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

2ND YEA

CRESTON, B.C., FRIDAY, DEC. 3, 1909

SINGLE COPIES 5c.

Announcement

We take this opportunity to thank our many patrons for their liberal patronage since we commenced business over three years ago, and since that time our business has increased to such an extent that it demands larger store room, which we have arranged and will commence moving our entire stock on MONDAY, DECEMBER 6th, into our NEW PREMISES on corner SIRDAR and FOURTH STREETS, where we hope to meet the General Public and will endeavor to give them GOOD VALUE for their money, which criterion in the past has built our business to such an extent that we carry much larger stocks and larger assortment of goods to choose from.

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

English Opera Singers

The second attraction in the Star Lyceum course will be given in the Creston Auditorium, on the evening of Friday, December 10th. It will be the Grand Opera Singers and Symphony Orchestra, consisting of a quartette of operatic vocalists, headed by Mr. Louis La Valle, the famous Canadian baritone. Mr. La Valle was one of the leading members of the Joseph Sheehan Opera Company, and is declared to be the foremost English singing operatic baritone of this continent. This organization will sing the popular numbers from the standard light and grand operas and give an entertainment which cannot be equalled for musical excellence. It is the highest price attraction of the course, prices of reserved seats being $1.00, and general admission 75c. It is the big attraction of the course—the star of them all. It is certain that anything so high-class has never been given in Creston. This is no exaggeration. The Cassels-Percival Company, which appeared here on November 15th last, gave an entertainment that those who attended were enthusiastic over, but we are informed that that entertainment does not compare with that to be given by the opera singers. It is an attraction that will be well patronized by all music lovers. Be sure and take it in.

The Rev. T. G. McLeod is expected back today or tomorrow from Grand Forks, and will hold the regular services on Sunday next at St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church.

Ernie Harrison, an employee of the Creston Lumber Company at Erickson, and Mrs. Donovan left on Sunday last for Spokane, where they will be married

See the new half-page ad. of C. P. Riel, of the Creston Realty & Timber Co., in this issue of the Review. He has some phenomenal snaps in town lots.

Important Board of Trade Meeting

There will be a meeting of the Creston Board of Trade on Wednesday evening next, when the report of the committee on fire protection will be read, also the question of giving a banquet as a fitting close for such a prosperous year for Creston. All the members are urgently requested to attend. So do not fail to cancel all other appointments for that evening.

Lethbridge Man Buys Fruit Land near Creston

Another deal in Creston orchard land has been closed here a few days ago, when G. W. Lucas, of Lethbridge, purchased Lot 176 in Block 812, owned by the Canyon City Lumber Co. This deal was for $100 per acre of the coin of the realm, and the sale was put through by Geo. A. Laurie. The Canyon City Lumber Co. own more fruit lands than any other half a dozen individuals or companies operating in the Creston district. Scarcely a week passes without this company making a sale of at least a ten acre block. The 8,700 acres that they own at Canyon City is especially adapted to fruit growing.

The editor of the Review is in receipt of a complimentary copy of a book, just published by the Fernie District Ledger, entitled "Progressive Fernie." It consists of 116 pages, beautifully illustrated with half-tone cuts. Typographically, it is also a work of art and reflects great credit on the enterprising firm who published it. It is selling for 50 cents and would be cheap at double that price.

At 3 a.m. on the morning after election day, Fred. G. Little saw a very large sized man, with a very black moustache, sitting on his doorstep, dressed in a heavy fur coat. Fred. asserts that he veritably believes that it was Dr. Cook, the Arctic explorer, who had appeared in spirit to him, and he is now trying to ascertain just what kind of a personality the famous Arctic explorer actually possessed, to see if it tallies with the stranger who sat complacently on his doorstep in the early morning after election day.

The Local Option Vote

In the Local Option vote at Creston last Thursday, there were 59 votes for Local Option and 85 against. That means that as far as Creston is concerned the Local Option vote was lost. It is however learned that there are reasons to believe that the vote in the province as a whole carried, but as all the polling places have not yet been heard from, nothing really definite can be stated.

Business Changes Hands

The Creston Wine and Spirit Co. has changed hands this week, Mr. P. R. Godfrey having sold this business to Messrs. Poole and Smith, who are already doing business at the old stand. Messrs. Poole and Smith will carry a choice stock of wines, liquors and cigars and it is their intention to move the large stock in a week's time to the new store building, just erected by Mr. Poole on Sirdar avenue.

A Fine Calendar

We have received a copy of the "Gospel Text Calendar" for 1910, published by H. S. Hallman, of Berlin, Ont. It contains thirteen large sheets, beautifully printed in colors, suspended from a silk cord. Each sheet, except the cover, contains a design of a Bible with a Bible text for each day in the month, and at the lower end of the sheet a calendar for the month in large figures. The publisher desires an active agent in each county or city to sell the calendar. Price 25cts. each; sample copy and prices to agents, 15cts. Send for a copy to H. S. Hallman, Berlin, Ont.

The ball given at Port Hill last Saturday was a most enjoyable affair. It was held in the Port Hill hall and there were some twenty-two couples present. The music on this occasion as well as the supper was of the first order. There were only a few Crestonites present, but Copeland and Port Hill were well represented.

An Indian, named Andolap, while out hunting at Kitchener a few days ago, missed his footing while on top of a high mountain and slid to the bottom of a big hill. It is stated by onlookers that this native son shot like an arrow fully quarter of a mile. Strange to say, the Indian was not hurt in the least with the exception of some scratches.

Among the many parties who are almost daily arriving from the middle provinces in search of fruit lands are M. O. Wisler and O. P. Wisler, from Stettler, Alberta. These gentlemen, after carefully looking over the various blocks of fruit lands for sale at Creston, have decided on a ten-acre plot at the very threshold of Creston. They left for their Alberta home on Tuesday and will return in two weeks time, when the particulars of their purchase will be made known.

J. J. Atherton came back on Sunday from Cranbrook, where he has been transacting some important business on behalf of the Creston Realty & Timber Co. Mr. Atherton again left for Cranbrook on Wednesday.

Mrs. Quaine has received word from Everitt Wash., that Bob Davis, formerly of Creston, was accidentally killed by being struck with the rigging of a jin pole on the head, at Everitt, about ten days ago.

Tom Cayen, of Cranbrook, the new M.P.P. for that district, was in Creston last Sunday. Mr. Cayen is looking well after his hard election fight.

Cranbrook or Nelson?

From reports appearing in outside papers as well as reports locally, it would appear that there is a movement on foot by certain small capitalists to make connection by telephone with the ranches along Kootenay lake, and Creston would in turn be connected with Nelson by a long distance line.

The Creston Power, Light and Telephone Co. have the matter under consideration of building a line as far as Kuskanook, and it stated that the poles for this new line are already in place. Should this proposed long distance line be inaugurated, the vast amount of business that would be secured by either Nelson or Cranbrook, whichever town was instrumental in raising the capital sufficient to put the project in motion, would well repay them for their investment. It is stated by those who have investigated the affair that there is over one hundred thousand acres of good fruit lands at Creston, which in a few years will all be settled up; and the volume of business that would be derived from this district would be phenomenal, to say nothing of the ever increasing business coming from the ranches on both sides of Kootenay lake.

It is stated that prominent residents of Nelson now have this matter in hand as well as some of the knowing ones in Cranbrook; but which town will secure the plum of the Creston trade as yet remains an uncertainty.

A Great Success

The bazaar, held under the auspices of the ladies' guild of Christ Church on Wednesday, was both financially and socially a great success. The sale of the large assortment of useful and ornamental articles was phenomenal, and at the close of the day the sum of $175 had been realized.

A most attractive feature of the day was the gipsy fortune teller in the person of Miss Howarth, who in her teepee did a great business telling fortunes. She was, as a matter of fact, so well patronized, that dozens were unable to reach her for the crowd.

During the evening music was furnished by Mrs. Rose and Messrs. Darbyshire and Northey and others. Light refreshments were also served, and it was after eleven o'clock when the bazaar and entertainment were brought to a close. Too much praise cannot be given to the ladies of Christ Church for the manner in which this bazaar was conducted. The sale of articles was entirely free of the usual "holdup"—a sale of useless articles—but everything offered for sale on this occasion was well worth the price that it brought.

Arthur Morritt, formerly a contractor in Creston, came into town on Tuesday from Kootenay Landing, where he has been engaged for the past few weeks in building a wharf. He says that a crew of fifty men were engaged on this work and that divers were employed to work on the piling under the water. One man from Vancouver was employed as head diver at a salary of $50 per day. This work is now completed and Mr. Morritt left on Thursday for Alberta, where he will be engaged for the C. P. R. on similar work.

Jimmy Mackey, of the Creston Hotel staff for the past two years, left this week for Vancouver, where he will likely locate. Jimmy, while filling his position at the hotel, made many friends among all classes. He was industrious and obliging, and we wish him every measure of success at the coast.

THE PREMIER'S THANKS

Victoria, November 26th, 1909

Review, Creston.

Am deeply, very deeply, gratified to the people of British Columbia for the recognition which the government and my party have received at the polls. The result did not come wholly as a surprise, for I was convinced from the indications that the Attorney General and I met with all over the country during our tour that it would be our election for the Conservative policy in British Columbia.

The people of the province have shown unreservedly their confidence in the policy to bring the Canadian Northern Railway lines and to extend the Kettle Valley railway operations between now and the session of the legislature, which it is expected will open on January 20th. No time will be lost in concluding the final agreements to be submitted to parliament. The Railway Legislature will have first place in the sessional program and the bills will be passed as expeditiously as possible. This may be taken as the commencement by this government of a very substantial and progressive policy of development by railway building, and I want especially to thank the Conservative press throughout the province and all the speakers who have assisted upon the platform during the just ended campaign, the workers, whose industry has largely contributed to success; and lastly, I want to acknowledge to the country the efficient and invaluable service rendered during the campaign by my colleague, the Hon. W. J. Bowser. No leader could have a more faithful and energetic lieutenant than I possessed in the Attorney General.

Encouraged and supported by the strongly expressed confidence of the people, I hope to so carry the affairs of British Columbia as to secure for the province the fullest and largest measures of substantial progress and prosperity.

RICHARD McBRIDE.

Celebrate Creston's Prosperity

There has been so much going on in Creston of late that for the last couple of weeks it has been difficult to even obtain a quorum of the members of the Board of Trade to do business. There has been a meeting called for Wednesday evening next at 8.30 o'clock in the Mercantile Hall. At this meeting many important subjects will be dealt with. Reports on the subject of fire protection will be heard, and the matter will be gone into at length. There is also a feeling among many of the citizens that owing to the prosperous year for Creston that is just drawing to a close, it would be a fitting termination of this year's business if the Creston Board of Trade would give a banquet, say the latter part of this month. At present Creston is budding from a straggling village into a prosperous town. In one year more the present population will have doubled, and it is up to the business men of Creston and the citizens generally to push along every forward movement for this fair town.

There is nothing now that can possibly retard the rapid growth of Creston, and if there is an isolated Crestonian who prefers to see the place remain a small village, he might as well get on the band wagon and ride with the crowd, for Creston is destined to become one of the important cities of the Crow, and that within the next few years.

FOR SALE—A Set of Heavy Harness, also Set of Bob Sleighs, cheap. Apply A. B. Attwood.

To Whom it May Concern

Having rented the store and hall now occupied by S. A. Speers, I beg to say for the information of the lodges, societies, etc., now occupying it, that the hall will be for rent from the 1st of January, 1910, at the rate of $5.00 to each lodge, etc., per month.

T. J. CRAWFORD.

Asks for Photographs

The Review has just received a communication from one of the very largest daily papers circulating on the American side, asksng for photographs of fruit ranches at Creston. These photos will be reproduced in the paper and will be a great means of advertising the Creston district and without any cost to the contributor of the photos, which will be returned after being used. So now, Mr. Fruit Grower, bring in the best photos of your ranches or your fruit trees and secure some of this cheap advertising.

R. M. Reid, station agent, is going to take a well-earned holiday for a couple of weeks jaunt through Alberta and Saskatchewan. He expects to leave on Monday next. It is expected that Mr. Wagner, agent at Curzon, will relieve Mr. Reid here.

J. K. Johnson has purchased the six-roomed dwelling on Victoria avenue, formerly owned by R. H. Attridge. The purchase price was $1,500. This deal was put through by Geo. A. Laurie

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.

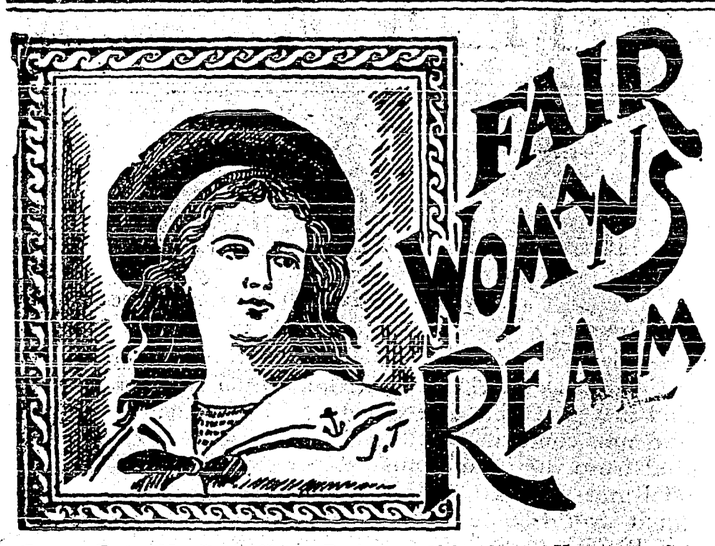
WALK-OVER Shoes

WALK-OVER dress shoes are noted for their marked individuality and character.

The styles are correct and refined, comfort is certain and the quality, which is equivalent to saying that they are sure to satisfy all the demands of the most fastidious buyer.

WALK-OVER Shoes are made for every day of the week, and for EVERY WEEK.

Creston Mercantile Co.



(Leaves From My Paris Note Book.—Chanteclair.)

The needs in a modern woman's wardrobe seem ever on the increase, and never ending. The latest to be reckoned with is the costume for "high-flying," or autoplaning, and I have just inspected some practical suits made at a great Rue de la Paix tailor's for the wives of the two most famous aviators. The stuff in heather mixture woollen material is as perfect a combination of lightness and warmth as could be devised. There is a neat coat, with no superfluous trimming nor fulness, and a pair of wide knickers so cleverly cut that they would pass for a "trotteur" skirt on land. Headgear was a knotty point, but the result is good. Little bonnets, such as our grandmeres wore, lined with white duvet, no veils, no strings, nothing that could catch on to the machinery, etc., in case of wind or accident. Of course we shall see improvements and patent devices of all sorts, as in the machines themselves, but for present purposes I am told the lords and masters approve of the toggery to be worn by their fair freights. In search of something more generally useful and distinctly more attractive, I went to the new premises of Liberty & Co., at 3 Boulevard des Capucines, and was deeply impressed by the exquisite beauty and novelty of all the new models for day and evening wear. This branch of the famous establishment is designed for the display of costumes for ladies and children. It will not detract, naturally from the usefulness and charm of the long-loved maison in the avenue de l'Opera. It is marvellous the predilection the Parisians show for Liberty productions and inventions, even the name of the firm has been adopted to designate the most supple and fluid satins and mousselines manufactured: "la Liberty" is known and loved by every dressmaker and milliner in Paris, and for teagowns and dresses of all sorts which emanate from Liberty's the French have untold appreciation. Of course no English or Colonial readers need any information regarding the picture toilettes which are Liberty's sole productions, the designs, materials and trimmings of which are absolutely unique and peerless, but everyone may not know that in Paris there is now this new branch of the business, a visit to which is a liberal education and artistic treat. I know no other place at which you may find such

DELICIOUS EVENING CLOAKS

and wraps; such fascinating blouses and coffee coats, hand embroidered with silk, in the most dainty patterns and colors. The "Audrey" blouse, made of Liberty scarves, is specially alluring, with its front and sleeves of lace, and for artists there are some useful and beautiful overalls in Tyrian silk, the "Newlyn" a the "Mary," perhaps, being the "pick of the basket." I must not forget to speak of som charming little silk shawls, in art shades, with deep knotted fringe all round, for these are now almost as extinct as the dodo and to be nowhere else. It is even difficult to procure them from India, and they are the quaintest little wraps, looking as if they had come out of Granny's camphor chest to adorn her young descendant's shoulders. These may be had in apple green, ciel, salmon, or white, for the marvellous price of 35 francs.

