the island, it is impossible to get them to the destination point in the same condition as berries from Creston or other Kootenay points; and therefore it does not pay us to throw our crop in with those from other parts of the province, as we lose by such a policy. The idea of co-operation is all right, but the central exchange is unworkable in practice. In selling to a central exchange we do not get the benefit of our conditions as regards proximity to markets. We have to compete with other berries thrown in to that market through the same exchange. We would, for instance, receive a wire from the Central Exchange that berries were selling at Calgary say, at such a price, and would be perhaps warned off that market, when by rights that is our proper market. During the previous year, when we had a free hand to do our business, we sold our berries in Calgary, Macleod, Medicine Hat, etc., where we got $2.00, whilst the Central Fruit Exchange were unloading for $1.80; and if we had been selling through that exchange we would have had to accept that low price of $1.80. These are facts; they are not knocking a central exchange or anything else that will benefit the market for fruit. I maintain that one central exchange for such a vast province as British Columbia is impracticable. Each fruit district will have to have its own exchange, and for a few years at least, sell their own produce.

"I think that the best plan to meet the question of a glutted market would be for the different fruit centers to have their own exchanges or associations to handle their own fruit. These associations could have an annual convention to which all sent delegates. They could talk over the question of supply and demand, farmer with farmer, and not capitalist against laborer, which it becomes as soon as you have exchanges, because in the latter case it is a company, and the directors have to show a profit for the shareholders, as the whole thing will drop down under the exchange system unless the company will show a profit. In this convention, however, the farmers can come to this themselves, and I think the Government experts should try to get the farmers into one line and see that they are properly formed, when they will pay. We must stop farmers' institutes, exchanges and associations, and have in place of these three bodies any one class of body. The Fruit Growers' Association is, in my opinion, the best way to attain these ends."

Mr. Brandrith: "The big mountain in the way of co-operation is the local petty jealousy."

Mr. Compton: "Sir, the lack of success of all these associations is due to the intelligence of the growers. The name of the organization would not effect the matter at all. The grower is to blame, and whatever we have, if the grower will not stand under one name he will not do so under another. The only thing to make a success of these things is to have an ironclad agreement and make every man stick absolutely to it. (Applause). We are ruined by lack of the proper spirit of union among the growers."

Mr. Wigen: "I did not intend that the association to which I referred should have anything to do with the selling of berries, but that by means of these bureaus of information proper information should be supplied to all the subscribing associations. This would help the grower to market his own produce better, as it is at present impossible to get them to make a success of a central marketing exchange."

Mr. Wilson: "The Government might assist on the lines suggested; but as for setting prices or anything of that kind, we cannot do this, as the Government cannot enter into any commercial business at all."

Another speaker in the hall added: "We should be rendering the Government liable to a charge of Socialism if they were to help us to dispose of our produce, thus competing with other industries and the various commission houses, etc."

The chairman then ruled that the discussion had been carried to its completion, and with the approval of the members called upon the secretary-treasurer to address the meeting. Several of the members, however, requested that the chair give them a little information on the fruit industry, and the chairman then took the floor and lectured on "Fruit Growing and its Problems."

(To be continued)

Don't forget Andrew Miller's dancing class will be held in the Creston Auditorium on Tuesday evening next at eight o'clock. See his advertisement in this paper for full particulars.

PROVINCIAL ELECTION

November 25th, 1909

WHY

The Intelligent Voters of Ymir County

WILL VOTE FOR

Jas. H. Schofield

BECAUSE

J. H. SCHOFIELD is a supporter of the McBride Government, which has rescued the finances of British Columbia from the chaos in which they were left by previous inefficient Governments.

J. H. SCHOFIELD is a supporter of the McBride Railway Construction Policy, which means more railways and more prosperity for British Columbia.

J. H SCHOFIELD has been instrumental in securing for Ymir County our present splendid public roads and many other improvements in this district.

J. H. SCHOFIELD is personally known to all as a man of integrity, with a stake in Ymir County and in British Columbia, and his record as a Public Representative is silver white from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. His interests and our interests are identical.

J. H. SCHOFIELD is a worthy representative for any constituency, a splendid business man, supporting a safe, sound and Conservative policy.

J. H. SCHOFIELD stands for a White British Columbia

Crown Grants to be Issued

The following telegram has been received at the Review office:

Trail, Nov. 11, 1909.

J. K. Johnson, Creston, B.C.

Renwick wires Crown Grants for Creston lands can issue now, as soon as payment is complete and application made. Please publish.

J. H. SCHOFIELD.

When you have found a good man, stay with him. Vote for Schofield, the best man Ymir County has ever had.

The following, regarding Local Option, has been handed in for publication by the Rev. F. J. Rutherford:

The attention of the public is called to the fact that the coming plebiscite vote regarding Local Option Law does not determine whether this or any other community shall be under Prohibition Law, but only puts the Local Option Law on our statute books, which makes it possible for each community to determine the matter for itself by people's votes.

Creston Lumber Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Complete Stock of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER

Prompt Attention *Satisfaction Guaranteed*

Let us Figure with you on that Building

P.O. BOX 24 *CRESTON, B.C.*

Ranges, Cook Stoves

Heaters and Granite Ware

In McClay's Famous Make

COOK STOVES - $12.50 Up

HEATERS at $2.75 to $13.50

See the New Sanitary Roasting Pan

Creston Mercantile Co.

How Meat is Prepared For the Orthodox Jews.

(By General Marcus J. Wright, United States War Department.)

At a meeting of a social club in Washington which I recently attended there arose a discussion as to the healthfulness of refrigerated meats. The conversation took a wide turn, involving the comparative merits of various meats, when Admiral X. remarked that the most reliable of all meats was Kosher meat. He was asked, "What is Kosher meat?"

The Admiral explained: "The first condition of "Kosher meat" is that it must come from an animal killed by the shochet. The shochet is an expert meat inspector under the laws of the Talmud, and can only practise his art when he is accredited by a learned rabbi as being versed in the law and learned in his handicraft in one of the Talmudian schools to be found in small numbers in the east of Germany and in Poland.

"Every one of the nine Kosher butchers in Chicago employs his own shochet, who occupies, as a rule, a position of importance in the congregation to which he belongs, although he has no priestly functions. He seldom carries on any other business than that of a shochet, and even, as a rule, considers it beneath his dignity to assist at the cutting up of the animals killed by him, leaving that business entirely to the butcher.

"He receives for his services generally a fixed salary of from $40 to $60 a month, but has a private income by occasionally practising his art for private families and butchers who do not deal exclusively in kosher goods.

"It is his duty to kill and examine every animal intended to furnish food for orthodoz Jewish stomachs. All of the members of the fishy tribe, provided they are scaly, may be eaten by the Jews without the intervention of the shochet, but this privilege does not extend to either salt or dried fish as found in the stores, because there is ground for suspicion that in the process of preparing them 'unkosher' matter may have been used.

"The butcher has to buy all of his stock alive, and is generally accompanied by the shochet when he goes to market, because the latter is ready to detect in the living animal already the defects which mark it as 'treife.' After the bullock has been selected and bought it is killed in the slaughter house in a very peculiar manner. In the first place the animal must be perfectly quiet and well rested at the time of killing. While in the slaughter pen it has a rope fastened to its horns and others to its legs in a very cautious manner so as not to disturb it. It is then gently pulled out and coaxed to lie down peacefully by an ingenious pulling of the ropes fastened to its legs.

"No one is allowed to touch the doomed animal but the shochet, who, as soon as the animal is lying down quietly, will take hold of its head and cut its throat with a sharp knife, the blade of which, about twenty inches long and two inches wide, is highly polished and kept as scrupulously clean as a gentleman's razor. The cut almost severs the head from the body, and the animal is then allowed to bleed to death. As soon as the carcass has ceased bleeding it is opened and the shochet will enter upon a very close examination of the entrails. The lungs are the special object of his study, and the slightest spot upon them or abnormal condition of any part of them will insure the rejection of the entire animal as 'treife.'

"In case of doubt the lungs are subjected to a bath in clean water, and only if it is possible to give them a perfectly healthy appearance by a simple washing will the animal be pronounced osher. But even if the lungs are healthy, if there be present foreign bodies in any portion of the carcass which might have caused the death of the animal sooner or later, the carcass is rejected, for it is the law that the animal must be in a perfectly healthy condition when touched by the shochet's knife, which is also the reason that the cattle are not made insensible by blows on the head before killing them, as is done in common slaughtering.

"But while the animal is pronounced kosher its meat does not become so before it has undergone another process, called 'borsting.' This consists in the removal of all bloody veins and gristle, at which work the shochet generally assists, although it may be done without his help, provided he inspects the meat after it has been done. As this work would be very tedious if extended to the hind quarters, these are considered 'treife' and sold to the Gentile butchers.

"Calves and sheep are killed in the same way as cattle, only that calves and lambs must not be under eight days old at the time of the killing. Nor are the hind quarters of calves and lambs rejected unless the animal has passed its youthful days before it comes into the hands of the shochet.

"Chickens, geese, turkeys, ducks and pigeons are killed by the shochet by simple decapitation with his keen edged knife, but in all cases the greatest care is taken to cut down the animal in the moment of complete rest and blissful ignorance of the coming fate, so as to make its death as sudden and speedy as possible. The greatest care is also used in freeing the meat of all killed animals of every particle of blood and other substances declared 'treife' by the Jewish law.

"No blood of any animal is considered fit food for any Jew, but the heart, the lungs, the liver and kidneys are kosher if carefully 'borsted.'

"The advantages," continued the Admiral, "are that the intervention of the shochet secures to the orthodox Jew flesh food in an absolutely healthy condition, the reason for the law having been, in fact, nothing but a desire to protect the children of Israel against the many diseases so apt to result from the consumption of the meat of unhealthy animals.

"It is quite natural that kosher meat should command a higher price than is ruling in the general meat market. The butcher has to pay a cent higher for the live cattle he buys, on account of the trouble the slaughtering by the shochet causes in the slaughter house, and, aside from that, the 'borsting' requires a vast amount of labor, not counting the loss in weight caused by the careful cleaning the meat receives before it is put on sale.

"The rarest article in a kosher butcher shop is a soup bone. The demand is very large, but the supply is limited, as the dealer's conscience and the jealousy with which he guards his reputation prevent him from palming off on his customers bones of even the hind quarters of kosher animals unless those hind quarters have been pronounced perfectly kosher. He generally compromises by reserving the soup bones for those of his customers whose circumstances do not permit of them buying the regular cuts of beef.

"The orthodox Jews look upon their butcher as a trusted person, and the latter has rarely, if ever, been known to betray the trust imposed ni him. He is generally sincerely religious, has learned his trade from his father and is descended from a long line of butchers. Feeling conscious of the importance of his position, he bears himself with considerable dignity, looking upon the rest of mankind as people dependent entirely on him for protection against the evils arising from the consumption of 'treife' food. But he in turn depends with implicit confidence on the shochet, who treasures the parchment credentials of his high office with anxious care.

"If the butcher undertakes to corn beef for his orthodox customers he has to employ extraordinary care. The meat must first be soaked in fresh water for an hour, then it has to be bedded in salt for half an hour, and then washed again before it goes into the brine, in which it remains twenty-four hours. But little corned beef (kosher) is made in consequence.

Pageants of the Past.

(By A Banker.)

During the past few years pageants, mostly representing mediaeval historical events, have been very much in evidence, some, held in the grounds of an old Norman castle, re-enacting in mimicry actual events which took place on that very spot centuries ago. But in the cruel and ensanguined age of the Roman Emperors the ort recurring pageants held in the numerous amphitheatres were gruesome and lurid exhibitions of blood, and fire, and ferocious savagery. The populace revelled in the most fiendish cruelty; the spectacle of a pair of gladiators fighting to the death, or of a convert to the new faith being torn in twain by powerful carthorses or dismembered and devoured by wild beasts, causing them ecstasy of delight.

And what ghastly and gruesome pageants these amphitheatres have witnessed, some, as that at Nismes which is still used for bull fights, being still in quite a good state of repair. In the Coliseum of Rome, for instance, what rivers of blood have been poured forth; what thousands of victims have been torn to pieces and devoured by lion or by leopard, by packs of wolf- hounds or by tiger, by savage bear or by wild bull. Ah! how that ferocious populace gloated over the spectacle of three or four Christian maidens standing in the centre of the arena awaiting the onslaught of a number of hungry lions savagely roaring in their cell, and screamed with delight as the famished brutes fiercely fought for the mutilated bodies, some scarce dead, of the faithful young martyrs.

But not always were the wild beasts victorious; not always was the victim slain and devoured. As an instance, that magnificent man of men, the Apostle St. Paul, the impersonation of virile strength both of body and mind, when, in the arena of the amphitheatre at Ehpesus exposed to the furious attack of the lions, slew them both with the dagger which prisoners were permitted to use if they wished. What a fight it must have been! Two savage lions against one man. See, with what marvellous agility he avoids their onslaughts; doubtless driving home his weapon at each futile attack, until at length one of the savage beasts and then the other lies prone on the blood-stained sand of the arena, and the great victor is set free as a reward for his prowess. And although he knows full well that it may result in a repetition of the terrible ordeal, yet immediately he is released he goes forth again to preach Christ crucified.

Ah! the Christian faith was no matter of indifference to these sainted martyrs. For they realized to the full that their Redeemer had on the cross suffered the cruellest of cruel deaths in order to expiate their sins, and by bearing their punishment, had opened the gates of the Kingdom of heaven to those who accepted Him as their Savior. And they were as certain as it was possible to be certain of anything, that when those savage animals had torn the life from them. He would accord them a loving welcome, and allot them a brilliant inheritance in the realms of glory.

Warlike Sitka Indians.

"Did you know that the most warlike tribe of savages in this country in the old days was the Sitka Indians, in Alaska?" asked Harold D. Garrett, of Vancouver, B. C. "In comparison with them the Sioux and Apaches of our American Indians were as peaceable as cows. The Sitka men were of the real fighting-stock and valued life no more than last year's blubber.

"Their religion was one of many gods, and everything about them had its own particular ruling spirit. The relics of their worship still stand—their totem poles, with their inscriptions and strangely carved figures. The Esquimaux we know are a far different sort, given to the pursuit of their existence by simple and peaceable means."—From the Washington Herald.

American 'Phones for China.

The new telephone system which is to be installed in the city of Peking by an American firm, contemplates the erection of two switchboards, one at either end of the city, to cost approximately $150,000. The selection of American apparatus was made upon the recommendation of a commission which made a tour of the world and investigated the systems in use in all the large cities. The installation must be delivered early next year and the work will be done under American supervision until the Chinese operators have mastered the work.

THE MENACE OF ICEBERGS.

One Danger of the Sea Against Which Wireless is of Little Avail.

The fear of icebergs has ben partly removed in recent years by wireless telegraphy, but their presence on the seas is still menacing enough to cause anxiety.

The Government every summer and fall makes out an iceberg guide. When some ship reports an iceberg in a certain latitude and longitude a litle red dot is placed on the iceberg chart.

It is drifting in a southerly direction, and allowances are made for so many miles of advance every twenty-four hours. So the red dot is moved slowly forward. But adverse winds, seas and currents may change the course of the berg, and this sort of reckoning may prove all wrong.

