All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Send in Any Address for $2.00 a Year

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PURITY FLOUR

No Woman should Fail to Read this Announcement

We are taking this space to tell you Some facts about Purity Flour, and we ask every woman who reads this paper to try a sack under our liberal guarantee.

The Sale of Purity Flour Has grown enormously in British Columbia as indeed it has throughout the whole of Canada. It has taken the lead from Coast to Coast. Now it will be admitted that this immense growth in popularity has not been the result of chance. It has not been the result of exaggerated "boosting." There has been some good substantial reason for this steady and large increase in its sale.

What has been the Result? Once a customer was made for Purity Flour that user has never been lost, but instead has told others about how satisfactory they have found it and thus made new friends. That has been the history of Purity Flour from the beginning—a regular steady growth in the estimation of buyers and users.

Readers will ask What has Purity Flour do hold the good will of the people? We answer that "it makes more bread and better bread." So often has this remark been made to us by satisfied users that we have adapted it as a Purity Flour slogan. Bread made of Purity Flour has won the first prize and renown at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, first prize at the Nelson and Cranbrook Exhibitions, and at every other fair where heard from, Purity Flour has been shown.

Where you can get Purity Flour We have appointed S. A. Speers, local agent, and when you order flour insist in getting Purity Flour and find out for yourself as so many other women all over Canada have done, that Purity Flour "positively does make more bread and better bread" than any other flour.

Makes More Bread and Better Bread

For Sale Exclusibely By

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

Around the Ranches

It was an early hour in the morning of a beautiful day, such a day in fact as only this district of all the districts from East to West with which we are acquainted can show, when our representative set out on a visit to some of our subscribers who live on the ranches near town.

Walking along the Erickson road, one cannot fail to be struck by the signs of progress which are visible on every side. The many neat homes scattered on each side of the way, each one set back in the midst of its own five or ten acres of ground, with the root and other crops evidence of careful cultivation, and the fruit trees, not now so loaded as was the case a few weeks ago, but still giving ample evidence of the productiveness of the soil. These same homes are a credit to the district and are themselves a proof of the culture and progressiveness of the ranchers. Among others, the ranch of Mr. A. Attwood may be taken as a sample, and a short description of this will be of interest.

On a gentle slope, set back about a quarter of a mile from the road, stands a neat, well built house, surrounded by several acres of produce bearing land in cultivation. The house itself is well appointed and in its interior arrangements and furnishings is superior to most of the houses occupied by well-to-do middle class people in our large cities with which we are familiar.

A walk around the cultivated ground gives one a good idea of the capabilites of the soil. The fine crop of potatoes is especially noticeable, and a small area, planted with rapberries, from which a large crop was gathered this season, comes in for our attention. Pumpkins weighing 80 lbs. and in appearance fully equal to their weight for quality are a sight of which our representative makes a note during this investigation as to the products of this sample ranch, and if the apples left on the trees are a safe criterion, the show when the picking season commenced must have been something to remember.

The cry for irrigation, which has been expressed by some people unacquainted with the facts as to the sub-irrigation of this district is seen to be unnecessary A slight scraping away of the surface with the foot shows the moisture in the soil clearly up.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the attention of any who are inclined to under estimate the possibilities here of these lines of cultivation, should be directed to these ranches so close to town, where the soil is being literally turned into gold by careful and scientific culture.

Our ranches are indeed a source of pride as well as profit and valuable lessons can be learned there by the open-minded observer as to the profitable use of labor skilfully applied in creating wealth by making good use of the fertility of the soil.

We have the soil; the ranches are a proof of what can be done with it when the right methods are adhered to.

Grand Chancellor R. Townley, of Vancouver, of the Knights of Pythias, paid an official visit to the local lodge on Monday evening. After the usual ceremonies suitable for the occasion were performed, speeches were made by many present, when refreshments were served. The attendance on this occasion was good and an enjoyable time was spent.

This is fine invigorating weather we are having. Now is just the time to pull off that long distance race the boys were talking about, or perhaps they are waiting until all the Indians have gone to sleep for the winter.

The local council of the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends held a social and dance on Tuesday evening at the conclusion of the business of the monthly meeting. Good music was provided and those present had an enjoyable time.

A Splendid Edition

We have been favored with a copy of the special edition of the Vancouver Daily World, containing a half page write-up of Creston, and which can be seen by anyone interested at the office of the Review. This write-up gives a very full account of the advantages of the district and is displayed to good effect, being illustrated with a first-class cut of one of our local ranches.

The copy of the "World" in which the advertisement appears is a very large bulky number, containing some one hundred pages, profusely illustrated. It is issued on the coming of age of that newspaper, it being just twenty-one years since the "World" was started in Vancouver.

The issue is a proof of the progress of the province and we congratulate the proprietors of our principal daily on the production of such a fine number. It is estimated that over a million copies of this special edition will be printed and circulated throughout America and in the principal centers of the old country.

As proof of the results which may be expected from this large advertisement, it may be stated that the secretary of the Creston Board of Trade has already received many inquiries from parties who have been induced to investigate conditions here through seeing the notice in the "World" special edition.

Among the prominent visitors that made flying visits to Creston this week was Mr. J. A. McDonald, K.C., leader of the Liberal party in B.C. Mr. McDonald was on his way East and was renewing old acquaintances on the station platform while his train was taking on an unusually large shipment of fruit and vegetables for eastern points. Mr. McDonald spoke in high terms of Creston as an ideal place for homes, owing to its good climate and fine scenery. In speaking of the probability of an election this fall, the leader of the Opposition said that while all things pointed to an appeal to the people late this fall, nothing as yet was definite. His conversation was then cut short by the moving of the train and the well-known King's Counsel had to make rapid steps to avoid being left behind.

Among the most important real estate deals made in Creston recently was the sale of an ideal ten-acre plot of orchard land by R. FitzGerald to Swan Swanson, a wealthy railway contractor of Dryden, Ont. Mr. Swanson already owned 45 acres of land in the Creston district prior to making this deal, which adjoins the land just purchased, and it is now stated that he is so highly pleased with his investments that he is contemplating buying more land. The orchard land that he has just purchased he is now having cleared and a crew of men are at present engaged on the work, which is being done under the supervision of R. S. Bevan. Mr. Swanson is reported to be worth half a million of money and it means much for Creston to have him interested here.

Don't forget the big turkey shoot on Thanksgiving Day, behind Gobbitt's.

Election Prospects

The following is from the Victoria Daily Post of Tuesday last:

"With regard to these rumors of an election in November,' said Premier McBride to the Evening Post this morning, 'the feeling seems to be that in the event of any agreements arrived at before the end of the current year between the government and Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann, for the extension of the Canadian Northern railway into British Columbia, there should be a dissolution of the house so that, upon the country expressing its approval of the government's course and program no delay need occur in starting the dirt flying in the construction of the road.'

"Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann are now on their way to the coast for the purpose of conferring with the premier on the subject of the C. N. R. extension through the province, the location of the Pacific terminals, etc. It is not, therefore, beyond the realm of probability that the suggested course of action may be taken and an election occur either during November or December. The difficulties of a winter election in British Columbia which were so evident, indeed insuperable, a few years ago, are now, thanks to the vast and widespread improvement of facilities of communication virtually eliminated and with the exception of a few isolated northern communities with perhaps a score of votes all told, a winter campaign would present no difficulties."

It will be news to many to hear that as the result of systematic effort a very large quantity of advertising matter, relating to Creston and district has just recently been put into circulation in those quarters where it is anticipated it will have good effect. The first instalment of five thousand neat pamphlets have been distributed by the C. P. R. advertising department. These have been printed and compiled under the auspices of the Creston Board of Trade. Also a large number of smaller but equally effective advertisement sheets were distributed at the Cranbrook Fair, whilst prominent local real estate men have been continuing the good work at their own expense by having a large number of descriptive advertisements distributed among their correspondents in eastern and prairie cities.

Rev. T. G. McLeod, of Knox Church, Grand Forks, has been appointed pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Creston, and will take charge of his new field at once. Rev. N. E. Read will most likely be placed in charge of a congregation at the coast.

A turkey shoot, promoted by A. Nendren, will be held on Thanksgiving Day, behind Gobbitt's ranch. Everybody get in and take a chance on one of these turkeys. All guaranteed young and fat.

Now is the time when our friends on the prairie begin to get out their big fur coats. Why don't they come to Creston and live in a good climate.

Whist Party and Dance

(From our lady correspondent)

A very enjoyable whist party and dance was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hobden, on Thursday evening Sept. 23rd, in honor of Miss Helme, sister of Mrs. Hobden, who has been visiting Creston.

Mrs. Hobden wore a pretty princess gown of taupe cloth, artistically trimmed with blue silk and narrow braid, while Miss Helme looked charming in a fashionable lingerie frock. The room was prettily decorated with a profusion of variegated sweet peas and autumn leaves, blending harmoniously together, giving a picturesque effect. The first part of the evening was spent in whist, Mrs. J. Carver and Dr. Henderson being the fortunate prize winners. After dainty refreshments had been served, dancing was indulged in till an early hour in the morning.

The guests included Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hayman, Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. F. Rose and Mrs. Scissons, Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carver, Mr. and Mrs. G. Huscroft, Mr. and Mrs. E. Mallandaine, Mr. and Mrs. C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. G. Young, Mr. and Mrs. R. Bevan, Mr. and Mrs. J. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Darbyshire, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wilson, Miss Arrowsmith, Messrs. E. Taylor, J. King, and Crosthwaite.

POOL–PATTERSON.

A quiet wedding took place on the 6th inst. at the Church of England vicarage, when Sidney Pool, of Cranbrook, and Mrs. Jean Patterson, widow of the late Andrew Patterson, of Cranbrook, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, the Rev. Philip C. Hayman officiating.

The ceremony took place in the presence of a few immediate friends of the contracting parties. The happy couple left for Nelson on Wednesday, where they will spend a short honeymoon, after which they will return to Creston to reside.

Mr. P. O. Fowler, honorary secretary of the Creston Board of Trade, reports that he is now beginning to receive many enquiries from outside parties who want information about Creston. This is no doubt the result of the advertising done recently through the publication of five thousand descriptive folders that have just recently been issued under the auspices of the Board of Trade, as well as the systematic advertising which this district is getting through the columns of the Review.

As previously announced the Rev. J. C. Robertson, superintendent of Sunday schools in Canada for the Presbyterian church, will preach both morning and evening at the Presbyterian church on Sunday next. As Mr. Robertson is a noted man in his particular line in the church, no one interested in church matters should fail to hear him.

There was a wedding at the Indian mission this week. Another good man gone wrong.

THANKSGIVING DAY RIFLE SHOOT

FERNIE RIFLE CLUB WILL COMPETE AGAINST THE LOCAL SHOTS—OTHER EVENTS ALSO ARRANGED

A well attended meeting of the Creston-Erickson Rifle Club was held on Tuesday evening in the Mercantile store for the purpose of making arrangements for the Thanksgiving Day rifle shoot. Mr. Hyde took the chair.

A letter from the Fernie Rifle Club was handed in to the chairman by the editor of the Review. This letter stated that having seen in the paper that a shoot was to be held, the Fernie rifle club would be glad to arrange a match and could bring a team of ten men over, provided Creston-Erickson could see their way to having the match during the morning, in time for the visitors to get off on the noon train the same day.

An offer from such good sportsmen as the riflemen of Fernie was sure to be taken up by the local club and it was decided by the meeting that the match could be pulled off, and a committee of two, with power to increase their number, was appointed to pick a representative team to oppose the visitors. The chairman stated he would write Fernie as to the details of the match.

This contest will take place on the morning of Thanksgiving Day.

It was decided to have a turkey shoot, the same to commence immediately after the match with Fernie has been shot off, the conditions to be the same as last year, namely, the cost of each turkey—$3—to be paid in equal shares by the men shooting in that particular squad. It is hoped the squads will average 12, thus the cost will be 25 cents each. In case a less number than 12 are desirous of shooting for a turkey they must make up the amount of $3 before the firing begins.

The ladies of the Methodist church will be invited to serve the refreshments as they have kindly done on previous occasions.

Owing to the impossibility of crowding all the events into one week-end, it was decided that the annual club shoot as per the regulations, should be held on the Saturday and Sunday following the Thanksgiving Day shoot.

A vote of thanks to the chairman closed the meeting.

What about the C. P. R. tourist hotel? The situation for same is still undecided upon by the powers that be. It is understood that the claims of the various localities are being investigated. If anything like that takes place, the hotel will find its way to Creston sure enough

We are glad to know that Miss Dorothy Barton, who has been ill with pneumonia and pleurisy, is recovering.

Mr. C. O. Rodgers left for Spokane today on business.

Creston Lumber Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Complete Stock of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER

Prompt Attention Satisfaction Guaranteed

Let us Figure with you on that Building

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

Ranges, Cook Stoves : :

Heaters and Granite Ware

In McClary's Famous Make

COOK STOVES - $12.50 Up

HEATERS at $2.75 to $13.50

See the New Sanitary Roasting Pan

Creston Mercantile Co.

MR. GNAGG 'LL GIVE NO PARTY.

SOCIAL OBLIGATIONS? HE'S SOCIALLY OBLIGED TO NO ONE.

Makes It Plain to Mrs. Gnagg That There'll Be No Little Auto Trip and That if She Wishes She Can Lay it to Him—Who Ever Did Him a Kindness?

Mrs. Gnagg having suggested the giving of a little automobile party to some friends by way of repaying social obligations, Mr. Gnagg avails himself of the opportunity to exude the following comment:

Oh, "a little automobile party," hey? Getting so you like these nifty sounding phrases, aren't you? "Little automobile party"—humph! Some gorgeous, that. Quite a few highfalutin.

Why don't you invite 400 or 500 of these chippery chappery friends to visit you for a couple of months at your villa in the Thousand Islands?

Or why not have 'em all swoop down upon you for a week end at your Elizabethan seat in Shropshire?

Or get 'em all to trot over with you for the grouse season at your shooting box in Scotland?

Or snag the bunch of 'em for a house party at your Doge's palace in Vienna?

Or charter a special train and take 'em on a leisurely tour through old Mexico?

Or hire the Corsair or the North Star from Mr. Morgan or Mr. Vanderbilt and cruise the gang around the North Cape?

There's no use in piking, you know. 'A little automobile party" sounds pretty tinkly and giddy, it is true, but you might as well go through with it while you're utilizing that brand of superheated steam and let off a little vapor about staking your comic valentine gang of cronies to a coaching tour among the Roman ruins in France or to a riotous houseboat month on the Thames or something like that. Why not treat 'em to one of those Berkshire Hills balloon parties? You ought to hand 'em something new and novel and flossy, you know. Try and get away from the old stuff. Y'see, and shoe clerk can stake his friends to a mountain climbing junket in the Austrian Tyrol or a three months' tour of the near and far east, but it takes imagination and initiative to dope out novel numbers and that's why I'm glad you've come to me with your delightful little hospitable suggestion.

But before we take off our coats and begin to work out some entirely original and expensive method of entertaining your assortment of chummies perhaps you'll be good enough to elucidate just what you mean when you say that we owe any of 'em anything?

How's that? Oh, I don't say that you did put it in just those words, but you don't have to fly at me like a giant auk of the Andes every time I fail to quote you literally, you know. You chattered something about the repayment of social obligations, didn't you? Well, obligation means owing something, doesn't it? That's my understanding of the word obligation, anyhow. Every day of my life I'm meeting obligations and blamed heavy ones at that in connection with the running of this dump, so that I guess I ought to have an elementary idea anyhow as to the meaning of the word obligation.

Well, what obligations am I supposed to be under to this gang of chirpers that you're so blithely talking about taking out on "a little automobile party"? Hey? How have I placed myself under obligations to any of 'em? Be good enough if you please to Fletcherize that word obligation in this particular connection and then inform me what you make of it, won't you?