The Longchamps races have re-opened their season with eclat, and as usual the makers of fashions and the exponents thereof, have launched their novelties. Let me see what specially impressed me. Well! we hear a great deal about the decline and fall of big hats, and truth to tell, I did note many small ones, such as the tricorne, the lampion, and the toque. These were in stretched velvet or satin, and with them people seemed to like very delicately patterned Chantilly veils, either white, Isabella or black. The tricornes were most coquettish, mostly trimmed with an aigrette or bunch of white tips, or with some old metal galon with tassels, and in some cases, with colored jewels inset. They are poised very chicly on the head, at a certain angle, but nothing is propped up on bandeaux nowadays, and the turned down hats, of which I saw many, as of old hide the face and hair more than is to my mind comme il faut—that is, if the face is pretty, and the htir well done. I saw a good many furs, big double scarves, and flat square muffs, also scarves of satin and mousseline edged with duvet or fringe. These went with the semi-long coats, still straight and narrow, but cutaway in front, with long roll revers, opening over a satin embroidered waist coat, or else a fluffy little blouse in white linon only seen the shade of the dress. Skirts are also half-long, or else short enough to show the varnished boots with uppers the shade of the dress. I fancy

ROUGH SURFACED MATERIALS

will be preferred to smooth for these gowns. I saw many serges and homespuns, fine and light and of exquisite simplicity. Color? Well, I noted bottle and olive greens galore, also amethysts, corbeau or raven blue, lime green, mole, bronze, vanilla and prunelle. The more dressy costumes were in fine cloth or cachemire de soie, with panels, pleats, tunics and sashes. These are still more or less princess in style, or with high waist and short waisted, sleeveless tops, to be worn with a variety of guimpes with long tight sleeves of the same tissue or lace, either white or the shadecolor pictures. The pieces are all different sizes and shapes, and you put them together, of course, but they do not clip on, as in the old nursery game, which in the end only pictured a farmyard in crude colors, or a lion or a tiger. These pictures are "after" Watteau, Morland and other masters, and when finished are worth a frame, so delicate and pretty are they. In some places it has quite ousted bridge; you have no picture to copy; you do not know yourself what sort of aquarelle you will produce to reward your labor, but you will certainly be delighted. A "poster dance" at Dinard was another successful idea. All the people were garbed as characters in well-known posters, and some were absolutely faithful copies, prizes being given in order of merit. The little

CHOCOLATE MENIER GIRL

was charming, as were some of the others, which many of us know so well on the Paris hoardings.

An amusing competition recently took place at Folkestone, just after the beauty show, at which most of the competitors were the pretty women from the markets, laundries, etc., in Paris and London. At this the first prize again went to La Reine des Reines, Mlle. Orlhac, whom I saw in the Mi-Careme procession in Paris. Well, the men were not to be outdone, it seems, and a show of masculine beauty was organized, and actually sufficient competitors were found whose pluck and self-sacrifice (?) induced them to face the jury. The first prize was to be the hand of a young, rich and lovely widow, who had offered it herself, be it understood. Can you believe it, the manly winner refused his prize, saying he preferred a bicycle! Not very flattering to "the merry widow"? Perhaps, however, it was best for her future welfare. Think how trying it would be to pass an existence with the winner of a beauty competition!

No one who was anywhere within reach of the little Brittany town of Concarneau missed going to the fete of the Blue Nets, which was inaugurated about four years ago, as a means of helping the poor fisherfolk when the sardine fisheries failed and left them in sore need. This year it was charming; the queen of "les filets bleus" was a lovely girl, dressed in national costume, and the poet Botrel, who has done so much to help the "miserables" in Brittany, came over from Pont Aven to crown her. Another early autumn entertainment was the performance of "Lady Macbeth" in French, which Maeterlinck's clever wife got up at her place, the Abbey of Saint Wandrille, lately. There was only room for fifty select spectators at a time, and they paid eight pounds each for their tickets, but say it was worth it, for the entertainment was most impressive, and Mme. Maeterlinck made an ideal Lady Macbeth, with good support from her company. The old abbey, inside and out, made a most delightful "mise en scene."

Royalty in Shakespeare's plays had no easier time than have our contemporaneous sovereigns; at this moment the

QUEEN OF SPAIN,

so lately a happy careless English Princess, with simple tastes and surroundings, is enduring anxiety and responsibility too heavy for such young shoulders; at first we heard that popularity was at least a doubtful possession of hers, but since the war storm broke out and she has shown such energy, practical help and sympathy for the soldiers and their families that the tide has turned in her favor and once more the people rave over their golden-haired queen, and her jolly satisfactory little heirs. A visit to England from the King of Portugal is impending, they say, with a view to carrying off another of our youngest princesses, the Duchess of Fife's elder girl. It yet remains to be seen whether she will agree to change her religion, or will refuse emphatically, as everyone knows the young daughter of the Duke of Connaught did when the King of Spain, or his "interpreters," proposed for her little hand. I heard that Princess Ena's comment was "I only wish he would ask me," and subsequent events prove that the Good Fairy quickly granted her wish! A most popular queen is the Queen of Italy who behaved so magnificently during the earthquake tragedy. She has just had a birthday, and the present she liked best was one bought with the small and great subscriptions offered to the fund by all who loved and thanked her, from highest to lowest in the land. When the money-box was opened, amongst the coins was found a little cheap ring, undoubtedly a sort of "widow's mite," and this the queen received in the spirit in which it was surely offered for her gracious acceptance, seeming profoundly touched—just what our Queen would have done! I hope in my next "leaves" to give a resume of the fashions which will surely prevail in Paris during this season, at present the designers and makers are all busy attending to foreign buyers, who, after all do not always care for the garments the real Parisienne loves.—Chanteclair.

Frankness With Daughters.

Playing at hide-and-seek with our daughters is such a mistake. We cannot blind ourselves to the fact tht she is changing daily, that every day adds to her development. We must be aware that each month and each year which rolls over her head carries her closer to womanhood. We know that she does not look upon life at seventeen as she looked upon it at fourteen, and she knows that we know it.

It is no use for us to say: "O, Elsie is still a child. She never gives a thought to such things." Elsie is not a child any longer, and the sooner we cease playing at this game of hide-and-seek with her the better it will be for us both. We want the broad full light of day upon all our thoughts and upon all our deeds where our daughters are concerned. Literally, she must be heart of our hearts and soul of our souls if we would see her develop into true, noble womanhood with a mind far above petty things, subterfuge and deceit.—Gabrielle E. Jackson.

RIVAL BEAUTIES.

Fairest Women of Europe in Competition.

(London Daily Mail.)

Six of the prettiest girls on the continent are to oppose the half-dozen most charming women England can produce, in an international beauty competition which is to take place at the Victoria Pier, Folkestone, on Aug. 17.

The English competitors are to be chosen in a preliminary competition. Already candidates have come forward from all parts of the country. The winner of the Sussex Beauty Show, Miss Ellis, is among the entrants. She is a charming, flaxen-haired girl. Miss Logan, who won the Kentish beauty show last year, is also to take part in the selection contest. She is a beautiful brunette.

Paris will be represented by Mlle. Augustine Orlach. She is described as "the queen of queens." "Many people hold her to be the most beautiful woman in Europe," explained Mr. Forsyth. Belgium is sending Mlle. Magda Assert, "the Queen of Ostend," reported to be Belgium's most beautiful woman. Also coming to compete is Senorita Paquita Martija, of San Sebastian. She is a flashing-eyed, beautiful Spaniard. "On all hands," said Mr. Forsyth, "she is considered a perfect representative of Spanish beauty."

The other foreign competitors include the elected "queens" of Normandy, Bordeaux, and Lille. When they journey to Folkestone each will be accompanied by two maids of honor and two municipal councillors.

HIGH CROWN A.. A FEATHER.

There are hats and hats, turned up and turned down, trimmed heavily and trimmed very simply—but the crown must be high and it must have a feather on it somewhere.

Scott's Rebecca a Philadelphia Girl.

"That book ought to have peculiar interest for Philadelphia people," said a bookseller at a well-known second hand book store to a prospective customer who idly thumbed a copy of Scott's "Ivanhoe."

"One of the characters in that book, Rebecca," he coptinued, "was drawn by Sir Walter Scott about a young Philadelphia girl, Miss Rebecca Gratz. I remember her myself. I lived near her when I was a boy, and I well remember the kind, unpretentious work she did among the poor. There must be a number of people who, like me, have seen and talked with Miss Gratz, for fifty years ago there wasn't a school teacher anywhere within a radius of fifty miles who did not know that a description of Miss Gratz, by Irving, inspired the "Rebecca" of Sir Walter Scott. But I dare say few local readers of "Ivanhoe" to-day know it."—From the Philadelphia Press.

WELL EQUIPPED.

(Buffalo Express.)

A boy was born in Atlanta, Ga., this week who is the thirteenth child of a thirteenth child of a thirteenth child on his mother's side, and the seventh son of a seventh son on his father's side. It is predestined to be a fortune teller.

The Housekeeper

REMODELING HAT.

If you have a last season's leghorn hat it may be made modern by procuring a wire frame with a medium large, round crown. Detach crown and cover with net or other thin material for foundation, cover with straw as nearly the shade of the leghorn as possible, and fasten to the leghorn frame after cutting the original crown from the frame.

WHEN UNABLE TO SLEEP.

When unable to go to sleep try this way of counting: One, one two, one, two, three, one two three four, one two three four five, one two three four five six, and so on. Count slowly.

TO KEEP PANTRY COOL.

A good way to keep a pantry cool, especially if icebox is kept in same, during the hot weather, is to put four tacks in screen and then place a piece of heavy muslin dipped in cold water with a little vinegar on these tacks. Also hang a sponge dipped in same way. One would be surprised to find how cool the pantry will keep, also how much longer the ice will last.

ICE WATER HELP.

During the heat of the present summer one housekeeper discovered that ice water kept twice as long when in the pitcher on the sideboard if it was covered with a stiff paper bag.

The heavy bags used by the grocer were chosen and bought a dozen at a time to have one always fresh when needed. The bag should be large enough to slip on and off easily.

These bags are useful even in winter when the family insists upon the ice water being always in readiness in a hot dining room.

TRAVELLER'S NEEDLECASE.

The case is made of a strip of ribbon, three inches by eighteen, turning up at one end two inches, which should be stiffened by cardboard. Line with flannel the ribbon which black and white darning cotton, as well as with silk, the color of the gowns taken in the trunk or suit case. Roll up around the cardboard and fasten with ball and socket fasteners.

TO MEND WOOLEN CLOTHES.

To mend woolen clothing, use ravelings of same goods, and if neatly done the mend will be almost invisible.

GIRLS' BLOOMERS.

Instead of making the little girl's bloomers of the same material as the dress, try making them of black percaline. It is strong and firm, holds the skirt out nicely, wears much better than black sateen, and saves such a lot of washing.

CARPET CLEANER.

To one bar of white soap cut fine in a gallon of water—let it boil until well dissolved—add one ounce of ether and use with scrub brush, and take clear warm water and cloth to wipe off suds. Will renew all colors and make goods like new.

CLEANING STRAW HATS.

Juice of one lemon, the same quantity of water, sulphur enough to make a thin paste. Take band off around hat. Apply paste over outside and under side of hat, using a small brush. Put hat outdoors in the sun until thoroughly dry. Then use a clean, stiff brush to brush off all particles of sulphur which may adhere to the hat.

TO PEEL TOMATOES.

To peel tomatoes without scalding them, rub gently all over with the back of paring knife. Then the skin will peel off easily without any of the meat adhering thereto.

TO WASH CLOTHES LINES.

A good way to wash clothes lines is to wind them on a long board and scrub them with a scrubbing brush. You will find that in this way you keep them from getting tangled. It is so hard to wind them when you wash them in the tub.

KITCHEN SOAP.

Takes six pounds of grease, melted and strained, one can of potash dissolved in one quart of water, and wait until thoroughly cooled. Add 5 cents' worth of borax dissolved in one pint of water. Mix the three ingredients together and stir until it fudges, pour off in large dripping pan, and cut in about sixteen bars. The longer the soap stands the harder it becomes.

WASHING HELP.

Every woman knows the [illegible] hanging out a large [illegible] chiefs, collars, [illegible] other small arti[illegible] line takes time [illegible]

An old colored [illegible] on a plan of drying that [illegible] many minutes. She had her mistress make her a long, shallow bag of strong white mosquito netting with a drawstring at the top, and tapes sewed at the corners and at intervals of three or four inches between. When the smaller articles were ready for hanging on the line they were laid carefully in the bag, the string drawn up so they would not blow out, and the bag pinned to the line by the tapes for the sun and air to filter through the open meshes of the net.

TO PREVENT PINK FADING.

To keep pink clothes in good color use red ink in the running water instead of bluing.

TO FRESHEN RIBBONS.

Ribbon is first dusted and then ironed between tissue paper. To clean ribbon a mixture is made of three ounces soft soap, three tablespoonfuls honey and a teacupful of gin and water. The ribbon is placed on a board and scrubbed with the mixture. It is then rinsed by dipping several times in clean cold water and not squeezed out, but hung over a line to drip, then put between clothes and ironed by drawing the ribbon under the iron. This prevents creasing and a stringy appearance at finish. The iron should be kept still with pressure upon it.

White ribbons will not turn yellow when washed if the water is warm, not hot, and the soap used a fine white quality. Rinse in three waters, the last being a strong blue. Hang in the sun until half dry, then press under clean muslin with a warm iron. Black satin ribbons may be renewed by rubbing gently with vaseline.

To wash colored ribbon make a strong lather of fine soap and cold water; wash the ribbons and rinse them several times, always in soapy water, not clear water. When partly dry iron between thin pieces of muslin, having the ribbon perfectly smooth.

Ribbon interwoven with tinsel is best cleaned with fine bread crumbs and powdered blue, then shaken and rubbed with a clean cloth; tinsel or gold lace may be cleaned with ammonia.

To dry clean lace give it a dry bath in flour. Put a quart of flour into a basin, put in the lace, then rub and squeeze it with the hands.

SALT RISING BREAD.

Many think salt rising bread a lost art or too slow a process, with much uncertainty as to results, for the modern housewife to undertake. By 9 o'clock, if you rise at 6 a. m., you can have three loaves of sweet, delicious bread baked, which will be the envy of all your friends, and may, if necessary, be the means of bringing in "pin money" if you will follow these directions:

Pour boiling sweet milk on a heaping tablespoonful of cornmeal and stir to a smooth paste only. Set this snugly covered in a real warm place over night. The next morning this should be swelled up, light. Heat half a coffee cupful of sweet milk and cool to a good warm temperature, not scalding, with a coffee cup of water. Into this stir a pinch of salt, a pinch of soda, a level tablespoonful of sugar, the light meal, and flour for a smooth batter. Set this in warm water snugly covered till it foams up twice as light as first quantity.