Later another ship reports the same or another iceberg in a different place. More red dots appear on the chart, and as the season advances the danger points increase. These charts are issued as warnings to mariners. Ships sailing in certain northern latitudes must study the location of the icebergs, and for the sake of safety the captains provide themselves with duplicates of the charts.

Icebergs are dangerous obstructions to navigation on clear, dark nights as well as in times of fog. They carry no lights and they cannot be detected in the dark until close upon a ship.

Experienced sea captains possess a certain instinct for detecting the presence of icebergs. Some captains claim that they can smell an iceberg miles away. Something in the atmosphere warns them of the danger and they double the watch and reduce speed until out of the danger zone. Then again when near an iceberg the air grows suddenly cold and chilly, and sometimes there is a drop of several degrees in the temperature.

Many unaccounted disappearances of ships and steamers are attributed to collisions with icebergs, ships and all on board going to the bottom without so much as a remnant left to tell the tale. To this cause mariners and marine insurance companies attribute the mysterious vanishing of the City of Boston from the face of the ocean with all its passengers.

There is the unparalleled case of the steamer Portia in Notre Dame Bay. In clear daylight an iceberg was sighted, and passengers and crew begged the captain to approach nearer in order that they might inspect and photograph it. The Portia, therefore, was steered close to the towering sides of the mighty berg whose highest pinnacles glistened several hundred feet above the sea.

Then the unexpected happened. There was an explosion like the shock of a volcanic eruption and the mighty berg was riven asunder. One of the pieces split apart, grew top heavy and toppled over, its base, far under water, catching the Portia and lifting her high and dry some ten or twelve feet above the sea.

The mighty overturning of the berg created enormous swells, and these huge waves were the only thing that saved the ship from destruction. The weight of the ship caught on its shelf of ice kept the berg from turning a complete somersault, and a huge swell picked up the vesseel and launched her again, stern first, in the sea.

This sort of rough launching was not the kind a ship expects, and the force carried her so far down into the sea that the captain and crew never expected her to come up again. But she battle bravely for her equilibrium and finally righted herself and steamed away from the dangerous spot. The whole mishap had taken only a few minutes and before crew and passengers had time more than to catch their breath they had been into the jaws of death and out again.—Harper's Weekly.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

How many pounds of old newspapers are tossed into the garbage, burned, or given away by the average city family? How many pounds of soap at an average of five cents a bar are bought by the same family, when the old newspapers might well be made to do much of its work.

Fragments of dampened newspaper scattered rather thickly over bare floor, carpets or rugs make sweeping much less disagreeable. The results are manifold: Less dust thrown into the air to settle for hours afterward into every conceivable crevice and cranny, with its accompanying germs; less danger to the lungs and throat of the sweeper; fewer mops and dust cloths necessary to remove dust from floors, walls and furniture; less soap to cleanse these cloths; and the printer's ink, a terror to all evildoers, brought to the attention of lurking moths.

Prepare all vegetables and fruits on paper; wrap up refuse tightly and place in garbage can and flies are not invited nor the eye offended.

Use your old papers and think of other ways to make them help you save time, labor and costly necessities, like ice, soap and cloths.

Turbines Run by Wind.

There have been great strides made recently abroad in the construction of aero-motors, or wind turbines. This was demonstrated at the show of the Royal Agricultural Society, which was held not long ago at Gloucester, where a windmill was shown from which current was supplied for an electric grill, kettles, irons and fans, as well as a butter churn, a cream separator, a circular saw and a deep-well pump. By division of the storage battery into two parts it is possible to use 50-volt current for driving the machines and 25-volt current for lighting, the latter permitting the use of metallic-filament lamps.

Electrolysis of Water Mains.

Electrolysis in water mains at Winnipeg has been investigated by Prof. L. A. Herdt, of McGill University, who reports that the soil there has a very low electrical resistance, and only a very small difference of potential can be allowed in rail returns. He states that all bonds whose resistance is greater than that of 4½ feet of rail must be improved.

Announcement in society column of forthcoming issue of Builders' Journal: "The moulding of the elegant concrete mansion of Mrs. Struckett-Ritch, next Tuesday afternoon, is to be, in its way, a swell affair. There will be light but elegant refreshments. Mr. Thomas A. Edison will pour."—Chicago Tribune.

TRY YOUR TONGUE

On These Verbal Twisters of the Funny Men.

"Back in the New England country school districts the youngsters used to stump one another to say rapidly such tongue twisters as "A skunk jumped over a stump into a skunk hole," and "What sort of a noise annoys an oyster? A noisy noise annoys an oyster!"

The girls could beat the boys at that game because they could talk faster. "A woman's tongue," says an old Yankee proverb, "is hung in the middle and runs at both ends," and the girls certainly were able to rattle off at a great rate these mentioned phrases, as well as the riddle, "If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, how many pickled peppers did Peter Piper pick, as well as Dr. John Wallis' immortal verses, dated 1653, which begin: "When a twister, a-twisting, wilt twist him a twist,
For the twisting of his twist he three twines doth intwist," etc.

Various ingenious wights have concocted phrases difficult to say "tippingly with the tongue." Perhaps the three that here follow are the hardest to repeat:

"Flesh of freshly fried flying fish."

"A glowing glean glowing gree."

"The bleak breeze blighted the bright broom blossoms."

Alliteration is not always necessary to make a sentence a tongue twister, though most brief examples show that peculiarity. Here is a longer sentence that exhibits about as unhappy a collection of syllables as can be brought together in the English language:

"She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fishsauce shop welcoming him in."

"There is a beautiful lake near Webster, Mass., the Indian name of which is the length of an old-fashioned hay rope and as hard to pronounce quickly as many of these carefully thought out phrases. The aborigine called the lake Choc-a-ga-gog-man-choc-a-gog-chau-bun-a-gun-ga-maug — then he caught his breath. The meaning of the thing in English would probably be as long and involved as the introductory sentence of Ruskin's "Modern Painters."

Here are a few more of the phrases calling for linguistic acrobats:

"Six thick thistle sticks."

"Two toads tried to trot to Tedbury."

"Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip."

"A special sale of selected shopworn satin slippers."

"Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly, silly snakes."

IN EVERY SEA

(Montreal Witness.)

Eastport in Maine is the great sardine canning town of the North Atlantic, where they 'put up' sardines, or small herring, by the myriad, in oil and mustard. Most of these small fish are caught in Canadian waters, on Passamaquoddy Bay and the neighborhood, and it is a sight worth while to see these fish netted in the weirs, masses of moving silver, and taken by express by means of motor boats to the canning factories. What strikes on unaccustomed to the sight the most is the enormous prodigality of nature, the unthinkable number of these perfect lively little creatures that are day by day and year by year caught and canned and eaten. But such personal observation as this, and some acquaintance with catching the mature herring, in several seas, give but little idea after all of the prevalence of herring in the water of the world. Mr. Hugh M. Smith, United States Deputy Com-Commissioner of Fisheries, states, for instance, in the 'National Geographic Magazine,' that if every female herring lays twenty thousand eggs a conservative estimate, and that if more than two of the progeny escape destruction and spawn, more fish will be produced than are necessary to maintain the uncounted schools, while Huxley maintained that the entire annual take of the herring in Europe did not number more fish than a single one of many schools contained. Mr. Smith estimates the world's annual catch at about 2,405,000,000 pounds, with a value of $36,000,000 at first hands; while the annual destruction by man, he thinks, exceeds 10,000,000,000, or seven herrings to every person. More than 1,000,000,000 herring are caught annually in Canada, and as many as 20,000,000 small herrings, or sardines, have been known to be caught in one brush weir during two months of the season.

Scotland, however, takes first place in the herring fishing industry, while England takes second place, and France, Norway and Sweden are fairly close competitors. The destruction wrought by all the fishermen and fisheries of the universe is, however, infinitesimal when compared to the annual destruction caused by the other enemies of the herring, such as whales, porpoises, seals, cod, haddock, mackerel, sharks and other denizens of the deep. Man's toll is perhaps five per cent., but even so the herring contributes vastly more to his support than any other sort of fish. Herring fishing and curing is one of the oldest industries of the modern world, and at one time we read it was the custome at The Hague for the fishermen to take the first herring of the season to the king, for which he received a present of five hundred florins amid royal ceremonies and royal congratulations. Before and since then the number of men and ships that have been employed in herring fishing and related industries would be startling if they could be counted, and the number of people who have lived on herrings almost wholly or in part would be more startling still, and—following the example of the pork butcher who said he always felt like taking off his hat when he met a pig—humanity may well make a thankful bow to the silvery inexhaustible herring, hich is tempting to the appetite, succulent, and life-sustaining, whether it be served as fresh, salted, pickled, smoked, canned, fried, baked, broiled or boiled, and with or without anchovy or other sauce. Luculus never enjoyed a meal half as well as we have seen hard-working, hungry people enjoy a meal of herrings, bread and potatoes, washed down with nature's beverage, Adam's ale, or the cheering cup of China. Nor could Lucullus, with all his dainties, find anything of finer flavor than a good herring.

DEFORMED SPELLING.

The "Nu Spelin Bord" now claims that eighteen daily papers, twenty weeklies, and twenty-four monthlies have adopted the "nu spelin," as formulated in the first list of 300 words; while two dailies, four weeklies, and five monthlies have gone considerably further. In New York City six weeklies and fifteen monthlies, it is stated, are using a later list. According to the new list, words having ea pronounced as e, drop the a, and thus we find hed and helth. Other "improvements" are justis, crevis, armd, carv and serv. The Daily Telegraph, to whose New York correspondent we are indebted for this news, gives in reformed spelling an interview with a "reformer," who felt he was being made fun of. "Enuf," he said, "I mite tawk for ours about this plan, but what's the use? I can spare but a few minits. Az for the opinyuns of the opposishun, what care I? Demagogs may have all the plezure they can get from tawking. I am dun with tawking, but I am not dun with the bizness ov changing our bewtiful langwidg. Yung man, it iz tuf to be cataloged az an iconoclast, but my hed and my hart are set, and az long as my muny holds out I shall continu to try to better the prezent condishuns, tho the whole populashun of the British Ilands wag their tungs, and insist on English being ritten az she iz spoken." The "reformer," be it observed, has just as good arguments in favor of going the whole hog as have those who go only part way.—"Canada," London, Eng.

Moving Pictures New Parlor Game.

Moving pictures form the new parlor game. A small apparatus measuring about three feet long by about a foot wide and deep, recently has been patented together with the necessary prospecting equipment. The image is thrown upon a ground glass screen, giving a picture about fourteen inches by ten, at one end of the machine. If necessary, this screen can be removed and the image projected upon a large white sheet, a piece of white cardboard, or some other opaque medium to greater dimensions.

The projecting apparatus is strong and simple. There is no danger of igniting the film such as arises when a powerful luminant is employed, as in the ordinary exhibition installation. All that it necessary is an acetylene bicycle or other convenient form of lamp. The film being placed some distance from the light there is no possibility of sufficient heat being generated in focusing the light to bring about combustion of the film.

The films are supplied on spools and operate in the usual way, being wound again on another spool after passing before the lens. The picture thrown upon the ground glass or other screen is perfectly distinct and clear, and has all the vivid animation of the large machines.

This latest invention is ranked as one of the greatest developments in kinematography, as it insures moving pictures for the home.

MR. FADDLETHWAITE FOUND OUT.

For two months Mrs. Faddlethwaite had said at least eight times a day to her husband: "I am going to take the children and go away somewhere. I think they need a change, and I'm sure I do."

Mr. Faddlethwaite never made any reply when this declaration was launched. He merely looked unconcerned and changed the subject as soon as he could without appearing to do so deliberately. At last one morning Mrs. Faddlethwaite, who had, owing to the heat, been unable to sleep much the night before, wearily said:

"Henry, I'm going to take the children and go away somewhere. I just can't stand it any longer."

"Very well. Where do you wish to go? I'll see about your ticket if you wish."

"Oh! You will, will you? It's very kind of you, indeed! But you needn't bother. You're too anxious to get rid of us. I have known all along that you were dying to have us go away. Harry, tell me the truth. Are you leading a double life?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

SAVED HIS MONEY.

Will Brown, a farmer, who lives near Arlington, in this county, had a startling experience Tuesday night and came out of it with credit, due to a rare presence of mind, or else to sheer luck. Mr. Brown was driving home after dark and when he reached Bugg's Bridge, on Obion, north of town, he was holding the reins with one hand and had the other hand in his pocket clasping a roll of money amounting to $10.50. Just then two negro highwaymen commanded him to "throw up his hands," and he promptly obeyed, but when his hands went up he clinched that money in his fist, and the highwaymen never saw it or suspected that he had it. They searched his pockets and found 15 cents, which was all they got. When ordered to drive on you may be sure he lost no time in doing so.—Clinton, Mo., Gazette.

A MODEL "PRESENTATION" SPEECH

John Smith had worked for the Valve corporation for 42 years and decided to quit. The company, in consideration of his long and faithful service, arranged to give a monetary recognition. The superintendent of the works, a German, and an extra good mechanic, was asked to present it. He was advised to use a little sentiment in making the presentation speech, and this is the way he did it:

"John, you haff work for the company over 40 years?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"You are going to quit?"

"Vell! They are so tam glad of it that they asked me to hand you this hundred dollars."—Monson Register.

Cynicus—He acts like a man who had been disappointed in love. Sillicus—But he's a married man. Cynicus—Well?

Jonas Wilkins' Birthday Present

"Certainly, Jonas must have a birthday present! Now the question is, "What shall it be?" said black-eyed May. "Just think! He'll be 35 years old and has never had one except when he was a little boy almost too young to remember!" she added sympathetically.

"Did he say that?" asked Jennie Deering, with a curious blush.

"Yes, he told Uncle John so," said May quickly, "and when uncle repeated it to me, I just decided that he should have a present this year, sure."

"Let's send him something that is useful! An old bachelor needs so many things that he would never think of buying himself. We could send him a clock," said Jennie, but again May frowned upon the sensible suggestion.

"No, indeed! That won't do. Jonas has no end of clocks and needs no more. Let's give him something that he would never dream of getting for himself!"

"Oh, girls!" broke in Sallie Green, with a ringing laugh. "I've thought of the very thing! Let's give Jonas a wife for his birthday present! He has everything else that he needs, and you know he is altogether too timid to ever secure a wife without some assistance!"

"Won't he resent it?" asked the girls, timidly, but May checked them imperiously.

"Certainly not, if she is the right one! What man would? The only thing is to see that she is in every way worthy of him, for Jonas is really a splendid fellow, even if he is bashful. Jonas shall have a wife for his birthday, that much is settled! Now who shall she be, and how will we present her?"

The three girls sat for a moment in silence; then suddenly May was struck with a bright idea. The other girls stared at her in breathless amazement when she told them what it was.

"Why May Gardner, you must be crazy!" they cried simultaneously.

"Not a bit of it," said May, stoutly. "Now, see here girls, be sensible. Here we are getting older and older every day and not a man in the village that is marriageable except Jonas. Now, we all like him, you know we do: but if we wait for him to propose we'll all die old maids and that would be awful. All Jonas needs is a little encouragement, and no one will ever know that we used our influence for each other!"

And, finally her reason prevailed, possibly by the aid of a tender sentiment existing toward Jonas in the hearts of both blushing maidens.

"I say, Jonas, you'd oughter be thinkin' of marryin'," said "Uncle John" Gardner shortly after the important agreement between the three young ladies.

"I s'pose so," said Jonas absently, with a little blush.

