All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

All the News of the Creston District

# THE CRESTON REVIEW

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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 done to 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 Exclusively By*

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

## Arrested on Serious Accusation

MAN WANTED BY LETHBRIDGE POLICE IS CAPTURED NEAR CRESTON

There has been quite a sensation in Creston the past twenty-four hours over the arrest of one Geo. Welsh, alias Geo. Wells, alias T. McMullen, who is charged by the Lethbridge authorities with abducting a young girl named Jones and passing her off as his wife.

The accused, along with the girl, has been staying in Creston for the past few days.

Provincial Magistrate S. A. Speers yesterday swore in as special constable T. McCreath, in response to a wire from the Lethbridge police to arrest George Welsh, and McCreath started after the fugitive and after making some enquiries, headed for Kitchener. When near that station he met the would-be abductor where he was out hunting and carrying a rifle, and the two men walked back to Kitchener together, when Constable McCreath made the arrest and landed his prisoner back in Creston the same day. It was a clever capture and Constable McCreath deserves great credit for it.

In appearance the accused is tall and has slim features. He is also clean shaven and has a drooping nose. He is now being held by Provincial Constable E. Jensen, who was engaged on police duty elsewhere when this arrest was made.

It is stated that a police officer from Lethbridge will arrive here probably on Saturday to take Welsh back to the coal city to stand trial before the Alberta courts. Young Miss Jones, the alleged victim in this case, seems a mere child in short dresses, apparently not more than fifteen years of age, while the accused is about 28 years of age. Miss Jones has relatives near Kitchener, where she is now staying. It is stated that this man Welsh is the identical man who passed himself off as Thomas McMullen, the husband of the girl Jones, at a Fernie hotel and which was reported in the "Spokesman Review" a few days ago. He would have been arrested at Fernie, but the wire from the Lethbridge authorities did not reach Fernie until after the couple had taken their departure.

Indignation runs high in Creston and the general feeling is that if the man is guilty of the charge laid against him he should be severely dealt with and should receive a good lashing in addition to his other sentence for committing such a dastardly outrage on the daughter of respectable Alberta parents.

There will be a mass meeting of citizens held in the Mercantile hall on Wednesday evening next at 8k. to discuss the question of fire protection for Creston. This is an important matter and all residents of Creston should be represented on this occasion.

### *Board of Trade Meeting*

A meeting of the Board of Trade was held on Wednesday evening, Mr. C. O. Rodgers occupying the chair.

After communications and bills had passed, the Board proceeded to "Unfinished Business." The question of the unpaid expenses of the delegates to the Trail Convention was taken up. A committee of one was appointed to take up subscriptions to meet these expenses.

On the matter of the appointment of a sub-collector, a motion to the effect that Creston, in view of the growing importance of the district, should be a sub-port was carried unanimously, same to be submitted by the secretary to the proper authorities.

On the question of fire protection it was resolved that the secretary wait upon the Waterworks Co. and ascertain what facilities they could offer for the provision of hydrants or stand pipes in certain central places. It was also resolved to seek the assistance of the C. P. R. by arranging for their water supply to be at our disposal for fire protection purposes only. A general citizen's meeting was called for Wednesday next the 20th inst., at 8 p.m. in the Mercantile Hall, so that the citizens might voice their opinions on this matter.

A valuable addition to the social life in Creston is shortly to be inaugurated when the Canadian Biograph Company with a first-class moving picture show, under expert management, commence business in Bast's Hall.

The rise of the moving picture show all over the earth is the most remarkable of recent improvements in the entertainment business. Vast numbers of men and millions of capital are now engaged, for in these days the public demand is creating new and ever expanding industries.

The Canadian Biograph Co., backed by ample local capital, and with the arrangements which they are making to meet this want in Creston by expending money on an up-to-date machine with a first-class service of films will, we are sure, command from the outset the support which is always forthcoming in Creston to purveyors of clean, refined amusement. We have it on the authority of the promoters that the show will be strictly high class, that ladies and children will be especially catered for, and that as much as possible of the proceeds of the enterprise will be distributed in the way of business among the local tradesmen. It is expected that the show will commence in November, but the usual announcements will be made at a later date.

Dr. Prof. Kilpatrick, of Toronto, who was here last spring in connection with the Kootenay evangelistic campaign, has sent out a most handsome church bell as a gift to St. Stephen's new Presbyterian church. This bell, which will be hung at once, will be used for next Sunday's services.