Next take a deep pan or bowl and take a coffee cupful of sweet milk, a pint of warm water, the light sponge, and flour to make a smooth, stiff batter. Sift over this an inch of flour. Set container in warm water, all snugly covered, and when the sponge breaks through all over and at the edges, sift a pile of flour on the moulding board, and pour out on it the light sponge, catching it up and kneading into a soft mass. Pinch into three loaves and put into greased bread pan, allowing about an inch for rising. Grease top of loaves with butter. When level with the pan's sides bake in a quick oven forty minutes and cool in cold or cool air. This will be the most delicious bread you ever tasted.

Handkerchiefs for French Sailors.

M. Cheron, the Under Secretary of State for the French Navy, is showing as much solicitude for the sailors as he did previously for the soldiers. Quite recently, says the Petit Parisien, he obtained a vote from the Government by which every soldier in the French army is now provided with socks at the State's expense. M. Cheron has been paying a surprise visit to Cherbourg, and among other things has been looking closely into the wearing apparel of the sailors. He was struck by the fact that the wardrobe provided by the State did not include any handkerchiefs, and he at once came to the decision that henceforth the outfit of every sailor is to include two handkerchiefs.

New Concrete Method.

A new method of combining reinforcing and concrete in the building of concrete homes is described with illustration in Popular Mechanics. It is an entirely original combination of steel tubing, wire, malleable fittings and concrete, and with the exception of piers, the concrete is not depended on to carry any of the load, but is used only as stiffener or body to the building. The entire framework can be erected before the concrete work is started, making it possible to inspect the position and quality of the steel and to erect a building in much shorter time than if required by other methods. No forms or centering are required, which is another great advantage.

As to Lincoln.

Just before the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln a teacher in one of the lower grades of a Boston school told all the boys and girls in her room to write a little essay about Lincoln. One boy of a dozen years, according to Lippincott's Magazine, handed in the following:

"Abraham Lincoln was born on a bright summer day, the 12th of February, 1809. He was born in a log cabin he had helped his father to build."

It takes a pretty strong pull for some fellows to pull themselves together.

A Fair Invalid

"My dear Miss Vane, your arm is broken. I am afraid you will have a great deal to suffer. How long have you been lying here?"

"More than two hours," she said.

"It is terrible to think of. But there are boats often passing; why did you not call out?"

"Call out!" she said. "I never thought of such a thing."

"It would have been only natural to ask for help."

"It would have seemed easier to me to lie still and die," she replied, and a sudden hot flush came over her pale face.

"These are terrible proud words," I said, laughingly. "There is no humiliation, when we are hurt and wounded, in crying to a fellow-creature for help."

"I would rather creep away to suffer and die alone," she returned. "I do not like pity—it is weak. I could endure anything rather than be pitied."

"My poor child, when you are as old as I am you will know how sweet the pity of those who love us is."

"Did you like people to pity you when your husband died—to say, 'Ah! poor thing, it is very shocking—very terrible!' and shake their heads about you?"

"Yes, I think that it soothed me."

"Ah!" she said, calmly, "then you have not a brave soul." I laughed aloud; I could not help it.

"I know someone who has a very proud soul; but we will talk about that another day. Your arm is badly bruised and broken; what is best to be done?"

"If you would help me a little I could walk home."

"No; you do not know the torture it would give you. I saw some men at work in the fields close by; I will send one of them for my carriage—we are not very far from Neville's Cross—and then we can drive you home by the high road." She did not object. I left her sitting there, so white, so still, so proud and defiant, that she looked more like a marble statue than a living, breathing woman.

A man who declared himself to be a swift runner I chose for my errand. I sat by Miss Vane's side until he returned, but we said little. From the fixed, set expression of her face I felt sure that the pain was just as much as she could bear. When the carriage came she sunk with an air of exhaustion on to the soft-cushioned seat.

"Does your arm pain you very much?" I asked.

"No—not more than I can bear," she replied.

"I believe you are too proud to complain," I said, and again a hot flush suffused her pallid face. Never once did the proud spirit yield; no murmur crossed her lips, although the motion of the carriage must have caused her intense anguish.

Jane Lewis stood in the porch when the carriage drove up. She made me a distant courtesy, as though we were the greatest strangers; but I saw something like relief in her eyes as they met mine. "Miss Vane has had an accident," I said; "she has broken her arm."

"Shall I be ill for some time with it?" asked the girl—and there was a tone of impatience in her musical voice.

"Yes," I replied, "a broken bone takes some weeks to restore it."

"Then, Lewis," she said, imperiously, "I will go to my own room."

Afterward she looked at me, and, although her good breeding prevented her saying the words, I knew that she would have been pleased had I taken my departure; but I had resolved upon what I should do. She held out her hand to me with a shy, half-wistful look. "I am very grateful to you, Mrs. Neville," she said, "for your kindness."

"That is a polite form of dismissal, Miss Vane, but I shall not accept it. I have no wish to inconvenience you, but I most certainly intend to take care of you. When your arm is well, I will go away and forget you—I will do anything you like; but I refuse, absolutely and decidedly, to leave you now." She looked confused and embarrassed. "Try to forget, my dear, that I am a stranger," I went on; "think of me as one anxious to help you. Believe me, I will respect your privacy. Let me—I ask it as a favor—help you just now, when you stand so desperately in need of help."

She grew agitated; her lips trembled. Most women would have indulged in an outburst of tears; she waited until the last trace of emotion had disappeared, and then she said: "As you are so kind, I cannot of course but be grateful to you."

And then, with Lewis' assistance, I took her to her own room. I had no time then to note the splendor and magnificence of everything. Miss Vane certainly either had no idea of the value of money, or had such an abundance of it that she did not know what to do with it. I could not help admiring her fortitude. No matter how great the pain it did not wring one cry from her. Great drops stood on her brow; her lips were white with anguish, but no word escaped her lips.

"You must have a doctor at once," I said, as she lay on the bed, "without any further loss of time."

"A doctor? No, Mrs. Neville, I would rather not."

"It is imperative. Every moment adds to the danger of the delay. I have no idea how to set a broken limb, or I would spare you the need."

"Let it remain broken," she said. "I would rather that than see a doctor."

"You must see one; it would be a little short of murder for me to let you remain in this way much longer. The only question is, what doctor shall we summon?"

She lay quite still for some few minutes, and then said: "If you send for anyone, let it be for Sir John Emmett."

"I dare not wait, Miss Vane. Your arm must be attended to at once. I must send to Daintree, the nearest place—we must have a doctor from there."

She turned impatiently from me. "Lewis," she said, with sweet imperiousness, "you will not allow me to be inconvenienced and annoyed. You are indebted to obey me; if you disobey, it is at your peril. Send for Sir John; I will see no stranger; I will bear all the extra pain with patience. Remember your promise."

Lewis went out of the room, giving a wistful glance at me. I made some excuse, and fololwed her. She was waiting for me in the corridor. "What shall I do, Mrs. Neville?" she asked, in distress.

"Your duty is plain enough—you must disobey; it is the only thing to be done in this case."

"Miss Vane will send me away if I disobey her."

"Even that will be better than letting her run the risk of losing her arm—it would be better to leave her than to remain with her crippled. Leave it to me—I will take all the risk. Keep out of her room for a time, and all will be well."

She shook her head doubtfully. "You do not know my mistress, Mrs. Neville. If I disobey, I shall have to leave; she never breaks her word. But, as you say, it would be better for me to leave than for her to lose her arm."

I saw there was nothing for it but to take the lead, and I did so. I sent my own coachman into Daintree, and I told him to bring Dr. Fletcher without delay. Mrs. Lewis looked terribly frightened.

"You must not come into Miss Vane's room until I send for you," I said, and I went back to the sufferer.

"Where is Lewis?" she asked, as I entered.

"She is busily engaged. Miss Vane, let me be of use to you until she returns."

I sat by her side, bathing her face with fragrant water, and soothing her with gentle words. She did not complain, but her face relaxed, the dark eyes grew tender, the proud lips softened. "You are very kind to me," she whispered. "How soft your hands are! How low and gentle your voice is!" And then she seemed to fall asleep or into a fainting fit, I could not tell which. I knew that nothing could be done for her except bathing her face and keeping a cool, fresh current of air around her.

The doctor soon came, and was shown into the room. Perhaps the slight noise of his entrance disturbed her. She looked up at him. I bent down over her. "My dear Miss Vane," I said, "we have been compelled to disobey you; you are too ill even to understand. I have sent for Dr. Fletcher from Daintree."

She intended, I felt sure, to make some protest; but even while I looked at her all consciousness died out of her eyes, and words of wild meaning came from her lips. Then the doctor began his examination of her arm. "It is a compound fracture," he declared, "and will take some time to heal. I should not be surprised if fever were to set in, and if it does, Miss Vane, as I think you called the lady, will need careful watching. It is evident that the patient is of a nervous and excitable temperament. Very susceptible and sensitive. There can be no doubt that she is delirious from the effects of the severe pain."

The arm was set with great difficulty, and then the doctor asked me if I should like to have a professional nurse. But the beautiful face, the strange, half imperious, half caressing manner had found their way to the very depths of my heart. I could not surrender Miss Vane to strangers. The doctor was astonished when I said: "No, I will remain myself."

"But you are not strong enough, Mrs. Neville," he said.

"It seems to me more a question of skill than of strength."

And then, having cautioned the doctor not to speak of Miss Vane, or to tell anyone in Daintree that she was a patient of his, I bade his adieu. I did another thing which was prompted by the caprice of Miss Vane. I sent my servant home with a note, saying that I did not intend to return to Neville's Cross for some few days, as I was going to visit a friend.

And then our business of nursing began. Miss Vane was not dangerously ill, but acute pain brought on fever, with almost constant delirium. If I had learned to love her before, my affection for her now became intense. The large dark eyes followed me through the long, warm night; yet the touch of my hand, the sound of my voice seemed to soothe and calm her.

During the strange, weird silence of the night, Miss Vane's voice sounded like nothing earthly—like faint, sweet, sad music—and the words she murmured were always of farewell, always of death, of going away from sunshine and flowers. A hundred times and more during the silence of the night she would stretch out her hand and say: "Good-bye, my lost love—good-bye!" The words would die in sweet cadence on her lips, only to be repeated over and over again.

It was easy enough to guess that some cloud or shadow had darkened her life. I might have found out what, if I had listened to her, but the half-whispered words were sacred.

CHAPTER V.

Whenever Miss Vane raved more than usual Jane Lewis would look at me with an air of distress, evidently fearing what I might hear. She did this so often that I went to her at last and said: "Do not be afraid—what I am compelled to hear I shall forget."

She looked slightly confused. "My mistress dreaded so much lest——" And then she hesitated.

"Lest her story should be known," I supplied. "It will never be known, Jane Lewis, through me."

As time sped on the faithful servant began to trust me, to feel confidence in me. She found that I asked no questions, contenting myself with doing what I could, and evincing no curiosity. A strange incident happened one day. Some peculiar liniment was wanted for the bruised shoulder, and some fine, soft old line. Jane Lewis was engaged with her mistress, and I offered to go in search of it. She gave me directions.

"We have made a kind of store room," she said, "of the small room on the left of the staircase. You will find linen, lint and all kinds of useful things there. Here are the keys, Mrs. Neville."

There was no curiostiy or thought of prying on my part, but it so happened that I chose the right hand door instead of the left and entered a strange little room. It contained one large window, shrouded with white lace curtains, a crimson carpet, a square table and three chairs, and over one of the chairs was thrown a wedding dress, the rich folds of white satin and lace falling upon the floor.

I knew it was a wedding dress because it was profusely trimmed with orange blossoms. I could not resist going nearer to look at it, and then I saw that the rich, shining folds were all discolored with dust. It seemed to me that it had been hanging there for years. Closer inspection showed me that the white had grown yellow.

On another chair, placed so as to show the exquisite pattern and design, hung a superb wedding veil; that, too, had grown yellow with dust and age. Curiosity led me to the table. Thereon lay a faded bridal wreath—a wreath of orange blossoms—a pair of white kid gloves, a dainty lace handkerchief, a white fan with a richly jewelled handle, withered bouquet and a bracelet of magnificent pearls, all placed in order, but spoiled by the accumulated dust.

I gazed in silent amazement. It seemed to me that I had been suddenly brought face to face with a dead past—with the dreadful reality of some terrible tragedy. What did it mean, this ghastly wedding costume—the rich dress, the beautiful veil, the dainty wreath? Why were they left to moulder here—to decay in the dust and sunshine? Had the soft flowing veil ever covered the face of a fair young bride? Had the wreath ever rested on a fair young head?

It was weak, perhaps, and foolish, but, as I stood there, my eyes were blinded with a mist of hot tears. It was a sight to touch any true woman's heart. I felt as though I was in the presence of the deed. What strange story was hidden here? What tragedy of warring passions, of unhappy love, of brooding, vengeful pride, had happened that this bridal costume had never been worn? It occurred to me that I had seen what was never intended for stranger eyes. I felt as one who had witnessed a rash hand draw the white sheet from off a dead face, and leave it exposed to view. I hastened to quit the room, but could not forget the dismal scene.

I found the right room at last—the bottle, the linen, all as I had been told—and then went back to Miss Vane, resolved not to say a word to Jane Lewis or anyone else of my discovery.

From that moment the beautiful mistress of the River House had a new interest in my eyes. I could not say that the apparel was hers, but I fancied it was. What strange thing had happened in her past life? What terrible tragedy had blighted her as a cutting wind would blast a flower? I sat up with her that same night; there was new pathos, new meaning to me in her words, when she held out her hands, saying, "Good-by, my lost love—good-by!"

Toward the dawn of morning she was better. She fell into a deep, healthy slumber, and was happy, poor child in her dreams; for I heard her say: "My darling Clive, I promise——" Listening to the words, how could I help thinking of that ghostly travesty upstairs—the wedding dress that had never been worn—the wreath that was faded and dead? Looking at her, I might have wished that she could sleep on, for never, during her waking hours, had I seen her smile.

"If peace and her lost love come to her in dreams, let her dream always," I said to myself. From that day she began slowly to mend. Dr. Fletcher said the arm could not be doing better. The time came when she woke from her long fever, and looked at me with calm, sad eyes. "I remember you," she said. "You are Mrs. Neville. Have you been with me all the time I have been ill?"

"Yes, all the time. You must not be angry with me if I tell you that, during that time, I have learned to love you dearly, as though you were a young sister of my own."

"To love me!" she said. "Oh! dear Mrs. Neville, never say that to me again!" She shrunk like a sensitive plant from a coarse touch.

"I will not, if you do not like it. But try to feel at home and at ease with me, for I shall not intrude upon you long. I know your wish to live alone—to be alone. When you are quite well I shall go away again out of your life, just as though I had never crossed it. Do not hesitate to make the most of my services now, for I shall not come again until you send for me."

To my great surprise, she took my hand and kissed it—I blushed like a school girl as she did so—and then she raised her sad, dark eyes, to mine. "Mrs. Neville," she said, "do not make me care for you—do not teach me to like you."

"Why not, Miss Vane?"