"'Pears to me you'd better be lookin' around," continued the old farmer as indifferently as possible. "Your 35th birthday is comin' and you've be'n half your life without a wife. Must be sort o' desolate for ye I'm thinkin'."

"That's so," said Jonas a little mournfully. "There ain't much fun a-settin' alone o' evenings, but I'm used to it," he added, despondently.

"Pshaw! There ain't no sech thing as gittin' used tew it! It ain't nat'ral!" said Uncle John stoutly.

"What'll I do?" asked Jonas, sheepishly.

"Ask one of those pretty girls around here to marry you—sort of a birthday present to yourself, you know." The old man chuckled as he glanced slyly at Jonas.

"They wouldn't have me," said Jonas, with a decided shake of his head.

"There's three of 'em that would," began the old farmer, but checked himself abruptly. He had come very near betraying his pretty niece's secret. "Just you ask 'em," he finished abruptly, but with an encouraging smile.

"Which one'll I ask?" queried Jonas.

"Ask 'em all!" said the old farmer with a roar of laughter. He had evidently thought of something that was exceedingly funny.

"John Gardner, be you out of your head?" said Jonas angrily.

But the farmer's words burned in his brain long after he had parted with his friend and neighbor.

And that evening he put on his best suit and went over to call on Jennie Deering.

An hour before midnight they were sitting alone in the kitchen, for the old folks had gone to bed in a most accommodating manner.

"Did you know my birthday was next week, Jennie?" said Jonas suddenly. He was sitting as near her as he dared when he asked the question.

Suddenly Jennie giggled in a most unaccountable way.

"Do you want a birthday present, Jonas?" she asked, with a fit of laughter that bordered on hysterics.

Jonas looked at her with some surprise, but when he answered her he was in desperate earnest.

"I want a wife!" he said, boldly, and then blushed as red as a poppy.

"That's what I mean," said Jennie, still hovering on hysterics. "Do you want a wife for a birthday present?"

Jonas caught his breath and looked at her sharply. Had she turned mind reader, or was it only a chance question?

But Jennie was desperately in earnest, as well as Jonas. She had to fulfill her part toward securing the combination wife and present.

"May Gardner or Sallie Green would marry you, I am sure. They are both nice girls, and you're bound to like them." She blurted out the words in the most astonishing way, and then finished by bursting into a fit of crying.

"But I don't want Sallie Green or May Gardner. I want you or nobody, for my wife," Jonas said bravely.

The sight of her tears had made him bold and he was holding her hands in the tenderest fashion.

And before 12 o'clock she was his promised wife, and when he left her there was only one cloud upon her happiness. "The girls will be awfully mad," she said over and over, "but anyhow I have kept my promise—I am going to give Jonas a wife for his birthday."—Boston Post.

AN OLD FABLE.

"Metaphysics," said Bishop Castle, of Oregon, at a dinner in Philomath, "is a subject that always makes one think of the cat and the owl.

"A cat, you know, once set forth in quest of happiness. She wandered up, she wandered down; she questioned this animal and she questioned that. Finally, wrapped in meditation in a tree, she perceived an owl.

"'Owl!' said the cat, 'tell me, most wise bird, where happiness is to be found.'

"'In meditation,' the owl replied. 'Meditation alone is the true secret of happiness.'

"'But,' said the cat, 'on what subject am I to meditate?'

"'On the subject,' the owl answered, 'which has occupied the race of owls since the beginning of time—namely: Which comes first, the owl or the egg? for, while the owl comes from the egg, so also does the egg come from the owl!'"—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

WHY HE RAN SO HARD.

The excited man dashes through the gates just as the train is leaving. An equally excited woman shrieks madly at him from the rear platform. He sprints for the train, but it gains headway and leaves him standing in the middle of the track, perspiring and breathless.

"Why did you run so hard, Colonel?" asks a track hand. "That's the limited. Might 'a' knowed you couldn't catch it after it started."

"I know blamed well I couldn't catch it. I wanted to miss it, but that was my wife on the back platform and I had to put up a bluff."—Life.

The Weaving of Fate

Clare, who was too intent on Daisy to notice the look, held out a sixpence to the man when he had finished, and saying a few kind words, followed Daisy into the shop.

"Ah! ah! here you are, my children," said Dan.

"All safe, sound and happy," and he gave Daisy his usual kiss. "Did you see my new assistant, Clare?"

"Yes," said Clare. "I know him, so does Daisy. He stands on the corner of Oxford street and is a regular pensioner of hers."

"Oh, is he?" said old Dan. "That's funny, now, isn't it? He came in here this afternoon and asked if he might be allowed to put the shutters up and do other odd jobs. Well, I know I am a trusting old simpleton—not, perhaps, it's over wise to be always suspicious—and I said he might. Salary," added old Dan, "half a crown a week, dinner and tea. And now go along into the parlor, for the old lady has a treat for you, I think, leastwasy she's been a-roasting herself in the kitchen and producing a most uncommon savory smell."

Laughing happily, the two lovers made their way into the parlor, where a savory dish of mutton cutlets nicely browned, and, as old Dan said, of a most savory odor, awaited them.

Notwithstanding the cutlets and Daisy's bright laugh, Clare was that night somewhat quiet, and when he said the farewell which always took so long at the shop door, he told Daisy that he had formed a resolution, though of what nature he would not tell her.

The resolution, whatever it might be, seemed to haunt Clare, for it stuck by him all the next day, and even made him quiet in the evening, when, with a certain reluctance, he told Daisy he must go before supper.

"Clare!" said the gentle girl. "Going so soon? What has happened?"

Still filled with the resolution he had spoken of, he walked hurriedly in the direction of the square, and was so occupied with his own thoughts that it was not until within sight of the dark house that he became conscious that footsteps were following.

Anticipating an attack, he turned suddenly and came face to face with the beggar whom he had met once before that evening.

"Why are you following me?" he asked.

"I am not following you for aught save good," replied the beggar, in a voice extremely unlike the usual mendicant whine.

"For good! what good?" said Clare.

"For——"

The beggar hesitated, fixed his piercing eyes as if he meant to read Clare's soul, and then, without another word, turned swiftly away.

Clare looked after him for a moment, then crossed the square and knocked at the door of his father's house.

The old man, whose duty it seemed to be to guard the seldom opened portals, touched the forehead wrinkled in the De Jerseys' service, and was about to pass to his little room in the hall as silently, but Clare stopped him and asked him if his father was within.

"He has not been out, sir, for some nights past," replied the old man, "and is in his own room, I believe, sir."

Clare thanked him, and, walking slowly up the broad staircase, knocked at the door of the dark study, which no one dared open when its owner was within.

"Come in," said his father's voice, and Clare entered.

Looking up from a mass of papers over which he was bending, Mr. De Jresey frowned as he saw who had entered, and in a voice harsh and cold, strainedly so, it seemed to Clare, said:

"Is it you, Clare? What do you want?" As if he had seen him the night before.

Turning pale, Clare De Jersey was about to speak, when his father, who had noticed his sudden pallor, interrupted:

"Not a word of the topic you spoke of when last we talked together! That topic, Clare, must ever be a forbidden one."

"Fear not, sar," replied the other. "I am little likely to distress you with farther offers of a sympathy so plainly repugnant to you. Fear not either, sir, that I shall ever distress you by frequent speech or frequent visits. I come to-night, driven by my sense of honor, which, with my pride, I inherit from my father."

With his head thrown back, and his eyes sparkling, the Clare De Jersey of to-night was a striking contrast to the one who pleaded on his knees some time back.

Mr. De Jersey bowed sternly.

"So be it, Clare," he said, shading his eyes with his habitual reserve. "I am listening. First, perhaps, you will tell me what secret business draws you from your home."

"My home!" repeated the youth, in a sad undertone, then, aloud: "It is of that business I would speak, sir," he said; then, suddenly looking down, his face flushing redly, he said, in a husky voice: "Father, be generous. I am in love."

"In love!" repeated Mr. De Jersey, turning his black eyes upon his son's downcast face. "In love, and—Clare, tell me all."

"There is little to tell, sir," he said, calmly. "A month ago I discovered an angel—your smile is like a frown, sir—her sweet face and nature belie her! I—I saw her in the street mixing, poor, gentle Daisy, with the crowd. I took her to her humble home, found it as good and pure as she is, spoke of my love, won hers in return, and——"

"Silence, sir!" cried the father, in a voice like suppressed thunder. "Saw her in the streets! Took her home!—humph! Are you mad, sir, or am I dreaming? Who is this—this girl of whom you rave!"

"I am not mad, sir, nor are you dreaming," replied Clare, viewing the passion-white face before him with anxious eyes. "She is all I have said and more. I love her with all my heart. I am working——"

"I ask for no further raving," hissed Mr. De Jersey. "Mad boy, tell me who is she?"

"She is the daughter of a small tradesman," began Clare, with evident reluctance.

But before he could continue, a sudden cry of rage from his father, together with the ashy pallor of his face and the fierce light in his eyes, stopped him.

"Silence!" he cried, in a voice broken and hoarse with passion. "Speak not a word more! Shame on you, sir, to dishonor your name, my name, by such madness."

"Dishonor!" repeated Clare.

"Ay, dishonor," snarled Mr. De Jersey, turning on him with the glare of a tiger.

"Think you I have worked and striven for this? Think you I will sit by and see the wealth I have toiled, schemed and sinned—ay, sinned for—mad boy!" he hissed, seeing Clare start incredulously—"sinned, I say again a thousand times—to see the hard got gold fill the pockets of a scullery maid, an adventuress, a——"

"Silence!" cried Clare, in his turn, his chest heaving with his indignation. "Silence, sir, in charity to yourself, whom you wrong by every word—not her, for such foul words cannot harm her more than mud can soil an angel. You call her this who never saw her—you—you—oh, father, father, you shall judge for yourself. To-morrow night I'll bring her here——"

"Dare!" cried Mr. De Jersey.

"Ay, dare," replied Clare. "I'll bring her here to-morrow night, so that you may recall your words; I'll marry her the next day and see your face no more."

Almost bursting with passion, he struck the table with his clinched fist.

The father looked at the white, set face of his son and was silent for a moment, then standing up and resting one hand on the table, said:

"So, Clare De Jersey, you defy me. Now, listen. You asked me, some nights back, to give you my confidence. I refused, and wisely. Now, I comply, that you may see what black shadow it is that hangs over your father and yourself—ay, the very house itself. You know nothing of your early history, save that this house has been your home, riches have been at your command since you were born. Listen how those riches came to you. There was once a noble house and two brothers—the elder a weak, simple-minded man, with few ideas beyond his books; the younger a passionate, restless, ambitious being, with a mind grasping everything.

"The noble name, the wealth of the house was held by the elder brother; the younger thirsted for them. The one weak and simple, the other passionate and avaricious—can you guess the rest? Ay, by scheme, boy, by violence, the one drove the elder from the face of the earth, clasping his only child in his arms, to avoid a madman's doom, and reigned in his stead." Thus far the father proceeded in cold, measured tones, the son gazing with a half-incredulous, half-bewildered terror on his set face.

"The elder brother," continued Mr. De Jersey, "was your uncle; the younger, I, your father. I hunted him down one winter night, left him groveling in the snow, clasping his brat in his arms—left him there to die, or to fly in terror from the land that held his brother."

"Oh, horror, horror!" cried the youth. "Am I mad? Am I dreaming?"

"Ay, to think to reward my toils by such a base return!" hissed the father. "You know all, now go. If you are still mad, think whether I, who stopped at nothing to win the wealth for you, will stop at nothing to avenge myself for your disobedience."

For several minutes he remained silent, his head bowed in his hands, then rising, he said, in a determined voice:

"Notwithstanding all, father, I will keep my word. To-morrow I will bring her, that you may see I marry no such horror as you call her, and then we part forever."

"The peril be your own," he replied.

CHAPTER VII.

As if in a dream, Clare De Jersey lived through the next day. Scarcely possible did it seem that his father's confession could be anything but the revelation of a monomaniac, but through all the tossings of his bewildered mind the youth determined to bring his love face to face with his stern father, and was resolved to carry out his whole purpose in marrying her and seeing his unnatural father no more.

Slowly as the day seemed to drag on, it passed, and at night he repaired to the humble little chandler's shop, which to him was dearer than his wealthy home.

Even there he was robbed of his consolation, for the necessity of concealing from Daisy his real position prevented his pouring his miserable story into her sympathetic ears, and he sat beside her at the parlor fireside, holding her hand, a deep cloud on his brow and trouble at his heart.

Old Dan, coming in from serving a customer, found him thus.

"Well, my lads and lassies," he said, "how quiet we are! Why, Clare, boy, you ought to be as merry as a skylark. So near Christmas, too! I'm afeared as your poor brain is worked too hard at them figures. Figures, figures, all day long is enough to wear anybody's brains out. Many a Christmas Eve I have seen," sighing though he smiled. "Deary me, some of them sad and some of them gay. I can't expect to see many more of them, Clare."

"Father, father!" exclaimed the girl, tearfully, rising and throwing her arms around the old man's neck.

"Ay, ay," he said, nodding and stroking her hair with a look of love, "it was a happy day for old Dan when his Daisy was found—born, I mean."

"Dan, I was going to ask you if I might take Daisy for a walk for a little while. I want to show her something that will interest her, I think."

"Not the theatre, eh, Clare?" said the old man.

"No, not the theatre, Dan," said Clare. "I don't think you can guess, nor you, Daisy."

"Can't I guess, Clare?" she replied, looking up at him trustingly. "Then I will wait until you tell me. Where is it you are going to take me?"

"To my old home," he replied.

"Your old home!" she said, with surprise. "Ah, that will please me, Clare. Your old home—where you have lived! Oh, Clare, I would rather see it than any sight in the world."

"Well, you shall see it," he said, anxiously, returning her eager glance with a grave smile.

"Far from here?" asked old Dan, poking the fire, and thinking he meant the outside of the house where he had told them he first lodged.

"Not very," said Clare. "Go, Daisy, and put on your hat."

In a few minutes she tripped into the room, looking like a fairy in her dainty hat and coat, and, giving her his arm, Clare led her into the street, old Dan watching them as they passed through the shop.

On their way to the gloomy house in the square Clare spoke but once.

"Daisy," he said, "you love me?"

A pressure of the little hand was his only answer.

"You trust in me, too, Daisy, and know that I would not give you pain unnecessarily?"

"Yes, Clare," she whispered.

"Daisy, I am going to try your love and your patience. You will be strong and brave?"

"I will do anything for you, Clare," she replied, breathlessly.

They went on until the house was reached. The young girl looked up at the mansion in wonder.

"Was this——"

"Yes, my darling, this was my home. Let me ring."

The door was opened and they passed in, the girl trembling, but true to her promise, silent and unhesitating.

"Tell your master I am waiting in the drawing-room," he said, and still holding Daisy's arm in his, he passed into the large salon.

Leaving them for an instant to await the coming of the father, let us return to the chandler's shop.

Scarcely had they gone than old Dan, closing the door, went to the sideboard, and taking from it a desk, set it upon the table. Blowing the fire until a red glow lit up his white hair like a crown of snow, he unlocked the desk, and, taking from it an old-fashioned silk-net purse, sat down by the fire again, and, turning over the purse in his hand, murmured:

"Twenty years ago, my poor Daisy—she was like to have perished in the snow! Ah, how bad men are when their passions get the better of them! Twenty years ago—and yet it might be but yesterday. I mind me so well the poor thing's face. Mad, maybe, but he loved little Daisy—he loved her, poor, little, wee thing, or he'd never have been so earnest-like, and old Dan has kept his trust, too. No harm has come nigh her; she has been as happy as a bird in the wed her, old Dan can lay his hand on his foolish old heart and say he's kept his trust—kept his—what's that?"