D'ye mean that I've accompanied you to the flats of a few of 'em once in a great while and partaken of what they called Dutch lunches with my legs under their groaning mahoganies—a few het up frankfurters and some rather clammy potato salad and some beer? Is that one of the items that put me under social obligations to 'em?

Or is the fact that we've played a little bridge at the plants of a few of 'em, generally getting frisked by 'em down to the collar button, one of the details helping me to get myself under social obligations to them?

I seem to remember, too, that you've dragged me around to the homes of a lot of 'em—generally on evenings so inclement that only insane persons were to be met with on the streets—and that on these occasions I've had to listen to their daughters squeaking songs that made the ravings of a maniac phonograph running down hill on a 60 per cent. grade sound by comparison like an Aeolian symphony heard in a midsummer night's dream. Is the suffering that I've endured on these occasions another one of the items that have served to put me under social obligations to this layout of your pals?

I've been hauled around by you to the establishments of a lot of 'em where the he members of the sketches bawled at me about the tariff being a tax and where the women gabbled unremittingly about how hard it is to get a Swedish maid for $23 a month when only last year just as bad a Scandinavian maid could be engaged for $22 a month, and then some woman in a stiff, wine-colored silk dress and a light in her eyes that never was on land or sea would herd me up in a cosey corner and tell me all about the New Thought movement and ask me why I didn't stop using I-boiled so's to achieve the higher calm. Did I get under social obligations to these people by enduring that kind of drawn out misery?

It may be that I'm suffering from soft cataract on both wicks, but all the same I can't seem to uncoil any better reasons than those I've named why I should be under social obligations to these folks that you're talking about massing upon some large square and then taking out automobiling through New York and adjoining States, with roadhouse banquets on the side, beer, bowling, skittles and cream ale between, probably with Sousa's Band to head the parade, and the populace lined up on both sides of the road all the way from here to Lake Keuka, audibly wondering where I managed to snag out the bankroll to do it all on.

Now, don't misunderstand me, if you please. I know that misunderstanding me is the cutest little thing you do, and that you extract the keenest immediate enjoyment from it. But get me right as to this thing. I wouldn't mind going as far as you liked in the matter of staking this gang of yours to a regular Hellegatalian divvle of a time, on wheels or off of 'em, if there was any reasonable way whereby I could dope out the reason or reasons why I should owe any or all of 'em this kind of a Coal Oil Johnny fiesta. But I can't dope it out, that's all.

They've all been handed the best I've got around this plant just as often if not an infernal sight oftener than they've ever slipped me anything in the way of bodily comfort or social entertainment, and if there's any debt or obligation gag that's got to be balanced, according to your dictum and system, I can't see why if I devoted ten minutes or so to trying it on I shouldn't be able to figure that most of 'em are under social obligations to me.

Indirectly or vicariously, that is to say, I don't go so far as to say that I ty of the women folks of the bunch to myself have entertained twenty or thirty luncheons in my home about four or five times a week, but you have, and it's about the same thing.

What's that? You never entertained as many as twenty women at a luncheon party here or anywhere else in your life?

Oh, well, you don't have to take a cheese knife and pare down the figures that I merely mention in a sort of offhand, figurative way, you know. I'm speaking in general terms for the purpose of conveying my views as to this matter of social obligations that you've pulled on me, and there's no occasion for you to try to pin me down to exact figures when I confine myself to round numbers. I don't profess to have taken any actual census of the gangs and hordes of women that you've been luncheoning here practically every week day since we've been here. But I know what I know about how you've made this dump a sort of Liberty Hall for all of the unmoored, drifting female flatters in this region, with me to pay the freight, and I don't have to give the actual tabulated statistics about things that I know all about, not if I know it.

As a straight matter of fact I hardly ever have a good fair crack at this apartment, and you know it. Every time I mooch in here there's some kind of a bunch here, always people that I'm about fourteen million miles away from when it comes to a common plane upon which to build a mutual interest. They don't know anything about things that I know about, and I don't care a hang about the piffling things that I know all about, and there you are. Result is that I've got to grin around like a gargayle and make a saphead of myself pretending to be tickled to death over the gabble they're staking me to, and under restraint with 'em all the time and generally miserable and martyred while they stick around.

Where you ever snag out these mental molluscs, male and female, is something that I lie awake in the middle of hot nights and try to puzzle out. I never meet such starfish anywhere else but here. How they happen to gravitate to this dump beats me forty ways from the jack. I try to make the best of 'em just to please you, and all like that, but the job's too much for me. They're the most imaginationless lot of mussels that ever got huddle anywhere together on land or sea or beneath, and how they even contrive to move around and breathe and go through the motions of living and keep 'emselves from being taken up as hopeless imbeciles is the thing that ties me in bowknots whenever I set myself to trying to uncoil the answer.

And these are the folks that I'm under social obligations to, hey?

Well, not if little Bright Eyes Knows it, and I guess he does. I'd be a heap obliged to 'em, when it comes to that, if they'd boycott me, or declare a lockout on me and keep away from here and order me to keep away from their plants. Nothing on earth would tickle me so much as some such plan as this. But that's as far as the obliging thing goes with me. When it comes to my being under social obligations to 'em I'm there with a writ of supersedeas and a search warrant to find out where it comes in, and you hear me talking.

How's that? So many of 'em were nice to me when I was sick with the grip last winter?

Oh, come, now, forget all that. I'm just as grateful as anybody, and I'll stand and take off my shirt and hand it to anybody that does me any sure enough kindness. But I 'spose you're advertizing to the fact that when I was sick last winter a whole passel of these crazy women of your acquaintance, having nothing else to do, kept the phone here buzzing every minutes of the night and day asking you how I was just as an excuse to rattle off a lot of pinheaded chatter about things that interested only themselves and you.

Oh, yes, and now I remember that two or three of 'em when I was sick sent me slabs of acrid lemon meringue pie to eat because they knew that I was on a strict diet and couldn't eat their junk and find out how pun it was.

D'ye mention that is one of the reasons why I'm under social obligations to these people?

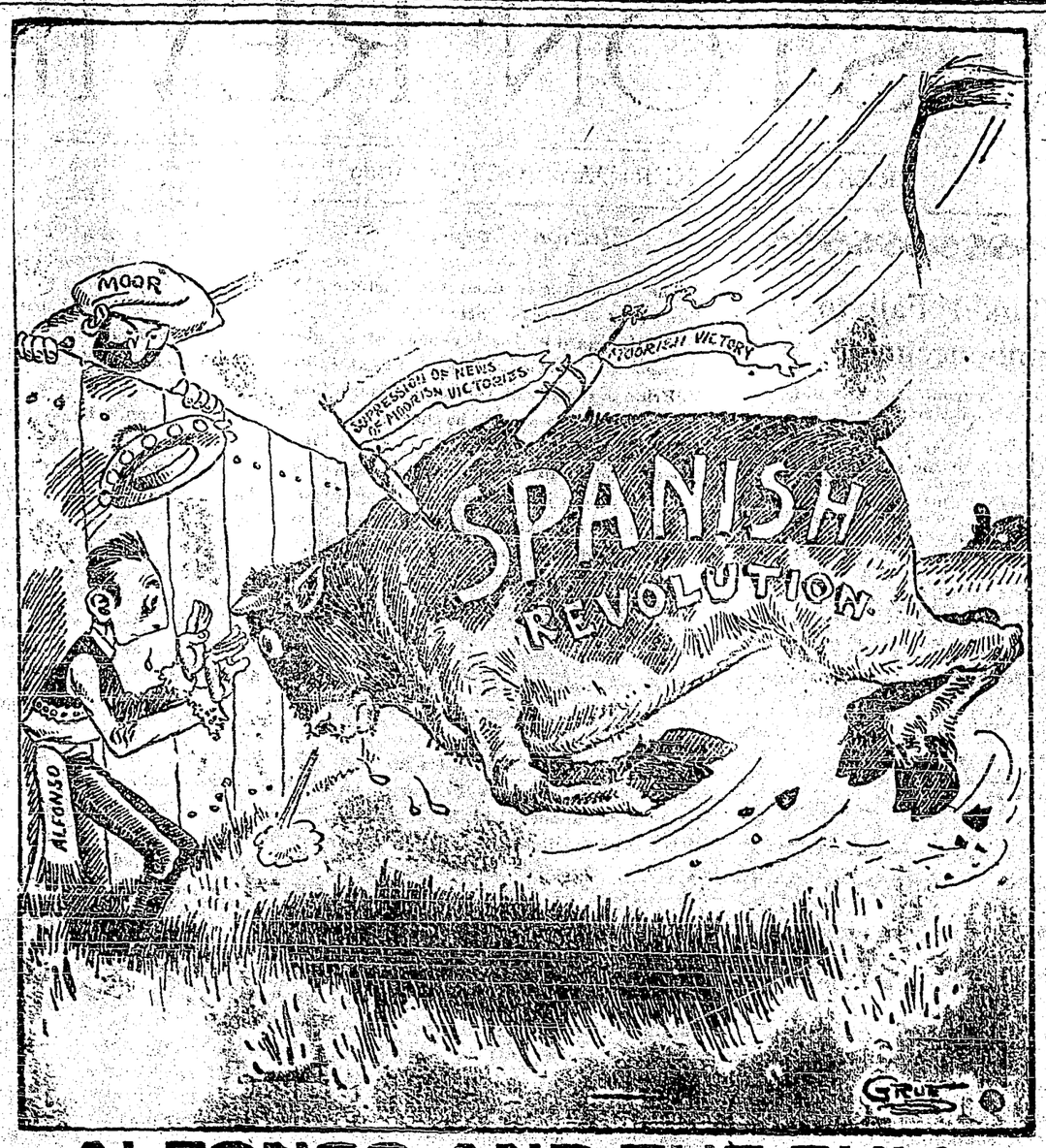
Because, you know, you don't have to toss it up to me when I was sick for a few days last winter and that by being sick for these few days I inflicted incalculable misery and grief and outrage upon you by sort of forcing you to save your face to remain in the house here with me for a few days.

So you've developed the microbe now, have you, that you've got to charter all the automobiles in New York and its environs and take this mob of chin festers of our mutual acquaintance, but particularly of your acquaintance, out on an extended Glidden tour de luxe, hey?

Great little scheme of yours, that. But the plan is too rich, rare, radiant and ornate, as it were. It reminds me too much of something that a Pittsburg hostess with about two million a year would do.

You'd better call that little scheme off, that's all. You can pass it up to me. Just tell 'em that your gorilla of a husband, being the original tightwad and the man who wrote the words and music of the song, "The Soldered Fist," refused to listen to your proposition to take 'em all off on a motoring toot, and it's be all right. You make me the Patsie for all of these things anyhow, and so you might just as well do it again in this case. Tell 'em, besides, that I don't give you enough to eat, that I make you do your own washing and also cut my hair, that I fine you two bits every time you sneeze, that I force you to go to bed every evening at half-past seven to save gas bills and all that kind of amiable fluff. They'll understand all right. You've paved the way, no doubt, for an understanding on their part, and by this method you'll let yourself out, you see.

Now come to me again, won't you, please, with some additional talk about my or our social obligations.



ALFONSO AND THE BULL

UNABASHED CELIBACY.

Many, strange, and difficult to avoid are the ways in which a parson may give offence to his flock. A story is being told now of a certain unmarried vicar who, being established in a slumberous country town, disturbed the minds of its evangelical worthies by rites and ceremonies which were unmistakably "high." There were even processions on saints' days, and one or more of these passed through the street in which dwelt an aged lady who had long been a regular subscribed to church charities. She disapproved of the ecclesiastical innovations, but her mind was confused as to the various terms which described the enormities which she was determined not to countenance. A supporter of the vicar called upon her and asked her for one of her accustomed contributions. She declined to give it upon doctrinal grounds. "I do not like the vicar's practices," she said severely. "He practices celibacy in the open street."

It's easy to borrow trouble, but it is more difficult to get rid of it.

RECRUITING THE COMPANY.

Process of Transforming Scotch Lads Into Hudson Bay Factors.

When a Scotch laddie 16 or 18 years of age seeks employment with the Hudson Bay Company—or just "the Company," as every Canadian knows it—he is required to pass a rigid mental and physical examination and to convince the examining representative of the soundness of his moral fibre.

If he passes the examination, says Fur News, he is notified to hold himself in readiness to sail at a certain date for some post on the bay, but before entering the service he must sign a formal enlistment for the term of five years. He does not know it at the time, but that five years enlistment, with very few exceptions, means a whole lifetime.

Upon his arrival at York Factory he is generally sent to pass the first five years of his apprenticeship in the extreme northern districts of the Mackenzie River and Athabasca that he may be entirely severed from all diversions of the outer world and may learn without distraction the practical working of the Indian trade.

During this period he is paid the sum of £20 a year, with rations. Quarters are furnished free of cost and he has the privilege of purchasing clothing from the company's store at 10 per cent. above cost. As clothing is the only expense he can possibly incur, the bulk of his compensation remains in the hands of his employers, drawing compound interest.

For the first few years he is salesman at the company's trade rooms, but makes occasional trips to the Indian camps on trading expeditions with the chief trader. His next advance is to the accountant's office of the post, where he receives the official designation of clerk, and at this position he remains until at least fourteen years of service have elapsed, after which he is placed in one of the depots or district headquarters as chief clerk. By this time his salary has been increased to £100 yearly and his ambition points only in the direction of further preferment in the same service.

TURNING THE TABLES.

(London Globe.)

A correspondent sends to a Paris contemporary an amusing contest of wit which he recently heard in a railway carriage on a journey between Compiegne and Roye. There were several passengers. One believed himself to possess a fund of humor which he intended to expend on a priest who got in at one of the intermediate stations.

Bestowing a patronizing look on the clergyman, he said:

"Have you heard the news, monsieur le curé?"

"No, my friend, I have not," was the reply. "I have been out all day and have not had time to glance at the papers."

"Then," said the traveller, "it is something dreadful; the devil is dead."

"Indeed," replied the ecclesiastic, without the smallest surprise or displeasure. Then, seemingly deeply touched, he added: "Monsieur, I have always taken the greatest interest in orphans. Will you accept these two pennies?"

The wit, we are told, retired as gracefully and as quickly as he was able.

A FISHER OF MEN.

A Methodist bishop was recently a guest at the home of a friend who had two charming daughters. One morning the bishop, accompanied by the two young ladies, went out in the hope of catching some trout. An old fisherman, out for the same purpose, wishing to appear friendly, called out:

"Ketchin' many, pard?"

The bishop, drawing himself to his full height, replied: "Brother, I am a fisher of men."

"You've got the right kind of bait, all right," was the fisherman's rejoinder.—Success.

BUMBLE BEE TOOK TO DRINK

EVIL INFLUENCES OF JOB'S BREEZY BACK ROOM.

A Career That Begun With an Innocent Appearing Lump of Sugar Wet With Whiskey and Wound Up Apparently With Suicide in a Water Pitcher.

Goshen, N. Y.—"I see you hain't got any cool and breezy back room here, where bumblebees can fly in and out and be started on the downward path, and I'm glad of it," said a man who wore a chauffeur's cap and goggles, but who came in on the Pine Island train and carried a buggy whip. 'It'll maybe save you from worry of conscience, and just as like as not you can sit down and discuss to a finish whether it isn't better after all to stick to iced coffee or lemonade or ginger pop when the weather's hot.

"What I ought to talk about, I s'pose," said he, "is the drought, but I dislike the subject. It carries painful suggestions. There is more on my mind just now than drought. Down in Jersey, where I live, Job Streeter keeps a place. It has a cool and breezy back room. One of the hot days last month me and a friend of mine, business being slack, went into Job's back room and ordered it sent to us there while we discussed whether it wasn't better after all to stick to iced coffee or lemonade or ginger pop. We were discussing it when a big bumblebee came booming in through a window. While it was buzzing about I squirted a little out of the siphon on a lump of sugar that lay on the table. By and by the bee lit on the moistened lump, loaded himself and went booming out of the window.