"I will not," she cried; "I——" And then her face grew suddenly pale, and her eyes dim, but not with tears—not until long afterward did I see tears in her eyes; it was rather a mist, as though pride would not let the tears flow.

"You are forgetting how weak and ill you are. I will promise anything you like. I will not seek to make you care for me, but I will take care of you."

I did my best during the long, weary hours of convalescence to arouse and interest her, but it was weary work. I sent for a large box of new books and tried to read to her. She would listen for some little time, and then turn to me suddenly, and ask: "What is that story?"

"A love story," I would reply.

"Ah!—then close it. I would rather undergo all my past suffering than listen to a love story." From the pallor that came over her face, and the shudder that made her tremble, I knew the words were not affected, but real. She was pleased when I played and sung to her, but not when I attempted a love song. She would beg me to cease. One day I took heart of grace, and when she cried out to me I left the piano, and going up to her knelt down by her side. "My dear Miss Vane," I said, "you will not hear a love story, you will not hear a love song; do you know that if you shut yourself out from love, you deliberately darken your life?"

She made no answer. I felt more courageous. "Love is the law of nature," I said. "All things brighten and are beautified through it. What should we do without the great infinite love that wraps us round like a mantle, that takes us from earth to heaven, or even mere earthly human love?"

I shall never forget the expression of intense scorn and contempt that came over her beautiful face; her lips curled in proud disdain, her eyes flashed. "That is a pretty, sentimental way of looking at a foolish weakness," she said. "Give to everything its proper name, Mrs. Neville. What you call that most foolish of all follies I call treachery. There is no love. Men and women deceive each other. Men sell their souls for money, or pawn their credit for fame. Women sell what they call their hearts for any bauble that comes first. Love! every sin and folly on earth seems to hide itself under that word!"

"You are prejudiced and unjust, Miss Vane."

"Harm always comes of love. Iedetest the word. To me it is but the synonym for hatred, treachery, fraud, deceit and grossest wrong. If we are to be good friends, or even friends at all, never mention the word, 'love' to me again." And I never dared.

(To be continued.)

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

GERMAN FRAULEIN IS A LABOR LEADER.

MARGARITA SCHWECHLER.

Fraulein Margarita Schwechler, delegate to the Women's Trade Union league convention in Chicago from Berlin, is the leader among Germany's women labor union workers. She organized the stenographers, bookkeepers and department store clerks in the Kaiser's land, and to-day they are among the strongest unions in the world.

She was the most interesting figure at the session which recently came to a close in the Windy City.

Earliest Glass-making.

The manufacture of glass dates from the earliest times, and no doubt originated with the Egyptians, as the oldest known specimens are those found in the tombs of Egypt, and the earliest mention of it, dating back to 3300 B. C., has been found in inscriptions of that country. After the Egyptians, the ancient people most renowned for glass-making were the Phoenicians, and the legend of that people, concerning the discovery of the art has been often told. Certain Phoenician traders, it is said, returning to their home in a ship laden with natron or soda, and being compelled to land on a sandy tract on the Syrian coast, in building a fire on the sand to prepare their supper, placed their cooking pots on lumps of soda. The sand and the soda were both melted by the heat of the fire and flowing together formed a substance new to the sailors, but recognized by them as of probable value. Thus, says the tradition, was the manufacture of glass discovered. But, as the heat of a driftwood fire would hardly fuse, and it has been said that this story only proves that the art of glass-making was very ancient.—The Housekeeper.

Compensation.

First Girl (looking at statue of the Venus de Milo)—What terribly thick waists girls must have had in those days!

Second Girl—Yes, but perhaps the gentlemen's arms were longer.—Human Life.

Crooked lives come from taking curves around duties.

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ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Most Perfect Made

SOLD AND USED EVERYWHERE

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"FEEBLE STOMACH"

Causes Digestive Weakness and Poisons the Entire System.

"No one can have suffered more than I did with stomach trouble," writes Phil. E. Pascaler, well known at St. Andrew's Corners. "My doctor told me my indigestion and sleeplessness were due to poisons in the blood. Certainly my condition was desperate, and it seemed from the despondent feelings that swept over me that I would lose my reason. I happened to read about Dr. Hamilton's Pills and bought five boxes from the druggist. Such body-cleansing pills I never used; they were mild and yet quite strong enough to drive all the humors out of the blood. My stomach gained strength rapidly with Dr. Hamilton's Pills and I improved so much that in eight weeks I could eat and digest all ordinary food. Depression and weariness passed away, and I am, thanks to Dr. Hamilton's Pills, enjoying robust good health."

No remedy for biliousness, indigestion, headache, sick stomach or constipation that compares with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Refuse substitutes. Sold in 25c. boxes. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

FOUR GOOD SHORT STORIES

William Travers Jerome, District Attorney of New York, went down to Georgia to address the Georgia Bar Association.

Colonel Peter Meldrim was showing Jerome around.

"You see that man," said the Colonel, pointing out a distinguished person who sat on the hotel porch.

"I do."

"Well, suh, that is a man in whom our State takes great pride. He is Judge ——, suh, the only man in Georgia who can strut sitting down."

Discussing in Anoka a certain battle of the Civil War, P. G. Woodward, commander of the Minnesota Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, said:

"That general reminded me of a waiter in Minneapolis. The general was too scientific. He was too busy with causes and effects, with technical moves and what not, to get results—that is, to win battles.

"So with my Minneapolis waiter. In a restaurant I said to him: 'Look at the color of this water. Why, it's not fit to drink.'

"But the waiter, instead of rushing some crystal-pure water to me, took up my goblet, studied it carefully, shook his head and said: 'No, sir. You're deceiving yourself, sir. The water's perfectly all right. It's only the glass what's dirty.'"

Of two boys, born in a country town in Iowa, one went to Chicago and became very rich and the other stayed at home and when he was 60 was very poor. The stay-at-home had heard of the success of his boyhood friend and he went up to Chicago to see him one day, thinking to obtain a loan to tide him over the winter. He went to the rich one's office, found him installed in a magnificent suite and was held up by an office-boy in livery.

"Just tell my old friend that Bill, the friend of his boyhood days, is outside and wants to talk over old times with him."

Presently the visitor was admitted.

"Howdy, Bill," said the millionaire. "I'm glad to see you."

They talked for a time and then the visitor remarked: "I hear you are worth millions."

"Yes, I'm pretty rich; and how has the world treated you?"

"Oh, I've had a terrible time. I had a business, but I lost that a while ago. You see, my wife's father died, and her mother, and then we lost our daughter. Right on the heels of that my mother died, and, soon after, my father. It was tough."

The millionaire took out a handkerchief and wiped his eyes. "It certainly was," he commented.

"Yes," continued the visitor, "and that wasn't the worst of it. Early the next spring my boy, on whom I had set so many hopes, he died, too; and then, with all that expense, I lost my business paying doctor's bills. Then, to close it all up, it wasn't six months before my faithful wife died, and I was left all alone."

The millionaire was sobbing by this time. He leaned over and touched a button on his desk, and a big porter came in.

"Jim," said the millionaire, "throw this man out. He's breaking my heart!"—Saturday Evening Post.

Not long since, in a village in the north of Scotland, the parish minister meeting a farm servant who is a member of his flock, the following conversaitn ensued:

Parish Minister: "Well, John, and how are things doing with you? I hope you are keeping well."

Farm Servant: "Hech, sir, it's hard work I hae to dae; nae rest from morn tae nicht; work an' work, an' no' a minute's peace for me."

Parish minister— Weill, John, we must all do our share in the work of the world. Remember, it is only the preparation for a better world, where there will be no more work to be done."

Parish minister — Well, John, we be for the likes o' you; but I'm no' sae sure that there will be naething for me to dae in the other world. It will be the same thing there, and I'll be told, "John, clean the sun," "John, hang out the moon," "John, light the stars," an' so on. I've nae doubt they'll find always something for me to do, unlucky man that I am!"

"Now, sir," bellowed the ruby-visaged K. C. taking off his pince-nez and pointing them at the unhappy husband. "You deny any cruelty towards your wife, I understand? Kindly tell us whether it is a fact"—here he turned triumphantly toward the jury and put on his pince-nez again—"that for three months you did not speak to her?"

"It is," answered the husband.

"Well, sir," thundered the K. C., "why didn't you speak to her, may I ask?"

"Simply," replied the husband, "because I didn't want to interrupt her."—Answers.

The following odd story of an African prince was recently told by an after-dinner speaker:

"This prince entered Oxford or Cambridge—I forget which—and amused himself with motor-cars and bull-dogs till examination time drew near. Examination time frightened the young prince horribly. He began to study, and he cabled home to the king, his father:

"'Examination next week. Most difficult. Implore aid of gods in my behalf.'"

A few days later this reply came back from the barbarous West Coast monarch:

"'Rites performed. Fourteen picked youths, all sons of nobles, have been sacrificed. Omens propitious.'

"Yet, would you believe it? the young prince flunked."

WHEN TO USE DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were originally a prescription used in the doctor's private practice, and their benefit to mankind has been increased many thousand fold by their being placed on general sale throughout the world with the doctor's own directions for use. They are entirely safe and contain no opiate or habit-forming drugs.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a remedy to use when the blood is thin, as in anaemia; or impure, as in rheumatism; or when the nerves are weak, as in neuralgia, or lifeless in paralysis; or when the body as a whole is ill nourished, as in general debility. They build up the blood, strengthen the nerves and cure the troubles of women and growing girls, and many forms of weakness. That thousands of people have tried this treatment with good results is shown by the constantly increasing number of cures reported.

Mr. Paul Charbonneau, a young man well known in the town of St. Jerome, Que., is one of the host who bear testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He says: "When I left school I became a bookkeeper in an important office. Probably due to the confinement I began to suffer from indigestion and loss of strength. I became pale and seemingly bloodless and was often seized with palpitation of the heart and violent headaches. I tried several remedies, but they did not do me a bit of good. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and did so, and the use of eight boxes brought me back to perfect health and strength. I have since enjoyed the best of health and cannot say too much in praise of this valuable medicine.

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

Spend Your Money at Home.

A drummer paid his hotel bill in Homeville, handing the clerk a $5 gold piece.

A few minutes later the hotel cashier handed that five to the local butcher in payment of a meat bill.

The butcher dropped into a shoe store and left the V in exchange for a pair of shoes for his wife.

That evening the shoe man passing by the hardware store handed out the gold piece for a lawn mower.

It remained in the hardware man's till all that night.

Bright and early next morning, the hardware man handed it out to the grocery man in payment for his monthly account.

The grocery man's wife next took possession of the coin and exchanged it at the drygoods store for sundry purchases.

The next man to get it was the drayman, who had a bill for hauling.

He in turn passed it on to the doctor, who had treated his sick child.

The doctor handed it over to the druggist for value received, and the druggist deposited it in the bank.

Next day the bank cashier returned the gold piece to the hotel man in payment of his board bill.

The busy little coin might have continued its merry round in the town, but the next day it passed into the hands of a farmer selling chickens.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

KIDNEY DISEASES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE

NO. 23 THE PRI

Finger-Prints Never Fail.

Although scars from wounds and ulcers frequently partly destroy the pattern folds, such disfigurements are more often than otherwise aids to identification. When the system of finger prints was first introduced at police headquarters in New York, a lieutenant in one of the administrative departments tried to discredit it. He had an experimental print made of the tip of a finger, and a short time afterward asked to have the same finger reprinted. He had meantime ground down the skin of this finger on a grindstone until the blood almost flowed. Nevertheless, the pattern form was more accurately disclosed in the second printing than in the first. Once the record has been made, nothing has yet been discovered to invalidate it.—From Charles Dwyer's "Finger Prints" in the October Century.

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 " " $30	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.

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

Subscription, $2.00 a year, in advance.
30-Day Notices, $5; 60, $7.50; 90, $10

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.

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.—I regret in my previous letter I stated that non-subscriber and his family had used our telephone system for two years, whereas he claims to have been in the district only eighteen months I accept the correction though the difference is immaterial.

My concern is soly with the point at issue, and as the rest of his letter is quite irrelevant to this, I do not feel myself at liberty in my official capacity to reply at length to the many personal remarks contained in "non-subscriber's" last communication. However, should he wish to pursue this subject, I shall be pleased to do so by appointment at my office.

As for the object lesson, "Non-Subscriber" is so anxious for me to learn, if it willl be of use in the efficient management and construction of a telephone company and its lines, I shall be ever ready, at least, to hear, if not to learn. But if that lesson constitutes the giving to "Non-Subscriber" or anyone else the free and indiscrimate use of an article which has cost us a large sum of myney, I fear I shall ever be found to continue quite willingly in my present ignorance.

I am, Sir, etc.,
GUY LOWENBERG,
Mgr. Director, C. P., L. & Tel. Co.

[ED.—As both Mr. Lowenberg and "Non-Subscriber" have had two communications published in ronnection with the subject under discussion, and as we feel satisfied that the public are not sufficiently interested to warrant a continuation of this dscussion for an indefinite period in the columns of this paper, we would suggest that the matter be dropped.

H. Hendren, while wrestling with some young friends on the evening of election day broke several bones in his leg, which fact has laid him up temporarily.

District government road supervisor Benney was among the Crestonians to take in the Spokane apple show. He corroborates other reports that there was a great display of fruit at this apple show.

Don't forget Tuesday afternoon tea at McPeak's store.

The ladies of Creston are cordially invited to attend a meeting of the W. C. T. U, on Friday, December 10th, in the Presbyterian Church, at 4 p.m.
Mrs. W. K. Brown, President

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

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.

CRESTON
Power, Light & Telephone Co.
- LTD. -

Take advantage of our 24 miles of Long Distance Lines and be in touch with your neighbours.

Rates to Ranchers:
$1.80 Cash per Month
R. S. SMITH,
Local Manager.

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.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

ANNUAL
Eastern Canada
EXCURSIONS

Low Round Trip Rates to
Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Provinces

Tickets on Sale Dec. 1 to Dec. 31, inclusive, good to return within three months.

Tickets issued in connection Atlantic Steamship Business will be on sale from Nov. 21 and limited to five months from date of issue.

Finest equipment. Standard First Class and Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars on all Through Trains. Compartment Library, Observation Cars on "Imperial Limited" and "Atlantic Express"

3—Through Express Trains—3
.. Daily ..

The "TORONTO EXPRESS" leaves Winnipeg daily at 23.40, making connections at Toronto for all points East and West Thereof.

The "Imperial Limited" leaves Winnipeg daily at 18.15, and the "Atlantic Express" at 8.00 daily, making connections at Montreal for all points East thereof.

Apply to the nearest C. P. R. Agent for full information.

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

CRESTON L.O.L. 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.

Winter Requirements

HORSE BLANKETS
From $2.50 to $3.50 each

ROBES from $3 to $15 each.

Neatsfoot Oil for Shoes or Harness

Vissol Oil, the Only Waterproofer in the World for Shoes. You need no Rubbers

ENGLISH DUBBIN FOR SHOES
The Old-Fashioned Preservative.

Get Your Harness Fixed
YOU NEED IT.

Look out for our Xmas Show of Lovely Leather Goods.

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

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

Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

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

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

Moran & Mead - - Props.

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

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

Would you like to be a Millionaire?
Then follow the Astor Plan

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

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

Choice Fruit Lands. Call or Write for particulars.

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

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

We have a Fresh Supply of
Stilton Cheese
Canadian Cheese
Twin Cheese.
Also a fresh supply of
Fresh Halibut
Salmon and
Smelts

ALSO . .
Finnan Haddie
Kippers and
Smoked Halibut

Call and Inspect Our Variety.