C. O. Rodgers returned from a business trip to Spokane on Wednesday.

## FRUIT GROWERS TO ERECT A LARGE WAREHOUSE

SITE SECURED NEAR C. P. R. DEPOT—GOVERNMENT WILL ASSIST TO CARRY OUT PROPSOED BUILDING

The fruit growers' association of Creston have secured a suitable location on the railway right of way, across the track from the depot, for the erection of a large warehouse. It is understood that it is proposed to build this storehouse of galvanized steel, and to make it at least 50ft. x 75ft. and capable of holding at least ten carloads of fruit. It is understood that this structure will be ready for use in time for next season's fruit crop, when it is fully expected that Creston will ship at least a dozen cars of fruit.

It is also stated that the B.C. Government will advance the necessary funds to erect this warehouse, charging the fruit growers simply a low rate of interest on the money.

A local fruit authority is responsible for the statement that the shipments of fruit from Creston will at least double from now on. This being the case, one can readily see that it is absolutely necessary to have this warehouse completed before next season's shipments.

A young man named Nute, residing at Nelson, has written that he is willing to take up the challenge recently issued by "Jimmie" Mackie, the local runner, to run a mile for the championship of Soutwest Kootenay, providing a prize is offered. In this connection it may be stated that when Mr. Mackie recently offered to run any white man for the championship above-named, no prize was mentioned, he considering that the honor of the race was sufficient reward for contesting the mile race. Therefore, if young Mr. Nute wants to run he will have to run for the championship only.

James H. Schofield, M.P.P., arrived in town last Monday. Mr. Schofield, accompanied by R. G. Long, firewarden, left the same day for a point 25 miles above Kitchener, where all kinds of game, both large and small, is reported to be in abundance. They expect to be gone about ten days. When Mr. Schofield goes hunting in any particular locality it may safely be said that there is game there as he is reported to be a most successful hunter, and the fact that he invariably chooses a point near Creston to hunt in means that this district is a veritable sportsman's paradise.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a Harvest Home, consisting of a dinner and concert, on Friday next, October 22, in the Presbyterian church. Admission 50cts. Let all of Creston be there with his best girl.

Read the serial story, "The Weaving of Fate," which commences this week.

### *A Farewell Social*

Creston, B.C., Oct. 14, 1909.

The Editor, Creston Review.

Dear Sir,—At a meeting held last evening, which was attended by delegates from the Knights of Pythias, Loyal Orange Lodge, and the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends, it was arranged to hold an Entertainment in Bast's hall on Tuesday evening next, 19th inst., in honor of the Rev. N. E. Read, who has filled the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Creston for the past sixteen months. Mr. Read has been called to another mission and will shortly depart from us, leaving behind him many friends who deplore his departure. During his all too brief stay in Creston he has endeared himself to the hearts of all the people here, primarily because of his broad mindedness and his good work among the young men of the town. Whatever has been mooted for the public welfare, both spiritual and temporal, has been championed by the Rev. Read, and the town can ill afford to lose such a man. It is with the deepest regret that the town learns of his removal, and all will join in wishing him God-speed and good luck in the vocation he has chosen.

It is fitting that the various lodges in town should before his departure pay tribute to one who has labored with unflagging zeal for their welfare. He will be missed. It has therefore been decided to give the Rev. gentleman a fitting "Send-off" on Tuesday night next. An effort will be made to secure the best talent for a Grand Entertainment. The program, which will be arranged jointly by all the Orders, will be a very attractive one. Refreshments will be served, and everybody is invited. The admission will be 50cts. male adults, boys, 25cts., ladies and girls will be admitted free. The committee request that all ladies will bring a cake. A start will be made at 8 o'clock prompt.

J. J. ATHERTON (P.C., C.O.C.F.),
Hon. Sec.

The new schoolhouse was opened on Monday last. Both the senior and junior departments are now being taught under the same roof, a great improvement to heretofore. This school building is a credit to Creston and will undoubtedly provide ample school accommodation for some time to come. There is a sidewalk completed now right up to the school, so that in wet weather children can have no excuse for not attending school.

The Fernie Free Press says: "Creston, B.C., has a Board of Trade that is alive to the interest of the community. The latest evidence of their enterprise is in the form of an artistically printed pamphlet describing the virtues and advantages of that Garden of B. C. The agricultural and business interests of Creston will no doubt reap the benefits accruing from the publicity that will be afforded by the advertising of the Creston Board of Trade."