"That incident of course interrupted me and my friend, but we were getting back to the argument when that bumblebee came booming back again after another loaf of that good sugar water. My friend's a quick thinker.

"'Wonder how a snoutful or so of this would strike this busy improver of each shining hour?' said he, and he poured some of the highball bottle on the sugar.

"The bee came right along toward the lump, but as he hovered over it he tacked away quickly and lit on the table. He dawdled around awhile, though, and then seeming to make up his mind that maybe everything was all right he came up to the sugar, stuck his bill into it and got one good long sip without pausing for breath. Then he let go of that sugar as if it had been a red hot coal and sped away to the window sill, where he lit and pondered.

"'Level head,' said I. 'No tarrying long at the tanglefoot for his.'

"We sat there thinking it over, taking up again the propriety of sticking to lemonade or iced coffee or ginger pop, when the bumblebee came buzzing merrily, almost hilariously, back to the table and plumped down near the doctored sweet. One look at the lively little critter settled it. He was altogether too cocky for there to be any mistake about it. He was bit.

"He didn't wait a second, but shot his order in for another one right away. He took it and stepped back, humped himself a little as if he had kind o' grabbed his breath and then lifted himself up on his feet the full length of his legs and pranced around like he owned the whole of everything in sight. Oh, he was feeling just elegant.

"'It'd be a real good time to call it off right now, old boy!' said I. 'Better chop it off as it stands now!' said I.

"But the bumblebee didn't. He danced and pranced and stepped high a while and then sipped another one. Then he went rollicking over to where a fly was sitting on the table looking at the bee and maybe thinking about trying some of that sugar itself. The bee tried to get up a little game of tag with the fly, but the fly didn't seem to be a good sport and flew away.

"I noticed when the bee started back to hit it up again after his failure to induce the fly to come out and play with him that he was getting groggy. His legs kind o' wabbled under him. I blame myself now for not closing the bar on him right then and there, but my friend said:

"Aw, let him git gay! He's a hard working critter, the bee is, and as long as he has trotted out for a good time why not let him have it and be done with it?"

"So I let it go. The bumblebee throwed in a couple of hummers more and then I guess he thought it was time to go home. But his wings wouldn't flop. He tried it two or three times. Then he gave it up. He rail fenced it over as far as the foot of the siphon and stretched himself out there, dead to the world.

"Then I swept the doped sugar off of the table, and the interruption over me and my friend sat there, I guess, half an hour, discussing whether, after all, iced coffee or lemonade or ginger pop wouldn't be better to stick to, and would maybe have come to a vote on it pretty soon when we noticed that the bumblebee was coming back. He raised his head and looked around, while he pressed it with his forelegs and held it between 'em, just exactly as if it hurt him.

"The way of the transgressor, son!" said I, pouring a little pool of water on the table.

"The bumblebee after nursing his head a while made for the water, and I thought he was never going to let go of it. My friend wanted to dope another lump of sugar and give him a bracer, but I said no, sir. He'd had his lesson. Now let him get over it right, and he'll be good, I says. After dallying with the water the bee got up, a little leery yet and winged his way out of the window.

"Once'll be about enough for him," said I. 'No more of it in his, you bet you!'

"Then it had got late and I had to go git in the cows and milk 'em, so me and my friend said we'd git together some other time.

"Next day every once in a while some one came and told Job that a blamming big bumblebee was making things unpleasant in his back room, tearing around like mad, as if he was looking for something he couldn't find. The bee of the day before I knew at once, and I supposed, of course, having got well over his jag, he had gone to work all right again, improving each shining hour, and was now after some more of that good honey stuff he had got out of the sugar I had wet for him. Hadn't the least idea in the world the critter was back looking for the old stuff again, he having had his lesson.

"So I went in, wet a lump of sugar with water, and by and by in came Mr. Bee just a-tearing. He lit on the sugar, sniffed around it and then got up off of it madder than snakes. He sniffed and dipped around that room like a hen with her head off. Plain to the eye then as a new red barn. It was the old stuff for his. See it out. I turned the highball bottle loose on the lump of sugar. The bee settled down on it as peaceful as a lamb. And pretty soon he had his load.

"'You're on the toboggan for the bad, son!' said I. 'I see your finish!'

"But he didn't sleep it off there this time. Got so he could handle it better and thought he'd take it home with him. He went out of the window with it, but not on a beeline. He was soused to the guards.

"And so it went on. That bee got to be a regular sitter in Job's place and the worst soak you ever saw. Job wanted to put him out of the way more than once, but the boys wouldn't have it. Not even when one day a meek and tired looking bumblebee not more than half his size came and hung around him kind of coaxingly, and he by and by got furious and pitched in and licked that little bee unmercifully and drove it out did Job and his business right on the pot, for it never occurred to him until quite a while afterward that the timid little bee was maybe the big one's poor wife come to ask him to go home.

"That dissolute bee swelled up to be twice his natural size, and every once in a while lately we noticed that he was getting wild looking and now and then raced around the room like mad, exactly as if something was after him. The other day he had hit up three lumps of doped sugar before he seemed to be able to quiet down. I went in the back room after a while, and not seeing him I looked around. He was in the water pitcher, dead. Drowned. Accident, the boys say. Maybe so, but I say suicide. It doesn't make any difference, though. I'm glad he's gone. Now maybe me and my friend can get together and settle that question of the iced coffee or lemonade or ginger pop being better, after all, to stick to. Wish he were here now, for I see you ain't got no cool breezy back room where bumblebees can slip in and be started on the downward path and interrupt discussions. As to that question, though, I'm ready to say aye to either side of it without waiting for my friend if anybody wants to git up and put it to a vote."

Nobody seemed so inclined, and by and by the man put on his goggles and went out with the burden of his unfinished business and his worry of conscience.

H. G. WELLS,
Famous English author who says "the world cannot wait for the English," in the matter of flying machines.

THE AVIATOR'S TRIUMPH.

(Montreal Witness.)

Take a corpse and we make it stand. When it was alive it stood quite easily and without an effort. Surely a very slight application of science would make it stand now. But try it. It falls absolutely limp in every limb, or if it has grown stiff it stands no better than a stick. We have only to think for a moment of such a gruesome experiment to realize that the balancing of a man or a child or an animal on its feet is a miracle in mechanics governed by some law of life of which we who use the power know absolutely nothing. The more one thinks of it the more is it a marvel that a man can balance himself at all. Supposing we should conclude that after all the man's body was not the right sort of machine to hold an erect position and to balance itself—and certainly when you see it deprived of life it does not seem to be any more fit for the work than a lump of soft dough—then could we make a machine that would stand and walk better? Let us try it and see. And yet we think because a bird can soar we ought to be able to make a machine that can. If a man had knowledge of all the parts of his vital machine by which his centre of gravity is easily maintained in equilibrium whether in motion or at rest, and had to think of every part of it, how busy he would have to be to keep all its parts working truly according as he wished to walk or stand. How many years would he be old before acquiring the necessary skill? The bird without a thought lays itself on the air and flies or soars just as naturally as a man stands or walks. Kill the bird and set all the Royal Society to work to work to soar any more. The machine is all there. It is no heavier than it was before. Nothing has gone but the life and that with life the mystery of mysteries, the power to balance on the air. It is when we realize the infinite separation between the live bird and the dead that we have some little sense of the problem that faces the aviator, and the majesty of his victory over the air.

The average height of a sea wave in feet is half the velocity of the wind causing it in miles per hour.

MOODS OF MY LADY GASOLENE.

SHE IS A FICKLE BUT FASCINATING MISTRESS.

Something About Her Pedigree—Descended From an Invaluable Remedy for Chapped Noses—Her Aliases, Her Many Uses and Her Varying Humors.

My Lady Gasolene bears no resemblance to My Lady Nicotine. The latter is faithful; the former is fickle.

My Lady Nicotine is always the same; My Lady Gasolene is frequently different. Which is the more entitled to be personified as My Lady depends upon the point of view. He who thus personifies his gasolene is certainly frank almost to the point of being ungallant. Yet there are those who boldly say that gasolene is unmistakably feminine.

Half a century ago the up to date family medicine closet contained a small flat phial in which was a substance highly recommended as a substitute for goose oil in relieving that feeling of tightness that comes with a bronchial cold and also as an infallible remedy for chapped noses and lips. Its common name was rock oil, but pharmacists had Latinized it as petroleum.

In those days the usual illuminant, except in the larger cities, was the home-made tallow dip or the more symmetrical moulded candle, with here and there a lamp that burned whale oil or some other similarly heavy substance. In a few reckless households fluid lamps were used. They burned a more volatile substance and to have one in the house was regarded as little short of suicidal.

After a while petroleum began to come into use as an illuminating oil. It was at first thought to be very dangerous stuff to use, but experience showed that it didn't blow up very often if the lamp was carefully managed.

A refiner of petroleum put his product on the market under the name of kerosene oil, which designation somebody had contrived for him by modifying a Greek word so that it was supposed to mean waxlike or derived from wax. Later this proprietary designation ran out and kerosene oil became the common name for the product.

In the early days of oil refinery the volatile by-product was thrown away. There seemed to be but one use for the accumulations of it; workmen in the small refineries before the days of Mr. Rockefeller's activity used to wash their soiled clothing in it, and it had the advantage of quickly returning the cleansed articles to them for use.

A shirt washed in this substance and hung up in the sun could be worn in twenty minutes. A suit of clothes similarly cleansed during the dinner hour could be worn home at night. The virtue of the stuff as a cleanser, especially of garments soiled with grease, became known and the substance was put on the market under the name of benzine.

Later came two other names for practically the same substance—naphtha and gasolene. There was supposed to be a difference between the substances thus designated sufficient to warrant the use of the different names, but the designations naptha and gasolene have come to be used indiscriminately, and whether you call for naphtha or gasolene by the ounce in a drug store or for naphtha or gasolene by the barrel elsewhere the difference is in name only.

The bare outlines of the pedigree of My Lady Gasolene from the bedrock up give but small hint of her vicissitudes, which bear an interesting relation to the world's greatest romance of industry. In her present environment what she is depends upon how she is treated.

She can be as dull as the heavy yellow flame of a fat pine knot, as vivacious as the steel blue scintillations between the fingers of her handmaid the electric jump current, and—if abused—as dynamic as a gypsy woman scorned. When treated just right she is a delight and so faithful that one is apt to take her fidelity as a matter of course and to neglect her.

Then in the making up she is tantalizing, now almost promising to be nice and good again, now giving but spiteful responses to all overtures, and at times maintaining a sullen silence and inertness. No wonder there are those who insist that she is unmistakably feminine.

Nearly a generation ago the chief producer of kerosene paid a man a fair salary to experiment in the direction of utilizing the worthless by-product for producing power. He was a skilful inventor and machinist and he devised the naphtha engine.

It was the first good motor using a product of rock oil for producing power. It obtained power in much the same way that power is generated in a steam engine—by the expansion of liquid by heat. In the naphtha motor naphtha was expanded instead of water.

It was a trustworthy motor and fairly safe if properly handled. It is a good motor yet, so far as it goes, but it has been almost superseded by a naphtha engine of an entirely different principle. Explosion takes the place of expansion by heat.

Explosion motors using gasolene were first known as electric vapor engines, because the gasolene vapor was fired by an electric spark. The same principle is employed in all the gasolene motors of to-day, but there have been great improvements in utilizing it. To speak of them would require a volume on the various methods of mixing, compression, ignition and so forth.

Gasolene will not explode, but it is far from reluctant as a combustible. If you owned a lake of gasolene somewhere off in a desert an easy and safe way to drain it would be to stroll down to the windward shore, scratch a match and apply it to the wavelets.

It would not be of any use to touch the lighted end of your cigar to it, for the only result would be to put out and spoil the cigar. A gasolene soaked butt is even less fragrant after it has been dried out than a five cent Coney Island Immaduro. If, however, the cigar had assumed somewhat the shape of a broom in the process of smoking it, as cigars sometimes do, and if in puffing up the cigar to get a better light one of the loose folds of the wrapper should develop a flame the flame would ignite the gasolene. Also if you happened to have such a thing about you as a point of incandescent metal or a battery that would make a six volt spark that would answer the purpose of setting fire to the lake.

After it had been fired the lake would burn briskly with a yellow flame, giving off clouds of heavy black smoke until it was drained.

While gasolene is not explosive a mixture of gasolene and air in the right proportions produces a vapor that is like dynamite in explosive energy. But the proportions must be about right. A vapor produced within the cylinder of a gasolene motor cannot be exploded even by the blue hot shower of sparks from a jump spark firing plug if the mixture of gasolene and air is far from the right proportions.

In starting and regulating a gasolene motor it sometimes is a considerable job for an expert at it to secure, even with the best carbureter, a mixture that will explode. On the other hand in accidental ways the proper mixture is obtained when least expected and the results are serious.

The owner of a gasolene boat thought that the fluid in his tank had been nearly used up. So he anchored his craft and went ashore for more gasolene.

While he was away his companion in the launch took off the cap in the inlet of the gasolene tank and tried to look in and see how much of the fluid remained. It was dark down there and he scratched a match and attempted to look down by the light of it. On the way back to the launch the owner saw her blow up, and the headless body of his companion was found in the water a few days later.

Two men who were going away on a short cruise filled their gasolene tank and set an uncorked five-gallon can of the fluid in the cabin of the boat. They ran to a point in the upper bay off Bay Ridge, anchored the boat, locked the cabin and went away to return late in the following evening and begin their cruise.

The intervening day was warm and the sun shone hot on the cabin top. The men were seen to row out to the boat at about 11 o'clock in the evening. Shortly after they had boarded it there was a pop that was heard all over South Brooklyn, the boat was burned and the bodies of the two men were afterward found in the bay, badly mangled. It was supposed that the heat of the sun on the cabin top during the day had evaporated just enough of the gasolene from the uncorked can into the cabin to produce an explosive mixture and that when one of the men opened the door and scratched a match to light the cabin lamp the mixture let go.

Gasoline can now be bought almost everywhere and at various prices. The statement was made not long ago that gasolene production was becoming the big end of the petroleum refining business because of the great demand for it for automobile motors, for marine motors, for stationary engines and, in prospect, for aerial motors.

The vial of invaluable remedy for chapped noses of half a century ago has made it possible for Count von Zeppelin's cruise for nearly a thousand miles over Europe in his mammoth airship and for Bleriot to fly from France to England with mechanical wings. There is no power but the gasolene motor and no perceptible promise of any other motor that could be used with hope of success in air navigation.

Gasolene can be bought at a drug store for $4.80 a gallon, in small vials at 10 cents a vial. A barrel of it can be bought for less than that sum elsewhere.

At most gasolene stations alongshore in this part of the country the stuff is sold in quantities from one gallon up for use in marine motors for 12 cents a gallon. At some of the stations where they have an automobile trade the same stuff costs the devil wagons 25 cents a gallon. The boats buy launch "naptha" and the millionaires on wheels buy "automobile gasolene"—all out of the same tanks.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it's when we take a man's word that we expect him to keep it.

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.