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.

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

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 infections diseases.
The stock is well grown and of excellent quality.
30th September, 1909.
M. S. MIDDLETON,
Assistant Provincial Horticulturist.

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

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.

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

Grand Display of Xmas Goods

Including Ladies' Skirts and Blouses

Also Underwear, as well as a fine assortment of **Ladies' Suitings, Serges and Scotch Plaids.**

Rapelle and Flanellette in large assortments.

Men's Pants of all kinds and sizes, Fancy Vests, Ties and Handkerchiefs.

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.

SURE!

Kalsomining and Paperhanging

Are in my Line of Business.

See my Pattern Books for Wallpapers

JAS. ADLARD
Residence, Victoria Ave. Dow Addition

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

School Report for the Month

Following is the average number of marks for conduct, application to study, and general proficiency of junior pupils of Creston Public school for the month of November, 1909.

JUNIOR SCHOOL.

FIRST READER.

Herbert Gobbett	95
Vida Gobbett	90
Philip Hurry	85
Francis Talaraco	80
Cecil McCarthy	75
Joseph Carver	70
Arthur Hurry	70
Chas. McPeak	70
Catharine Hamilton	65
Grace Benzie	50
George Benzie	50

SENIOR SECOND PRIMER.

Percy Boffey	100
Kate Boffey	95
Harold Gobbett	90
David Dow	60
Muriel Hobden	55
Nellie Wilson	50

JUNIOR SECOND PRIMER.

Mabel Huscroft	90
Lily Cherrington	85
Richard Fowler	80
Vivian Moore	75
Erma Hayden	75
Reginald Atherton	70
Frances Barton	70
Hazel Hobden	55
May Laurie	65
Agnes McPeak	65
Sholto Douglas	50

FIRST PRIMER

Lionel Moore	80
Helen Fowler	75
Rose Cherrington	75
Orin Hayden	70
Arthur Gobbett	65
Frank Romano	65
Edgar Bonney	65
Sarah Benzie	60
Ardre Wilson	60
George Broderick	55
Arnold Baines	50
Jesse Wilde	50
Lavina Wilde	50
Helen Barton	50
Denziel Maxwell	50

Number of pupils enrolled—46
MRS. DARBYSHIRE, Assistant.

Still another, and the very latest land deal this week was yesterday, when two brothers, Elvin and Victor Westling, of Fernie, bought Lots 215 and 216 from the Canyon City Lumber Co. at Canyon City. The lots purchased were in Block 812. The new owners will start at once to clear the land preparatory to the planting of fruit trees in the spring. It is stated that other Fernieites are about to invest in the same block, following the example of their neighbours.

FOR SALE—A New Gourlay Piano at reduced price and easy terms. Apply G. R. Northey.

The neat home of G. R. Northey was this week sold to T. M. Edmondson for $1,000.

Creston Blacksmith Shop

Horseshoeing, General Blacksmithing and Repairing. Shop at the Rear of the Creston Livery Barn.

C. Quaife, Prop.

CRESTON AUDITORIUM

Friday, December 10, 1909

English Grand : : 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.

Apartments

Fourteen Rooms now ready for "Roomers" in the Baast Block. All are furnished. Hot and Cold Baths

FRANK BAST

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the undersigned as Real Estate, Timber and Insurance Agents, under the firm name of the Creston Realty and Timber Co., at Creston, B.C., has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due the said partnership shall be paid to C. F. Riel at his office at Creston, B.C., and all partnership debts are to be paid by him.

Dated this 17th day of November, 1909.

(Signed) C. F. RIEL
G. R. NORTHEY.

See the new excursion ad. of the C. P. R, in this issue. They are selling round trip tickets to the Eastern Provinces at greatly reduced rates during the month of December. For further particulars, call on R. M. Reid, C. P. R. Agent.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TRANSFER OF LIQUOR LICENSE

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after date, I, the undersigned, intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, for a transfer of the wholesale liquor license now held by me for the premises known as the Creston Wine and Spirit Co. to Messrs. Poole and Smith, of Creston, B.C.

Dated at Creston, B.C., December 1st, 1909.

PERCIVAL R. GODFREY.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE

Take Notice that we, Poole and Smith, of the town of Creston, B.C., thirty days after date, intend to apply to the Superintendent of Provincial Police at Victoria, for a wholesale liquor license for the premises known as the Creston Wine and Spirit Co., at Creston, B.C.

Dated at Creston, B.C., December 1st, 1909.

POOLE G SMITH.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore subsisting between the undersigned as livery stable keepers under the firm name of McCreath Bros., at Creston, B.C., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. All debts due the said partnership shall be paid to Hugh Stewart McCreath, at his office, Birdar avenue, Creston, B.C., and all partnership debts are to be paid by him.

Dated at Creston, B.C., Dec. 2nd, 1909.

HUGH McCREATH
THOMAS McCREATH

A. MIRABELLI
THE CRESTON SHOEMAKER
Best Workmanship
Boots and Shoes made to Order A Speciality

WHY SUFFER FROM PILES?

Nature's Remedy is Zam-Buk.

Impressive Cures of Women Sufferers.

Wherever there is suffering from piles, Zam-Buk should be applied. There are lots of reasons for this, but one of the best is that in practically all cases of piles where the use of Zam-Buk is persevered with, complete cure—not merely relief—is the result.

Mrs. Wm. Hughes, of 253 Hochelaga street, Hochelaga, Montreal, says:—"I suffered from blind, itching, and protruding piles for years. Sometimes they were so bad that I could hardly bear to move about. The inflammation, the burning, smarting pain, the throbbing, the aching, the overpowering feelings of dulness and dark despair which ailment brings, the shooting spasms of agony—all were so terrible that only sufferers from this awful ailment can understand!"

Bad as this case was, Zam-Buk triumphed, and Mrs. Hughes suffers no longer. It Only needed a little perseverence with Zam-Buk, and in the end complete cure resulted.

Mrs. E. Boxall, of Scott Street, St. Thomas, says:—"For month without cessation I endured great pain from bleeding piles. For as many months I tried everything which I thought would give me ease, but in the end, disgusted and still suffering, I gave in."

Then it was she heard of Zam-Buk, and she adds:—"Although I feared Zam-Buk would be like the ordinary remedies—useless—I am glad it was not. It soon proved itself and after a time cured me completely. I would like to let all sufferers from piles know what a grand thing Zam-Buk is."

Mr. F. Astridge, 3 St. Paul street, St. Catharines, says:—"For five years I suffered untold agony from piles. At times the pain was so bad I could have screamed aloud. On a friend's advice I tried a box of Zam-Buk. It gave me considerable ease, and I persevered with the treatment until I was cured. I wish I could convince every sufferer from piles of the value of this great herbal balm."

So one could go on quoting case after case, and it is by working such cures that Zam-Buk has earned for itself its great reputation.

Now if you suffer from this terrible painful ailment just be guided by the foregoing cases!

For internal piles melt a little Zam-Buk and thoroughly soak a wad, made of clean but old linen. Then apply to the part. If the piles are external, application of Zam-Buk is more simple. Do it upon retiring. Next morning you will be well satisfied!

Zam-Buk is a cure also for cold-sores and chapped hands, ulcers, festering sores, blood-poisoning, eczema, bad leg, ring-worm, scalp sores, burns, scalds, and all skin diseases and injuries.

All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk at 50c a box, or may be obtained post free from Zam-buk Co., Toronto, for price, 3 boxes for $1.25. You are warned, however, against cheap and dangerous imitations sometimes offered as being "just as good."

THE WOMAN ACROSS THE WAY.

On every street—at least on ours
There's a woman across the way
Who sits at the upper window
And watches the livelong day;
She may be thin, she may be fat,
Heaven alone can tell you that;
Her eyes, I know, are greenish grey,
That waver not in their watch all day.

Here neighbors' ins and outs she'll know
As well or better than they;
And all who come and all who go
She sees from across the way.
She scents a death long, long before
The knot of crepe adorns the door;
A birth she plans to the very day—
This wonderful woman across the way.

She'll tell you where her neighbors trade
And pretty near what they buy.
The shape of bundles tells the tale
To her penetrating eye.
She knows each doctor by his rig,
His standing, too, if little or big;
His patient's illness she can guess
By length of visits more or less.

And so she sits at her window there,
Hatching her slanderous brood;
They fly and fly, no one knows where,
And never do anyone good.
Her deathless vigilance she keeps
Nor does it seem she ever sleeps,
For look at the window when you may,
She's always there, across the way.

—Chicago Tribune.

FIVE DOLLARS FOR A LETTER

In order to encourage their patrons to tell their opinion of their different manufactures, the Catarrhozone Co., established in Kingston, Ont., 1877, offer five dollars in gold for the best letter they receive dealing with the merit of the following preparations.

CATARRHOZONE—An absolute cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, buzzing noises and Catarrhal deafness.

NERVILINE—An old household remedy used internally and externally; it cures Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness, Strains, Sprains, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Wind on the Stomach and bowel disorders.

Letters or testimonials must be of not more than one hundred and fifty words, written on one side of the paper; should be sent for publication to the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont. Should you not be the winner in this competition, you will in any case, as a recompense for your trouble, receive one large family sized box of Dr. Hamilton's Ointment, free of charge.

Canada's Railroad Prospects.

With the extension and development of the railroads of the eastern part of Canada, the prospects grow brighter for the establishment of a new ocean route between the eastern and western continents. The terminus on this side will be Green Bay, Newfoundland, and the other will be some convenient port of Great Britain, and the projectors claim that this will possibly shorten the transatlantic trip by 36 hours between the United States and England. But little railroad construction is required to make the Green Bay readily accessible from any point. A great point in favor of this route is that it is claimed to be practically free of fog, and at all seasons of the year vessels may ply this water with speed and safety. A further development of this scheme provides for a tunnel under the Straits of Belle Isle, so that a steamship terminus may be established at the most eastern point of Newfoundland, which means a further saving of time.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

Many a man has no peace of mind because his wife is constantly giving him a piece of hers.

THE THRIFTY JAP.

His Ingenuity in Making and Using Paper.

One scarcely realizes the many various uses to which paper may be put until he has considered the ingenuity of the people of Japan. The Japanese use paper for all kinds of articles in domestic use—for clothing and for house building. Some of the unusual and interesting uses for paper in Japan are as follows:

Houses are made of paper. The frame is of wood, but the walls are paper, which is so treated that it will keep out the winds. Paper walls make it possible to dispense with glass for windows, as they let in plenty of light, resist the rain, and in as measure keep out the cold.

Oiled paper is made in Japan into umbrellas and wearing apparel which are astonishingly cheap and durable. The jinrikisha men wear paper raincoats, which last a year or more with constant use. Oiled tissue paper is used in Japan as wrapping paper. The paper is tanned with the fermented juice of green persimmons. Tea sacks, stronge and durable, are made of this paper.

Tobacco pouches and pipe cases are made from "leather paper," which is strong and at the same time soft and pliable. Paper pots are used in Japanese households as are similar articles made of tin in an American home.

In the art of making napkins, parasols and lanterns from paper it is a recognized fact that Japan has taught the while world, both Occidental and Oriental, many lessons.

The employment of paper in these ingenious ways is one of the many deivces that the Japanese have evolved which enable so many millions of them to live on the productions of a cultivated area about one-third the size of the States of Illinois.

There are nine plants used by the Japanese to make paper from, according to writers in that country. Three of these are wild forms of small tree. One—the Mitsumata plant—furnishes America and Europe with large quantities of paper every year for legal documents and diplomas. There is a shrubb with a characteristic vase-like form and bearing pretty delicate flowers.

All along the mountain streams in the interior of Japan are scattered diminutive paper factories. Paper-making consists in the uniting of any porous material so that it will form a continuous sheet.

ADVICE FROM A MOTHER TO ALL OTHER MOTHERS

The young mother—the inexperienced mother—is always glad to get the advice of the more experienced in the care of her little one. Thousands of mothers have emphatically said that there is no medicine equal to Baby's Own Tablets for keeping little one well, or restoring health if illness come suddenly. The young mother can safely follow the lead of these others. Mrs. John Shortill, Georgetown, Ont., says:—"I would not be a day without Baby's Own Tablets in the house. I believe they saved my youngest child's life. At the age of three months she cried all the time with indigestion. Our doctor did all he could for her, but did not seem to help her. Then I got Baby's Own Tablets and they worked a wonderful change. They seemed to tone the stomach, moved the bowels regularly, and she has ever since been a healthy child." Sold at 25 cents a box by all dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE LITTLE OLD LOG CABIN IN THE LANE.

I am getting old and feeble now, I cannot work no more,
I have laid the rusty-bladed hoe to rest;
Old Massa and old Missus they're sleeping side by side,
And their spirits now are roaming with the blest.
Things are changed about the place, the darkies all am gone,
And I cannot hear them singing in the cane,
And the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine,
In my little old log cabin in the lane.

There was a happy time to me, not many years ago,
When the darkies used to gather 'round the door;
They used to sing and dance at night and play the old banjo,
But, alas! they cannot do it any more;
The things are all rusty now, the door is tumbling down,
And the roof lets in the sunshine and the rain;
Oh, the only friend that's left me is that little boy of mine,
In my little old log cabin in the lane.

Oh, daddy, don't you be so sad and melancholy now,
For you there's many happy days in store;
Although you're old and feeble, your boy is young and strong,
And will love and cherish you for evermore;
I'll try and do the best I can and make you happy now,
I'll comfort and protect you from all pain,
And the angels they will bless us in our happy little home,
In our little old log cabin in the lane.

Oh, child, I am contented, but the day must quickly come,
When I'll have to leave this earth for evermore,
The angels they will take me from my humble little cot,
And waft me to that bright, celestial shore;
Oh, don't despair, but, come what may, you'll be happy yet,
If from sorrow and bad feeling you refrain;
For the angels they will bless us in our happy little home,
In our little old log cabin in the lane.

BIRTHDAYS.

(Toronto Ness.)

A man who celebrates his birthday by getting drunk would probably object if his wife followed suit on her birthday.

Wind on the Stomach

A Well-Known Westerner Tells of Suffering, Misery and Pain That He Cured With "Nerviline."

"A few weeks ago I ate some green vegetables and some fruit that was not quite ripe. It first brought on a fit of indigestion but unfortunately it developed into hiccoughs, accompanied by nausea and cramps. I was dreadfully ill for two days—my head ached and throbbed; I belched gas continually, and I was unable to sleep at night. A neighbor happened in to see me and urged me to try Nerviline. Well, I wouldn't have believed that any preparation could help so quickly. I took half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in hot sweetened water, and my stomach felt better at once. I used Nerviline several times, and was completely restored."

NERVILINE STRENGTHENS WEAK STOMACHS

The above is from a letter written by G. E. Braun, a well-known stockman and farmer near Lethbridge, Alta. Mr. Braun's favorable opinion of the high merit of Nerviline is shared by thousands of Canadians who have proved Nerviline is simply a marvel for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, nausea and stomach disorders. Safe to use, guaranteed to cure—you can make no mistake in keeping Nerviline for your family remedy. Large 25c bottles; five for $1.00. Sold everywhere or The Catarrhozone Co. Kingston, Ont.

Sayings by Harriman.

As I grow older I am beginning to think more of my fellow-man.

I have worked hard because I like the doing of things.

Grasp an idea and work it out to a successful conclusion. That is about all there is in life for any of us.

People seem to take more stock in a man who talks than in a man who acts. But this is a day devoted to isms and it will pass.