For the door was suddenly burst open, and the ragged figure of the beggar rushed into the room, a horrified fear impressed upon his face and a terrified look in his dark, piercing eyes.

Old Dan started to his feet, but before he could utter a word the old man seized him by the hand and whispered in his ear:

"Where has she gone? Where has she gone?—to him!—to him!" and then ran into the street, beckoning with his hand.

Old Dan caught up his hat, filled with some dread of impending ill to his darling Daisy, and followed after.

Five minutes passed, Daisy looking around the room and up at her lover's gloomy face with wonder and fear.

Then a footstep was heard upon the stair, and Mr. De Jersey entered.

Daisy shrank back from his gleaming eyes, but Clare took her by the hand, and, throwing back his head, said:

"She is here, sir! Look in her face and tell me if she is unworthy to be your daughter."

Mr. De Jersey uttered a harsh laugh and turned away, but suddenly, as if awed by some unknown influence, turned and looked at the shuddering girl.

As he did so a change came over his face, and with a low cry, he strode a step forward.

At that instant a loud knock was heard at the door, a sound of hurried footsteps came along the hall. The drawing-room door was wide open, and Mr. Daniel Nickelboy and the beggar rushed into the room.

"Daisy, Daisy!" shouted old Dan.

"My child, my child!" echoed the beggar. "Oh, Heaven, not too late, not too late!"

Mr. De Jersey turned sharply at the sound of the voice, stared with starled eyes at the wan, worn face, which had now no disguising cap or patch, and, uttering a piercing shriek, fell upon the ground.

Clare was on his knees beside him in an instant, but before he could raise the prostrate form it had raised itself on one arm, and pointing to where the young girl lay senseless in the arms of the beggar, gasped:

"Brother! brother!" and fell back dead, with the blood of a ruptured blood-vessel streaming over his breast.

* * * * * * *

What need is there to tell the reader how Clare, rising, stupefied, to his feet, found that the man who had fallen in the streets twenty years before was Daisy's father, and the beggar who had watched her day by day and year by year, choosing rather to live in poverty and want, unknown and unloved, than risk the hatred of his brother who had wronged him and his child so cruelly?

All this was told him both by old Dan and the weeping father himself, but it was not, perhaps, until weeks after, when he led his cousin, the heiress of the De Jersey wealth—once simple Daisy—to the altar as his bride—that he could understand how noble had been the father's love, and how terrible the brother's crime.

How gloriously old Dan had kept his trust and how joyfully he had taken the little winter Daisy to his honest old heart no man could measure, but all could realize how fearful had been the remorse which had dogged the miserable man who had been seduced byq avarice into depriving his brother of his inheritance.

Failing in his endeavor to confine him in a lunatic asylum under pretence of insanity, by George De Jersey's flight, the younger De Jersey, pursuing him to London, had found him a a hotel, and striving by threats to induce him to give up the little child he had carried with him, for she was the heiress to the immense estates, he had tempted him into the streets, and there, as old Dan had witnessed, giving vent to his passions, he had nearly branded himself as a homicide and a Cain.

When the next year came around, with its frost and snow, a happy group was gathered around the huge fireside of the house in Cornwall, which, no longer bleak and gloomy, was the home of Clare and Daisy De Jersey.

Opposite the beautiful face of the mistress of the mansion sits a pale, thin, old gentleman, reminding one dimly of the weakly, trembling figure which sat there in the dark days years ago, save that this—although the same figure—is a happy, peaceful one, and that, instead of having its proud glance fixed upon a cradle at its feet, it is nursing a blue-eyed babe, already to him a second angel—Daisy.

At the table is another old man—a strong, white-haired old man—who is mixing a bowl of punch and chatting in a cheery voice to the old lady, who, though dressed in silk and satins, is still the sweet-faced old lady who used to cook mutton cutlets so admirably at No. 27 Great Snoram street.

And now, as the mixture is completed, the door swings open, and a tall, handsome-looking gentleman enters.

"Ah, ah!" he cries, looking at them with a smile of love and joy. "All here warm and snug. Well, here is some game," throwing a heavy bag on the table, "and what's better, here's some punch."

And, with a ringing laugh, Clare De Jersey catches up a tumbler of the steaming beverage, and, raising it above his head, says:

"Daisy, my darling; little Daisy, my flower-blossom; father"—for so he calls George De Jersey—"and Dan, and the old lady, here's love to you all—and many years of life to enjoy it."

(The End.)

RHEUMATISM DRIVEN FROM THE BLOOD

A Remedy Which Assists Nature Makes a Cure Which is Permanant as This Case Proves.

Every sufferer from rheumatism wants to be cured and to stay cured. The prospect of the frequent return of the trouble is not atractive to anybody who has gone through one siege. Most treatments aim simply to "keep down" the rheumatic poisons in the blood. The tonic treatment by hundreds of cures that it builds up the blood to a point that enables it to cast out these poisons through the regular channels of excretion — the bowels, the kidneys and the skin. When this is done the rheumatism is permanently cured, and as long as the blood is kept pure and rich the patient will be free from rheumatism. Mr. Thomas McNeil, Richibucto, N. B., says—"Permit me to bear testimony to the worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a cure for acute rheumatism. My son, Frederick, was subject to this painful trouble for a period of eight or ten years, and during this time periodical attacks would regularly occur. His last attack was a most severe one, and the pains were excruciating in the extreme, shooting through the various parts of the body to such an extent that even the approach of any person would cause him to cry out with fear, and he had rest neither day or night. Our family doctor, a man of skill and experience, applied many remedies without avail, and could give no encouragement other than that the warmer weather then approaching might prove beneficial. Just at this time we noticed where some person similarly afflicted had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. He kept on using the Pills, each succeeding box showing improvement, until he had taken ten boxes, when all pains and aches had completely disappeared, and although his mode of life is that of a fisherman, and consequently exposed to both wet and cold, he has had no return of any of the symptoms whatever. The cure is complete, and is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LITTLE HELPS.

If you have a small kitchen and find entertainment difficult on account of lack of place to put the soiled dishes as they come out after each course, purchase a small cutting table and saw the legs off, to permit its going under the kitchen table with ease.

Also buy a kitchen chair and saw the back off, so that this can be slipped under both tables. Thus dishes can be placed on the cutting table and slid in under the kitchen table until needed, and the chair can be placed in and out as desired.

Hang on a convenient nail in your kitchen a pair of sharp, medium sized shears, and with them trim the rind from slices of bacon, trimming the edges as they fry to prevent curling.

Trim the edges of your steak before cooking, and cut out the bones, especially the rings, with marrow enclosed. All these can be utilized in soup. Cut off the green tops of celery and dry in oven.

When lining pie tins with pastry trim the margin with your shears; also cut opening in top crust to let steam escape.

Cut your "left-overs" of meat for meat pie in strips or cubes, thus saving many a cut on the fingers as with a sharp knife when hastily used. When cutting celery for salads, etc., always use shears.

CORNS. CURED IN 24 HOURS

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

PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

SWEETEST OF TOWNS.

Grasse, in the French Riviera, Perfumes the World.

The sweetest town in the world is Grasse, in the foothills back of Cannes on the French Riviera. All through the year Grasse is really one big bubbling cauldron, where are distilled gallons, barrels, hogsheads of perfumes.

In the spring violets, roses and narcissus form the principal ingredients; in the fall jasmine and tuberose. All the flowers are grown in the open sun, except the violets, which, requiring shade, are hidden between rows of olive trees.

The flower pickers of Grasse and the flower girls and flower women of the "Jeu de Ballon," says the Lady's Pictrial, form a far more picturesque element than the perfume makers of the factories where the fragrance is distilled. Coiffed with great, flat, pancake hats of plaited straw the flower pickers cannot fail to impress one. With them are their helpers with square flower laden baskets on their backs and a smile—the traditional smile of southern Europe—on their faces.

As for the process by which the perfumery of commerce is made, it is as varied as the flowers which make up the ingredients. Primarily the essential oil or otto of a flower is obtained only by distillation. The residue is then mixed with clarified or refined pork fat by boiling in great copper kettles, and being stirred constantly with a wooden pestle during the operation.

It is this boiling down with fat that gathers the perfume to itself. The impermeated grease is then churned up with refined alcohol in another cauldron until all, or nearly all, the perfume has passed into the spirit.

The fat remaining, with a slight impregnation still left to it, is made into soap, a by-product which is no inconsiderable factor in the turnover of the establishment, though often enough this left over product is simply sold to another concern whose business it is to work it up into toilet soap and sell it under more or less poetic names.

A more primitive method of making perfume is that which was in use at the beginning of the industry at Grasse. This method prescribes that coarse linen or cotton cloth should be first impregnated with the finest olive oil, then stretched on a gauze wire frame.

Upon this cloth are placed thin layers of flowers, the layers being changed many times until the oil impregnated cloth has absorbed a saturated solution of oil and perfume. This cloth and its precious burden are afterward treated with an alcohol bath, which in turn separates the perfume from the oil.

Another method for extracting the perfumes from the flowers is that of enfleurage. By this means the most delicate of essences are yielded indirectly by being allowed to filter slowly from the crushed blossoms through a quarter-inch layer of cold fat in shallow glass pans. From twelve to seventy-two hours is required for the enfleurage, depending upon the varieties of blossoms and the season of the year.

By calculated experiment and by accident as well many curious truths have been brought to light concerning the art of the perfumer. White blossoms have been found to yield the most fragrance, with those of yellow and orange tints at the bottom of the list. A strong light decreases the odor of perfumes, though this may be accounted for by the fact that the sense of smell is strongest when that of sight is enfeebled.

It is a curious fact that the ethereal extract of any flower resembles the perfume of that flower very little. The odor peculiar to the rose and jonquil is a combination of ethereal essences which is only arrived at by a long and tedious process.

Nearly every odor requires a different process to bring out its full value. Lilies, strangely enough, give out an odor resembling that of the rose, while the rose and the orange flower (*neroli*) each yield quite a different perfume from that naturally looked for and the scent of any and all blossoms except the jasmine can be fabricated by the scientific combination of the ottos of many different flowers.

It is comparatively recently that a real violent perfume has been made. The so-called violet perfume of a generation ago scarcely resembled the natural odor of the flower, though it was actually prepared from it. The odor of the violet exists in infinitesimal quantities in each flower and is also very difficult to extract.

FLOATING POST OFFICES.

They Consist of a Raft, a Tin Box, a Flag and a Fee.

Vessels at sea have their own way of posting letters in old Neptune's care. A description of one of these floating post offices is given in the Strand by the chief officer of the tseamship Kaipara:

"A watertight tin contains the bag of letters all stamped with English stamps and sealed up, to which is attached a note with a donation for the finder. The tin is secured to a raft and dropped overboard, care being taken to drop the raft flat on the water so as to keep the flag flying in order to attract attention.

"I have posted letters in this way several times when passing Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and have met with success each time. There were ninety letters posted to various parts of the world in our last floating post office."

FOR A DELICIOUS MELON JAM.

Either watermelon or cantaloupe may be used. Pare the ring (after removing the greater part of the pulp) and cut in small dice. Pare and shred one large pineapple, add to ten pounds of melon, sprinkle with four pounds of sugar, and set aside for thirty-six hours. Skin one-fourth pound of green ginger, cut it fine, and add to the melon, adding also three more pounds of sugar and the juice of three lemons. Simmer for four hours.

Test for Acid in Oil.

The following test, which can be made by any one with simple apparatus, is recommended for detecting acidity of lubricating oil. Procure a solution of sodium carbonate in an equal weight of water. Take a small quantity of the oil and an equal amount of the sodium solution. Place them in a bottle, shake, then allow to stand. If there is any acid present it will settle to the bottom as a precipitate, the amount of precipitation indicating the amount of acid

Indigestion

Dyspepsia Means Slow Starvation.

Let those who have Experimented with Doubtful Remedies turn To-day to Dr. Hamilton's Pills And be Cured Quickly.

By the testimony of actual cures—by the words of those who have proved the merit of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, you can satisfy yourself that indigestion and dyspepsia are curable.

"Four years ago I got into a condition of low health—suffered all possible torture with acute indigestion, wind on the stomach and dizzy headaches. The very smell of food often was sufficient to make me violently ill. Energy was gradually fading away, I no longer had any desire for work or for the company of other people, and was in the depths of despair. Worse martyrdom, brain and body could not suffer and live. I used so many remedies without success that I was in poor hopes of getting relief, when I started on Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In a month I noticed a slight improvement, and kept right on, using one pill every second night. In a month I was another man, looked ruddy, strong, hearty, and I felt as if I had been made anew. Four years have gone by and I still rely on Dr. Hamilton's Pills and attribute to their power my present condition of robust health.

CURED 4 YEARS

(Signed) "H. P. ECKFORD.
"Rodney, P. O."

Be advised, and test Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which for years have been the standard remedy for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Constipation, Flatulence, Headache, Backache and all kidney, liver anl bladder troubles. These diseases are all thoroughly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box or five for $1.00 at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

AUTO RACE WITH A KING.

Returned Tourist's Story of a Brush With Alfonso of Spain.

Of the many residents of Baltimore who have passed the summer in Europe probably none attained the distinction of Samuel C. Rowland, vice-president of the International Trust Company, who while motoring in Spain met King Alfonso of the land of Cervantes. In fact, he met the King three times.

The meetings occurred on the road from Biarritz to San Sebastian and although interesting were brief. The first time the King passed Mr. Rowland, then Mr. Rowland passed the King and finally Alfonso passed Mr. Rowland. They did not speak as they passed by.

Asked yesterday to recite the details of his auto race with the monarch Mr. Rowland smiled.

"I'm a little dubious of this King business," said Mr. Rowland democratically. "First, there's the danger of international complications, and then there's lese majesty to be considerd."

"Your autos were going in the same direction?" was suggested.

"Yes," assented Mr. Rowland.

"And which was ahead?"

"Well, we were ahead at first, but the King passed us. Then somehow we began to gain on him—whether my son Harvey, who was driving, opened the throttle a little, I am hardly prepared to say. At all events we gained on him slowly, and finally passed him."

"And then?"

"Most persistent King I ever saw," said Mr. Rowland seriously. "In the following mile his machine touched the ground only three times by actual count, and then he passed us."

"And who was ahead at the finish?"

"Well, noblesse oblige, you know, and we let Alfonso keep the lead."

According to Mr. Rowland the rival autos were within hailing distance for about four miles, and time went quickly on that distance. Mr. Rowland and his family were in a 50-70 touring car and King Alfonso was in a machine of another make and about the same horse-power.—From the Baltimore Sun.

NOT A BASEBALL FAN.

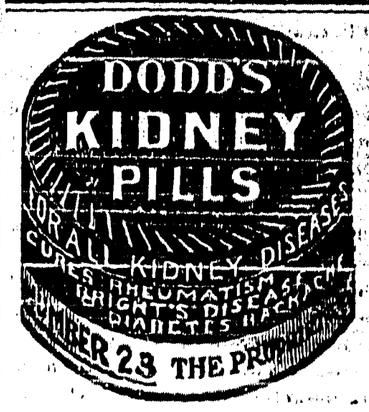
The late Edward Everett Hale was one of the most beloved men in America, but evidently he was not much of a baseball fan, according to Judge. One time in Washington he was prevailed upon to attend "the great American game" by an enthusiastic friend of the diamond. After the game he was introduced to the pitcher of the successful nine—the hero of the day.