The ladies of Christ church guild will give a progressive whist party in the Mercantile Hall, on Tuesday, November 9th (King's birthday). The hall will be suitably decorated with signs and other decorations in memory of the day. All of Creston should turn out in mass on this occasion, as the managing committee composed exclusively of the fair sex, have promised an enjoyable evening. The admission will only be the trifling sum of 25cts. Refreshments provided.

Preparations are being made for the school concert to be held in December. The parents are co-operating heartily and the children are making rapid progress with their various parts.

On Tuesday, just as the noon train was pulling into the station, a fire broke out in the kitchen of Trombley's boarding house. The rapid work of the citizens, aided by a hose, provided by Jos. Carver, soon extinguished the blaze, leaving only a nominal amount of damage done.

### *Wonder Workers "Work" Creston*

"Woga Noga," wonder workers, was the name of an aggregation of "artistes" who occupied the boards at the new opera house on Monday night. Briefly summed up the show was punk. There were three he's and two she's in the company. One of the former acted as "angel," and the other two posed as magicians. One of the ladies operated the piano, and it was a decidedly painful operation for the audience. There are children in town under ten years of age who could give that lady many pointers. The other lady tried to square herself as a comedienne, but the attempt was miserable as she forgot her lines and ignominiously broke down.

The first trick of the "wonder workers" was that old box stunt, wherein one man is tied in a sack and then locked in a trick box from which he makes his escape in a few seconds, and his confederate takes his place. To their credit, be it noted, this was pretty slick, and the audience applauded and thought that if that was a preliminary, then they were in for a good time. But they were doomed. The remainder of the stunts were such that an amateur would blush to perform, and they were so clumsily executed that even the kids in the front row got "sassy" and passed rude remarks.

The premier event on the card was a thought reading episode, but it was rotten. If the hold-up gang could really have read the thoughts of their audience, they could decipher among the grey matter, "I want my money back."

It was a relief when the young lady who is deficient at the "five-finger exercise, tried to play "God Save the King."

When next the "Wonder Workers" work Creston there will be a bunch of boys to retaliate and rotten eggs will be a striking feature of the entertainment.

Mrs. Stafford, president of the W. C. T. U., in British Columbia, has just organized a branch of that organization in Creston. The officers of the local branch are: President, Mrs. W. K. Brown; Secretary, Miss Cartwright; Treasurer, Mrs. Dr. Henderson. This organization, which is just four years old, now has a membership of fifteen hundred and can boast of thirty-six branches. Mrs. Stafford left on Tuesday for Nelson and other Western points.

The following telegram has been received here by Mr. R. M. Reid, station agent, from Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the C. P. R.:

"Kindly extend to the Board of Trade my thanks for the fruit they are sending me. I shall give some of it to some of our friends to show them what can be done in the way of fruit growing at Creston."

T. G. SHAUGHNESSY

The local council of the Canadian Order of Chosen Friends will give a grand ball in the Mercantile Hall, on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, October 25th.

Fred. G. Little went to Cranbrook on Wednesday for a couple of days on business in connection with his office of firewarden.

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## WHAT WOMEN INVENT.

### Five Safety Razors Among the Things to be Exhibited in London.

What was the inspiration of the five English women who during the last year felt that their inventive powers were put to their best use in inventing safety razors? At all events, five such appliances will be exhibited in the forthcoming London exhibition of inventions by women. The inventive spirit of English women seems well developed. There are on an average every year about fifteen hundred new contrivances patented. The greater number of these are naturally enough intended for the use of their own sex, although there are such occasional exceptions.

Other recent forms of their inventive skill when it soared far beyond the needs of mere women were shown in an automobile, a steam engine and a flying machine. Of sterner stuff than most of their sex even in the country of militant suffragettes were the inventors who applied to patent their methods of strengthening the sides of ships in their powers of resistance and the new kind of invisible shield to be worn in war. Yet these superwomen were rare among the whole number, most of whom devoted themselves to such characteristic inventions as new kinds of hats for women and children, a method of washing furs, an apparatus to kill chickens painlessly, new fangled clothes for dogs and similar evolutions of feminine necessities. This exhibition is a contrast to that which will soon be opened in Paris, dedicated to proving the social misery of women through their legal and social inferiority to man. It is prophesied that the most stubborn opponent of woman suffrage will be convinced by this eloquent collection of documents, pictures and other evidence.