I have always been too busy to think much about myself. The doctors are beginning to tell me that the other fellow ought to have a chance to do something.

Every tide has its rise and fall and one would be living in a fool's paradise not to take the ebb into consideration in figuring out his future requirements.

The first law of all our civilization is the co-operation of all individuals to improve the conditions of life.

To achieve what the world calls success a man must attend strictly to business and keep a little in advance of the times.

My father was a clergyman and he was a good one. He was an earnest clergyman and he taught his boys to be earnest in everything they did.

There are two things that menace the prosperity of this country—idle money and idle labor. The one is as mischievous as the other.

It has always seemed wiser to me to sleep on the roof than in the basement.

"Pull' can never carry a man far. It is hard work and application that count.

Fifty years from now 5 per cent. return on capital will be considered as good as 10 per cent. now. But that need not worry you nor me.

We have had monkey dinners and the idle and foolish vaporings and routs of society. Now is the time for less champagne and truffles and more roast beef and milk.

The people have the get-rich-quick bacillus. It's a fearful disease. It's the only menace to this country.

I truly believe that if wives were to take more interest in their husbands' affairs we would have a happier world.

What sensible man doesn't believe in God? Religion saves and advances civilization.

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.

Japanese Love Sing.

(From "The Pilgrimage," by Yone Noguchi.)

Far beyond the forest my Beauty abides,
(O Yet San sweet, O Yen San sweet):
Her bosom is the nest of a nightingale,
She hides Love and Dream in her hair.
Nine times a day she mirrors her face in a brook,
O Yen San sweet! O Yen San sweet!
A peony and O Yen San smile to the cloud and me:
Longing to know how fares she,
I step on the gossamer and poppy;
The shadow of a fir-tree is her shadow of arm:
Underneath the shadow I sing Love and Spring.
She seizes her guitar and strikes the strings,
(O Yet San sweet, O Yen San sweet):
Her voices white are the voices of a crane,
Out of the home of stars and breeze,
She cast her glance on me,
Like the cherry blossoms upon a Western dale,
O Yen San sweet! O Yen San sweet!
With O Yen San let me live,
And weave a laughter from the Eternity!
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CURED OF LAME BACK WHEN 84

Mr. Samuel Martin, of Strathroy, Ont., passed twenty years of his life in misery, suffering tortures from lame back. He tried nearly all advertised remedies and household recipes, but received no benefit from any of them.

Some months ago, seeing Gin Pills advertised, Mr. Martin purchased a box. The relief, which Mr. Martin experienced after he had taken one box, was so great that he knew he had found the right remedy at last. He used two more boxes and is now completely cured.

50c a box, 6 for $2.50. All all dealers. Free sample if you write National Drug & Chemical Co., (Dept. H.L.), Toronto.

Hawkshaw Outdone.

Her Father (sternly)—"Genevieve, you are engaged to some young man."

Herself—"Oh, father, how did you discover my secret?"

Her Father—"The gas bill for last quarter is suspiciously small."—Judge.

POST CARD PETITION.

The Toronto District Women's Christian Temperance Union has instituted a post card petition in behalf of Mrs. Anna Robinson, now under sentence of death at Sudbury. We make, through the courtesy and generosity of the press, a threefold appeal. Will every editor who receives this appeal kindly publish it in his next issue? Will every man and woman who reads this request comply with its demands? Will you do it at once, for the unhappy victim has only six weeks to live.

Our request is, write a postal card as follows:

"I respectfully beg of you to recommend that the death sentence passed on Anna Robinson be commuted."

Sign your name and place of residence, address it to the Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, Ottawa, Canada. Do it now.

SHE KNEW.

At a dinner the other evening, Dr. Charles F. Aked—familiarly known as the pastor of Rockefeller's church— told the following story about a daughter of a fellow minister:

"It was the custom of the household to have dinner at noon on Sunday and to have a very light meal at night. One Sunday evening little Helen's father was absent and her mother said to her, 'Papa is away to-night. Suppose you say grace.'

"Helen was hungry. There was very little to eat on teh table. Casting a sweeping glance over the board, she tilted back her head and said solemnly, 'For pity's sake! Amen.'—Leslie Weekly.

GANANOQUE MAN OUT OF TROUBLE

Had Rheumatism, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it.

Hugh Abernethy on His Feet Again—Cure is Easy, Simple, Natural and Permanent.

Gananoque, Ont., Oct. 18.—(Special)—That Rheumatism can be cured surely, simply and permanently is the good news that Hugh Abernethy, a well known resident of King street, is spreading among his neighbors.

"I had suffered from Rheumatism and stiffness of the joints," Mr. Abernethy states. "My muscles would cramp. I could not sleep, and I had terrible headaches. I took many different medicines, but nothing did me any good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes put me on my feet again."

Others, who have taken Mr. Abernethy's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills are also loud in their praises of the old reliable Canadian Kidney remedy. For Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism and other blood diseases by curing the Kidneys. Sound Kidneys keep the blood free from impurities. And with no impurities, such as uric acid in the blood, you cannot have such painful and dangerous diseases as Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia and Heart Disease.

Keep your Kidneys strong and well with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can face the cold, wet days of fall without a fear of Rheumatism.

Claire's Engagements.

In a recent discussion of illiteracy, William H. Maxwell, the extremely successful superintendent of New York's public schools, quoted an amusing letter.

This letter, sent to one of Superintendent Maxwell's Brooklyn teachers, ran:

"Frend teacher, I do not disire for Claire shall ingage in Granmar, as I prefer her ingageing in yuseful studies, as I can learn her how to speke and write correctly myself. I have went through two grammers and they done no good. I preferr her ingageing in French and drawing and vokal music on the pianna."—Washington Star.

OF MORE INTEREST.

"Papa," confided the pretty girl, shyly, "there is a rumor afloat that I am to be the wife of Count Bluffem."

"Bosh!" snorted the old man with a frown.

"But—but, don't you know the rumor is gaining currency every day?"

"H'm! What good are rumors. What I want to know —is the count gaining any currency?"

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

Pulpit Points.

Robert J. Burdette is even more popular and successful as a clergyman than he used to be as a humorist. A young divine of Los Angeles, praising Mr. Burdette, said the other day:

"Humor is spontaneous with him. I remember how one day I asked him for advice on preaching, and he rattled gayly off:

"Never be goody-goody. Never say, for instance, "I was reading last evening in dear Hebrew."

"Keep your pictures accurate. I once heard an old minister picture Noah as sitting out in front of the ark reading his Bible.

"Be simple in the pulpit, as well as friendly out of it, or the old ladies will describe you as invisible on week days and incomprehensible on Sunday.'"—Washington Star.

CULINARY ITEM.

(Toronto News.)

In every luscious dough-nut
A yawning hole is found.
You ask me why? 'Tis needed
To put the dough around.

FOR HIS BURNING THIRST.

(The Bystander.)

Waitress—We don't serve spirits, sir—only minerals.

Thirsty Visitor (desperately)—Oh, all right, bring me a piece of coal.

COMMERCIAL CANDOR.

From a housekeeper's application: "I save some testimonials from good people who have put up with me at various times."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

AN EXPERIENCED HOUSEWIFE knows that Sunlight Soap means a wonderful saving of time and labour in house-cleaning.

Whether with hot or cold water, nothing gets the dirt off so quickly and without injury as Sunlight Soap.

Sunlight makes the home as fresh as new.

RATTLESNAKE OINTMENT.

Made by Chinese Physicians as Cure for Rheumatism.

(San Francisco Chronicle.)

Rattlesnake ointment is regarded by the Chinese physicians as such a sure cure for rheumatism and similar complaints that a big demand for the reptiles exists in Chinatown. Policeman Percy Smith, connected with the central station, learned of the demand, and while on his vacation in Mendocino county laid in a supply of rattlesnakes large enough to alleviate the sufferings of eevry almond-eyed resident of San Francisco.

Policeman Smith has just returned from his vacation, which he spent in the wilds of Mendocino county. With him weer Policeman Berg, Andrew Garin and his son, Philip Smith. On their return they brought back a dozen rattlesnakes that were eagerly purchased by Chinese doctors at $5 each.

In order to prepare the ointment the wise men of Chinatown pour half a gallon of alcohol into a two gallon jar in which a rattlesnake is imprisoned. The reptile, it is said, usually dies for want of air after a few hours' confinement. However, it is left in the bottom of the jar, completely immersed in alcohol, for at least six months. At the end of that period the alcohol is carefully removed from the par and after slight dilution with another substance is placed on the market as a sure cure for rheumatism. At Chinese drug stores its price is dear.

However, little difficulty is encountered in placing the rattler in the jar, a great amount of dexterity is necessary to escape its fangs, for the fatigue of the journey has made it extremely vicious, nd it strikes at any object. In order to prevent it from striking a noose is fastened over its head by the Chinese pharmacist, who after being assured that the fangs are under his control takes the snake in his hands and places it in the receptacle.

A top is then placed on the jar and the string severed. So great is the demand for rattlesnakes in Chinatown and so profitable is the market that other policemen who contemplate a vacation are said to be studying the map in order to discover likely habitations of the rattler.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Gents,—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yours truly,

VILANDIE FRERES.

SEES OWN STOMACH OPENED.

Compelled some time ago to undergo a serious operation, Henry S. Hartogenis, 79 years of age, of Baltimore, refused his permission for the use of an anaesthetic and went through the ordeal with the stoicism of an Indian. He is rapidly recovering at his home.

Mr. Hartogenis watched the surgeons cut a cavity in his stomach and looked on while the delicate surgical task was performed. He showed no effects of the shock and for two weeks his temperature scarcely rose above normal.

"Why did you refuse to take an anaesthetic when you underwent the operation?" he was asked.

"I objected to a surgical operation in the first place," he replied, "and when I had to submit to it, I wanted to see what was being done to me."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

The Beneficiary.

Little Clarence—Pa, I honestly don't believe it does me a bit of good when you thrash me.

Mrs. Callipers—I begin to suspect as much, my son, but you have no idea how much good it sometimes does me to thrash you!—Puck.

"You say he plays 'Hamlet' with rare discrimination?"

"Yep; only one night to a town."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ISSUE NO 42, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

AGENTS WANTED, THERE IS NOTHING pays better than a tea route. For particulars write Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

AGENTS — $30 WEEKLY — GENERAL agents, $200 monthly; talking unnecessary; our trust scheme envelope does the trick; sample and particulars 10c; if not satisfied returnable. Canada Needle Co., Hamilton, (c) Ont.

Turtle Worship.

At a place called Kotron, on the French Ivory Coast the natives believe that to eat or destroy a turtle would mean death to the guilty one or sickness among the family. The fetich men, of whom there are plenty, declare that years ago a man went to sea fishing. In the night his canoe was thrown upon the beach empty. Three days afterward a turtle came ashore at the same place with the man on its back alive and well. Since that time they have never eaten or destroyed one of that species, although they enjoy other species.

If one happens now to be washed ashore there is a great commotion in the town. First the women sit down and start singing and beating sticks, next a small piece of white cloth (color must be white) is placed on the turtle's back. Food is then prepared and placed on the cloth, generally plantains, rice and palm oil. Then amid a lot more singing, dancing and antics of the fetich people it is carried back into the sea and goes on its way rejoicing.—London Globe.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

EXPERT TESTIMONY.

The Socialist orator was working up to his peroration.

"I was once a horny-handed son of toil like you," he shouted. "I worked with my hands, and I am not ashamed of it." Great enthusiasm. The audience was much impressed. Several cheers were raised on the outskirts of the crowd.

"Yes, fellow-laborers, although I am now prosperous, I began as a bricklayer. I still keep the tools I used to earn my honest livelihood with. Here they are. Look at them. And now, my friends, I trust I may count upon your support."

"You bet you can" cried one of the workmen. "Any man who can lay bricks with a carpenter's hammer and a gardener's trowel must be a wonder."—New York Herald.

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.

Black Beeswax.

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

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

The Murderous Hat Pin.

In one month twelve persons in the streets have been wounded by ladies' protruding hat pins. The worst case was that of an unoffending man who had his eye put out near the Northern Railway Station by a lady in a hurry wearing one of these murderous daggers stuck through her hat and hair, who ran up against him. She begged his pardon, but he is prosecuting her, nevertheless. A humorist, who might quite well be in earnest, purposes that a police regulation should compel every woman to hang an iron cage round herself of a diameter exceeding the total length of her longest hat pin. — Paris correspondence of the Daily Telegraph.

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

BLINDNESS.

(Montreal Herald).

Blindness is preventable; in most cases it is the result of neglect at birth. Incompetent nurses or uncleanly midwives are responsible for the loss of sight of nearly all blind children. The born blind are so rare that one might almost say there are none. According to Dr. Darlington, head of the New York Board of Health, who was one of the visitors at the new Municipal Hospital here on Monday, there are 2,500 blind children under 5 in his city, "all of whom might have their sight to-day if properly attended to."

The Propaganda Spreads.

To the little brown hen said the big red rooster:
"You don't lay eggs as often as you usetter."
And the little brown hen said: "No, you bet!
I'd have you to know I'm a suffragette!"

—Life.

Via Father.

His young wife rules him, so they say,
Though he is proud as any prince;
Papa, you know, gave her "a way"—
She's had her own way ever since.

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

OLD DAN'S LAST FIRE

He stood dreaming in the sunshine that fell through the window of the engine house. The roar of the city throbbed in through the open door, but Dan did not hear it. The years rolled back their dim memories and he was a colt again, running beside his mother on the broad western prairie. He felt the tall grass brush his sides as it bent in waves under the summer winds and pressed closer to his mother as his little ear caught the barking of the wolves beyond the hills.

He could remember when he used to lie at his mother's feet as the night came on, and how big and handsome she looked standing between him and the bright stars. And he caught something of his terror when his mother once led him, fast as his short legs could go, to a clump of cottonwoods to get out of the way of a great herd of buffaloes moving farther west. From behind a tree he had seen the broken edges of the black, surging mass, and heard the tramp and bellowing as it swept by. Often as his mother dozed in the shade by some lonely stream, he had watched the veavers building their dam, and never tired of their queer snuffing and snorting as they towed the material along in the water.

The wild prairie, the stillness, the sluggish streams ,the meadow lark and the red-winged blackbird, the wave and swish of the grass—all this was a happy memory. But there came a sad day when he was five years old, and, with many others, was locked in a gloomy freight car and started on the terrible journey of a thousand miles toward the east. The swaying of the car and the swift moving objects outside made him dizzy, and he strained his eyes through the narrow, barred windows hour after hour, day after day, hoping for a sight of the prairie. Only towns and fenced fields, cities and noisy freight yards, and the ceaseless creak and rattle and swaying of the car —nowhere a sight of his silent home in the wild. Then he came to this engine house stall, and he had known no other home for twenty years.

He felt that he was growing old now. The wild gallops to the fires tired him more than they used to, and his joints were getting stiff so that he could not spring to the engine shaft as quick as his mate, who was a dozen years younger. Still he felt that life as a fire-horse had not been an unhappy one. There was something in it that stirred his blood, as did the terrific roar and rush, and the awful sky-painting glare of the prairie fires of the west when he was young.

Dan's dream was broken into by the voices of the firemen lounging about the engine.

"Say, boys," said one—Dan's driver—"did you know that this is Old Dan's birthday.

"Was there ever a time when Dan didn't exist?" drawled another voice, "Why, he was old Dan when I came here, eight years ago."

"But he wasn't always old Dan, I can tell you. He's 25, but he's a better horse to-day than many a one half his age. And he's done more tough work than any other two horses in the service."