In the evening of the same day Dr. Hale attended a social function. It so happened that a young lady who had caught sight of the doctor talking to the pitcher as she was returning home in the afternoon sat next to Dr. Hale at the dinner table. "By the way," she remarked, "I saw you to-day talking to the hero of the game."

"What position did he play?" asked one.

"I'm not sure," said Dr. Hale, "but I think he was a batter."

Amelia (with a simper)—I have such hard work to keep George from being silly when he is with me, Priscilla (tartly)—you don't expect impossibilities of the poor fellow do you?—Baltimore American.



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

BANK MONEY ORDERS

ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

$5 and under	3 cents
Over $5 and not exceeding $10	6 cents
" $10 " " $20	10 cents
" $30 " " $50	15 cents

These Orders are payable at par at every office of a Chartered Bank in Canada (except in the Yukon) and at the principal banking points in the United States. They are negotiable at $4.90 to the £ sterling in Great Britain and Ireland.

They form an excellent method of remitting small sums of money with safety and at small cost, and may be obtained without delay. 131

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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The Review is the acknowledged advertising medium of the Creston valley, circulating in over one thousand homes throughout the Creston district. Our columns are open to correspondents on live questions of local interest. Contributions must be brief, written on one side of the paper only and signed, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith. We invite support in our endeavours to increase the usefulness of the Review by bringing in your advertisements, subscriptions and news. Complaints from subscribers as to non-receipt of paper will be promptly attended to. Address all communications to the editor.

Successful Whist Tournament

The Whist Tournament, under the auspices of Christ Church Ladies' Guild was held on Tuesday evening in the Mercantile Hall. The hall was artistically decorated for the occasion with flags and other ornamentations, and there was nearly one hundred and fifty people present. The music was kindly furnished by Mrs. Rose, while Mr. Darbyshire handed out good music on the violin. The concert program, prior to the whist tournament, was as follows: Clarionet Solo, "El Trovatore," Mr. Northey, who was encored. The next was a song "The River of Years" by Mrs. Lindley, who was also encored. The next was a reading by Mrs. Young, which was well received by the audience. The last on the short program was a song by a young local favorite, Master Willie Long. He also received a hearty encore. After the program the audience rose and sang "God Save the King," after which the whist tournament was proceeded with, and whist, according to Hoyle, was played with a vengeance at something like twenty-four whist tables.

The prizes awarded to the whist players were as follows: Ladies' first prize, a hanging pin cushion and key rack, presented by Mrs. J. Cook, was won by Miss Vera Huscroft; second prize, a set of blouse pins, was won by Mrs. George Young. The gents' first prize, a watch fob, was captured by Mr. Rose, while the second prize, gold cuff buttons, was won by Stanley Watson. After the whist tournament refreshments were served.

The evening spent in this enjoyable manner reflects great credit on ladies of Christ Church having the management of the affair in hand, as it was simply a huge success.

Important Orchard Land Deals

W. J. Ripley, who owns ten acres of fruit land, three-quarters of a mile from Creston, five acres of which is cleared and planted with 126 trees, as well as over 700 berry bushes, has sold this desirable lot to Jack McKim. There was also a snug house on this land. This deal was closed on Wednesday last, and the price paid was a good one.

Another deal of equal importance was closed the same day when J. E. Maxwell sold another ten-acre lot, being Lot 14, Block 801, to Messrs. Forward and Carrigan, of Southin, Sask. On this property five acres are cleared and 450 trees planted. One quarter-acre is also planted in strawberries and one quuarter-acre in bush fruits. Mr. Carrigan will arrive here in two weeks time to occupy the newly acquired land. The price paid for this plot was $3,500. Both of these deals were put through by R. M. Reid.

Don't swap horses in mid-stream. A good certainty is better than a bad experiment. We know where we are with the McBride Goverment; the Opposition are lost in the woods, whilst the Government has lead B. C. along the highway towards solid prosperity. Vote for Schofield and keep the good work going.

School Report for the Month

Following is the average number of marks for conduct, application to study, and general proficiency of each pupil of the Creston Public school for the month of October, 1909.

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

FIRST READER.

Philip Hurry	90
Vida Gobbett	85
Francis Talaraco	79
Herbert Gobbett	75
Cecil McCarthy	75
Joseph Carver	70
Arthur Hurry	65
Annie Hamilton	65
Chas. McPeak	65

SECOND PRIMER.

Harold Gobbett	95
Percy Boffey	85
Kate Boffey	75
Nellie Wilson	70
Muriel Hobden	65
David Dow	65

FIRST PRIMER.

Mabel Huscroft	95
Vivian Moore	90
Lily Cherrington	85
Regginald Atherton	80
Frances Barton	80
Erma Hayden	80
May Laurie	80
Agnes McPeak	75
Sholto Douglas	75
Lionel Moore	85
Rose Cherrington	80
Orin Hayden	80
Arthur Gobbett	75
Helen Barton	75
Frank Romano	70
Ardre Wilson	65
Edgar Benney	60
Jesse Wilds	60
Lavina Wilds	60
Denziel Maxwell	60
George Broderick	50
Arnold Baines	50

Number of pupils enrolled—43

MRS. DARBYSHIRE,
Assistant.

Services Next Sunday.

Church of England

Divine Service in the NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE:—Services next Sunday, November 24th: Matins, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.; Mr. Pochin's house, Canyon City—Harvest Thanksgiving—Evensong and Sermon, 3 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN,
Vicar.

Presbyterian Church

Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next. Morning service, 11 a.m.; Evening service, 7.30 p.m. Sunday school at 10 a.m.

T. G. McLEOD, Pastor.

The Parish Guild of Christ Church, Creston, will hold their first Annual Bazaar in the Creston Auditorium on the 1st of December.

If the Socialist party of Canada, as individuals, were to receive tomorrow the "Full product of their toil" most of them would be a lot worse off than they are at present.

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

The Editor,
Creston Review.

Dear Sir,—The writer was very much surprised at being cut off in the midst of a conversation with a leading merchant, over Creston's most efficient telephone system, and was politely and amphatically informed that "The telephone was for the exclusive use of subscribers."

To the writer this seems a drastic measure to adopt, presumably with that object in view, only too apparent to the casual observer. Allow me to state, that to gain public popularity and success, a milder form of rules and regulations may prove advantageous.

Thanking you for the communication, I remian, Dear Sir,

Yours truly,
A NON-SUBSCRIBER.

WILD ROSE LODGE No. 39
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
Creston, B. C.
Meets every other Monday from June 2 to October 1st 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. No. 2095
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

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 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.

Creston Wine and Spirit Co.
WHOLESALE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
Mercantile Block, Creston, B.C.

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

A Nice Lot of . .
Odd Pitchers
AND
Hand Painted Plates
CRESTON DRUG & BOOK STORE

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.
CRESTON LAND CO.
Box 38. Messrs. JOHNSON & SCRUTON

P. BURNS & Co.
Limited
CRESTON - B.C.
We have a Fresh Supply of
FANCY SPRING CHICKENS
CHOICE BOILING FOWL
Wild Ducks and Geese.
ALSO . .
Fresh Veal, Mutton Pork and Beef.
Spiced Rolls, Bacon and Ham.
Call and Inspect Our Variety.

OPEN December 1st
With a NEW and COMPLETE LINE of—
Shirts, Fancy Vests and Socks in plain and fancy colors. Also a large assortment of Winter Underwear in all the standard Canadian and English makes.
A large assortment of Sweater Vests, Caps, Umberellas, etc., etc.
We also invite inspection of a large assortment of Colored and White Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, and bewitching Neckties.
We call your attention to our Latest Styles of Tailor-made Suits for Men and Boys
Creston Clothing Co.
MUNRO BLOCK, Fourth Street H. B. GODFREY, Manager.

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

Ladies' Rubbers from 75cts. to $1.50.
Mens' Rubbers from 85cts. to $1.50.
Children's, Boys' and Misses' Rubbers from 50cts., up.
All kinds of Storm Rubbers for Boys
An Assortment of Bushmen's Boots
Ready-made Clothes for Men and Boys of all kinds
Shirts of all kinds in Stock

We Solicit your Patronage.

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.

J. 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 by 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.

Vote for Schofield and progress.

A vote for Oliver means a vote for anarchy.

A Socialist is a man who has nothing, but demands half of what other people possess.

MAHON'S BAKERY

On Sirdar Avenue

Fresh bread and buns daily.

Also all kinds of Cakes made On Short Notice.

We also keep a stock of Tobaccos, Cigars, and Cigarettes.

Soft Drinks on tap at all hours.

Amateur Dramatic Club

The very latest amusement attraction for Creston will be the revival of the Creston Amateur Dramatic Club. This club was in existence last winter and the officers are: President, A. S. FitzGerald; Secretary-Treasurer, R. O'B Fitz-Gerald; Actor Manager, J. J. Atherton; Stage Manager, J. Atherton. It is now proposed to hold a meeting of all the old members of the club, who are earnestly requested to attend, and any other residents wishing to become members or otherwise interested in the proceedings, are cordially invited to attend at this meeting on Tuesday evening next at 8 o'clock, in the parlor of the Creston Hotel, when the matter of deciding upon a program for the coming season will then be gone into. It is desired to put on a good play for Xmas. There is a great deal of theatrical talent lying dormant in Creston, and now is the time for all good amateur actors to come to the front. Among the present members of the club there is quite a number of really good actors, and there is every reason to believe that success will follow the Creston Amateur Dramatic Club this winter.

Canyon City Bubbles

(From our Correspondent)

N.B.—Our bubbles don't burst.

On Wednesday, the 3rd inst., at a meeting of the settlers, held at Mr. Pochin's house, it was decided to build a hall, suitable for meetings, entertainments, church, schoolhouse and general purposes. The building will be constructed of logs, and Mr. C. O. Rodgers, of Creston, has kindly offered to furnish the necessary lumber, doors and windows.

On Hallowe'en, Mr. Thomas Mawson was agreeably surprised by being made the host of a party of a number of his friends. A very pleasant evening was spent.

In spite of the heavy rain on Sunday the 30th of October, the Rev. Mr. Hayman held the usual service, which was well attended. A special Thanksgiving Service will be held at Mr. Pochin's residence on Sunday next.

Building, stumping and planting is generally the order of the day, and everyone is making a big effort to clean up before the approaching winter, of which the signs are evident on the surrounding mountains.

Creston Tonsorial Parlor

EXPERT BARBERING OF ALL KINDS
Done with Dispatch
- - OPEN AT ALL HOURS - -

Shop in Munro Block, on Fourth Street.

ED. McCLURE, Proprietor.

Preliminary Announcement

CRESTON AUDITORIUM

Arrangements have been made whereby first-class Entertainments will be held in the new hall in

Bast's Block, Canyon Street

During the Winter months. The attractions that are already booked to appear in this hall are as follows:

November 15 - Cassel's Percival Entertainers
December 10 - English Opera Singers
January 4 - Jessie Marie Biggers
March 8 - - Robert Meikle Concert Co.
April 1 - - Thomas Charles Wetton

Besides the above, there will be various other attractions from time to time during the Winter months, particulars of which will appear in this space and in the local column as occasion requires.

Frank Bast, Manager.

WARNER—KENDRICK.

At Creston, on Monday the 8th inst., by the Rev. Philip C. Hayman, Louvica Ivy Kendrick and Alfred Charles Warner, both of Copeland, Idaho, were united in marriage. The groom was supported by Martin St. Clair, while the bridesmaid was Miss Ella Garner, one of the belles of Copeland. The wedding party returned to Copeland by Tuesday's Great Northern train.

The Review sent to any address for $2.00 a year. Subscribe NOW.

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 date will not appear until the following week. It is imperative to make this announcement and there will be no exceptions.

U. S. MACHINES.

How English Shoe Factory Get Rid of Them.

(New York Journal of Commerce and Commercial Bulletin.)

An English book on "Industrial Efficiency," of which a new edition has just appeared, contains in a supplementary chapter an interesting story of the manner in which the American monopoly in shoe machinery was met by an enterprising firm of shoe manufacturers in Northampton. Shoe machinery was first developed in this country, and had to be introduced in England to save the industry of shoe-manufacturing from a serious decline. The American Company took advantage of the situation, and in supplying machines for the different processes insisted upon the same form of contract which still continues in practical effect in New England. It refused to sell its machines and would only lease them on condition, not only that no other machine should be used for a particular process in the manufacture, but that only machines of the same company should be used in any of the processes. The machinery was all linked up together, as it were, in the contract, and all or none had to be used in any factory; and as English machines were not then obtainable for all the processes, the hard bargain had to be accepted to get the benefit of any part of the machinery. The contract gave the company the right, if any machine but its own was adopted, to withdraw all of its own from the factory, as they were its property and were leased on that condition.

But English machine makers were busy developing shoe machinery on their own lines, the original patents having expired and the patent monopoly holding good only on improvements which could be replaced with new devices. They reached the point where they could equip a factory as completely and, it was claimed, as efficiently as the American company. One day an agent of the latter, exercising his right of inspection under the contract of lease in one of the largest factories in Northampton, discovered that a machine was at work which his company did not furnish. The owners denied that it was a breach of contract and refused to remove the machine, whereupon they received notice demanding the return of all the American machines. Although they were busy and "full of orders," they refused to knuckle down, and ordered a complete equipment from a young firm of shoe machinery makers at Rushden. The factory was stripped of the American machines and as speedily as possible was equipped with those of English make.

According to the writer of the book, "so successful was the change that they not only turned out boots as good as before and as fast, but the relief from the oppressive royalty system enabled them to raise wages and shorten hours and yet sell their boots cheaper." This was explained by the fact that a machine which would cost, say, $1,000 to buy outright, would at the end of twenty years under the leasing system have cost the manufacturer something like $20,000 and still be the property of another. The same writer says that a clause in the new patent act of 1907 was "specially inserted for the boot trade," "nullifying the boycotting provisions in leasing agreements," while other provisions compel American makers of shoe machinery sold in England to manufacture in tht country, "so that English makers in that country, "so that English makers the patent act is also "having a substantial effect in increasing productive employment" in England.

We repeat this story, which we presume to be authentic, since the name of the Northampton firm which achieved its independence of the American monopoly is mentioned and is said to own "the largest private boot factory in the world," as presenting an example worthy of emulation in this country. We have heretofore made known the tryanny exercised by the shoe machinery monopoly with its leasing contracts, especially in Massachusetts, where the shoe manufacturing industry is so largely concentrated. We understand that machines can be and are made in this country, as well as in England, with which factories can be fully euqipped without infringing the patents of the American Shoe Machinery Company, and it is to be hoped that the spirit of industrial independence is no less alive here than in the "old country." The laws should also be as effective against the kind of "boycotting" that is practised under the leasing contracts.