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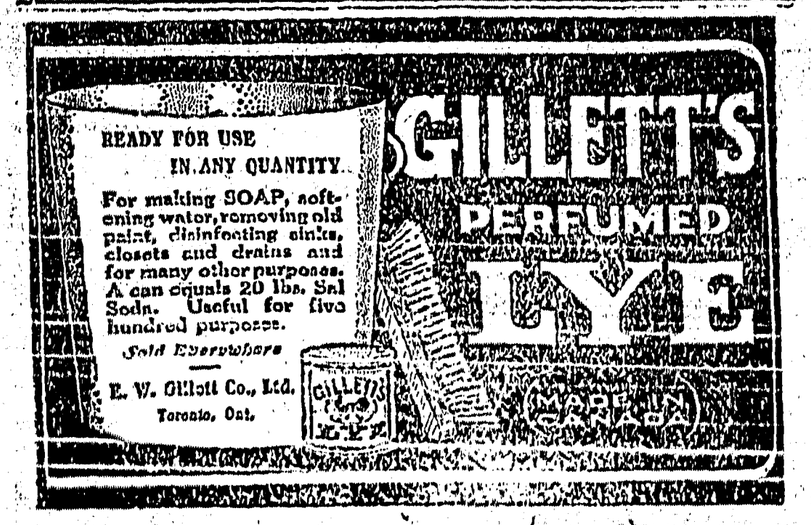

DANCE AND BE SAVED

The Cult of Joy Starts to Convert Williamsburg.

The members of the Pentecostal Union who began to convert Williamsburg on Saturday night with meetings at 160 South Eighth street, over near the Williamsburg Bridge plaza, held their first big prayer meeting last night amid much banging of drums, chair seats and piano strings, and their choral work and prayers differed from those usually herd at prayer meetings in that the union believes in dancing two steps, jigs and reels throughout the hymn singing, and in yelling with joy during exhortations to be saved.

The Rev. Kent White, husband of the founder of the religion, Alma White, preaches a religion of great joyousness and gayety.

"When you get salvation as we show it to you," he said in his sermon between dances last night, "you feel so happy and illuminated that you can turn handsprings all the way down the Milky Way."

Throughout the meetings yesterday afternoon and evening the keynote of everything was sheer joy except to backsliders. Mrs. White and her husband, aided by many of an oddly uniformed group around them in the far end of the hall, tried their utmost to convince Williamsburg that the new fangled notion that hel is no more is a myth.

"Hell is just as hot as it ever was" was the theme of all the sermons and discussions of afternoon and evening. But the Bible teaches us to sing and dance, the Pentecostal missionaries said many times last night. When the Rev. Mr. Kent came to this idea last night in the second of three evening sermons he turned to his wife to ask her to sing a hymn she had composed some time ago to prove it. The opening verse of the hymn runs:

When David was king
He used to dance and sing
In honor of the Lord, day and night;
His wife would implore
Him so not to adore,
But he had a perfect right.

When you enter a prayer meeting of the Pentecostal Union you are impressed with the general activity. On either side of the platform of the assembly hall of the Long Island Business College, where the meetings are being held, are grouped two squads of exhorters and singers, the girlers on one side and the men on the mission workers are young, and some of the girls are pretty and all are intelligent looking.

The girls dress in dark blue blouses and skirts, with a bit of white collar showing above the edge of the high blue collar of the blouse. The men wear dark blue coats on the Norfolk jacket order and dark blue baggy trousers that take on a zouave look because of the black imitation leather puttees that come almost to the knees.

The minute a hymn begins you see that here things are different. All stand still enough until the chorus is reached, all but two musicians, who are the instrumental aid to the young man at the piano. One of these performers plays the snare drum with precision and the other plays a bass drum of generous proportions. The two drummers cannot maintain their composure longer than till a line or two before the last line preceding the chorus, and they begin to awaken the echoes until you are finally convinced that the piano is an optical delusion.

With the very first line of the chorus all begin to dance wildly as they sing, but whenever two dance together it is always two men or two women, never a man and a woman. Mostly dancing is done alone. The time is very fast. First of all the singers begin to bob up and down rapidly, but as they grow more enthusiastic they branch forth into step dancing of an individual fashion. A moment later perhaps they are running wildly up and down the aisles, in and out between the chairs, around the hall close to the wall, or doing a "ladies change" in front of the rostrum, where sits the head of the union, Mrs. White. Mrs. White does not join in the dancing to any great extent because of her position, but she encourages the younger set with glad cries of encouragement.

When all are fagged out after a half hour or more of the wild jumping about the prayer meeting settles down to a more conventional manner of conducting religious services. It is lamentable that when the sadder hymns are begun and every one settles down into chairs the Williamsburg congregation straightway begins to lose interest. The shuffling of feet then as sinners who have come merely out of curiosity and now are wandering but makes it impossible to hear the sermons and soft voiced solos.

Arthur K. White, a young son of Mrs. White, who was converted to the Union when he first saw a minister of the gospel chewing tobacco, he says, was one of the first to preach last night. Despite his parents' pleading for all to be happy, young Mr. White took a gloomy view of New York and the chances of salvation for most people in the country. He claims that "The United States has too many new religions and college professors."

A bright looking young woman who had recovered her breath after dancing a long time, also took a pessimistic view of things in general and she spoke for a long time about her father, who she said weighed 250 pounds and had got salvation.

The Rev. Mr. White was in a happier frame of mind early in his first sermon and dl several dance steps when telling of turning handsprings down the Milky Way. There were sermons by almost everybody after this, and then a call was issued for anybody to come forward who wished to be prayed for.

Six men and a woman responded. Among tht men was a pale-faced youth who told of his experiences of yesterday briefly:

"I went to Coney Island," he admitted regretfully. "One look at the place convinced me that it was no locality for a minister's son, so I returned and came here, attracted by the singing. And I wish to say in conclusion that the dancing I saw here to-night was much finer than the dancing I saw at Coney Island."

Mrs. White figures that it will take about ten days of steady work to convert Williamsburg. Then, she says, she and the other missionaries are coming over to Delancey street and get to work to convert the entire east side. She and the other workers are from the West, she says, where she founded the religion in Denver on Dec. 29, 1901.

The Union now has a farm at Bound Brook, N. J., on which there are some valuable buildings. Mr. White said last night that they also have a building of importance in Denver.

"It rents for $500 a month," he said. "How did we build it? By prayer. We needed the building and just prayed it up."

HAY FEVER

The only radical and lasting cure for Hay Fever, Hay Asthma & Bronchitis is

CATARRHOZONE

Other remedies may afford temporary relief, but Catarrhozone cures Hay Fever so that it will never return. It is guaranteed to do this, and should it fail your money will be refunded.

Two months' treatment, price $1.00; trial size, 50c. All Druggists or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont., and Buffalo, N. Y.

CULINARY HELPS.

A woman famous for her cooking said to a friend recently: "We owe it to a Scotchman that our bought Saratoga chips taste home made. He told me that his mother put hers in a corn popper and shook them over a clear fire until hot to prevent them from getting soggy or burnt as when reheated in the oven. The potatoes are slightly salted before serving.

"One of my hostesses serves with boiled eggs what she calls 'sippets.' These are pieces of day old bread cut into strips three and a half inches long, a half inch wide, and a half inch thick, and fried like croutons in hot butter.

"The sippets are piled log cabin wise in a hollow square on a doily covered plate, are passed with the eggs, and are a much nicer acompaniment than bread or plain toast.

"The same hostess serves poached eggs deliciously. Instead of putting each one on a piece of toast that is usually either hard or soggy, she cuts a circle of bread a little larger than the egg when poached. This she also fries like a crouton, and in addition pours hot melted butter, seasoned with chopped parsley and paprica, over the egg when served."

HOT WEATHER MONTHS WILL LITTLE CHILDREN

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

The mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as if she had a doctor in the home. Mrs. C. C. Roe, Georgetown, Ont., says: "I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a great help to baby during the hot summer months. I have used them for summer troubles and am much pleased with the result." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Playtime.

Listen to the children singing
As they play upon the street,
Where their voices, shrill and sweet,
Waken the old-fashioned music
To the echo of their feet—
"London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down—
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady!"
What quaint vision do they see?
'Tis a dream, a mystery—
As their voices wistfully
Chant the sweet old-time refrain,
Who questions when they sing again,
"Nor you, nor I, nor nobody knows,
Where oats, peas, beans and barley grow!"
Who doubts, when they assert as one,
"King William was King George's son—
He wore a star upon his breast
That pointed to the East and West!"
Vague the East and vague the West!
And very vague, but sweet the quest
Of seeking one they love the best!
Isn't Bobby Shafto gone to sea
With silver buckles on his knee—
Or little Elsie, young and fair,
Dark blue eyes and curly hair?
Wise the little folks at play
Who take their kiss and walk away!

Bless the children! Everything
Sounds so wondrous sweet they sing—
So irrational and sweet
As they frolic in the street!
Growing shadows of the eve
Tempt us, too, to make believe;
Time and place have slipped away
And to-day is yesterday.
All the barriers overgrown,
Like London Bridge are falling down;
And how welcome is the call
As the shades of twilight fall,
Gathering us from near and far—
"Come in, come in, wherever you are!"

—June Bohemian.

Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 25c At Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books, Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Toronto.

THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

Mr. Edison's cement houses, made by the use of metal moulds, will soon be on the market. The style, presumably, is determined by different combinations of the steel moulds, and Mr. Edison claims that he can furnish a whole block of cottages, no two of which shall be alike. It is a bizarre notion to think of buying a house at a department store, but we may yet see a bargain day with a finely assorted stock of homes at remarkably low prices.

Short Stories By Good Tellers.

He was afraid to tell her right out and out that he loved her, so he began in a roundabout way, hoping she would catch his drift, then betray, by her confusion, her own feelings. He didn't dream but that she loved him, but thought that she, like himself, was afraid to demonstrate it.

"Heart trouble?" she repeated. "Are you sure you've heart trouble, Alfred? You know indigestion is very like it at times."

"Oh, I know I've got heart trouble all right, I—can't you see it yourself"

"Why, now silly, Alfred! No one can see heart trouble; they have to feel it. Have you taken anything for it?"

"No, not yet, but I—I want to, don't you know."

"Then why don't you?"

"I—I would, that is, if I could get it.'

"Can you get it, Alfred?"

"I—I don't know."

"Have you tried?"

"No, not yet."

(Silence for two provoking minute.)

Alfred!" (coldly).

Y-yes?"

"Let's have a game of checkers."—Boston Herald.

Robert J. Burdette, the famous humorist, is now a Baptist preacher in Los Angeles. In a recent letter to Dr. Johnson Myers, who is pursuing Professor Foster, the alleged heretic, in Chicago, Burdette tells this story:

"As for the action of our Baptist ministers' conference, I think the body is on vacation until next September, and by that time the Foster incident will be as hard to recall as the items in an 'annual report.'

"Dr. Foster reminds me very much of the dog—a very good, high-bred and thoroughly trained dog, you understand—that every morning for three years chased a railway train that ran past the farm. The farmer and his wife were watching the persistent but vain pursuit one warm morning.

"'I wonder,' the wife said, 'what makes that foolish dog chase the train so persistently?'

"'Never thought about that,' replied the farmer, 'but I've often wondered what he would do if he caught it.'"—St. Louis Republic.

A "cub" reporter on an up-state paper was sent out by the city editor to get a story on the marriage of a young society girl and a man well known in the city.

The "cub" was gone about an hour and then returned and went aimlessly over to his desk, by which he sat down. Shortly afterwards the city editor noticed his presence and his evident idleness.

"Here, kid," shouted the superior, "why aren't you at work on that wedding?"

"Nothing doing," replied the boy.

"Nothing doing? What do you mean? Didn't the wedding take place?"

"Nope, the bridegroom never showed up, so there ain't nothin' to write."—Philadelphia Times.

"I take it," he said to the man who got on the depot car with a suit case, "that you are going to the country."

"I am, sir," was the stiff reply.

"You have everything with you you will need?"

"Of course."

"Shirts, socks and toothbursh?"

"Certainly."

"Night shirt, toilet soap and handkerchief?"

"Do you think me a child, sir?" was asked.

"Of course not; but men are so absent minded, you see. Did you put in an extra pair of cuffs?"

"I did, sir. You and others may be careless, but I want you to know that I'm not. I have been three days packing this suit case."

"Um. You might need a needle and thread.

"And some buttons."

"They are here."

"But there must have been something forgotten," persisted the other.

"Nothing whatever," was the decided answer.

"For instance, your key. You have it, have you?"

The man sprang up and began feeling in his pockets and looking around, and after a moment called out:

"Here—somebody stop this old car! I've left the key to my suitcase on the mantel at home!"—Washington Herald.

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

Wolves of Northwest Canada.

"Northwestern Canada still is full of big game," said Louis Raymond, of Montreal. "In Alberta and other provinces the woods are full of moose and timber wolves.

"I have seen moose killed in that country that were as large as a big horse, with a spread of horns more than seven feet. A wounded moose can travel all day at a breakneck pace, and when cornered will fearlessly charge the hunter.

"Hunting the big gray timber woolves is tamer sport, but requires more strategy and endurance on the part of the hunter. These animals grow as large as a mastiff and are of incredible fleetness of foot. It is impossible for a horse or a dog to run one down, and the biggest dog has no chance in a fight with one. Deer are plentiful in that country, but are little bothered by hunting parties except when the latter desire fresh meat. —From the Washington Post.

RESENTMENT.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

This seems to be a pretty little town," remarked the visitor.

"Little town," echoed the resident. "Say, perhaps you don't know that we've uncovered a case of police graft that has lifted us right into the metropolitan class."

"Constipation For Three Years"

Had Dizziness, Bad Breath, Headaches, Bad Color, Poor Appetite. Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cured Quickly

Those who doubt if constipation and chronic stomach trouble can be cured, need only read the striking testimony of Mrs. B. C. Currean, of Westport, to know that even if all else had failed certain cure attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"For full three years I have suffered the torture of biliousness, constipation and stomach disorders. I had terrible pains in my head. My appetite faded away, and when I did eat anything it disagreed and made me very sick for hours after each meal. The active pains in my stomach and the dizzy headaches I had to endure almost set me wild. Some times attacks came on so severely that I had to go to bed. I would feel so worn, depressed and utterly miserable that for hours I wouldn't speak to my family. My system was poisoned with wastes, and nothing helped me till I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Without this grand system-cleaning remedy I would still be sick, but each day brought me better health and spirits. I was cured, and made as strong, ruddy and healthy looking as one could wish, and will always use and recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Thousands who are in an ailing, low state of health need nothing else but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure blood disorders, pimples, rashes, bad color, biliousness, liver stomach and kidney troubles. Mild, certain and safe. Beware of imitations and substitutes; 25c. per box or five boxes for $1.00 at all dealers or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

The Housekeeper

DYING LACE.

To dye lace or embroidery to match colored dresses put a little oil paint, the nearest color of your dress, in a cup and dissolve in gasoline. When dissolved add enough gasoline to cover your lace and test a piece of the lace. If too dark, add more gasoline; if too light add more dissolved paint until the right shade is obtained. The odor will soon leave the lace and the dye will not wash out.

TO RETORE LIGHT DRESS.

If you have an old, faded party dress to try the color. If too vivid add gasoline and more paint, if too pale. This works wonders. I saw it worked on a white point d'esprit party dress (much soiled); they colored it a dainty pink and the effect was great.

BLEACHING FADED DRESS.

Soak the dress over night in strong soapsuds. Fill a boiler half full of soft water, put in one pint of javelle water (made by pouring one gallon of boiling water upon one pound of chloride of lime). Dip often to bleach evenly and then rinse through three waters.

The writer was successful in bleaching a faded lavender linen dress in this way.

TO CLEAN NECKWEAR.

The daintiest neckwear which is impossible to wash, if left over night in air tight vessel of gasoline will look fresh and clean when carefully dried.

TO PREVENT CASTORS DROPPING.

If you are troubled with having your castors drop, as is the case where you use gas, invert your chair, table, or whatever it may be, run melted sealing wax in the hole, insert the castor, and it will be as substantial as ever.

CARE OF A BROOM.

Many housekeepers complain of the short life of the broom, but if the following is observed the broom will last a long time and, what is more, will preserve its fullness and stiffness:

When through sweeping dissolve a handful of salt in a basin of water and dip the broom into it, shaking it out several times. Then stand it up, handle down, and when you wish to use it again you will find it as stiff as a new broom. Never stand your broom up with broom end down if you wish to keep the straws straight.