"That's so," broke in a gray-bearded veteran, a retired fireman, who hung about the engine room from a life habit. "Don't I remember when Dan and Wild Joe—dead ten years—used to drag heavy rickety old No. 1 about this neighborhood before there was a pavement in sight and the hills wer as steep as a horses's hoof? Mud, ruts, stones, steep hills, why a man could hardly hang to the engine. And when the team had made a mile run, even Dan was a good deal used up, and Joe would stand shaking all over like that leaf there on the floor in the wind. That work killed Joe, but somehow Dan pulled through it. You young fellows don't know what a fire-horse's life was then. It hurts me to think of it."

"Twenty years ago old Dan came here straight from the West," continued the driver, half to himself, as if memory was tugging at his heart. "Wasn't he a beauty! Black as a coal heap, proud as a boy with his first boots, an eye in his head that could see right through you—but as gentle as a purring kitten. And he took to the business as natural as a duck to water. Why, you'd thought he'd been used to hauling an engine to put out prairie fires. The man who raised Old Dan has never lost sight of him and has always wanted to get him again, so the department has ordered that Dan be relieved to-morrow and sent back West to spend his last days. I know it will kill me to see him go. Why, nobody but me has ever drawn rein over Old Dan's back these twenty years. The chief may as well send me West, too. I don't think I could drive steady if I didn't feel Old Dan storming ahead of the engine.

His storm lined face twitched and he went and threw his arms around the horse's neck. "Old fellow," he whispered, "I'll never drive you to another fire."

The fire alarm sounded.

"Station 17," echoed the men.

"Up that long incline," said the driver. "See Old Dan," said another. "Take him. Let him have another fire."

The old fire-horse was straining at ing, his whole body quivering with exing, his whole body suivering with excitement. The halter was pulled from his head and he sprang to his place, as he had done a thousand times before. Then there was the "click, click" of buckles and straps, the sharp call, "All ready, go!" the straining of the horses to start the heavy engine, the clash of hoofs on the floor, the driver bracing himself to the wild plunge of the team, and they galloped up the street toward the short, steep hill near the engine house.

A policeman at the foot of the hill heard the engine gong and looked around.

"Old Dan, as sure as I am alive!" he exclaimed. "I thought he wasn't to run any more. Look at the old fellow, he goes like a colt! But that hill is too hard for him. Hold him in, Bill," he cried to the driver, "he's doing more than his share. They'll make it, though! There they go!" And the engine thundered round the corner, Old Dan still ahead.

It was a superb sight. On and on along the avenue, the horses at full speed, muscles straining, nostrils distended, eyes flashing in the wild excitement, the engine rumbling like a huge piece of artillery hurried up to battle.

Never had Dan run better. He forgot his years and stiff joints, and gave big Jim, his mate, all he could do. But the long hill began to tell on the faithful old horse. His furious pace slackened a little and he seemed to reel under the heavy load. His driver saw it and forced back a sob that would come. "A little further, old boy, my brave Dan," he cried above the thunder of the engine wheels. "Help him, Jim!" and he touched up the big mate.

Old Dan threw back his drooping ears to catch his master's voice, then dashed on swifter than before. As the clang of bells increased as the other fire companies approached, new energy took hold on the old horse, and he dashed up to the hydrant a nose ahead of Jim. But he was panting and trembling. The fire went out of his eyes, a quiver went through his body, he leaned a moment heavily against Jim, then dropped to the pavement—dead. Firemen and policemen men bent over the brave old horse, but the heart beats had stopped.

A blanket was thrown over him, and the firemen of the company, who had known and loved the old fellow so long, brushed away their tears and dashed in to fight the flames.

Well, maybe it was just as Old Dan would have had it—to pass out of life in the midst of smoke and flames, the throbbing of the engines and the shouts of the firemen; just as the soldier might wish to die in the glare and noise of battle, rather than amid the hush of a hospital.—The Sunday School Advocate.

GRACEFUL HOUSE JACKET.

This sketch shows a pretty new fashion in a "matinee"—or house jacket—which is one of the most comfortable, also comforting, garments in woman's wardrobe.

These jackets are charming made of the delicately tinted wool fabrics combined with lace, fancy silks and ribbons. Dimity, rajah and all the Japanese crepes make up prettily into these garments.

How to Sleep Well.

Never go to bed in a close room. Nothing promotes insomnia life stuffy atmosphere. Fresh air in strong currents is better than any sleeping potion.

A warm bath and brushing the hair steadily and quietly for five minutes before retiring often wooes sleep.

Never go to bed hungry. Nothing tends to wakefulness as quickly as an empty stomach.

Be sure your bed is comfortably made. A wrinkled sheet, too many or too few covers induce insomnia.

Do not get the sleeping powder habit. Never take one without the advice of a physician and then strive to do without it as long as possible.

A long walk in the open air just before retiring often induces sleep. This is better than tramping up and down a close room. If one cannot get out, open the windows and walk steadily for fifteen or twenty minutes.

A Manufactory.

"The body is a manufactory," said a doctor recently. "It has to manufacture bone and blood and muscle and brain out of bread and butter, eggs, beef and milk, and a wonderful process it is. Now, the first part of the process takes place in the mouth, and, as in most factories, the first is the most important. If a wrong start is made, everything that follows is put wrong. If the food isn't well masticated and mixed with the saliva, the stomach, the liver and the intestines are thrown out of gear.

"Consequently, most of the younger doctors, the more advanced doctors, are paying a great deal of attention to the condition of their patients' teeth. They know—to garble Shakespeare a bit—that 'good digestion waits on mastication, and health on both.'"

Frank Confession.

"Why," said the lady caller who sought to flatter the wealthy spinster, "you don't show your age at all."

"That's right," rejoined the w. s. "I've kept the family Bible under cover ever since I was 30."—Chicago News.

"How did your club dinner go off?" Splendidly! Only that fellow Sponger got drunk, as usual. He kept putting his feet on me." "Putting his feet on you?" "Yes! Yes—I was under the table."—Alle Sinner's Half Holiday.

"You can come pretty near trusting the average farmer to get the most for his money. He doesn't earn it easy; and he has to get full value.

"That's why any roofing buyer gets a strong hint here:

"My shingles cover more square feet of barn roofs all over Canada than any other kind of roofing, two to one—excepting wood shingles.

"And we are overhauling the wood shingles fast, because the farmer is learning just how much wood shingles really cost, and how little mine cost.

"Time you learned, too—isn't it?"

G. A. Pedlar

Pedlar Products include every kind of sheet metal building materials—too many items to even mention here. You can have a catalogue — estimate — prices — advice just for the asking. We'd like especially to interest you in our Art Steel Ceilings and Side Walls—they are a revelation to many people. More than 2,000 designs. May we send you booklet No. 14, and pictures of some of them?

You can rest easy nights when you Oshawa-shingle ---and save money, as well

¶ Any roof covered with Oshawa Steel Shingles (guaranteed) is proof against lightning. Not even the best lightning rod system insulates a building so safely.

¶ That particularly matters to you if you own barns, for during 1907, from the most accurate and complete figures, it is at present possible to compile, this is what the electric blast cost the farmers of this continent

Lightning struck 6,700 farm buildings in Canada and the United States.

Fires, caused by lightning, destroyed property valued at $4,123,000.

Lightning killed 4,457 head of live stock.

Lightning killed 623 human beings, and injured 889, nearly all dwellers on farms.

¶ Insurance men declare that more than forty per cent. of all barn fires are caused by lightning. Barns are particularly subject to the lightning stroke, because they contain hay and straw that constantly give off moisture by evaporation. The moist exhalations from horses and cattle also attract the bolt.

OSHAWA
GALVANIZED STEEL
SHINGLES
A new roof for nothing if they leak by 1934

¶ Yet for a cost of less than five cents a year per 100 square feet you can safeguard your barns—and your house for that matter—against lightning. That is the real cost of Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed).

¶ More than that: When you Oshawa shingle any building you have a roof that is absolutely wet-proof; absolutely wind-tight; absolutely fire-proof; and that is GUARANTEED to be a good roof for twenty-five years without painting, patching, repairing, or bother or fuss of any kind.

¶ Anybody who ever saw steel shingles before can lay an Oshawa-shingled roof perfectly with no tools but a hammer and tinner's shears, and no guide but the simple, easily-followed directions that come with the shingles.

¶ Anybody who has a building worth roofing right can afford the ONLY roofing that will roof it right—and the only roofing that is guaranteed.

¶ That is the story in brief: Send for the free book that tells it at length, and proves every statement as it goes along. With the book comes a sample shingle, to show you what we mean by saying that the Oshawa Steel Shingles (Guaranteed) are made of 28-gauge heavy sheet steel, heavily galvanized on both sides and all edges, and fitted with the Pedlar four-way lock, that makes the whole roof one seamless, unbroken sheet of tough steel—a roof that is not only guaranteed for twenty-five years, but good for a century.

¶ Get the book and learn about "Roofing Right." Send for it now—to-day. Ask for Roofing Right Booklet, No. 18. Address our nearest place.

The Pedlar People of Oshawa Established 1861

Address our Nearest Warehouse:

MONTREAL OTTAWA TORONTO LONDON CHATHAM WINNIPEG VANCOUVER QUEBEC

221-3 Craig St. W. 423 Sussex St. 11 Colborne St. 86 King St. 200 West King St. 76 Lombard St. 821 Powell St. 127 Rue du Point

ST. JOHN, N. B., 42-46 Prince William St. HALIFAX, 16 Prince St.

We want Agents in some sections. Write for Details. Mention this paper. 126.

LEARN DRESS AND MANTLE CUTTING, FITTING AND PUTTING TOGETHER

By mail in your spare time at home, or if not too far away, take a personal course at school. We will teach one personal course at commencement of season only. Course taught at school in Stratford inside of a week commencing November 8th only, remittance to be paid the day you are through and perfectly satisfied. Board and lodgings provided for pupils taking this personal course at school free of charge. We have been in business eleven years, taught over 7,000 pupils and guarantee $500 to anyone we cannot teach. Write for free particulars, explaining how we teach, not later than October 25th.

Address SANDER'S DRESS CUTTING SCHOOL, 31 Erie St., Stratford, Ont., Can.

FARM AND GARDEN

ONTARIO'S SHEEP.

Farmers to be Encouraged to Raise More.

The Provincial Agricultural Department has decided to establish eight illustration stations for sheep in Ontario. These will be located on the farms of men who are not experts in sheep-raising, and a record of the work done will be kept.

The number of sheep kept in Ontario has been decreasing during recent years, the farmers maintaining that they are not as profitable as other kinds of live stock. The new stations are designed to show the average profit farmers may expect to make from grade ewes.

The first of the stations has been established in York county on the farm of William Little, of Brown's Corners, near Agincourt. Another will be established in Muskoka for summer lambs, while others are to be located in Leeds, Simcoe, Huron, Middlesex, Brant and Victoria. It is anticipated that they will be kept in operation till the opening of 1912 to take in the product of two fall years.

The farmers will receive a small premium for their trouble in supplying records and reports, and the stations wil be open for inspection, and will supply information when asked.

The department has decided to locate the stations on the farms of the following: Messrs. Wm. Little, Brown's Corners, York county; Marshall Dickie, Hyde Park, Middlesex county; John Pritchard, Redgrave, Huron county; Wm. Crichton, Paris, Brant county; E. Johns, Fairfield East, Leeds county; D. Ross, Woodville, Victoria; J. McKee, Duntroon, Simcoe, and Wm. Atkins, Windermere, Muskoka.

COW TESTING.

Difference of Earning Powers of Cows of Same Herd.

The Dominion Department of Agriculture Branch of the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner issues the following from records being received at Ottawa from members of cow testing associations there is apparent a very marked variation in the earning power of the various cows in the same herd. There is every indication of many of last season's variations being repeated, such tools will show in many cases twenty-five dollars difference in income between two cows in the same herd. In some herds this is increased to forty dollars. For instance, in a herd of 11 cows an eight year old cow gives actually 4,200 lb. milk and 180 lb. fat more than a five year old in the same stable during the same time. Placing a value of only 20 cents per pound on the butter, the one cow is thus seen to earn over forty dollars more than the other.

This is the important point to notice; there are hundreds of farmers in the Dominion in whose herds just such remarkable differences between cows can be found, but the owners are probably unaware of the extent of such differences and will continue to be without the information so essential in these days of close margins until a record is kept of the production of each individual cow in the herd. Just a few minutes figuring per month will add vastly to the interest of the daily milking, besides providing a sure guide for reaping more profit per cow. The keeping of such records may have a special attraction for some younger member of the family.

FINE LEATHER TOBACCO POUCH FOR $1.00

HAVE you a friend who smokes? No nicer Xmas gift could be found than this Pouch.

It is made in genuine antelope leather, lined with best quality rubber, and is mounted with sterling silver shield. Engraved with any monogram and delivered post-paid, for $1.00, to any address in Canada—except the Yukon—Order by the number—616.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE R

Our handsomely illustrated 144 page catalogue of Diamonds, Jewelry, Silverware, Leather, Arts Goods and Novelties, free upon request.

RYRIE BROS., Limited
134-138 Yonge Street
TORONTO

APPLE SHIPPING.

Canadian fruit exporters may gather some helpful hints from a recent report sent to the Canadian Department of Trade and Commerce by E. D. Arnaud, our Trade Commissioner at Bristol, England. To secure the best results it is important that Canadian fruit-shippers understand, not only the art of packing the fruit and caring for it in transit, but also the best means of distributing it to the consumers. This last knowledge is evidently sometimes lacking, and loss is entailed on that account. Mr. Arnaud directs attention to the excellent facilities that are provided at the Avonmouth docks at Bristol for the handling of fruit cargoes to a population of about 9,000,000 people within a radius of ninety miles of that city. We learn that, notwithstanding that the freight cost is increased thereby, most of the Canadian apples are shipped direct to London or Liverpool, there to be distributed to their final markets. This is hardly well advised. The South Australia commercial agent, who has been giving the matter considerable study, and who has urged upon his people the importance of attractive packages, has this to say upon the subject:

"A point of extreme interest to the growers, and one which has to an extent been overlooked by them, is the reduction of transit charges in England. Under the existing system the majority of the apples are shipped to London, and sent thence to other places by rail, which involves extra expense. It costs 10 3-4d. to send a case of apples from London to Birmingham, and from Bristol to Birmingham the charge is 4 1-2d. Large quantities of South Australian apples are sold in those places, and also at Cardiff, and in every instance the fruit is railed from London. It is difficult to understand why the shippers insist upon their goods being dumped down in London, instead of giving their agent the option of a portion of it at least being sent round to Bristol, which would save a shilling a case to the exporter. If a Cardiff buyer send to London for his fruit he has to pay, say 12s. 6d. a case for it, and a shilling for carriage, and he would sooner pay 13s. or 13s. 3d. for the fruit at Bristol, which would serve not only Cardiff, but other large cities. The same argument applies to Birmingham The buyer would much rather pay 12s. 9d. at Bristol and 4 1-2d. carriage, than 12s. 6d. in London and 10 3-4d. carriage. The freight is exactly the same from Adelaide to Bristol as to London, and it is hard to understand why the exporters persist in ignoring the advantages to be gained by consigning some of their fruit to ports other than London."

The subject is of sufficient importance to engage the attention of our people. It should be their endeavor to profit by the watchfulness of the Canadian agents in outside markets, and the apple crop marketing is worthy of scientific study.

A HERETIC.