Complete emancipation of the shoe industry requires not only an effective competition in supplying machinery for its various processes, but the right to purchase and own the machines. That alone will enable the manufacturers to conduct their own business and regulate their costs and prices with reference to the conditions of the market both at home and abroad. It is evident that this machinery monopoly has already interfered seriously with their ability to compete in the foreign markets, and with that on one side and a threatening monopoly in the control of their raw material on the other they are in danger of being severely "squeezed." It only needs a resolute assertion of independence on their part to break the machinery monopoly, and if there is not enough of the old American spirit left in New England the industry ought to show a vigorous development in other parts of the country.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Where Turner Went to School.

During a visit of the members of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society to Brentford Mr. Fred Turner, the local librarian, told them that after many years patient searching of records, he had at last discovered the house where J. M. W. Turner, the artist, went to school. Turner, said the librarian, came to Brentford in 1785, and lived in a house in the historic market place, with his Uncle Marshall, who was a butcher. He went to school at a house situated in Brentford High street, now used as a clothier's shop. Mr. Turner showed the members of the Association a copy of Boswell's "Antiquities of England and Wales," containing seventy plates, colored by Turner when a boy at school, for which he was remunerated at the rate of two pence a plate.—From the London Standard.

Cold On The Chest.

Had Suffered for Weeks — Used Fourteen Different Remedies Without Effect.

CURED QUICKLY BY "NERVILINE"

No stronger proof of the wonderful merit of Nerviline could be produced than the letter of Miss Lucy Mosher, who for years has been a well-known resident of Windsor, N. S.

"I want to add my unsolicited testimonial to the efficacy of your wonderful liniment. 'Nerviline.' I consider it the best remedy for a cold, sore throat, wheezing tightness in the chest, etc., and can state that for years our home has never been without Nerviline. I had a dreadful attack of cold, that settled on my chest, that fourteen different remedies couldn't break up. I rubbed on Nerviline three times a day, used Nerviline as a gargle, and was completely restored. I have induced dozens of my friends to use Nerviline, and they are all delighted with its wonderful power over pain and sickness.

TESTIMONIAL NO. 3785

"You are at liberty to publish this signed letter, which I hope will show the way to health to many that need to use Nerviline.

(Signed) LUCY MOSHER."

All sorts of aches, pains and sufferings—internal and external—yields to Nerviline. Accept no substitute; 25c. per bottle, or five for $1.00. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

KING ALFONSO'S GIFT PALACE.

People Built It Because Queen Said Place Reminded Her of Home.

When Queen Victoria of Spain visited Santander about two years ago she was delighted with the beauty of the district, and said that it reminded her of the country about her home in the Isle of Wight.

The people of Santander, when they heard of it, promptly begged through their Mayor, Don Luis Martinez, that King Alfonso would allow them to build him a summer home there, and already on the Peninsula de la Magdalena a new royal palace is approaching completion, the £40,000 required to build it being provided by the inhabitants of the town and natives who now reside in America and wish to show their patriotism.

The people wished also to furnish the palace, but King Alfonso would not allow them to sacrifice so much money, saying he accepted the building only, and that he would furnish it himself. The committee therefore agreed to hand the building over to their Majesties, supplied with all modern appliances, such as electric light, heating apparatus, gas and water, which will cost also a considerable sum.

The Peninsula de la Magdalena, which will soon be transformed into the royal park, is carpeted with a great variety of lilies, pinks and other flowers which grow wild on that rocky promontory and the sweet scents of which are said to be superior to those cultivated in gardens.

The new royal palace is about 110 feet above the level of the sea at high water and the length of the front is about 320 feet. It consists of four sections, one for the private use of the King and Queen, another for official receptions and court festivities, and the third and the fourth, which serves as union to the rest, will be used for general service.

In the fourth will be the vestibule, grand hall, library, dining rooms and billiard rooms. The private chapel, at the King's own command, will not be erected in the palace, but in a separate building adjoining, and in the place designed for it will be the grand banqueting hal.

The King and Queen's private suite contains the royal bedrooms, private sitting rooms and drawing rooms and rooms for the servants in attendance on their Majesties. For court festivities there is a grand salon and several smaller rooms which will be used as anterooms.

In the upper story above the bedrooms of the King and Queen is the nursery and rooms for the royal children and their attendants.—From the London Daily Mail.

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.

Eclipse Passes Unobserved.

Although preparations were made at the United States Naval Observatory to observe the eclipse of the sun on June 17, cloudy weather spoiled all the plans. Inasmuch, says The Scientific American, as the eclipse was only partial in these latitudes, and total only near the North Pole, where few if any white men, with the exception of Commander R. E. Perry and his crew, are to be found, the eclipse was not of much astronomical importance.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Mollie, the Irish domestic in the service of a Wilmington household, was one afternoon doing certain odd bits of work about the place when her mistress found occasion to rebuke her for one piece of carelessness.

"You haven't wound the clock, Mollie," said she. "I watched you closely, and you gave it only a wind or two. Why didn't you complete the job?"

"Sure, mum, ye haven't forgot that I'm leavin' to-morrer, have ye?" asked Mollie. "I ain't goin' to be doin' anny of the ney gyurl's work!"—Harper's Weekly.

NOT ARTISTIC.

Esmeralda—Geoffrey is such a liar! Gwendolen—I wouldn't mind that, if he could live convincingly.

DEER SEEMED TO KNOW.

Wild Doe Helps Woman to Take Care of Wounded Fawn.

An incident in animal life which possibly may never be duplicated occurred a few weeks ago on the estate of George W. Watson at Eastern Point.

Soon after Mr. Watson arrived at his Eastern Point residence a fawn was born in the grass land around the residence. During the winter of course there was nothing to disturb the deer and they wandered at will around the estate. When it was time to cut the grass a mowing machine was put to work and the sharp knife of the mower found the little fawn while it was cuddled up in the herbage. One leg was cut quite badly—so badly that the baby deer was unable to get away. It was taken care of by Mr. Watson and the injured leg treated.

The little chap seemed to understand that it was in good hands and responded to the treatment. It was left where found, and each day the mother doe came along and attended to the provision of food, the youngster gaing health and strength daily. Now the little chap has fully recovered and is able to fight its own life battle. More ardent lovers of animal and bird life than Mr. and Mrs. Watson cannot be found, and they are well pleased to know that the fawn they cared for is able to follow its mother and enjoy the freedom of Groton woods.

It has been accorded to very few, even those who spend much time in the wilds, to see baby deer nurtured as Mr. and Mrs. Watson saw their little pet.—From the New London Day.

MAGISTRATE'S SKIN DISEASE CURED

Magistrate F. Rasmussen, of 211, Marquette Street, Montreal, writes to the Zam-Buk Co. as follows:—

"Gentlemen,—For many years I was troubled with a serious eruption of the skin, which was not only unsightly, but at times very painful. I first tried various household remedies, but all these proved altogether useless.

"I then took medical advice. Not one, but several doctors in turn were consulted, but I was unable to get any permanent relief. Sometime back I noticed a report from a Justice of the Peace who had been cured of a chronic skin-disease by Zam-Buk, and I determined to give this balm a trial.

"After a thoroughly fair test, I can say I am delighted with it. I have the best reasons for this conclusion; because, while everything else I tried—salves, embrocations, washes, soaps, and doctors' preparations—failed absolutely to relieve my pain and rid me of my trouble, three boxes of Zam-Buk have worked a complete cure.

"In my opinion Zam-Buk should be even more widely known than it is, and I have no objection to you publishing this letter."

For eczema, eruptions, rashes, tetter, itch, ringworm, and similar skin diseases, Zam-Buk is without equal. It also cures cuts, burns, scalds, piles, abscesses, chronic sores, blood-poisoning, etc. All druggists and stores at 50 cents a box, or post free for price from the Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

Zam-Buk

A CAST OFF WOMAN.

(Detroit News.)

Partnership in evil breeds a mutual disgust. No man ever had or ever can muster any kind of lasting affection for a woman who is untrue to her marriage vows and indifferent to the good name of her children. It is almost platitudinous to say so, but there are many persons in this city who do not appear to know it. When a woman ceases to defend her own name, there is no other defence for her. Even those who revel for a time in her looseness cast her off, and of all outcasts the most miserable is she who is cast out by the man who brought her to ruin. It is natural law that such should be.

The bravest prize fighter may be afraid of his wife.

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S

PERFUMED LYE

READY FOR USE IN ANY QUANTITY

For making SOAP, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets and drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. Sal Soda. Sold Everywhere.

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

SUNLIGHT SOAP

HALF THE TOIL

of household work is taken away when Sunlight Soap is brought into the home. For thoroughly cleansing floors, metal-work, walls and woodwork, Sunlight is the most economical both in time and money.

THE OLD VILLAGE BELL.

(By Dr. W. A. Blackwell.)

How dear to my heart is the old village bell,
How sweetly its echoes float out o'er the dell
How intently I hearkened its rapturous lay,
As it rang at the dawn of each bright summer day.

It was used as a signal of fire and distress,
It aroused us in morning for breakfast to dress,
It chimed off the hours while we were at school,
And at eve bad us leave the old fishing pool.

It was tolled by the bellman to honor the dead,
It was rung as a signal for prayers to be said,
It would peal out in sadness the funeral knell,
Or wring out in gladness the sweet marriage bell.

But, O what a pleasure, akin to divine,
To hear its glad tidings each Sunday at nine,
As it called us to bow at the foot of the cross,
In the little stone church all covered with moss.

Three decades had passed since I ceased to dwell
In this quaint little place with its silver-tongued bell;
So, at last, I determined that I would return;
To hear its sweet message, my sad heart did yearn.

The day came at last when my trip should begin,
When I'd leave the great town with its tumult and din,
To be soon whirled away by a giant of steel
Towards the docks that protect the leviathan's keel.

How rhythmic the clattering joints of the rail
As the train hastened on over meadow and vale!
How my heart throbbed with joy to see the wave crests of foam,
As the ship plowed thro' billows to take me back home!
I arrived in the village midst an ocean of light.

The moon's rich effulgence had banished the night,
And in wending my way toward the heart of the town,
I found most of the landmarks dismantled, torn down.

The night was half spent when I reached the old inn,
Which long years before had once sheltered my kin
I indicted my name, by the clerk it was read,
And at once fell asleep as I pillowed my head.

Six hours of sweet slumber had been my good lot,
This world and its troubles had all been forgot,
When with fear and emotion, I awoke with a start—
The first tap of the bell had transfixed my heart.

As I lay there and listened its sweet plaintive song,
I wish that each cadence was one hour long.
For the mem'ries of loved ones presented so fast,
But the pleasures of this lift, alas! do not last.

How strangely commingled both pleasure and pain,
As my yearning soul answered to each throbbing strain!
My very heart's current seemed frozen and numb,
To find all loving voices, save this, stricken dumb,

Tho' the dear loving faces I once knew of yore
Are lost for a season on yonder bright shore.
They seemed to come back in a mystical spell
When I heard the sweet tones of the old village bell.

It's only a fancy, but I hope at the last,
When life and its brief little pleasures are past.
To be laid within sound of the friend I loved well—
The guide of my childhood—the old village bell.

A Well-Known Man

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Dear Sirs,—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results.

Yours truly,

T. B. LAVERS,
St. John.

A TARKINGTON EPIGRAM.

"Booth Tarkington, at a theatrical supper, spoke rather well," said a playwright, "on marriage."

"One remark in his speech struck me particularly by its epigrammatic truth. It was this:

"'Before she marries him, a girl's opinion of a young man is the same as his mother's; after marriage she comes round rather to his father's view.'"

FORGOT AND FORGAVE.

(London Telegraph.)

"I tell you, sir, kissing the hand that smites you is nothing to what I saw in the hotel this morning."

"What was that?"

"The porter blacking the boots that had kicked him last night."

New Anaesthetic.

A wonderful anaesthetic has been discovered by a surgeon at Bucharest, Roumania. It is a combination of strychnine and stovaine. The patient is injected in the spine for operations below the waist and in the neck for operations above. Dr. Bannyryall, the discoverer, has taken some of it to London.

Electrification of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway from the St. Lawrence River to Moncton is being considered.

FISH FROM THE CLOUDS.

Picked Up on an English Hillside—Instances From India.

On Friday last a number of townspeople taking a walk on the slopes of Knockscalbert Hill were surprised to see on the grass near Summerhill a large number of very mall fihe, varying in length from 1 1-2 to 2 inches. The fish appeared to be the young of the herring, and their presence on the hill in considerable numbers created much speculation.

In August, 1904, a shower of herring fry was experienced at the head of Longrow, but there was no doubt as to whence the miniature fish had come, for they fell from above on the hats and clothing of several men, and at the time a small black cloud of remarkable density was directly overhead.

The phenomenon of fish falling from the clouds is, says our contemporary, of more common occurrence than is generally supposed. It is undoubtedly due to some small fry of fishes having been lifted from the water and carried over dry land by what is popularly known as a waterspout.

Many cases are reported from abroad, and they are common in India. Last year Caithness reported a shower of small fashes, which were identified as herring fry, and there was also a similar occurrence in Ross-shire.

Frogs, insects and other living creatures have also been known to be thus transported through the air.—Campbelltown Courier.

BABY'S TEETHING TIME IS A TROUBLOUS TIME

When baby is teething the whole household is upset. The tender little gums are swollen and inflamed, and the poor child often cries day and night, wearing the mother out and keeping the rest of the family on edge. In the homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used there is no such worry. The Tablets allay the inflammation, soothe the irritation and bring the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. Jean Boutin, St. Marguerite, Que., says: "When I sent for Baby's Own Tablets my nine months' old baby was suffering greatly from teething troubles and I hardly got any rest. A few doses of the Tablets relieved her, and the teeth seemed to come through painlessly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Trees to Let.

Now the birds are northward winging
All the lisping leaves are singing:
"Trees, trees to let!
Here's a home for every comer,
Share with us the happy summer;
Trees, trees to let!

"Build not in the waving grasses,
They must fall ere summer passes,
Trees, trees to let!
In the bushes snakes may harm you,
Cruel cats or dogs alarm you;
Trees, trees to let!

"We will guard your nests so surely,
Rock your little ones securely;
Trees, trees to let!
You shall have, from our cool shadow,
Splendid views o'er wood and meadow;
Trees, trees to let!

"Come! We spread our arms to meet you,
Sing our leafy song to greet you;
Trees, trees to let!
Here's a home fror every comer,
Spend with us the happy summer;
Trees, trees to let!"

—Hannah G. Fernald, in Every Other Sunday.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

THE REAL STUFF.

(Chicago Daily Socialist.)

Scrivener wrote to his editor as follows:

"I do not believe that you are paying me enough. George Ade is making $50,000 a year. Mr. Dooley gets a big salary, and Mark Twain commands his own price. I believe that my work combines characteristics of all three. Yours truly."

To his surprise the letter was printed in his column and he received a telegram from the editor, reading:

"Ade-Dooley-Twain letter best thing you have sent for months. It made the proof-reader laugh."

Lifebouy Soap is delightfully refreshing for bath or toilet. For washing underclothing it is unequalled. Cleanses and purifies.

Items About New Y--k.

New York city's egg record shows that at the present rate there will be 1,500,000,000 received on Manhattan Islice of New York have arrested two hun- wholesale about $24,800,000.

During the last three months the police of New York have arrested two hundred more chauffeurs than during the corresponding quarter of last year and three hundred more than during the same time two years ago.

Rutgers street was so named because it was laid out through the land of the old Rutgers homestead, and Catharine street was named after Catharine Rutgers, who lived there.