GET RID OF MICE.

Buy at a bird store a white rat. Let it run loose in the basement at night, and in two or three days the mice will disappear to return no more.

HURRIED HOT APPLICATIONS.

When hot applications are hastily required fold several thicknesses of cloth the desired size, dampen, and lay on a lamp. This will quickly become hot and another can be heating while the one is being used. No time is lost in heating water, and no hands are burned wringing hot cloths.

TROUBLESOME INSECTS.

Saturate a soft cloth with coal oil and thoroughly rub outside of screen doors. This is especially good for doors opening on a porch, where flies and mosquitoes congregate. They will never come near if oil is used as directed.

Valuable Discovery in Photography.

Vice consul Tarleton B. Taylor writes that a representative of an American photographic company, recently in Bahia, after studying the climatic conditions of Brazil, has found a chemical composition which, when added to the regular developer, counteracts the bad effects which the tropical climate has on photographic papers, plates and films. Mr. Taylor's details follow: The representative claims that photographic papers, plates and films that heretofore have been guaranteed for one year only in Brazil can on account of this discovery be safely guaranteed for three years. I have seen him work with developing papers which had been in this climate three or four years and were considered useless by a photographic supply dealer in Bahia, and which, when placed in the regular developing solution, turned black before the picture appeared. When the extra chemicals were added they seemed to retard the oxidation formed under the severe climatic conditions, and brought out the exposed picture as well as if the developing paper had been only six weeks in this climate. —United S. Consular Reports.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

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ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager

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COUNTRY BUSINESS Every facility afforded to farmers and others for the transaction of their banking business. Sales notes will be cashed or taken for collection.

BANKING BY MAIL Accounts may be opened by mail and monies deposited or withdrawn in this way with equal facility. 122

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

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

We learn from authoritative sources that the Dominion Government are contemplating the establishment of several additional experimental farms throughout the West.

From our information it would appear that the question of mixed farming and crop rotation with a view to enabling the wheat growers to continue their present production after the soil has been exhausted by continued cultivation of the same product is the chief reason for the proposal. But already the western wheat farmer is very well served in the matter of dominion experimental farms, and it is pertinent to ask, why should not the great fruit growing industry of the dominion be assisted by the establishment of experimental fruit and horticultural farms in the Kootenay valley where the industry is centralised.

That there is urgent need for such stations everyone at all acquained with the fruit industry will admit. Our growers are constantly up against problems which can only be solved by the close application of scientific principles, irrespective of present monetary gains, but which the average fruit farmer, owing to the necessity for his considering only the dollar and cent side of the question, is quite unable to carry out.

Right here in Creston we have an ideal situation for such an experimental station. The wide extent of our available lands and the circumstances of climate and soil having specially adapted this place as the best point at which such a station could be placed.

We remember that A. S. Goodeve, M.P., some time ago in the course of a speech delivered in Creston, held out hopes of a station being established here. Now that the Dominion Government are seriously considering the increasing of their grants for these purposes, it would seem that the present is a good time to take this matter up with a view to the claims of this district being adequately represented. In all British Columbia Creston is the best point in every respect for the establishing of an experiment fruit and horticultural farm, and if the situation for such is chosen on merit we shall win out, although in a political pulling match we are hopelessly outclassed by some other districts, whose claims as fruit centers are as bare of foundation as their mountain side fruit ranches are bare of fruit.

One of the most prominent signs of the forthcoming activity in the Creston district is the large number of wagon roads which are now either being constructed or under consideration. Although wagon roads as means of communication are not to be compared for efficiency with the all conquering railway, yet the construction of good roads which by opening up the country districts enables farmers and miners to get their goods to those points whence they can be easily shipped by rail, must be looked upon as a very important factor in the general development of the district.

Creston is recognised as the center of a large district and we are glad to see that in the near future the construction of wagon roads radiating from this town is to be vigoronsly pushed forward. With a road from Creston to Corn Creek it is proposed to make a continuation to Summit Creek, thence following the Dewdney trail on to the Bayonne mine Also the fact has been drawn attention to in these columns that Creston will be an important point on the great through road already decided upon between Vancouver and the prairie.

The building of these roads will bring trade to our town, as Creston is the natural supply point for the Bayonne country, whilst it will also assist in the more rapid development of the mines there.

The merchants, citizens and workers of Creston will all benefit directly in proportion as this road building policy is carried out, and we trust that the Board of Trade in conjunction with the member for this district will do everything in their power to help the good work along.

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

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

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

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

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Manufacturers of the Celebrated Lake Shore Export.
BOTTLED BEER A SPECIALITY
Pure Mountain Spring Water used in the Manufacture of our Beer.
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Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt

Our Guests Call Again

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

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

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

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

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

Choice Fruit Lands. Call or Write for particulars.

Buy Now and Profit by the Fall Rush

List your Property with us. We can sell it.

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Box 38. *Messrs. JOHNSON & SCRUTON*

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Limited
CRESTON - B.C.
We have a Fresh Supply of
SPICED ROLLS
These are Boneless and Ham Cured
Fancy Spring Chicken
and
Choice Boiling Fowls
Fresh Meat of all kinds Always on hand.

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Tinware
Stoves
Piping
Hot Air and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

CRESTON, B.C.

The Place with the Soil, the Climate and the Future.

General Situation

Creston is a small but rapidly growing town, situated in the heart of the Kootenays, about 68 miles west of Cranbrook, on the Crows' Nest extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is the premier fruit growing center of the famous Kootenay fruit lands, the pride of British Columbia.

Early Success with Fruit

It is some years since the pioneers of the fruit industry in Creston planted the first trees in an experimental fashion, with such success that the attention of the settlers began to be exclusively given to the vast fruit growing possibilities of the district.

Rapid Progress of Town and District

In the last two short years the town has more than trebled its population, an up-to-date weekly paper has been started, four churches, a bank, two first-class hotels, a number of stores and many residences have been erected. Streets have been graded and a waterworks system, capable of supplying ten thousand people, has been installed, whilst the matter of incorporation has become a burning question.

Special Factors helping to its Success

Creston is built in the valley of the Kootenay river, which valley at this point is about twelve miles wide, and is protected from the north winds by Goat mountain and the supporting range, whilst its southern aspect ensures the maximum of sunshine. It is served by two railways, the Crows' Nest branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway and a branch of the Great Northern Railway, leaving the main line at Bonners Ferry, thus possessing ample means of communication. The town lies midway between and about quarter of a mile from each of the two stations.

Proximity to Best Markets

Its proximity to the Crows' Nest mining district and to the great and constantly expanding market of the prairie ensures an ever growing field for the sale of the products of its orchards and market gardens. These are the sight of the neighbourhood. Here can be seen growing apples, weighing twenty-two ounces, onions, weighing two-and-half pounds, and strawberries, measuring three-and-half inches in circumference, and weighing four ounces; and the present is only a foretaste of what will be seen when all the land at present uncultivated is taken up by fruit growers.

Prizes won for Quality against All Comers

Already the products of Creston have an International reputation for quality and flavor, having captured first prizes at the Spokane National Apple Show in December, 1908, and many first prizes at various local fruit and vegetable exhibitions, including a clean sweep of first prizes at the Garden Produce and Fruit Show, held at Cranbrook, on September 14th and 15th, 1909.

Creston District in Dollars and Cents

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and to show how fruit and garden products flourish, and to prove the commercial possibilities of the industry in this district, Mr. O. J. Wigen, whose fruit farm is near Duck Creek, in the Creston district, and who has devoted most of his time to growing strawberries, of which he had rather more than three acres under cultivation, during one season realized over $4,000 from the sale of his berries. Allowing $350 for cultivation of the ground, $500 for the boxes, and $500 for picking, these three acres produced nett to the owner, $2,650, or over $880 per acre. Mr. S. Brooks, a local rancher, about one mile from Creston station, has cleared over $1,000 from a single acre of tomatoes, cucumbers and cantaloupe. Young tomato plants do not need to be grown under glass in the Creston district.

The results from orchards are even more satisfactory.

Largest Area of Fruit Lands in B.C.

The Creston district comprises about 40,000 acres—the largest continuous area of fruit lands in British Columbia—also the far famed Kootenay Flats, which will shortly be reclaimed, adding a further 30,000 acres of the finest alluvial land to to the previous total.

Expert Opinion

The soil and climate are pronounced by provincial fruit expert Thomas Cunningham, and other famous experts to be unequalled in the province.

Good Wagon Roads

There are many good wagon roads out of Creston. There is a good highway all the way from Creston to Spokane, via Port Hill, also from Creston to Cranbrook, via Kitchener. Good roads are also round to Duck Creek and various other parts of the district, as well as through the famous Kootenay Flats. Creston is also the objective point for the Government trunk road that will be built immediately from Vancouver to Alberta.

Saw and Planing Mills

There are three thoroughly equipped saw and planing mills at Creston, which can furnish all kinds of lumber for building purposes for Creston for many years to come.

Mining at Creston

The Alice mine, only three miles from Creston, employs quite a number of men, and there is a possibility of this mine developing into an important working mine in the near future.

Dairying

The Creston district is admirably suited for dairying purposes. The Creston Dairy Co., which milks 100 cows, supplies milk to many of the towns along the Crows' Nest Pass extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway, besides furnishing milk to the town of Creston.

Scenery and Location for Homes
Sport, Fishing and Hunting

Creston is famous for its beautiful scenery, both landscape and mountainous; and thus, with an ideal climate and easy access to the outside world, it presents many advantages as a location for homes. The finest shooting grounds and fishing streams are within a radius of five miles from the town.

Climate

The climate of Creston is the very mildest in the interior of B.C., the district being noted for its early spring weather and long falls, the Indian summer weather generally extending to Christmas. The temperature in winter is rarely below zero.

Winter killed fruit trees are unknown. The Creston fruit trees passed unscathed through the severe weather of winter 1908 to 1909, whilst trees in other districts in B.C. were more or less severely damaged.

Rainfall and Freedom from Frosts

The annual rainfall is about 30 inches, providing ample moisture without irrigation.

The district is absolutely free from summer frosts.

The bottom land being 200 feet lower than the benches creates a natural air drainage through the valley, and any frost or fog that may settle on the low land leaves the benches free.

First-class land in all stages, both wild and partially and fully cultivated, can be obtained at reasonabe prices.

Right Up-to-Date

The town is up-to-date in every respect, with schools, a telephone system, and every social organization; and in its rapid growth the town motto, "Advance Creston," is being literally fulfilled.

Hurrah! for Creston

If you are tired of the freezing prairie winters, if you have become dissatisfied with the monotonous grind of the great city and are looking for some place to settle under the very best conditions with ideal scenery, surrounded with mountains and with every facility for the highest material social and physical advancement and enjoyment, then come to Creston, the place with the soil, the climate and the future.

For further particulars write to the Secretary, Creston Board of Trade, Creston, B.C.

FIRE!

DON'T DELAY

Insure your Buildings, Household Goods, Supplies and Live Stock af Once. We are agents for the BEST BOARD COMPANIES

Fruit Lands

Town Lots

Watch the great advance in building and improvements in our new Townsite Addition.

Investigate and be convinced. We want Agents to help us handle the Fruit Land Trade, which is advancing rapidly.

Creston Realty & Timber Co.

Riflemen, Attention!

- GIGANTIC -

TURKEY SHOOT

THANKSGIVING DAY

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1909.

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

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

A. HENDREN, Proprietor.

The Riverside Nurseries, Grand Forks, B.C.

Are the Largest Nurseries in B. C., and the Nearest to CRESTON.

NO FUMIGATION

Our Apple Stock is grafted with Scions cut from Bearing Trees

Address WALTER V. JACKSON, Agent.

CRESTON, B.C. 'Phone 9. Line No. 8

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

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.

Apartments

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

FRANK BAAST

One of the men at Polson's mill shot a bear, weighing 500lbs., the other day.

A potato, weighing 8½lbs., is on exhibition at the Creston Hotel. It was grown on the ranch of C. Rykerts, the genial customs house officer at Rykerts, B.C.

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,—Numerous complaints have been made with reference to an existing nuisance, which has long been tolerated by the public, but it is high time to give it publicity and politely requesting people keeping hogs in the midst of the town to have them removed at once. Creston is growing rapidly and our sanitary conditions should not be neglected.

Yours truly,
PRO BONO PUBLICO

Creston, B.C., Oct. 7, 1909

During the past few weeks, Mr. Editor, we have read much of the wild man of Creston, and it has occurred to me that the Board of Trade should make capital out of such a celebrity. Just contemplate; how many towns are there in this fair dominion of ours that can boast of a really, truly, genuine wild man? Why, my dear Mr. Editor, there are millions of dollars in sight for Creston, right on the wild man racket alone. Just imagine the number of cheap excursion trains that would be run by the C. P. R. *from all parts of the continent* so that the public of the effete east and the cornstalkers of the northwestern provinces might view such an asset as an A1 copper-bottomed Hindoo wild man who gnashes his teeth spontaneously and runs amuck, all samey Adam minus the verdure. Why, at the very least, the Board of Trade should pull to have the proposed C. P. R. hotel established here on the strength of it. True, the wild man would sooner or later shuffle off this mortal coil, feeding on roots and slough grass, but think of the economy of the procedure; and then again, supposing he didn't have enough sense to hold his job down and went on strike, there is lots of other material in town from which we could fill the bill. True we haven't caught the wild man yet, but this is accounted for in the fact that the only ones who are capable of rounding up the much be-whiskered Hindoo are holding out until a substantial reward is offered by the provincial government.

Now, let us all get together and boost our wild man. Let us form vigilance committees and corral this article of merit. Hobble him and let him frisk about on the roof of the printing office. Train him, I say, to gnash his teeth even more furiously than in the past. Feed him on windfall apples and make a booster of him. Nominate him as the Creston mascot for all time, and then when he eventually suicides himself, get Jay-Jay to make a mulligan out of his carcase. Boost for the wild man. Hurrah for the wild man of Creston! the only one of his caste in Canada. Boost for the C. P. R. hotel on the strength of him; pull for the University on his unique merits.

FRED. G. LITTLE

Notes from Port Hill

The fruit crops are being picked rapidly around here, the crop generally this year being a mammoth one, some apple trees bearing as many as twelve boxes of apples.

From present appearances there will be considerable activity here this winter, owing to the fact that the mining and timber industries will be quite active at Port Hill. The Idaho Consolidated mine, situated some eighteen miles west of Port Hill, is now getting in supplies preparatory to an aggressive form of development work this winter. This mine, which is owned by a company of the same name, has had a great deal of work done on it in the way of crosscutting and also much surface work, and it is the intention of the owners to carry on the work all winter. A rich strike has been made only a few days ago on the lower level. The returns from a recent carload of ore from this property ran as high as $1,800 net to the owners.

Besides the Idaho Consolidated mine, Port Hill has other mining properties, immediately tributary to it, among which is the Golden Sceptre, only three miles east of Port Hill. This property is owned by the Golden Sceptre Copper Mining Co., and assays high in copper. It is generally supposed that it is the making of a good mine, and is to be worked all winter.

The Bonners Ferry Lumber Co. is at present putting in a large logging camp close to Port Hill and will work a large crew of men all winter.

The B.C. government is doing good work in building such an excellent wagon road from Creston to Port Hill, and when completed there will be a good highway between the two places.

H. A. French, the merchant of Port Hill, made a flying trip to Creston on Thursday.

I MAKE IT STICK

PARTICULARLY IF IT IS PLASTER.

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

Ed. Fulljames
PLASTERER

MONEY MAKING.

Retires After Forty Years' Service in the Philadelphia Mint.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Standing before a long table a woman carefully placed a gold coin on a pair of scales—scales so delicate, so accurately adjusted, that an eyelash would cause them to drop.