Three men sat round the fire, and two of them talked about Progress. They sat round the fire because it was a day late in the English summer, and they talked about Progress because it seems the only thing you can talk about in these days after you have done your best for the weather.

So they talked, and they disgussed submarines—which would hardly be called progressive now, but for the fact that they seem to do more damage every time they go wrong—and hten they discussed aeroplanes. After that, they naturally gave the North Pole a turn, and they wound up by mixing the three together, and wondering if it would not be possible to get to the Pole by submarine or by airship.

Possible or not, they agreed that this is a very wonderful age we are living in, and that we ought to be very proud to be alive in times of such great Progress. And then the third man, who had not spoken before, put in a word.

"That's all very fine," he said. said. "But what has your precious Progress to do for me? What has it done for me?"

"Done for you? Why, you ought to be proud——"

"Yes, yes. I know all that. But that's not the point. Do you know what I am?"

They did not know.

"Well, I write tales—books, you know. I've been writing them for years, and I usually write about the future, because I find that pays best. Now do you see what your Progress has done for me?"

But they could not see.

"Well, just consider this. Years ago, I and a few more like me invented the submarine. Jules Verne was one of us. For a time a submarine in a tale made it a small fortune. What do you suppose, it's worth now?

"Then, when submarines slumped, we invented the aeroplane, and for a few years any tale with a flying machine in it was bound to sell. If you doubt me, go and ask H. G. Wells. He knows.

"But now, of course, aeroplanes are worse than useless. People read so much about them in the papers that they won't have them at any price. If you want to ruin a tale to-day write about an aeroplane.

"But even then, the Pole was left. No one knew what it was like, and everyone wanted to know. You could say what you like; they believed ti and bought your books. And now—nobody knows what it's like, and nobody cares.

"Progress!" he grumbled, getting up and making for the door. "Progress! I'm sick of your silly Progress!"

Portable Electric Bath.

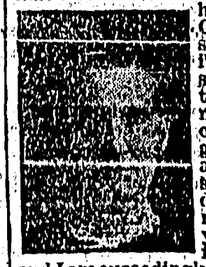
An electric-light bath outfit invented by a French army surgeon and designed to be used in private homes or army camps, is described with illustration in Popular Mechanics. From a medical standpoint such baths are considered of great value, especially in European medical circles, but the ordinary apparatus is too cumbersome for other than hospital operations.

This apparatus is small, light, simple, and easily portable, consisting of two jaws which open and close upon a hinged joint. Within the two curved receptacles thus formed are placed three electric lamps of variable intensity, evolving altogether an intense light and a powerful heat. Owing to the shape of the apparatus it can be applied to any part of the body.

THE BEST REMEDY

For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Belleville, Ont.—"I was so weak and worn out from a female weakness that I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took several bottles of it, and I gained strength so rapidly that it seemed to make a new woman of me. I can do as good a day's work as I ever did. I sincerely bless the day that I made up my mind to take your medicine for female weakness, and I am exceedingly grateful to you for your kind letters, as I certainly profited by them. I give you permission to publish this any time you wish."—Mrs. ALBERT WICKETT, Belleville, Ontario, Canada.



Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will cure female weakness and so successfully carry women through the Change of Life as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

Creston Realty and Timber Co.

WASTE

Less Money

And buy Lots in the Growing Town of Creston

Choice Lots, 50 x 120ft.

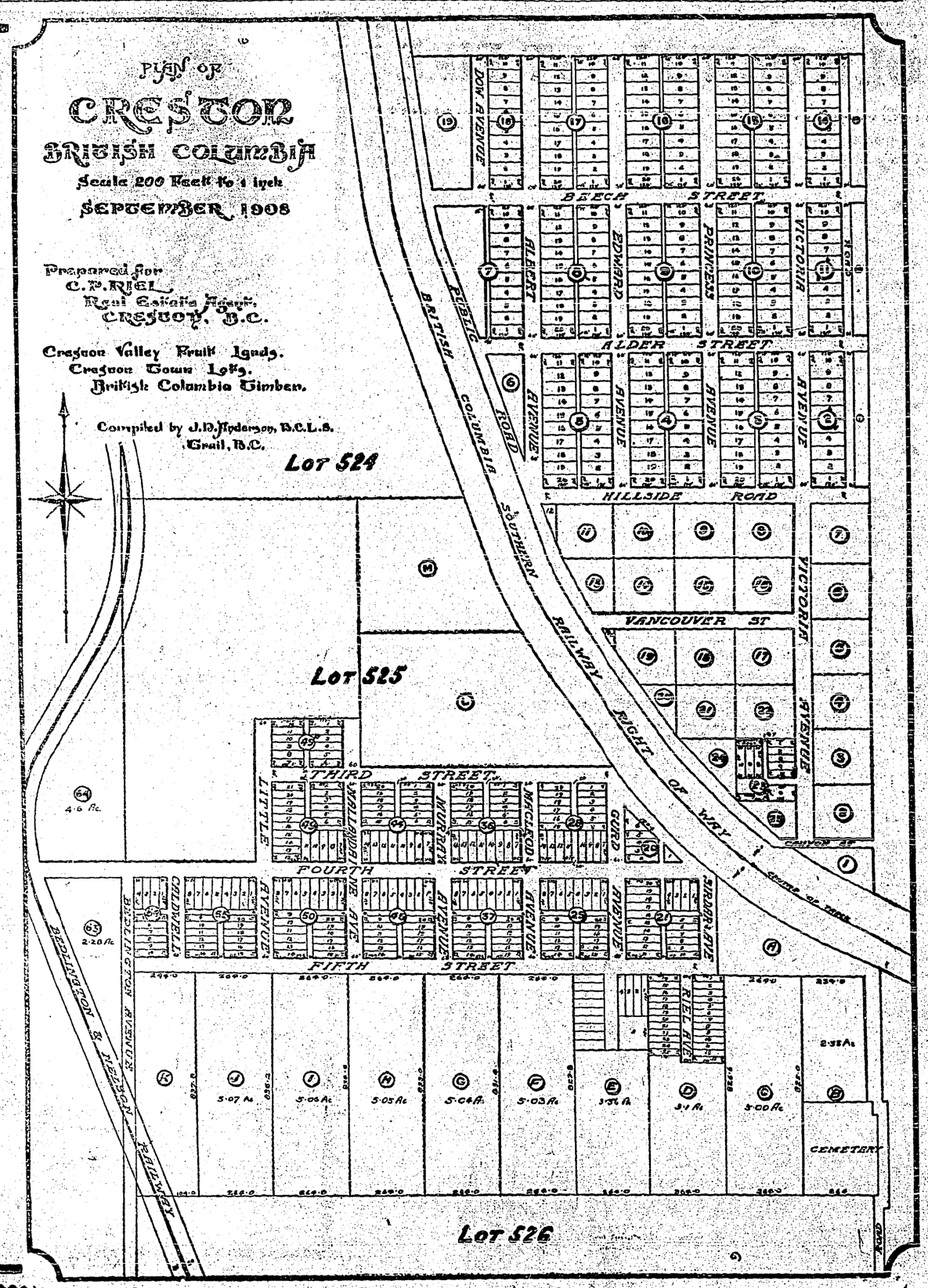
Side Walks and City Water.

Price, $100

Terms: $10 Cash, and $10 per Month.

Free Maps, etc., Apply

C. P. RIEL



Highest Price Paid for Creston City Property

Last week C. P. Riel sold 100 feet, facing on Canyon road, for $1,250 cash, to Leslie Loucks, of Cranbrook. This was a corner property of the Jas. Barton sub-division, and the price, which was cash, goes to show what outside people think of the future of Creston. A large building will shortly be erected on this property.

With a Local Flavor

Mrs. Stocks and son left yesterday on a four months trip to Toronto.

Mrs. Hugh McCreath returned from Nelson on Tuesday.

Mrs. Riel went to Moyie last Saturday to spend a few days visiting friends.

Geo. Prichard, who hails from Port Hill, was doing business here the forepart of this week.

BORN—At Creston, on the morning of the 1st inst., to the wife of the late Jos. Wilson, a daughter.

J. Bennett, of Vancouver, was among the many outside visitors in town this week.

G. W. McDonald, a resident of Spokane, was a guest at the Creston Hotel this week.

Harry Hesse, one of the proprietors of the Moyie brewery, was doing business in Creston the forepart of this week.

A. C. McCorkell, of Vancouver, dropped off for a brief visit to Creston on Tuesday last.

Alan Hendren is nursing a sprained foot, the result of an accident on election night. We hope to see him around again.

C. Stephens, of Cranbrook, and W. Thomas, of Vancouver, were guests at the Creston Hotel on Monday.

M. S. Middleton, the popular fruit inspector, was a visitor to Creston on Monday last.

Mrs. Ripley left for Portland on Tuesday last, where she will join her husband. The last few days prior to her departure she has been the guest of Mrs. Mallandaine.

FOR SALE—One 270-Egg Model Incubator, One Brooder and a number of Hens.—Bargain. Apply Box 9, Creston.

Will the "honest" person who stole the eggs out of my chicken coop, kindly return the china nest egg, if he has not already eaten it, and oblige?—Arthur Okell.

The handsome two-storey residence of J. Littlejohn, on his ranch, only needs a few more days work on it to make it an ideal fruit grower's home.

Provincial constable E. Jensen was out of town on official business on Tuesday and Wednesday last.

Mrs. Geo. Hendren has received the sad news of the death of her eldest brother, who resided at Fort Francis, Ont.

James Anderson, formerly of Grand Forks, B.C., paid Creston a visit this week in the interest of some large cigar firms that he represents.

There is nothing like a hot or cold bath once a week, whether you need it or not, for making you feel good and fresh. Try one at Sam Hatfield's.

For a comfortable room for the night or a room for the week or month, go to Frank Bast's lodging rooms, over the Creston Auditorium. These rooms are very comfortably furnished and there is a hot and cold water bath in connection. The prices are also reasonable.

Remember the date of the School Concert has been changed from Xmas Eve to the evening of December 20th at the Creston Auditorium, commencing at 8 o'clock sharp.

Services Next Sunday.

Church of England

Divine Service in the NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE:—Services next Sunday, December 5th: Matins and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 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 2.30 p.m.

T. G. McLEOD, Pastor.

Methodist Church

Services on Sunday next: Morning at 11 a.m.; Sunday School, at 2,30 p.m.; Evening Service, 7.30 p.m.

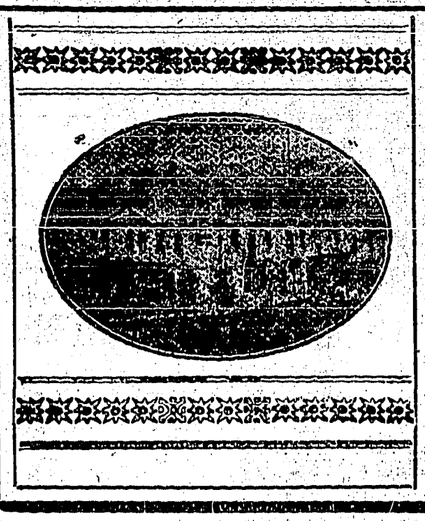
F. J. RUTHERFORD, pastor

FURNITURE

Ostermoor Mattresses
Iron Beds
Morris Chairs
Bed Lounges
Folding Cots

Homes completely furnished

Creston Furnishing Co.



THE MUNRO HOTEL

CRESTON -:- B.C.

The Creston Dancing Class

Will be held at the

- CRESTON AUDITORIUM -

Every Tuesday and Saturday Evening

From 8 to 11.

Dancing of All Kinds Taught

Tickets:

$10 per Quarter

In Advance

Non-Ticket Holders, 50cts. Per Lesson.

LADIES FREE

A. MILLER, Dancing Master

Notice is hereby given that any parties wanting their advertisements changed 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.

How Gold Dredges Get the Gold

The steep hills and rugged mountains of the Klondike region give rise to numberless small streams, which become from time to time with the melting of the snows—the cloudbursts and heavy rains to which the country is subject—raging torrents.

The grinding of the glaciers and the erosion of these turbulent streams bring down rocks, sand and gravel from the mountain depths and fastnesses where man has never yet penetrated.

In a region where ledges of Gold-bearing Quartz are a prominent feature in the formation, it is natural that these forces of Nature should tear away quantities of exceedingly rich material.

This process has been going on for ages. The hidden stores of Gold away in the hills are inexhaustible.

The rush of the torrents is so impetuous that even boulders of considerable size are borne in their course, and only when Nature has spent herself do they find a resting place.

The broad creeks—the wider reaches of the river—quiet the stream, and the Gold, in the form of nuggets, grains, and flakes, rapidly settles. Gold is very heavy—heavier than the rock itself, and once it finds a resting place, sifts down through the light surface mud and sand until, by force of Gravity, it reaches bed rock.

Where the courses of streams have been changed, the richest Placer Mines are found in their old beds. But in the larger, constant streams, these rich deposits are beyond the reach of merely human agencies.

It remains for the Gold Dredge—following the heavy nuggets and particles of Gold down through the overlying strata in the bars and benches of the river, to recover these stores of Gold from the treasure-house of Nature.

The long arms of the Dredge, with their endless chains of bucket scoops, search down, down—through sixty feet of water, sand and gravel, if need be—until the Gold sediment, and finally bed rock itself, often overlaid with an actual coverlet of pure Gold—the hoarded accumulation of centuries—is reached.

The Gold Dredge brings up this material in wholesale quantities—treats it with scientific accuracy to save the finest particles of value—separates the dross—and for the first time lays bare to the hand of man this Virgin Gold.

While personally present on our property at Stewart River, Yukon Territory, Klondike, September 1st, I saw with my own eyes a clean-up from our first and smaller dredge, netting $517,50, and this was preceded only a few days by another clean-up from the same dredge amounting to $1283,86 in Gold. I saw this Gold, gathered from the gold-saving tables of our Dredge, moulded into bullion—a solid bar of Gold.

With such results in sight we are bending every effort to get twenty of these mammoth Dredges at work on our property. This summer, our second dredge went on—larger and stronger than the first—and is already at work.

We control by direct lease from the Canadian Government, One Hundred and Five (105) miles of Dredgable Gravel on the Stewart River, eighty miles from Dawson City, in the Klondike. We have tested the gravel thoroughly with Drills, and the results are highly satisfactory. As a matter of fact, the site of our holdings was recognized, even before the Gold Rush in 1898, to be rich in Gold—it is a matter of public record that the Gold is there—but so located as to be difficult to obtain by any hand method. And Fifty dredges could not exhaust this area in a Hundred years.

With a proposition so rich, the payment of dividends and the continued work of development can easily go hand in hand.

To hurry this work of development now, we are marketing Treasury Stock in our Company. Three thousand stockholders, many of them well-known in the Canadian country, are already on our books. This necessity for Capital—a Dredge costs upwards of $100,000—furnishes your opportunity to participate in a wonderfully rich venture.

Our Company is formed of the pick of broad-minded business men—Governor Ogilvie, of the Yukon Territory—known and respected by the whole Canadian country, at its head. It is economically managed, with no salaried officials, no Bonds, and no Preferred Stock.

But the whole story is told in our Illustrated Prospectus. The Coupon will bring it to you. The supply is limited. Fill out and mail the Coupon to-day.

Gold Dredges are making millions.

Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Co., Ltd.

G. W. Clawson, Treas.

649 Somerset Building

Winnipeg, Canada

Please send me, postage prepaid, your large Illustrated Prospectus, also free Booklet on Gold Dredging, with full particulars by return mail. It is understood that I incur no obligation whatever in making this request.

Name .....

Address .....