## COACHING WOMEN OF FASHION.

### Teaching Them the News of the Day A London Profession.

It would seem that no woman should be altogether discouraged so long as new occupations develop as they have during the last decade. In London there is already a new calling which was noticed for the first time this spring in numbers sufficient to entitle it to rank among the recognized trades of women who have to support themselves.

The claims on the time of a woman of society in the swiftest whirl of London life are now so great that she cannot be expected to keep up with the latest news of the world, the smartest talk about the new books or even the latest notes of fashion. With her social duties and their necessary preparation she has her hands full. It is to supply her with these necessary attributes for conversation that intelligent young women in London are devoting their time. They go once a week, sometimes daily, and while their patrons are in the hands of the hair dresser, their maid or even their dressmakers, they talk to them about the interesting affairs of the day, telling them just what is new in politics, art and literature. In this way my lady is able to acquire sufficient information to appear with credit.

It sometimes happens that one of these universal providers of small talk may literally coach her employer for some particular function she is going to attend, whether it be a dinner that will demand a certain amount of acquaintance with politics or science or literature. Her duty is to make these subjects as clear and comprehensible as she can in as short a time as possible. So successful has this new field been that the number of intelligent, well-informed girl who now earn a good living in this way has greatly increased during the last year.

If the woman of society finds that she needs to have decided opinions on any particular subject it is the duty of her mental stimulator to have them also on hand.

## TO WALK GRACEFULLY.

### Low Shoes and High Heels Not the Best of Aids.

The modern girl is at her worst when she walks. Her feet are dressed in low shoes with high heels and her stride is out of all proportion to her height. Her right arm is swung vigorously back and forth, while the left one clutches a handbag and holds it at the waist line with elbow aggressive. Her chest is depressed and her head, with its marvellous adornment, is thrust forward.

The present fashion in shoes is partly responsible for the awkwardness of our girls, declares a writer in Vogue. Shoes with high heels tip the foot down, preventing the beautiful spring of the instep arch. If such shoes could be reserved for the house and girls wear well shaped walking boots out of doors they would not only be more graceful but would find more pleasure in walking—which as an exercise has much to commend it.

Three suggestions will help any one who wishes to walk gracefully and with the alertness which is characteristic of youth: the forward foot should point practically straight (the strongest position in supporting weight); the back foot should push the body forward; the chest should be high and forward. As long as we live we must hold ourselves up by muscular effort, and when we have learned the right way it soon becomes a matter of habit.

When a girl walks heavily she is always walking incorrectly and is never graceful. Girls are not altogether to blame for this, as they are told from childhood to "throw their shoulders back," which has a tendency to put the weight on the heels, a strain on the back and to throw the head forward. Instead the young should be told to throw the chest forward and the head and shoulders will take their right position.

Relaxation is the second thing necessary for grace, as well as for the nerves. But relaxation does not mean merely collapsing in a lackadaisical sort of way and being "willowy." It means having the power to control the muscles—letting those rest which are not needed for the immediate work. Motion, of course, is at the joints, and the muscles moving them may be made to act rythmically by a little practice. The body being constructed for movement responds quickly to the pendulum-like swing of the leg from the hip and the harmonious yet very slight swing of the arm. A woman's arms are stiff because her shoulders are usually tense. When the chest is active the shoulders will drop in place, and the arms should hang at the sides.

Husband—"Why don't you have Bridget shut the kitchen door? One can smell the breakfast cooking all over the house." Wife—"We leave it open on purpose. The smell is all that gets the family up."—Judge.

The most provoking thing is what a lot more straight thinking a woman can do with her heart than a man with his head.—New York Press.

Small Boy—"Mamma, was General Washington blind?" Mamma—"Of course not. Where did you bet that idea?" Small Boy—"Nurse took me to th' Old Ladies' Home to-day and showed me the portrait of a woman that he kissed."—New York Weekly.

Don't grumble if it happens to be hot. Remember that you will be burning expensive coal two months from now.—Washington Times.

"That man yonder has a shady record. You can tell as soon as you see him at work that he has something to screen in his life." "What do you think it is he has to screen?" "Mostly suburban porches."—Baltimore American.

He that is embarked with the devil must sail with him.—Dutch.