Carefully, very carefully, she observed the weight. It was not just exact. Taking a tiny file she rubbed the coin very gently. Then seh weighed it again. Finally the scale balanced. The $20 coin was exact in weight.

For many years Miss Rachel McCarty worked before these fine scales in the Philadelphia mint. Round about her were piles of golden, glistening coins, and often, on rush days, money to the value of $100,000 passed through her hands.

After forty years' service in the mint Miss McCarty recently retired. Few women in the country, perhaps, actually have laid their hands on as much money as she.

Miss McCarty's career is remarkable in that she has assisted in various processes of making money. Until five years ago, when men were placed in that section, she worked most of the time in the coining department.

COINS MUST BE EXACT.

The blank coins, which are weighed, must be exact. If they are just slightly heavy the adjuster files them down to the precise weight; if they are too light or much too heavy they are placed aside and returned to the melter.

Before the coins are sent to the department they are weighed; at the close of the working day they are weighed. There can be no mistake in the weight of the coins. The weight of the bulk at the close of the day must be that of the bulk in the morning.

"I did this work for seven years," stated Miss McCarty the other day. "Then I went into the coinage department, where I worked most of the time until five years ago, when men were put to work in that department.

"While working in the coining room I made coins of every variety, ranging from pennies to twenty dollar gold pieces, by running them through a stamping machine. In the coining department the operator puts blank coins into a tube. One must watch the machine to see that the coins are stamped properly."

In the Phidalphia mint there are twenty-five coining presses—more than in all the other government mints together. There are stamped in this department more than a hundred million pieces a year.

TEDIOUS PART OF WORK.

A tedious part of the work of coining is the adjusting of the dies. This is done by a man who has had long experience. The machine adjusted, the coiner is then ready to start.

Standing by the machine, Miss McCarty would feed the blanks to the machine. Manipulating them in her hand, she would get them into a column, examining them to see that they were perfect. Then they were dropped into the tube—coins above a quarter in denomination being stamped at the rate of ninety a minute, those below that figure at 100 a minute.

Just how much money Miss McCarty coined she declares it would be impossible to tell. Asked what the total output was she threw up her hands in dismay.

"Fortunes and fortunes!" she declared. "I suppose one could not imagine the figure. I know this—that in the adjusting room I handled as much as $100,000 a day on rush days; but what the amount of coins stamped a day was I do not know.

"Oh, yes; it was careful, exacting work. Did the sight of the money startle me? My, we were all accustomed to it! The work becomes methodical. Just what those glittering coins mean, where they will go, the things they will buy—these are lost to us who are engaged in making them."

Miss McCarty—the woman who stamped the coin you may be spending to-day—is of slight stature, with a cheery face. Forty years of moneymaking has left her a bright, happy woman. Her hair is gray, but her eyes are sprightly and vivacious.

The work, she declares, was pleasant. But it was real work. To hundreds, the privilege of making money might seem like working in a fairyland. Think of it! One hundred thousand dollars passing through your hands in one day!

But the hum of machinery fills the ears of the workers, and they are deaf to the siren song of the golden and silver streams of money. Sharp attention to their work drives from their minds the dreams of the wonder world which the coins will open up to human beings.

No, Miss McCarty says, the workers do not dream upon the gold coins they make, of the things they will buy—the pleasures of gay cafes, the clothing, the trips to Europe, the splendid homes, the silks, the satins, the many magical things which will appear at the touch of these very bits of metal.

"It was tedious work, and I've rtired," said the little Philadelphia woman. "Understand—money making is work, not fun."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Sleepy Grass of New Mexico

While making a trip through the southwestern part of New Mexico Herbert W. Wolcott, of Alamogordo, N. M., found a grass from which he believes a narcotic may be extracted which will take the place of those now known to medicine.

"The grass is known as 'sleepy grass' to the natives of New Mexico, near the Apache reservation," said Mr. Wolcott. "Cattle and horses will eat it the first time they see it. It makes them fall to the ground in their tracks and lie in a state of coma for two days. When they wake up they have no ill effects from the opiate. But they will never eat it again; in fact they will run away if it is offered to them.

"This sleep grass is not to be confused with the loco weed. The grass is a real grass, not unlike the Kentucky blue grass in appearance. The loco weed is a plant and bears a flower. Horses and cattle become loco fiends and are worthless after tasting the deadly stuff."—From the Kansas City Star.

A clean fast is better than a dirty breakfast.—Irish.

BEES THAT WORK ALL YEAR.

Indiana Apiarist Keeps Them Busy by Sending Them South in Winter.

A quaint method of working the bees overtime was given by one of the enthusiasts, who claims that the bees really enjoy the "busy" life throughout the year, when they find themselves where honey producing blossoms are plentiful.

"My bees now work overtime," he said. "No hibernating for them. In the spring I send them down south, and they toil like blazes among the southern flowers. In summer I bring them here to the east, working them till the honeysuckle and the clover are quite gone. The autumn season finds them in Florida, where they make a peculiarly rich and aromatic honey from the Florida flowers. Californai gives them all they can do in the winter.

"It's a splendid idea. I got it from those hotel keepers of Europe, who have winter hotels on the Riviera and summer hotels at Dinard or Trouville. My travelling bees yield thrice as much honey as stay at home ones. Th[illegible] there are no labor unions among these insects."

The beekers who, on the other hand, are content to have their bees remain in the same place throughout the year and work during the blossom time of fruits, flowers, the barley and clover and wayside flowers, were consulted as to the best methods of housing the bees during the winter.

Some experts are in favor of sheltering the colony by placing all the hives in a sort of open pen, snugly enclosed on the north and left open to the southern exposure. These enclosures are preferably long and narrow and but little higher than the hives, which are set close together in a straight line. Here the summer workers hibernate during the coldest winter weather, and so cosey and warm are their winter quarters that they are strong and hardy and ready for work at the first possible suggestion of early spring bloom.—From the Indianapolis Star.

THE POLITICAL MILLENNIUM.

Two Kansas farmers, one of them a Republican and the other a Democrat, were quarrelling over their political beliefs. The more they argued the further apart they drifted. Finally they called in a neighbor to settle the dispute. This neighbor was a man who seldom said anything; who went about his business; was a good citizen and substantial in every way.

"Well," he replied, after both had stated their sides, "my son and I have been hauling wheat nearly forty years now. There are two roads leading to the mill. One is the valley road and the other leads over the hill. But never yet has the miller asked me which road we came. He always asks: 'Is the wheat good?'"—Kansas City Journal.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $30. Cured him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE.

Hotel Keeper, St. Phillippe, Que.

NOT HIS FAULT.

(Chicago News.)

Irate Woman—These photographs you made of myself and husband are not at all satisfactory, and I refuse to accept them."

Photographer—What's wrong with them?

Irate Woman—What's wrong? Why, my husband looks like a baboon.

Photographer—Well, that's no fault of mine, madam. You should have thought of that before you had him taken.

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

CENTRAL CHURCH COLONIAL.

(The Presbyterian.)

The old Colonial meeting houses of New England would seem to be a subtype, especially characteristic of that part of America. Like the Norman, its glory lies in its simplicity and dignity. Under certain conditions and in certain parts of Canada, the style might be copied with good effect. The new Central Church of Hamilton is a most successful adoption of the Colonial idea, and bears a pronounced resemblance to many churches throughout Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York City. Those of our readers who have seen the Brick Church on Fifth avenue, New York, will recognize in Central, Hamilton, an almost exact copy.

Reward of Duplicity.

"Tommy, do you know where little boys go that tell lies?"

"You bet I do! That's the way most of 'em get to go to the ball games."

A CARP HAUL IN ENGLAND.

How the Fish Were Moved From One Stream to Another.

There was quite an exciting carp haul on Thursday last at Stoneham Pond, which is close to the high road between Lewes and Uckfield. It is a muddy, uninteresting bit of water but holds some big fish, and the Ouse Angling Preservation Society, wanting to replenish their river with carp, set about dragging it.

The owner of the pond, R. Bannister, and others threw a leaded cork topped net across the pond on one side. The weighted net stuck several times in the mud at the bottom of the pond. The waders released it, but at last it got so firmly embedded and its weight so increased by the fish it enclosed that it was impossible to move it, and like the Biblical fishers of old the net, or rather the pulling rope, broke.

Another was soon fastened on, but the net was so heavily laden with mud and a seething mass of fish in the middle that nothing moved it, so the big fish had to be captured and brought to the bank by the men wading. Then somewhat lightened it was finally, amid a scene of much excitement and noise, drawn in to the bank, filled with carp, small and big, old veterans and young fry.

Between two and three hundred of the finest from about four to six pounds in weight were picked out, place in a wagon, the bottom of which was thickly layered in wet straw and driven off to Barcombe, where they were emptied into the Ouse. Plenty of carp were put back in the pond for a reserve.—From the Pall Mall Gazette.

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Glanford Station, Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years and never found any medicine to compare with it. I had ulcers and falling of the uterus, and doctors did me no good. I suffered dreadfully until I began taking your medicine. It has also helped other women to whom I have recommended it."—MRS. HENRY CLARK, Glanford Station, Ontario.

Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 32, Gardiner, Maine.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

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

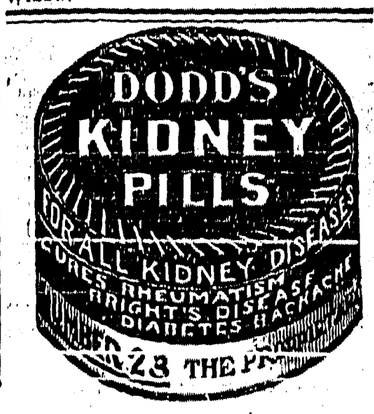
A PIOUS JOKE.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander relates that there lived in Peebles-shire a half-witted man, who was in the habit of saying his prayers in a field behind a stone-dyke. One day he was followed to this spot by some wags, who secreted themselves on the oposite side, listening to the man at his devotions, who expressed his conviction that he was a very great sinner, the opposite side, listening to the man at that moment to fall upon him, it would be no more than he deserved. No sooner had he said this, than the persons on the opposite side pushed the dyke over on him, when, scrambling out, he was heard to say: "Hech, sirs! it's an awfu' world this; a body canna say a thing in a joke, but its' ta'en in earnest."

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

"I've seen 'em," answered Senator Sorghum. "It's terrible to me to consider the graft they must have contended with in putting up all those improvements."—Washington Star.

Julia—Going to Marie's dance? Bertha—I shall be out of town that night. Julia—I wasn't invited either.—Cornell Widow.



Sprained Wrist and Ankle

After Being Laid Up With Great Pain for Ten Days, Relief Was Gained Instantly by Applying

NERVILINE

One of the most soul-distressing accidents that can befall one is a bad ankle or wrist sprain. "If I had only known of 'Nerviline' earlier, I could have saved myself an enormous amount of pain, and many agonizing nights of sleeplessness." Thus writes P. P. Quinn, a young farmer living near Brockville. "I tumbled from a hay loft to the barn floor and sprained my right ankle and left wrist. They swelled rapidly and caused excruciating pains. It was not convenient to go to the city, and the liniment in the house was useless. When I got Nerviline relief came quickly. It took down the swelling, relieved the pain, and gave me wonderful comfort.

TESTIMONIAL NO. 4266

"I can recommend Nerviline for strains, bruises, swellings, muscular pains, and sore back. I have proved it a sure cure in such cases."

Think what it might some day mean to you to have right in your home, ready for an accident or emergent sickness, a bottle or two of Nerviline. Get it to-day, 25c., or five for $1.00, all dealers or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

GREAT TEMPLES OF ICE.

Have Endured for Ages—Discoveries of a Recent Expedition.

Changeless Arctic temples of ice amid the icy deserts of Greenland were found by the survivors of the ill-fated Erichsen expedition to the North Pole. A crystal palace of superhuman architecture vaster than a dozen cathedrals and Egyptian temples, respendent with jewels and endless decorations of ice, is described.

Created by nature in a forbidding wilderness, it frightened and awed the explorers. The dreams of poets and the fancies of epic bards were surpassed by this vision of colossal loveliness, which the painter Achton Fries, a member of the expedition, endeavored to carry away for the benefit of the dwellers in civilization.

More than a mile in length, the lofty nave of this temple was pierced at intervals with windows through which the gleaming sun rays sparkled on columns and cubes and immense clusters of stalactites like pendent jewels. Through the centre of the ice palace flowed a stream of water whose occasional ripple and splashing fall broke the majestic silence.

Far north it is possible that ice palaces and temples should endure without change longer than human structures of stone. The carcasses of prehistoric monsters have remained inviolate in Arctic tombs for thousands of years, while granite pyramids have worn away and Babylonian civilization has been buried deep in the earth.—From the Chicago Tribune.

NOT DECAYING.

(Rochester Post-Express.)

But when it comes to a question of war, the Briton's blood boils. He prepares to fight with the utmost deliberation. He has often a hard struggle before he wins, but he is rarely beaten. The American colonists threw off his yoke, but even the great Napoleon could not vanquish "perfide Albion." When the Boers revolted, many persons believed England would be defeated. But the dogged Saxon spirit prevailed. The Briton is, indeed, slow, but he is "hard to beat." He never travels too fast, but in the fierce rivalry of nations he holds his own. England may be declining, but she is still strong. And Mr. Wells is not exactly fitted to play the part of Jeremiah and to predict his country's downfall.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

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

THE BEST PUN.

From one who signs "Subscriber," Santa Clara, California:

"Referring to your editorial on books, your issue of June 10, will you kindly print 'the best pun in the English language' therein mentioned? I inquire for to know."

It occurs in the last verses of Thomas Hood's "Faithless Nelly Brown";

"His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell;
They went and told the sexton,
And the sexton tolled the bell."

The pronunciation of final judgment on this pun does not preclude an interest in other candidates.—Collier's.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

CHURCH MEMBERS.

Recently in a cozy south end home I saw a little comedy drama enacted that pleased me immensely. A mother was striving to finish a tiny baby petticoat, a sweet little garment, where a mother thinks embroidery is necessary, while close by in a crib the three-months-old youngster who was eventually to wear the garment was howling most lustily for parental help.

Ethel, a golden-haired little girl of 7, philosophically sized up the situation that a mother could not embroider a petticoat and toss up babies at the same time, so she approached the crib with great importance and addressed the crying baby sister:

"Katherine, you must stop crying. We're all members of the church, and we're glad because we are. We want you to be a member of the church. Mamma is making you a petticoat so as you can go to church next Sunday, and if it still does you can't be a member of the church."—Boston Journal.

DYNAMITE FOR PANAMA CANAL.

Shipload of the Explosive—Not an Accident in Unloading or Delivery.

With over a million pounds of dynamite in her hold the steamer Vatillia came into Cristobal Harbor, moved briskly up to the entrance to the French canal and tied up at the Mount Hope wharf. Half a dozen ocean going ships at their berths, the Limon Bay dredging fleet and hundreds of people saw the ship come in.

Yet few people knew, and that few did not care, that the potential destruction of Colon and Cristobal was packed away beneath the hatches, for the dynamite ship arrives ten times or more each year, and as great care is used in the handling of the explosive there is no rea-

Over twenty-two million pounds of dynamite have been delivered on the Isthmus for the canal work since the American control began in 1904, and there has not been an accident in the unloading at the docks or delivery along the line.

Later in the day the supervisor of explosives, having seen to it that the dynamite was securely stored in box cars, gave the word and a train of dynamite started for the Mindi magazine. Other cars were taken to the magazines of the centre and Pacific divisions, and the dynamite was carefully stored away under the direction of the supervisor in well ventilated concrete houses which are guarded night and day.

The dynamite which the Vatillia brought to the Isthmus was the last shipment under the contract for the fiscal year, 1909. It is estimated that over nine million pounds will be required between now and July 1, 1910.—Panama correspondence New Orleans Picayune.

son for fear.

When troubled with sunburn, blisters, insect stings, sore feet, or heat rashes, apply Zam-Buk!