One evidence of the return of prosperity in New York city is the fact that most of the cheap resaurants are giving seven prunes to a portion, where they gave five eighteen months ago.

Information Bu-----.

Caller—I wish you would tell me if there has been any change in the size of the 5 cent piece within the last ten or fifteen years.

Man at the desk—Decidedly there has The 5 cent piece of ice isn't more than half as large as it used to be.

ISSUE NO. 39, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

CANVASSERS WANTED TO SELL A LINE of supplies used daily in every house. Apply. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

SAVED THE SITUATION.

She raised her head from his shoulder for a moment.

"Do you believe that exercise and lotions and toilet preparations will improve a woman's looks" she asked.

He pressed her blonde curls back upon his chest. "They couldn't improve the looks of some women," he said.

"Whose?" she asked.

"Well yours and Violet Cochrane's, for instance," he replied thoughtlessly.

"I don't understand you," she said, raising her head for the second time and chilling him with a look. We are not at all alike."

"I mean," he replied, turning her head for the second time and thinking quickly, "that your looks couldn't be improved because they are perfect as they are, and that hers couldn't be improved because no amount of work could make her pretty."

And the firelight flickered knowingly as she sighed a great sigh of contentment and relief while he drew a deep breath.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Wasps Broke Up Revival.

A great revival meeting in progress at the Baptist Church at Boston, Gt., says the Atlanta Constituiton, was broken up by the swarming of yellow jackets, which had built nests back of the pulpit. The services were at high tension, the preacher being engaged in calling sinners to the mourning bench, when the yellow jackets began to dart out from their nests and sting saints and sinners alike. In a very few minutes there appeared to be thousands of the spiteful yellow insects flying about the church and darting their stingers into the brethren and sisters.

The preacher was one of the first to be stung, and the pain put a stop to his exhortations. The women screamed when struck by the yellow jackets, and many of the men said things that had no churchly sound.

After standing for the stinging a few minutes the congregation got into a panic and bolted from the church, leaving the sacred edifice in possession of the yellow jackets.

Five hundred men, women and children had lotions on "stung" spots that night.

Send for free sample to Department H. L., National Drug and Chemical Co., Toronto.

VIGILANT FIDO.

In the barber shop the scissors clicked merrily away, and the barber's dog lay on the floor close beside the chair, looking up intently all the time at the occupant who was having his hair cut.

"Nice dog, that," said the customer.

"He is, sir," said the barber.

"He seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

"It ain't that, sir," explained the barber, smiling. "Sometimes I make a mistake and take a little piece off a customer's ear."

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.

AFTER THE GAME.

When I cash in, and this poor race is run, my chores performed, and all my errands done, I know that folks who mock my efforts here will weeping bend above my lowly bier, and bring large garlands, worth three bucks a throw, and paw the ground in ecstacy of woe. And friends wil wear crope bowknots on their ties, while I look down (or up) a million miles, and wonder why those people never know how smooth I was until my spirit flew. When I cash in I will not care a yen for all the praise that's heaped upon me then; serene and silent, in my handsome box, I shall not heed the laudatory talks, and all the pomp and all the vain display will just be pomp and feathers thrown away. So tell me now, while I am on the earth, your estimate of my surprising worth; O tell me what a looloo-bird I am, and fill me full of taffy and of jam!—Walt Mason.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

LOTS OF WATER.

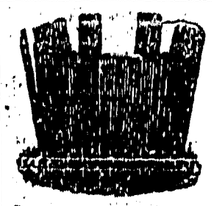
(Toronto Star.)

We are more than ever impressed with the inexhaustible supply of water in Lake Ontario when we pass through the suburbs and notice the capable manner in which the people water their lawns and the abutting sidewalks.

GAVE UP STRUGGLE.

(London Free Press.)

Men are scarce in the grain fields of the west. It is so in this Province also. The difference is that in Ontario too many farmers have given up the struggle to secure help, and there is less land being tilled in consequence.



THE BEST WOODEN PAIL

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

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

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

One feature of the Paris fashions of the present season is the long, semi-fitted coat of chiffon, lace, silk, or any of the striped or figured gauze materials. These coats, or transparent wraps, are used with every style of dress, from the more costly lace gowns such as are worn in afternoon or occasionally for formal wear in the morning, to the most elaborate satin dinner dress. With the reintroduction of the Directoire coats formed of transparent texture there has been a tremendous vogue for the tea gown. The long, loose lines such as the Directoire wrap naturally lends to a dress tend to give it much the effect of a tea gown, and it is now somewhat difficult to draw a sharp line of distinction between the low cut tea gown such as is permissible for wear at an informal dinner in one's own house and the simpler dinner gowns designed for the same purpose.

A tea gown of to-day must be made up on as carefully fitted a lining as any Princess dress, and while the lines give an effect of peculiar grace and ease the natural curves and outline of the figure must not for one moment be disguised. The tea gown now decreed by Dame Fashion is different in every essential from the style of garment which that term originally designated, and there is no longer even the most remote resemblance between it and the more or less loose negligee, now relegated strictly to the boudoir.

To-day there are two classes of tea gown suitable for wear at afternoon tea time, a supposedly loose and comfortable garment to slip on when a tailor made reception costume is doffed, being the original tea gown. This dress is still worn, and differs from the dinner tea gown in the cut of the decollete and perhaps the length of the sleeve. When life was lived on a less formal basis and tea meant in reality a light supper at six or half-past in the afternoon a tea gown was more in place than to-day, with late dinner at half-past seven, eight or later an established custom. Such a dress as the tea gown was, however, too comfortable to be lightly laid aside, and with an ever increasing formality in living this garment is made to keep the pace by growing more and more elaborate, and hence necessarily more and more costly, until to-day a smart tea gown far outranks in intrinsic value of materials the most superb ball dress.

As already stated, the principal difference between an afternoon tea gown and one in keeping for evening wear at home is in the cut of the decollete. For afternoon the yoke is a little lower than the square cut Dutch neck so popular at the moment, but V or U shaped yokes are, however, smarter than the square cut, so commonly worn with other styles of dress. In a majority of these afternoon gowns the yoke is transparent, being formed of lace, shirred chiffon or tucked net. The sleeves are three-quarter length and loose in effect, being either full puffs, caps of lace, or simply folds of plaited net or chiffon falling in kimono shape, narrow at the shoulder, extremely full below the elbows. From the shoulders falls a loose cape of lace.

A gown that is worn during the day is shorted than an evening tea gown, the Directoire models showing little, if any, train, although the material touches and often lies some inches on the floor, both in front and on the sides. It is small wonder that the tea gown fashionable for home wear in the evening is so important a factor in every season's trousseau. In detail as well as in fact, in texture no less than in good cut and fit, this costume is perhaps more irresistibly attractive and generally becoming than any other garment in the outfit. The perfectly fitted lining is the foundation over which are hung draperies and folds of chiffon, which in their soft, full, only half clinging lines give an indescribable relief in contrast to the too close fitting or eccentrically loose street dress now in vogue. Among the tea gowns, too, there are still to be seen the delicate, pale tints of pink, blue, green and yellow that in other styles of dress have been rather abandoned in favor of more striking and unusual shades. Then again chiffon, gauze and even lace robes do not lend themselves readily to the style of dress at present in vogue, whereas for a tea gown these are the textures most sought for, and if only because of being slightly different in effect they make the tea gown of to-day exceptionally desirable.

The dress of chiffon or mousseline de soie, which covers the silk lining and forms a foundation for the lace coat, must not fit too closely nor must it be so loose as in any way to detract from the naturally good lines of the figure, for it must be remembered that the outer wrap will give what long, loose lines are wanted. Not until the underlining has been boned and is perfect as regards fit and length can the chiffon dress be added, and not until this can be acknowledged perfect in its soft, clinging folds need the hanging of the wrap be contemplated. It is with the chiffon foundation that most care is required, even more perhaps than in the fitting and cut of the silk lining itself, for if the folds and gatherings are not in just the right place or gives just the correct amount of material, neither too little nor too much, the lines of the figure will be destroyed immediately.

When becoming, the belt of the dress is placed high up on the slip, the chiffon being gathered into a band of satin ribbon or a belt formed of tightly draped folds of chiffon. Shirring and cording drawn in to form a belt are often seen instead of an added belt of ribbon or the material itself. This robe is finished off about the foot with narrow ruchings of lace or with a few folds of chiffon. In one model ribbon streamers falling from a flat rosette in the centre of the belt in the back, are brought around to the front of the skirt and ended off in a large bow knot or rosette just below the knees. This ribbon band must only be tied loosely, however, as otherwise it will impede walking in the dress and give a most ungraceful and awkward line.

There are numberless designs for lace or chiffon coats that form the finish and give the character to a modern tea gown. For this coat only the finest lace can be used, but the wraps of chiffon and the various striped and figured gauzes are all extremely pretty, and with a small amount of lace or embroidery trimming can be made most effective.

A lace cape is either a complete garment in itself, literally a long coat with sleeves, made to order from an especial design, or else it is formed of two long bands of eight to twelve inch lace laid over the shoulder and fastened together front and back with strips of ribbon silk. In some models the cape thus formed has sleeves added to it of lace caught together down the centre by the same bands of ribbon, while in others the sleeves of the garment are entirely of chiffon trimmed in some way with lace and fine tucking.

While many tea gowns are in effect almost severely simple, others again show a wealth of embroidery and most intricate trimming, and there seems no limit to the amount of hand work and costly lace which may be used upon the wrap which forms the important part of a tea gown of to-day. Ribbon work embroidery worked upon the lace itself or upon a satin band bordering the strips of lace down front and back is seen in great profusion and raised work is also used more than has been the case of late.

On a black tea gown bright jet is most effective and is seen more even than embroidery, while for mourning a black chiffon cape may be bordered about the neck with dull jet and have a high belt of the same trimming. Spangled and paillette trimming is somewhat out of vogue, but jet was never so greatly in favor. A white lace underdress covered with a directoire coat of black chiffon bordered all around with jet, having belt and sleeves also of jet, is most effective.

Two toned effects of the one color are exceptionally pretty in the tea gowns of chiffon and gauze, while unusual shades soft in tone and contrasting queerly with one another are also seen to a great extent. The effect is achieved, of course, by the underdress being of one shade while the wrap is quite different. Mauve is exquisitely pretty in combinations with either pink, blue, green or yellow, while orange is a color now being seen in contrast with all the delicate tones. The combination can, of course, be worked either way, with coat, for example, in palest lavender and dress itself of green or vice versa. In a two toned combination of the one color the coat is oftener of the lighter shade, but this effect also is frequently reversed.

A long coat of Irish point lace of Valenciennes or Brussels net is an excellent investment in these days. Not only can the garemnt be worn during the day to make the dress more suitable for some formal occasion, but it will be infinite service also as the outer part of any number of tea gowns of different colors. —A. T. Ashmore.

A PRETTY JERSEY DRESS.

(By Cynthia Grey.)

Do you like the jersey dress? No? Well, neither did I until I saw this one on the charming girl who posed for the picture. These dresses have always suggested ill-fitting black union suits to me—somehow or other—but if they'll all look like this, I'm for jersey dresses.

Some of them are made with a very long bodice and short skirt. They are ugly and will hardly be worn by those who do not care to exhibit every line and curve of the figure.

The short bodice of the dress shown in the photograph is of silk jersey cloth interlaced all over in intricate design with tiny jet beaded braid. The skirt is made of messaline and falls in soft plaits from the curve of the hip. The dress hooks closely down the centre of the back, beginning at the top of the collar. It fits perfectly, and it's plain, neat and modest, as well as fashionable. Worn by the right girl in the right way, it is an awfully pretty garment.

Hat Trimmings.

They're here.
There are "strips."
The strips are of beads.
Beads are alternated with bugles.
Only the bugles are called tubes.
There's a new metal effect named sphinx.
Sphinx is something between gun metal and silver.
The same effects are worked out in glistening jet.
The weave reminds one of the new veils, the big beads in this case corresponding to the places where warp and weft meet in the veilings.

DRESS FOOTGEAR.

Smart Low Shoes and Slippers for Afternoon and Evening.

The black glace shoe, with pointed toe and antique silver buckle, is one of the smartest shoes of the season. Some of the buckles show exquisite engraved designs, while others are quite plain. In the strap shoes small silver buckles take the place of buttons, and very smart they look. These shoes, in all the season's newest colorings to match the gown worn, with buckles in enamel to tone, are among the smartest things of their kind for wear with afternoon and evening elaborations.

There are pretty shoes for evening wear in soft suede and kid, but the satin shoe still holds its own, as it is not always possible to match the light evening shades in leather.

Openwork satin shoes in a beaded lattice pattern with straps promise to be worn again, but in the new design the beads are in the same color as the satin, instead of the old pattern of silver and gold beads.

PICTURESQUE MODES TO-DAY.

Nothing of "Greenery-Yallery, Grosvenor-Gallery" Colorings.

Once upon a time, and that not so very long ago, either, to accuse one's dearest friend of dressing picturesquely was almost equivalent to reproaching her with a general limpness which verged upon the dowdy, and a want of smartness which was only too often made an excuse, for a general vagueness of outline and untidiness of coiffure.

Picturesque dress in those days seemed almost always to be associated with the sad sage-green garments, the amber bead necklaces and the "greenery-yallery, Grosvenor-Gallery" coloring generally, of which the Poet Bunthorne used to sing to us in "Patience."

An Improvement.

Since those days, however, a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream, and picturesque fashions as they are understood and interpreted by the modern milliner and modiste, have taken on a fresh complexion altogether. They seem to represent at the moment everything that is most graceful and charming in the modes of a bygone day brought into harmony with the latest whims of Dame Fashion. They are chosen, too, without exception, so that they emphasize pleasantly the individuality of each wearer, bringing out the best points of face and figure, and no longer reproducing over and over again identical styles and colorings in a vain attempt to turn out every one in exactly the same mould.

For Daytime.

So great are the demands made by the exigencies of modern life upon the wardrobe of the elegante, that she finds herself bound to devote quite as much time and attention to the arrangement of her street outfit as to the planning or her various evening garments. Taking as their keynote the difficult art which aims at simplicity of effect, those who are responsible for the tailor-made morning gowns of the moment must be congratulated on the result of their labors. For wear in the morning only the plainest and shortest of skirts are now permissible, carried out in tweeds or serges that are before all things light in weight, and worn with coats of the same material, varying in length to suit different types of figure, but trimmed always in the simplest fashion possible, with a little braid and a few buttons.

Her Bow.

A curious fact, that has been reserved for the few to find out, is that, despite the prevalence of the millinery bow, only acutely clever fingers can achieve quite the right touch. And that the adepts are fully cognizant of this is borne out in the prices they are able to demand for these particular chefs d'oeuvre.

A GREAT SEASON FOR FUR.

Even Lingerie Frocks Trimmed With It in Paris.

Fur coats of course are always popular for those who can afford them, but there are other uses for fur which are not always popular, and not in many a year has there been promise of such demand for fur in millinery, coat and dress trimming, etc., as is promised for this winter.

Parisians have carried their affection for fur to absurd extremes of late, wearing fur even with their lingerie frocks and introducing fur bands upon summer hats and scarfs. A wide scarf of diaphanous mousseline, perferably black, bordered by one or several narrow bands of skunk fur has been a favorite shoulder wrap with filmy summer frocks at Deauville-Trouville. Add to this a black velvet turban and you have a summer costume, bizarre indeed, but all that there was of the most modish during the last summer.