Howard—"Before marriage he said he'd go to the ends of the earth for her." Coward—"And after marriage he did it—to get away."—Life.

The father in praising the son extols himself.—Chinese.

Drill Sergeant (after three hours' drill with the new recruit)—"Right about face!" New Recruit (not moving)—"Thank goodness. I'm right about something at last."—Kansas City Journal.

Self-conquest is the greatest of victories.—Plato.

"The one thing we demand from our employes," said the head of the office force, "is correctness in figures." The applicant smoothed her hipless skirt complacently. "I have never had any complaints on that score," she replied, with a glance of assurance.—Stanford University Chaparral.

## RECEIPTS.

### QUICK JELLY.

This method is good for all fruits but pineapple, crabapple and quinces: Mash the raw fruit until all is well broken, then take a cupful at a time and put in a bag—a salt bag is good for the purpose—and gently squeeze the juice into a dish. When all of the fruit is thus treated measure the juice and place in a kettle and put over the fire to cook. Measure one cupful of sugar for every cupful of juice, putting on the stove or in the oven where it will become hot, but do not let it scorch. Let the juice boil for about eight minutes and skim, then add the hot sugar, bring to a boil, and cook one minute more. The color and flavor of the fruit is much better preserved by this plan than by the more tedious process. From beginning to end it will take less than an hour to make the jelly.

### INDIA RELISH.

One peck green tomatoes, six large onions, three small peppers, one gallon vinegar, one ounce celery seed, one ounce white mustard seed, one ounce black mustard seed, and one ounce tumeric powder.

Run tomatoes through a meat chopper or chop fine. Drain off juice. Chop onions and peppers. Put all the ingredients together and boil twenty minutes. Do not add all the vinegar until you find whether so much is needed to make sauce of proper thickness. Often the full gallon of vinegar is not needed.

### WHEN MAKING JAMS.

When making jams and marmalades try the easier and together more satisfactory way of baking them in the oven instead of cooking on top of the range, where constant attention and stirring are imperative. Turn the burner down low and as your jam thickens around the edges of the pan, kettle or crock, stir it down. No further attention is necessary until it is done and you run absolutely no risk of burning it.

### BLEEDING HEART PICKLES.

Select fine, large blood beets; cook until tender; plunge into cold water for five minutes; remove skins. Cut into slices one inch thick. Then recut with heart shaped cutter. Pickle in the usual way. These are especially nice to serve with a plate lunch—one heart to each plate.

### CREAMY POPCORN.

The Adirondack guide who each night brought to the camp-fire before the lean-to a dishpanful of the creamiest popcorn any of the guests had ever tasted was coaxed for days before he would tell how it was made.

A deep preserving kettle was placed over a hot flame and a tablespoonful of lard put in for every double handful of shelled corn. When the lard is hot the corn is added and the lid shut until popping is heard, when occasional stirring is necessary. After each stir the lid is immediately replaced.

The corn is salted when hot. It is entirely free from a hard kernel.

### PEANUT ECONOMY.

When peanuts are done in quantities it is better to buy them by the bushel unroasted.

As it takes too much time to blanch the nuts as well as shell them, they can be salted as they come from the shell, using plenty of butter and salt.

The skins become brown and are easily removed when the peanuts are cooked. They taste almost as good as when done in the ordinary way, but more butter must be used.

### WATERMELON RIND PRESERVES.

After the rinds are cut off of the slices of melon pare off the soft white inside and green outside. Cut the pieces left into any shapes desired; put in a preserving kettle; more than cover with water, and boil until tender. If there is not as much syrup as desired add more water. Put in three-fourths of a pound of granulated sugar to one pound of fruit and cook. Flavor with extract of lemon or boil ginger root with the rind. Children are fond of it when flavored with lemon. Mrs. A. P. Atkinson.

### JELLY BAG HINT.

Now that the jelly making season is nearly at hand a few hints that will make less work for the housekeeper will not be amiss. Your jelly bag, of course, is perfectly clean to start with. After picking over and washing the fruit put it right into the bag, put the bag into a large kettle and add whatever amount of water you desire. Boil it in this way a little longer than you would without the bag. This way of doing saves one the awkward task of dipping up the hot fruit into the bag and often scalding one's self in so doing. When boiled sufficiently the bag can be lifted out and set in a porcelain colander, on top of the kettle, to drain, and left there till the next day, if necessary. This is all quickly done and one is saved the trouble of hanging the bag up to drain, for there never seems to be any place to hang it out of the way. Before this plan suggested itself to me jelly making was a much harder task, while now I do not dread it at all. I would say, however, that I have not tried it for currants or berries, because those fruits do not need much water or boiling, but for green gooseberries, grapes, rhubarb, or any of the larger fruits it is an excellent plan.