Surprising how quickly it eases the smarting and stinging! Cures sores on young babies due to chafing.

Zam-Buk is made from pure herbal essences. No animal fats—no mineral poisons. Finest healer!

Druggists and Stores everywhere.

The Shrinking Rio Grande.

The main current of the Rio Grande swings from one shore to the other and as a result the receding water has left long stretches of river bed. Over a week ago, ranchers and their employees began digging acequias across the river bed in order to reach the water and convey it to their land.

The Rio Grande now flows in only one small stream, but as yet there is sufficient current to make it adequate for irrigation purposes where ditches are properly constructed. By extending the ditches up the dry river bed for considerable distances and then cutting them into the flowing water, the ranches below the city have succeeded in increasing the fall of the water and thereby extending the volume for irrigation purposes.

The majordomos in charge of the ditches have been forced in most cases to mount strict guard over the acequias to see that in no case is the water wasted and that every landowner gets enough but no more than is needed to tide his crops over the drought.—Albuquerque Citizen.

IN THIS INSTANCE.

(Success Magazine.)

Mike McGinnis was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial.

"Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir," replied Mike.

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?"

"Not in this case, your honor," Mike replied.

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

FAMILIAR SCENERY.

"Your ocean trip was pretty nice, I s'pose?"

"Oh, yes."

"Saw icebergs and such things, eh?"

"Yes; but I missed the billboards, I can tell you.'

ON THE JOB.

(Louisville Herald.)

Stage manager—Now, Jenkins, we're counting on that baby of yours to cry and yell in the third act, you know. Will he do it all right?

Acting Father—Sure, the kid's been rehearsing his lines night and day for weeks.

ISSUE NO. 34, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

CANVASSERS OF GOOD ADDRESS wanted to sell teas, etc., to the best families. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED

A Good General Servant who can do cooking. Small Family.

HIGHEST WAGES

MRS. JOHN M. EASTWOOD, Hamilton, Ont.

END OF THE WORLD.

The Life of The Earth May be Long, But it is Limited.

What will be the end of the world? This is a question which was formerly asked of sooth-sayers and prophets and often answered by them with definite statements and dates which were, to those who believed them, to the last degree disquieting. Such prophets and prophecies have all been proved erroneous and the Millerites and their kin have all been laughed out of serious consideration. Science has taught us better, and yet science which seeks always new facts and revised reasoning is now teaching us that our faith in the safety of the solar system is misplaced.

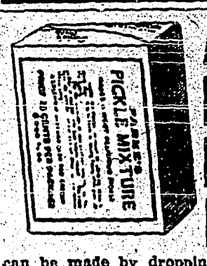
Instead of the eternal changeless procession of the planets about the sun and our solar system about some other, greater sun, astronomers find grave evidence of what seems disorder to what we thought was perpetual perfection, a disorder which may, indeed probably is possible—astronomically considered it is probable—that, unseen within the remote confines of space the vast mass of a dead world is hurling towards our sun with inconceivable velocity. In time the two will come together and the inmeasurable heat produced will make gas of granite and floating clouds of nebulae of us all; for thus worlds die and thus they are immediately in process of being born again, for out of the condensation of this nebula will come the beginnings of a new solar system which will, in the countless aeons of astronomical time, go through the same process of evolution and decay.—From "The End of the World," in September Technical World Magazine.

Gender.

The other evening Miss Y., a maiden lady of uncertain years, suspecting the cook was entertaining her beau downstairs, called Martha and inquired whether she did not hear some one talking with her.

"Oh, no, ma'am," cried the quick-witted maitha. "It was only me singing a psalm.

"Very good," returned Miss Y, significantly; "you may amuse yourself with psalms, but let's have no hims."—New York Herald.



A Most Delicious Pickle

can be made by dropping the contents of a package of

Parke's Pickle Mixture

in a gallon of vinegar, boil for fifteen minutes and pour over the pickles. This mixture keeps the pickles solid and nice the year round and imparts a most delicious flavor to the pickles. Sold at 35c, by grocers or sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of 30c.

PARKE & PARKE

HAMILTON Druggists CANADA

MERELY INTIMATING.

"Do you mean to say that politician's opinions are for sale?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, "I won't accuse him of selling his opinions. But I will say that his attitude toward some cases resembles that of an expert witness."

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

ENFORCED RACE SUICIDE.

(Niagara Falls (N. Y.) Gazette.)

Enforced race suicide among the married employees of the Chicago Traction Companies and marriage economically forbidden to the bachelors because of increased cost of living and a stationary wage scale was one protest raised during the hours of impending street car strike of the 9,000 employees.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

GREAT FISHING THIS YEAR.

(London Free Press.)

At one time it looked as if the Lake Erie fishery was giving out and consumers would have to fall back on the homely and hitherto unattractive German carp. But this season the catches have been better than ever. Port Stanley has had fine luck, being able to send out tons reckoned by the hundreds to the United States and local markets.

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

SUMMER HINTS.

When you put your corsets on in warm weather, dust them thoroughly with talcum powder. To fasten corset cover in front use the little strap that comes on the hose supporter.

To make candles burn brightly, roll them in fine salt and put them on the ice for a few minutes. If wax, warm them slightly before rolling in salt.

To remove tar stains, moisten with olive oil, then a tepid lather of white soap and water. Put this over a pail and let it drip through. Do not wring. Put a large bunch of mignonette on the table where you have flies and you will be surprised how few remain in the room.

To restore the atmosphere of the room after it has been fumigated with formaldehyde, sprinkle the floor thoroughly with aqua ammonia, the kind sold at the groceries will do, and hang clothes about the room wet with ammonia.

For burns, apply thin slices of raw potato, or if you have time scrape it and bind tightly. Change often.

For bites, apply vaseline and burnt alum; lemon juice for bee stings; common bluing for bites of any insect, or vaseline, lard and burnt alum can be applied.

For vaseline stain, soak in cold water for an hour or longer. Then apply warmer water, and finally wash in strong white soap and boiling water. If white goods, put in the sun.

Cream of tartar will remove iron rust. To take iodine stains from linen, make a thick paste of ordinary starch and cover the stains, and then apply heat—either that of the sun or stove. For carbolic acid burn apply vinegar at once, and then make a poultice of stale bread and vinegar. This holds good for a burn from lye.

For sore feet, three parts salicylic acid powder, ten parts starch pulverized, and 89 per cent. of pulverized soapstone. Sift into shoes and stockings. For a canker in the mouth, two ounces honey mixed with one-half dram of powdered borax or boric acid powder.

To mend amber, warm the surface and dip in linseed oil and bring parts together until they are sticky, then let cool. To remove grease from the finest fabric, one pint of rain water—if the water is hard use borax—one ounce ammonia, one-fourth teaspoonful saltpetre, one-half ounce of shaving soap put fine; mix all together. Put a pad of cotton or blotting paper under the spot in the garment when rubbing it.

For the hair, five drops of kerosene, ten drops of olive oil. To this add ten drops of extract of violet, and rub in thoroughly with the tips of the fingers at night. Especially good the day before you are going to shampoo your hair.

When white goods are grass stained, saturate them with paraffin and put them out in the sun. When you are visiting on the cars, and wish to write plainly, put your paper over a pillow.

For ivy poisoning, wipe off with alcohol and water or vinegar and water. Then make a thick paste of soda and put on the surface affected and let it remain until it dries, and then put on another poultice.

The Tired Girl Rebels.

The old joke about the hired girl refusing to take a situation because "the mistress' references were not satisfactory" is coming true in a startling manner. At a meeting the other day in Berlin of the recently formed Union of Domestic Servants it was decided that a black list should be drawn up of the names of such householders that were not considered desirable employers, the list being compiled on the basis of complaints respecting wages, bad food, ill treatment, etc., which all domestic servants have undertaken to furnish to the union in future. The unfortunate householders whose names get on the black list will find themselves boycotted and the servants hope to force concessions by these means.

Rhyme on Marriage Months.

The rhymes for the different months for marriage are:

"Mary when the year is new,
Always loving, kind and true:
When February birds do mate,
You may wed, nor dread your fate.
If you wed when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man.
Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day.
Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.
They who in July do wed
Must labor always for their bread.
Whoever wed in August be,
Many changes are sure to see.
Marry in September's shine,
Your living will be rich and fine.
If in October you do marry,
Love will come but riches tarry.
If you wed in bleak November
Only joy will come, remember.
When December's snows fall fast,
Marry and true love will last."

Proper Care for the Pet Canary.

The following rules sum up what lovers of the yellow warbler can do to keep a canary in good singing condition practically throughout the year:

It is of the first importance that the water troughs are emptied and cleansed every day and kept filled to the brim with clear, fresh water. They should be deep enough to admit of "Dickie" taking a bath.

Keep a small handful of bird seeds on an enameled dish at the bottom of the cage. Never put in an unlimited supply at one time, since the bird's hopping and fluttering over it will render it fetid in a short time. The dish should be washed every morning and a fresh supply put in it.

It is a good idea to make a pad of tea paper for the bottom of the cage every time it is unscrewed, as it will greatly facilitate cleaning.

Fractured oyster shells or cuttlefish bones to whet their bills on are recommended by all who make a business of raising canaries, and should not be omitted for a longer period than one or two weeks. Crisp bread and cracker crumbs in small quantities may be given occasionally.

That the room in which your canary abides should be kept well lighted and ventilated is essential. Bright weather always has a stimulating effect on his voice. He enjoys a sun bath more than anything else and when the weather permits it is well to provide a hook for his cage on the porch, under a tree, or in the open window.

Most singing canaries when liberated cannot fly far with their unused wings the first time, and there is little danger that he will make his escape to the woods, even when let out in the back yard or orchard. One young woman in sunny California who makes a special business of raising canaries allows them to fly and hop about an hour at a time in an open vineyard, while she keeps watch on them. They cannot fly more than twelve feet at a stretch and seldom mount higher than ten feet, and were easily recaptured with a butterfly net.

The plain coat and gored skirt shown in the picture is to be recommended to anyone wishing to wear the plain morning costumes which are so fashionable at the present time. It may be made up in any of the light spring cloths or woolen materials and with the plain turned down collar and tight sleeve, button trimmed, could be worn on almost any occasion. The latest style, viz:—the three button fastening in front is plainly shown on this model.

Romance of a Duchess.

The Duchess of Sutherland, who held her annual sale in connection with the Scottish tweed industries the other day, in London, at which King Edward was one of the largest buyers, is one of the best hostesses of the day. An interesting story regarding her marriage to the duke has been told. It is said that had it not been for the superstition that 13 is an unlucky number her grace might never have been the Duchess of Sutherland. One night when she was a girl her mother was giving a dinner party, when it was discoveerd that the company at table numbered 13. The future duchess was sent for in order to make 14. The Marquis of Stafford, as the duke was then, was present, and he immediately fell in love with the fourteenth guest.

Her grace is well known as a philanthropist, and during her many visits among the poor she has had some amusing experiences. One day while visiting the children's ward in a hospital a little child addressed her as "nurse." "You should not say 'nurse,' you should say 'your grace,'" remarked an official of the institution. Immediately the little girl clasped her hands, closed her eyes and said: "For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful. Amen."

MRS. ELLA FLAY YOUNG,
New head of the Chicago schools.

RECEIPTS.

BAKER'S BUNS.

One pint light bread sponge, one-half pint warm water, one-half pint butter, one-half teacupful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one egg. Add water to light bread sponge. Beat eggs light and stir rapidly. Add butter, sugar and salt; add enough flour to make a soft dough. Knead well and let rise, then knead light again. Cut off pieces the size of a small egg, make round, and place in pans two inches apart. Let rise, then mash down lightly with the fingers, let rise again, and then bake in a moderate oven. This will make thirty buns.

TEA BISCUITS.

One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful sugar, three tablespoonfuls baking powder, one tablespoonful of lard, one pint of sweet milk or water. Water makes more tender than milk. Sift together flour, salt, sugar and baking powder. Rub in the lard cold, add milk or water to form into a dough as soft as can be handled. Flour the board and roll out, cut with a small tin cutter, and bake in a good hot oven about twenty minutes.

COFFEE CAKE.

One cupful of sugar, one cupful of syrup, one cupful of strong cold coffee, three-fourths cupful of lard, two eggs, level teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon and cloves, one-fourth of grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one teaspoonful of corn-starch, one pound chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of baking soda, a little salt, and three and one-half cupfuls of flour. If desired a cupful of chopped nuts can be added.

Beat and stir thoroughly. Bake in a six-quart pan in a slow oven for two and one-half hours. Keep cake covered for one hour when first put in oven.

WHEN KNEADING BREAD.

When kneading bread sponge, cut with a sharp knife several times. This saves time and labor and makes bread fine grained and light.

GRAHAM BREAD.

Soften one-third cake of compressed yeast in one-half cupful of water. Add a second half a cupful of water, a cupful of scalded and cooled milk, with two tablespoonfuls of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and three tablespoonfuls of molasses. Stir in two and one-half cupfuls of graham flour and one and a half cups of white flour. Mix thoroughly, but do not mold. Let stand over night. In the morning cut down with a knife, and turn into bread pans. Shape with the knife and when again light bake one hour.

BROWN BREAD.

Here is a recipe for an excellent brown bread:

Two cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of white flour, one-half cupful of the best New Orleans molasses, two cupfuls sour milk, pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk. Bake one hour in a moderately hot oven.

CANNING HELP.

Line the fruit cupboard and wrap the canned fruit in newspaper, and the thermometer may go to zero and the fruit not freeze.

PINEAPPLE LAYER CAKE.

Use any good recipe for layer cake and bake in three large tins. Put between each layer the grated pineapple and ice with plain icing, flavored with a little lemon juice. The pineapple by itself makes a rich, moist filling and should not be allowed to stand more than a few hours before serving. If the cake is to be kept long some of the plain frosting should be stirred into the pineapple before the cake is put together.

STRING BEANS AND CHEESE.

String out one quart of green beans. Cut in small pieces and boil in salt water till done. Drain and then put them in a saucepan with one large cup of grated parmesan cheese (other cheese will do), tablespoonful butter, small cup of milk, rather large dish of cayenne pepper, and cook five minutes, stirring constantly. Serve while hot. Wax beans are good soaked this way.

DON'T SKIM JELLIES.

Swim fruit cover—Just fill jelly glasses or glass jars with fruit and scrape off the skim with a silver knife before sealing. It is much easier and quicker than skimming while cooking.

CANNED CHERRIES.

Cherries canned this way keep perfectly and preserve their delicious flavor unimpaired. Stone the cherries and to two pounds of the fruit allow a pound of sugar. Put one layer of cherries, then sugar, and so on; have sugar on top layer. Let stand over night and you will be surprised at amount of juice. Put in stove and let come to a boil and can.

CHERRIES.

When preparing cherries for canning you will find it a much quicker way and cherries will look much nicer in cans if you take a penholder, putting a pen in point down in holder, and use the other end for stoning. You will find results good.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.

Five medium sized cucumber pickles, sliced fine and round, and four good sized onions. Slice and salt alternate in stone jar. Let stand over night. Then add two ounces of mustard steed, one red pepper, one-half tablespoonful of celery seed, one-quarter pint of olive oil, and three pints of cider vinegar. Be sure and put olive oil on first, as then the vinegar cuts it. I also make these and put in more onions and half cucumbers and half green tomatoes.

SEEDLESS JAM.

Small seeds may be removed from fruit by crushing the fresh berries through a sieve. To do this by hand is tedious. A rotary flour sifter will perform the work quickly, effectively, and without staining the hands. The sifter costs 35 cents.

News of the Current.

The combined output of the Niagara Falls power companies is over 500,000,000 kilowatt hours per year.

The Ohio State University will conduct a wireless course next year.

Of all the gas meters in New York city tested during the month of April over 50 per cent. were found to run too fast. Of the electric meters 14 per cent. were found too fast and 5 per cent. too slow.