Now come similar wide scarfs, very wide indeed, of the supplest satin with dull crepe finish or of heavy soft crepe bordered by fur or by marabout. These really have warmth enough to make them of value during sharp autumn days, and if gracefully worn should be most picturesque and effective. Some of these scarfs are in soft neutral tones, but many of the loveliest are of the soft fruity reds and dull blues and greens, with dark fur relieving their warm tones.

Bands of fur are to be used upon frocks and coats and fur collars, cuffs and trimming combined with braiding are seen on handsome models of cloth or silk.

The milliners are planning lavish use of fur in connection with velvet, the big draped turbans and draped crowns lending themselves readily to such treatment. Fur turbans, too, will be seen later with soft folds of velvet, huge velvet blossoms or dull gold band trimming.

Already motor bonnets of fur are being shown, some of them extremely quaint and becoming. One little bonnet or cap of sealskin fits the head closely and sits very low. It is boat shaped and on the sides sharply pointed ears of ermine lie closely against the cap pointing backward. It sounds absurd. It is absurd, and yet in connection with a pretty face it would have its piquant merits.

Fur coats are chiefly long, luxurious garments reaching almost to the ground in some cases and usually well below the knee; yet there are shorter models of considerable cachet and one Parisian furrier has even brought out some tremendously chic little boleros.

Seal is to be exceedingly smart again this winter and the furriers are once more making up the French rat skin exactly as they would seal and with admirable results. It is not launched as an imitation seal but on its own merits. Still it very closely resembles seal, although it will not give the service of the costlier fur and a wetting is disastrous to it.

Baby lamb, broadtail, Persian lamb and caracul are all in fashion's list and are made up chiefly on long straight furrier has even brough out some trelines with handsome buttons and fastenings of satin covered cord or braid. These coats follow the lines of the costume coats and usually fasten low with about three buttons. Many are cut low but have supplementary collars or stoles.

Long, plain, moderately close sleeves are the usual thing, but sleeves slightly frilled into a cuff are also used and a sleeve, with big wide cuff reaching to the elbow, appears on some of the most modish of the models.

Skunk fur has had a great vogue as a trimming fur during the past year and promises to have added prestige this winter in combination with velvet, mousseline, lace, etc. Lovely sets of hat, collar and muff are already shown in silk mousseline or chiffon, velvet and skunk fur, and evening cloaks of satin, crepe, silk mousseline, net, etc., trimmed with skunk, have been shown by all the French makers. Other furs will of course be used in similar fashion, but the skunk is particularly effective and not alarmingly expensive.

Neck furs show a leaning toward wide scarf and stole lines, but it is early for any definite decision in such matters and there is no telling what fad the season may develop or what inexpensive fur may suddenly become a raging fad.

Soft, rich brocades and one tone satin stripes are being used for coat linings.

Schoolgirls Their Own Dressmakers.

A novel proposal made by a lady inspector has come under the consideration of the Romford school managers. It is that schoolgirls shall become their own dressmakers. Needlework in elementary schools is at present confined to odd pieces of miscellaneous cloth obtained at trifling cost. The inspectress proposes that the girls should be taught to mend clothes and to make complete garments suitable for their own wear. The idea is regarded as excellent; but the provision of the material to make complete dresses would involve considerable expenditure. The view of the managers is that it would amount to giving the children free clothes, and this principle they are not prepared to adopt. It is probable a way out of the difficulty would be found if the parents provided the material.—London Standard.

Wood Preservation.

The wood preservation industry of this country during the year 1908 called for the use of 50,000,000 gallons of creosote, 10,000,000 pounds of zinc chloride, with small quantities of corrosive sublimate, crude oil and other chemicals.

About 20,000 of the 100,000 automobiles in the United States are driven by electricity.

THE UP-TO-DATE SWEATER COAT.

Somebody who is in the manufacturing business has been giving more thought to the sweater this year than has been given heretofore—for that once homely garment has come to be a "thing of beauty and a joy" to the wearer. It is soft and warm, has graceful lines, can be bought in all lengths, and it has a high collar buttoned tightly about the throat, or if you like it has a low cut vest neck. The athletic girl surely ought to be happy this fall, for she can buy a sweater of any color, any style or any length she likes, and be smart as well as comfortable.

Recipes

MACARONI CHICKEN.

Take left-overs of plain boiled macaroni and cut it in short lengths. Arrange these around the edge of a small platter which has been thoroughly buttered, grate a little cheese over it, and brown in a quick oven.

Have ready one cupful of cold chicken cut in small bits and heated with what remains of the gravy, or a little butter and water; season with pepper and salt and pour on the bordered platter.

MACARONI FRIES.

Soak small pieces of macaroni in weak brine until soft; drain and drop in a pan of hot butter. Fry until brown.

MACARONI CROQUETTES.

Macaroni croquettes are a nutritious dish and not at all difficult to prepare. Break the macaroni into one-half inch pieces, measure two-thirds of a cupful, and cook in salted boiling water until tender. Drain thoroughly and then add to a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, dash of pepper, and one-third cupful of grated cheese. Spread on a buttered plate to cool, and then take one tablespoonful of the mixture and form into balls, dip in fine, stale bread crumbs, coat thoroughly with beaten egg, then again with the crumbs, and drop into smoking hot fat, turning constantly. When brown drain on paper and serve hot.

CHEESE STRAWS.

Four ounces grated cheese, six tablespoonfuls of flour, yolk of one egg, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, pinch of cayenne pepper.

Mix dry ingredients thoroughly, add yolk of egg and enough cold water to make a stiff paste. Roll out one-eighth inch thick, cut in stripe five inches long and one-eighth inch wide and bake to golden brown in hot oven. Serve with macaroni.

TOMATO SOUP.

Rub through coarse sieve about one quart of cooked tomatoes to remove seeds, then add one pint of water and put on to cook. When at boiling point add one-half teaspoonful soda first, quart of milk, and butter size of walnut. Salt and pepper to taste and thicken with flour.

CHILI SAUCE.

Twelve large peeled tomatoes, five sweet green peppers, insides removed, four onions. Cut this all fine, then add one cupful of vingar, on cupful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful oil of cinnamon and cloves. Boil down quite thick and seal in bottles or jugs. Jugs are always preferable for tomatoes.

TOMATO CATSUP.

One-half peck onions skinned and cut up, three pecks sound, ripe tomatoes cut up, one quart of water. Put over fire and thoroughly boil; let stand over night, and in morning dip off all clear water. Then rub the remainder through a coarse sieve to remove skins and seeds and add two coffee cupfuls of sugar, three cupfuls of vinegar, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of oil of cinnamon and cloves, two teaspoonfuls of red pepper, which should be mixed smooth with a little vinegar to avoid lumps. Stir and boil constantly for an hour, then seal up. The oils never discolor and so are preferable to the ground spices. This makes seven quarts.

LEMON PIE.

Two eggs, two cupfuls of milk, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch.

Mix yolks of eggs until light, add sugar and butter, mix cornstarch and milk, add to eggs, boil until thick, and add lemon juice and grated rind. Use whites of eggs for meringue and brown in oven.

PRUNE WHIP.

Stew tender three-fourths pound of prunes. When cold drain or strain through a sieve. Sweeten to taste. Add whites of four eggs, stir together until light. Bake twenty minutes. Serve with whipped cream flavored with vanilla or lemon.

DELICIOUS DESSERT.

Take one-half pint of cream beaten to a stiff froth and flavor with lemon or vanilla; pour it over a 10-cent box of marshmallows which have been cut into small pieces with the scissors, sprinkle grated nuts or chocolate over the top, and serve cold from the ice. This makes enough for seven sherbet glasses.

RICE PUDDING.

Put in a double boiler one-half cupful of rice and three teacupfuls of milk. Cook until soft, then add one pint of milk, one-half cupful of cream, or a little butter, yolks of three eggs well beaten, five tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pinch of salt. Stir gently until thick. Pour in an earthen dish. Make a meringue of the whites of three eggs, five teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, and flavor with lemon extract. Spread over pudding and brown in oven. Serve warm or cold.

SNOWBALL PUDDING.

One quart sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, a pinch of salt, one-half cupful sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cook in double boiler until smooth and thick, then stir in the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Stir until light and foamy, then mould in cups previously dipped in cold water.

For the sauce use the yolks of the two eggs, one pint of milk, sugar and vanilla to taste; cook until it begins to thicken. Set all in ice box to cool. To serve turn snowball out in individual dishes and surround with yellow sauce.

TAPIOCA DELICIA.

Two tablespoonfuls minute tapioca, the juice of two oranges, one cupful of water, sugar to taste. Boil slowly fifteen or twenty minutes; turn a mould to cool. Serve with whipped cream sprinkled with broken walnut meats.

Get Out the Vacuum.

Under the classification "Situations Wanted—Female," the Milwaukee Journal publishes this ad: "German girl wants cleaning."

—Unless German nature abhors a vacuum.

PROFESSIONAL

JAS. H. SCHOFIELD
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance
REAL ESTATE, Etc.
TRAIL - - - B.C.

CHAS. MOORE, C.E.
B.C. LAND SURVEYOR AND ARCHITECT
Plans and Specifications
CRESTON - - - B.C.

J. D. ANDERSON
BRITISH COLUMBIA LAND SURVEYOR
TRAIL - - - B.C.

OKELL, YOUNG & CO.
Real Estate and Insurance.
CRESTON - - B.C.

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

With a Local Flavor

P. B. Fowler, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, made a flying trip to Kitchener on Tuesday, returning the same day.

Mrs. C. P. Riel arrived home on Sunday last from Winnipeg, where she has been visiting relatives.

Vote for Schofield and good roads

BORN—At Erickson, on the 11th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch McLeod, a son.

The Rev. Newton Powell, Methodist Minister, of Nelson, arrived here on Thursday last and the same evening delivered an instructive lecture in the Methodist Church. Mr. Powell is on a short tour of the various Crows' Nest towns and was greatly surprised with the growth of Creston since his previous visit here two years ago.

The monthly meeting of the Creston Board of Trade has been postponed from last Wednesday to Wednesday next the 17th inst. This was found necessary, as the hall was required for other purposes last Wednesday evening.

Mrs. U. O. Rodgers went to Spokane this week, accompanied by her son Floyd, who was returning to college, after a vacation. Mrs. Rodgers returned home on Wednesday.

WANTED—A boy to learn the printing trade. Splendid opening for a smart boy. Wages paid while learning. Apply at the Review Office.

Mr. McCarthy's ranch, formerly owned by M. Glaser, has been the scene of considerable building activity lately, as contractors Richards and Payne have converted the ranch house into a handsome residence, 40 x 24 feet, two storeys high. Mr. McCarthy and family will reside here permanently.

Cheap return tickets to the Spokane Apple Show will be on sale at the C. P. R station from the 18th to the 19th inst. good to return till the 25th. Quite a lot of Creston fruit has already been shipped to this big apple show.

We are on the highway to prosperity for B.C. Vote for Schofield and continue the movement.

Services in the Catholic Church on Sunday next: Mass 10 a.m.; Benediction, 4 p.m.

TO LET—A ranch and house; house partly furnished. Apply David Scott, Creston, B.C.

Go to Ed. McClure, at the Creston Tonsorial Parlors, when you want an artistic hair cut or shave.

Don't forget the Cassels-Percival Entertainers will present their first attraction of the "Star Entertainment Course" at the Creston Auditorium, on Monday evening next, the 15th inst. This troupe presents a really first-class entertainment, and is under the direction of the famous Walker Theater Co., Winnipeg. Miss Caroline Cassels, the famous concert singer, will be a feature of the program as well as Miss Eveline Fenwick, the talented violiniste. Percival, the Wizard, is a good show in himself. Everywhere this troupe has been the word has gone forth that it is simply first-class. Tickets are for sale at the Creston Auditorium by Frank Baast manager. See him early and secure a good seat.

As will be seen by their advertisement elsewhere in this issue, the Creston Clothing Co. has embarked in business here and will open an up-to-date gents' furnishing store in the Munro block, on December 1st, with Mr. H. B. Godfrey as manager.

If you are a kicker and see the shadows of failure in everything that is proposed to help the town, for heaven's sake go into some secluded canyon and kick your own shadow on the clay bank, and give the men who are working to build up the town a chance. One long-faced, hollow-eyed, whining, caping, chronic kicker can do more to keep away business and capital from a town than all the drougths, short crops, chinch bugs, cyclones and blizzards combined.

Chas. Moore, P.L.S., returned from Nelson on Wednesday. At Kootenay Landing he met Premier McBride and party. The Premier informed him that he was much gratified with the manner in which he had been received everywhere. Mr. Moore says Harry Wright's election in Nelson is practically a certainty.

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

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

The Creston Dancing Class
Will be opened at the
- CRESTON -
AUDITORIUM
ON
Tuesday, Nov. 16th
Dancing of All Kinds Taught
Regular Dancing Class Evenings will be Every Tuesday and Saturday, from 8 to 11 o'clock.
Tickets:
$10 per Quarter
In Advance
Non-Ticket Holders, 50cts. Per Lesson.
A. MILLER, Dancing Master

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

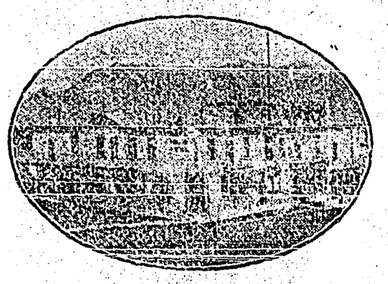
Say, Johnnie, can you tell me where I can hire a Good Saddle Pony?
Sure! Try the
CRESTON LIVERY
It's the BEST IN TOWN.
There's a Good Dray and Transfer in connection. Also Green and Dry Wood.
Cameron Bros.
PROPRIETORS.

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

FURNITURE
Ostermoor Mattresses
Iron Beds
Morris Chairs
Bed Lounges
Folding Cots
Homes completely furnished
Creston Furnishing Co.

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



THE MUNRO HOTEL
CRESTON -:- B.C.

PROCLAMATION

Electoral District of YMIR

TO WIT:

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the electors of the Electoral District of Ymir, that in obedience to his Majesty's Writ to me directed, and bearing date the 20th day of October, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, I require the presence of the said electors at Government Offices, Trail, on the 11th day of November, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of electing a person to represent them in the Legislature of this Province.

The mode of Nomination of Candidates shall be as follows:

The Candidates shall be nominated in writing, the writing shall be subscribed by two registered voters of the District as proposer and seconder, and by three other registered voters of the said District as assenting to the nomination, and shall be delivered to the Returning Officer at any time between the date of the Proclamation and one p.m. of the day of Nomination, and in the event of a poll being necessary such poll will be open on the 25th November, at

Arrow Park, Needles, Edgewood, Renatta, Robson, Castlegar, Trail 1 and 2, Patterson, Waneta, Pend D'Oreille, Sayward, Fruitvale, Erie, Arlington Mine, Salmo, Kootenay Belle Hill, Ymir, Willow Point, Proctor, Harrop, Sanca, Grey's Creek, Tarry's, Slocan Junction, Granite, Fairview, Sirdar, Creston, Kitchener, Rykerts

of which every person is hereby required to take notice and govern himself accordingly.

Given under my hand at Trail, the 28th day of October, one thousand nine hundred and nine.

R. M. PERDUE, Returning Officer.

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

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

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

FIRE!
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.