### SPICED GOOSEBERRIES.

Two quarts fruit stemmed, two quarts sugar, one cupful of raisins stoned and chopped fine, juice of two oranges, rind of one chopped fine, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves. Boil all together for twenty minutes or until it jellies. Delicious with fowl or meats.

### GOOSEBERRY CATSUP.

To five pounds of berries add nearly a quart of vinegar. Let this boil a while. Then add two and one-half pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, and one tablespoonful of cloves.

### SCALLOPED POTATOES.

Parboil a quart of sliced potatoes. Put a layer of these potatoes into a baking dish, sprinkle with salt, pepper, grated cream cheese and chopped pimentoes. Add a few small pieces of butter. Continue this process until the potatoes are used up. Pour over all about a cupful of milk. Bake in the oven until brown.

## SMART SUITS FOR BATHING.

Fabrics used by the summer girl are ornate or simple, just as her pocketbook permits. Her choice of materials is wide. It may be satin, silk, mohair, flannel or denim, and may be trimmed with embroidery, soutach braid, or even heavy lace. But whether the fabric be expensive or inexpensive, the newest suits all follow the severe lines of the mode. Even the oilskin bathing caps are ornamented with smart tailored bows.

Those two suits pictured give one a wide choice in materials, combinations and trimmings, and our summer girl can spend a lot of money in the making of hers, or a very small sum, just as she desires.

## So I Am.

We do not think enough of astronomers, those men of courage and superhuman calmness, who travel over the ocean of overwhelming immensity, and give us the results of their wonderful discoveries. Think of their daring, their patience, their accuracy, these students of such stupendous vastness, fill us with a deep reverence for their supreme gifts of mind and heart. "An undevout astronomer is mad." These men tell us of the order of the stars and of their relation to one another.

We wish our readers were better acquainted with the marine chronometer. Long time our navigators waited for this magnificent instrument; at length it came. It is a pleasure to look in its face; it is a joy to listen to the rhythm of its music. Its inventor had to wait long years for the reward, we think it was £10,000, but he got it at last. In winding your watch did you ever notice that the machinery stops a few seconds during the process? Well, the chronometer has to be wound up every day, and the perfection of the modern instrument is this: during the process of winding, there is supplementary machinery to continue the action, so that there is no possible loss—a watch within a watch. A truly wonderful invention. In the works of God and of man one is impressed with the dignity and supreme importance of order—the more you study the more you are filled with wonder and worship. Are we permitted to draw an inference here? If there is order in the heavens, in the watchmaker's shop, in the navigation of the ocean, may there not be, must there not be, order in the moral ,in the spiritual? If Christ is a king, has He no subjects? Or is He a king on paper? Nay, He is a king, and His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom. It is really only by a king, by one who takes us in hand and commands us, that life can be delivered and crowned. It is for want of rule and government that our nature is unable to work itself out, and is left with all its powers wasting, all its fibres relaxed, all its possibilities dormant. What we need is the pressure of a strong hand and the discipline of a superior will, and the grip of one who can wisely exercise the function of life's king. We do not always realize or admit this, but the fact is so. Through authority, wisely exercised and willingly obeyed, is life made great. "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am." His rule is absolute, His kingship supreme. Ascribe all possible glory and honor and dominion to Him and He responds every time, "So I am."

Think not that the unseen world is all higgledy-piggledy, a topsy-turvy jumble; it is not license, it is not liberty; you are free, and yet the bond is love of Christ; this is the highest dignity possible. It is the destiny of men to serve. "Ye call me Lord, and so I am," but I cannot rescue unless I rule. I cannot compensate unless I command. I cannot relieve unless I restore. I cannot destroy the old nature unless I dominate the new!

"Teach me to live and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on, and gain new strength and power each day."

—H. T. Miller.

## Al Should Know

That Chicago ranks fourth (possibly third) among the cities of the world, the others having been founded from 285 to 1,000 years ago, while Chicago, as a city, is only 71 years of age.

That in 1838 (within the lifetime of several persons then and now living in Chicago) the 600-acre tract bounded by State, Madison, Halsted and Twelfth streets, was sold for $0.75 an acre.