Illumined signs are a feature of some of the subway cars in New York. The sign tells the name of the next stop.

Experiments are being made with aerial torpedoes in Germany. The torpedoes are driven by electric motors and it is hoped to control them by wireless.

At the Omaha electric show it was demonstrated that electric lighting can be controlled by wireless.

The production of mica in this country for the past year was valued at a little more than a quarter of a million dollars. Nearly all of this is used in the electrical industry, as mica is one of the best insulating materials known.

Three million dollars will be spent in building a subway for electric cars under the harbor at Sidney, New South Wales.

The two Waterside stations of the New York Edison Company, on First avenue, between Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth streets, New York city, are claimed to make, together, the largest electric light and power plant in the world, capable of supplying 500,000 horsepower of electrical installation.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Edison system is at the present time supplying the current equivalent of 1,500,000 16-candlepower incandescent lamps.

Wireless telegraphy is being talked of for Chinese Government service as one of the most important needs of China today. It is considered practically impossible to establish ordinary land lines across the great deserts between Peking and the extreme northwest, but the natural difficulties could be surmounted by the use of wireless.

NOT WORTH SHINGLING.

The late Thomas Bone, "the sailor missionary," was the soul of kindliness, but he was seldom worsted in repartee. One of the many instances of this given in his just-published life is the following:

"His work was not without its humorous side. Among the new men there were always some who sought a little amusement at his expense, but they reckoned without their host. His kindly manner never changed. The smile never left his face. There was no venom in the retort, but it seldom failed to silence the interrupter. The laugh raised at his expense made it quite certain that no second attempt would be made.

"Seeing him approaching one day, one of a group of sailors announced his intention of having some fun. He stepped forward and removed his hat, revealing a perfectly smooth crown, and asked:

"'Can you tell me why my head is so bald, while all my companions have plenty of hair?'

"'I don't know,' was the smiling reply, 'unless the reason give me the the other day by a farmer would apply—that an empty barn in not worth shingling.'"—Judge.

Vagaries of Genius.

Shakespeare could not use a typewriter in composing his plays.

Longfellow never wrote while eating.

Robert Louis Stevenson insisted upon holding his pen in his right hand.

Sir Francis Bacon would not use a fountain pen under any circumstances.

Dr. Johnson was never known to eat ice cream.

Mrs. Hemans did not wear peekaboo waists.

Dante never called his "Inferno" profane history.

Charles Dickens always walked upstairs.—Life.

Preserving Sheet Steel.

It has been suggested that painting steel sheets while they are hot would be of great advantage in preserving the metal.

A feature of a new electric brush for grooming horses is a pneumatic attachment which blows the dust and dirt away from the operator.

YOUNG MOTHER'S DREADFUL SACRIFICE.

Haunted and Pursued by Sin of Years Ago, Mrs. Emma Michels Ends All With Death—Takes Children With Her

The moving finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: Nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

The thing that is done—it can never be undone.

Mrs. Emma Michels, 690 Osgood street, Chicago, sat, her head in her hand; these thoughts were surging back and forth pendulum like through her brain.

"No matter what you do or try to do, no matter what tears you shed," she mused, "what resolutions you make and keep—nothing can ever change the past—nothing can alter the thing that is done."

"Got a headache, muvver?" a little girl tugged at her dress.

"No, dear; run away. Don't bother mother."

For all time, for all eternity, the thing is recorded in the records, she was thinking.

Back through a span of years—15 years—she ranged, every step a wrench of the heart. Back to that time when she had been too trustful, too ignorant, too unlearned of the world.

Then the years that followed—the fight back to self-respect and honorable life—bitter struggle, but a struggle won.

For had not love come to her—honorable love, a husband to whom, sobbing, she told the story, and who, hearing, forgave?

His words she remembered: "You have put that all behind you. You will be judged by the present and the future. What is gone, is gone. We will forget together."

And she had believed him. But it was wrong, all wrong. After all these years, she had found it was wrong.

For some people can forget, and some cannot. Perhaps even good Christian people do not realize how cruel they can be—or how hard and pitiless things words are. Probably her husband's estranged relatives did not realize.

"We know all about you now, you shameless one," they had said. "And we will tell. We never wanted him to marry you. When he knows that people know all about you, then you will see how long he will stick to you."

* * * * * *

It was her little boy who now tugged at the woman's skirts. "I'm sleepy, mother," he said; "I want to go to bed."

Then he drew back, awed and pression on his mother's face.

Was that fight she had made in vain—that fight for decency, for the frightened by the strange, hard exprivilege of looking the world in the face? Could she bear to take up arms again, after all these years? Could she win again?

The little boy, crying silently on the floor, brought her back to the present. The children—it was a new thought. Could they make the fight—her chidlren? She was handicapped this time. There could be no flight to new cities, new neighborhoods, as before.

And in one terrible quarter of an hour she made her resolution. And having settled things she smiled, and caught up the children, her little boy and girl, and kissed them again and again.

Then she took them up to the nursery, crooning an old lullaby. She put fresh white spotless linen on the beds. She got new shiny "nighties" out for the boy and the girl. She heard them say their prayers. She tucked them into bed. She arranged and decorated the room as though for a gala day.

She sat awhile. Then she went to the bureau, and drew out a necklace of pearls—her husband's wedding present to her. She hung these about the little girl's neck. Then she went to the dining room table, and got some flowers and hung these around the pillows.

She stopped now and wrote a two-page letter to her husband.

The children were asleep by this time in each other's arms, and smiling. The woman smiled, too, as she kissed them, passionately, though lightly.

She stood a minute at the gas jet, looking at them in the glimmering light. Then quickly she turned it off, then on, and lay down beside them. It was the last sleep for them all.

"They will never know," was her last thought.

* * * * * *

This is not an imaginary story. It is a record of actual occurrences in the city of Chicago this week, as taken from the notes of the coroner, the neighbors, the letter she wrote, and the testimony of her husband, her friends, and her husband's relatives.

Mrs. Michels, driven desperate by threats from her husband's relatives that they would expose a scandal in her past, killed herself and her two children, Meta and Gustav, by gas.

"She stood a minute at the gas jet, looking at them. Then quickly she turned it off, then on, and lay down beside them."

NEW GOLD BRICK GAMES.

Latest Ways of Separating a Fool and His Money.

Americans are the cream of the credulous, declares a writer in Pearson's Magazine. We sometimes harbor the idea that the Britisher is the most ready and willing of all men to part with his money to a sure thing gamester, but when it comes to competition against all comers the average American hits the bullseye.

The sure thing men of to-day (incorporated) know this and build upon it. One of the biggest of them claimed not long ago that if he were given time he could sell worthless stock to three Americans out of every five provided the gullible three had the money or could raise it.

He actually counts upon one victim for every fifty circulars sent out through the mails. The common average, as the postal officials will tell you, is one dupe for every hundred circulars. Not bad, considering the cheapness of printing and postage.

There is a firm in New York that collects and sells addresses of people who buy things through the mail or who have at some time evinced a desire to do so. These addresses are sold at $8 a thousand. They are assorted under various headings. If, for example, 12,000 men have sent in applications for wives to a New York matrimonial bureau that list is worth $96 to a $3 diamond ring concern that is setting up a circular mill.

The sure thing operator has passed through various stages of progress. The now unsafe shell game, gold brick and green goods swindles which he operated with such profitable results in the '80s and the early '90s made way for the half interest game, which flourished ten years ago, and the employment game which is still going on, though not to its former extent.

The half interest advertiser sold you a partnership in anything from a peanut stand to a piano factory. When you had bought it the next thing was to find it, or if you found it you discovered that it belonged to somebody else who knew nothing about the men who sold it to you.

The employment game consists of an opportunity to sell on high salary the goods or the stock of a company in which you must first buy shares. Then when you have paid over your money you are assigned a territory, generally a long distance from the company's office.

After you have gone at your own expense to Milwaukee, Dubuque or Kansas City, there to await telegraphic orders as to what to do next, you take it out in waiting. The order never comes, and when you go back to the company's office you find that the company has floated away on the magic carpet, nobody knows where.

But it was soon found by the swindlers that these devices, like the green goods game, were rather crude and almost equally unsafe, so to the education of the man who ran the half interest or employment scheme was added a post graduate course in high finance.

It come to be recognized by the swindling gentry that there was nothing like a corporation when one wanted to do a really safe and prosperous business. Then, too, the corporation must have something somewhere.

If it is a mining company it must have a hole in the ground. If it is a rubber or coffee company it must have some sort of concession from the Mexican or a South American government, which is always very easy to get. If it is a cotton concern it must have a fence corner somewhere down south.

These things are actually necessary in order to show in court when the time comes that the men who have taken your money have endeavored to carry out their part of the contract and that they have failed is merely their misfortune. For to fail in business is not necessarily a crime.

One Reason for Forest Fires.

The question has been asked why there should be so many fires in our American forests when there are so few or none at all in the forests of Europe? The answer is this: When the trees are cut in the forests of Germany, France or Switzerland, the entire material in the tree is marketed and removed, leaving no inflammable litter on the ground. In our American forests, owing to lack of a market for such material, fully one-half of the tree—the limbs, smaller branches, twigs and foliage—are left upon the ground where they soon become dry and furnish material for a forest fire. In the European forests every part of the tree, including the smallest twigs, is sold. The sale of this minor product constitutes over one-half of the revenue. Hence, when the forester is through with his tree-cutting no inflammable material is left upon the ground. Now, if our Adirondack lumbermen could sell the limbs and tops of the trees instead of allowing them to go to waste for lack of a market, they would not be obliged to leave the ground encumbered with the inflammable debris and litter which is such a prolific source of fire, and which when ignited is so difficult to extinguish. A glance at any picture showing the parklike appearance of a German forest, and the mass of limbs and tops remaining in an American forest where lumbering had been done, will explain readily why disastrous fires are so apt to occur in this country.—From "Forest Fires," by James S. Whipple, in the Outing Magazine for August.

Patriotic Philadelphian.

A little Philadelphia girl was visiting her aunt in Chicago for the first time, and the Windy City was very interesting to the visitor.

"Chicago isn't much like Philadelphia, is it, auntie?" she said one day on the street.

"No, indeed, and I am very glad of it," replied the aunt, who was Chicago-born.

"So am I," quietly responded the little girl, after a moment's reflection, and the aunt wondered some whether her opinion had been affirmed or not.—Lippincott's Magazine.

No Kick Coming.

Suffragette—We believe that a woman should get a man's wages.

Married Man—Well, judging from my own experience, she does.—Tit-Bits.

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In attendance at Creston Office On Saturdays.

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Wholesale Wine and Spirit Merchant
Cranbrook - B.C.

With a Local Flavor

Mrs. Jas. Joule and daughter, of Gateway, are visiting Mrs. E. Mallandaine. Miss Joule will remain in Creston and attend the public school.

The inside of the Presbyterian church is now being painted by Contractor N. E. Reid.

A $75 bicycle for sale, cheap. Apply at the Review office.

Sam Hatfield, the popular tonsorial artist has purchased the business of C. Merrill. Mr. Hatfield also contemplates building in the near future on his vacant lots on Fourth street.

E. Jensen, provincial constable, has received his official appointment of deputy mining recorder for the Creston district. Mr. Jensen is also ex-officio deputy game warden and provincial health inspector.

F. B. Ham, representing the Western Canada Flour Mills Co., of Winnipeg, was in town this week pushing the sale of "Purity" flour.

Mrs. G. R. Northey returned home on Tuesday last after a six weeks visit to relatives at Helena, Mont.

Leon Woods, a resident of Saskatchewan, is paying a visit to his cousin, Mrs. Riel.

It is understood that the local council of Chosen Friends will give a grand ball on Thanksgiving Day. It is expected that many of the outside ranchers will be in town that day and a ball given then should be a huge success.

There are yet a few hundred subscribers that have not as yet renewed their subscriptions to the Review. Don't be bashful, but bring in the two-spots.

WANTED.—A girl for light house work and to act as companion. Suitable wages will be paid. Apply to Mrs. Godfrey at her residence on Victoria avenue.

Don't forget the monthly meeting of the Board of Trade on Wednesday evening next at 8.30 in the Mercantile Hall. All the members should not fail to be present at this meeting, as many important matters will be discussed.

Miss Helme, sister of R. Helme, superintendent of Dominion Express Co., returned to her home in Vancouver last week, after visiting her sister, Mrs. J. Hobden.

BORN—At Creston, on the 6th inst., to the wife of C. Moore, a son.

Don't forget the Spokane National Apple Show this Fall. Get your exhibits ready. A word to the wise is sufficient.

O. J. Wigen is getting some prize Gravenstains and other apples together as his exhibit for the Spokane Show.

Services Next Sunday.

Methodist Church

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

F. J. RUTHERFORD, pastor.

Church of England

Services in the Mercantile Hall on Sunday next, October 10th (18th Sunday after Trinity): Matins and Holy Communion, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m. Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m. Evensong at Alice Siding Schoolhouse at 3 p.m.

Divine service at Sirdar on Wednesday at 8 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar.

Presbyterian Church

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

N. E. READ, Pastor.

MINING STOCKS
(Beale & Elwell, Brokers, Cranbrook)
Oct. 4th, 1909

	Bid	Asked
Aurora Consolidated		.25
B.C. Amalgamated	.02½	.03½
B.C. Copper	6.50	7.25
Consolidated Smelters	83.00	
Canadian N. W. Oil	.23	.27
Can. Goldfields	.04	.06
Canadian Marconi	1.00	1.75
Cranbrook Fire Brick		
Diamond Coal	.55	.63
Diamond Vale Coal	.08	.9½
Int. Coal & Coke	.72	.77
Nicola Coal Mines		
Nipissing	10.50	11.75
North Star	.07	.7½
Nugget Gold Mines		.70
McGillivray C. Coal	.32½	
Pincher Creek Coal		.07½
Rambler Cariboo	.08	.10
Royal Collieries	.22	.25
Snow Storm		
Society Girl		.25
Sullivan		
Veteran War Scrip	500.00	510.00
Western Oil ordinary	1.80	2.10
Western Oil preferred	3.25	4.00

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

SAM HATFIELD
THE CRESTON BARBER
POOL ROOM
BILLIARDS
. and .
BARBER SHOP
Fine Cigars and Cigarettes.
Hot and Cold Baths

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

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

Take Notice that William Burton, of Cranbrook, B.C. railway conductor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at a post planted at the northwest corner of J. C. Stephen's application to purchase, being Lot No. 8080, G. 1., thence west 40 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 20 chains to the point of commencement, and containing 80 acres more or less.

Dated this 12th day of July, 1909

WILLIAM BURTON.

NOTICE.

IN THE MATTER OF AN APPLICATION for the issuance of a duplicate Certificate of Title to Lot 18 of Lot 892, Group 1, Kootenay district (map 698).

Notice is hereby given that it is my intention to issue at the expiration of one month after the first publication hereof, a duplicate of the Certificate of Title to above-mentioned Lot in the name of Swan Swanson, which [illegible] and numbered 1638a.

H. R. JORAND,
District Registrar.

Land Registry Office, Nelson, B. C., August 28th, 1909. B 10

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

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Prices Reasonable.
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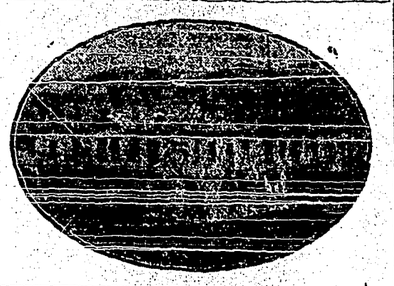

THE MUNRO HOTEL
CRESTON -:- B.C.

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

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Homes completely furnished
Creston Furnishing Co.

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

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

SURE!
Kalsomning and Paperhanging
Are in my Line of Business
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