That more than 60 per cent. of the manufactured product of the State of Illinois is made in this city.

That 70 years ago Chicago had not a rod of street car track, while in 1906 it had, in surface and elevated roads, 1,508 miles, capitalized at $163,788,300, and carrying over 1,500,000 passengers daily.

That in 1848 the grain shipments of Chicago amounted to 3,001,740 bushels, while now it equals 300,000,000 bushels, which, if shipped in cars at one time, would make a train 4,240 miles in length.

That it requires 980 suburban trains daily to carry passengers from the surrounding villages, towns and cities to and from Chicago.

The man who is his own worst enemy makes a poor friend.

## MR. JELLYFISH

## FOR CAMPERS.

### Don'ts That May Save Many Thousands of Dollars to the Country.

1. Don't, when in the woods, throw down a lighted match, cigar stub, or other flaming object; make sure that the flame has been thoroughly extinguished before throwing it away.

2. Don't build your campfire larger than is necessary.

3. Don't, under any circumstances, leave your fire unguarded, even for a comparatively short time; see that it is dead out before you go away.

4. Don't build your fire in leaves, rotten wood or other inflammable material.

5. Don't build your fire against a large or hollow log, where it is hard to be sure when it has been entirely put out.

To these "don'ts" it may be added that in windy weather or in a dangerous place, it is well to confine the fire in a hole dug clear down to the mineral soil. A fire may smoulder in the humus, or "duff," for days, only waiting for a strong breeze to fan it into a flame that may burn over miles of timber.

Summer tourists and campers unfortunately have a bad reputation among owners of timber as being often a cause of fires. Such fires could be prevented, almost without exception, by a little extra care on the part of the campers, who have been the unintentional cause of much forest destruction, and who have just as real an interest in the preservation of the forests as the owners of the timber themselves. The rules given above are the result of long experience and observation on the part of many woodsmen and lumbermen as to the origin of fires from this cause, and are earnestly commended to the attention of campers, sportsmen and others.

### SUCCESSFUL OPERATIONS.

They removed the patient's gizzard,
chopped his ilium away;
They took out his pink appendix and his
largest vertebra;
Set him breathing through a goose-quill
they inserted in his throttle,
Took his liver from its moorings and
preserved it in a bottle.
In the lining of his stomach they discerned a little flaw—
They dispensed with it, replaced it with
a throbbing ostrich craw.
Many another inward trinket they hacked out of him beside—
All "successful operations"—but the patient, strangely, died.

A "successful operation" is the lingo of
the craft,
Is the one that lets him excavate your
person, fore and aft;
Lets them make a cross-wise section of
the gourd that holds your brain,
Lets them whittle out the fixtures they
declare were made in vain.
"What a dreadful ignoramus the Creator was!" they sigh;
"All these things had been omitted,
were He wise as you and I!"
Then they whet their little scalpels, lay
your epidermis bare,
And with "skillful operations" send you
up the golden stair.

Oh, my brother, when you find me mussing up a railroad track,
With my legs and lights and sweetbreads piled up neatly on my back,
Do not notify a surgeon—let me die in
peace or pieces;
I am wearied out with reading of the
numerous deceases
That result when they "successfully"
have operated on
Some poor devil who has swallowed all
their anaesthetic con.
Gently—ah, but surely!—kill me while I
fight, with fleeting breath,
'Gainst "successful operations" that result in certain death.

—Health Culture.

### The Children's Court.

(New York Sun.)

The new Children's Court of Manhattan and The Bronx was opened on Sept. 2, 1902, and between tht day and Jan. 1 of this year 59,226 infants were arraigned in it, according to the annual report for last year. The court has final jurisdiction in all offences except homicide, and the Legislature at its last session enacted a statute providing that children within its jurisdiction who have committed acts which in adults would be crimes shall be deemed guilty of juvenile delinquency only.

Heretofore the practice of the Magistrates sitting in the court has been to have the children brought before them charged only with misdemeanors, thus avoiding prosecutions for felonies and making easier the way for the child that wants to behave well. Every effort is made to keep the children in their own families and not to commit them to institutions. Of the nearly 60,000 children who have been arraigned only 11,181 have been "sent away." The "primary object of the court is preventive, not punitive." Many children are taken into custody for improper guardianship, not because of any wrongdoing of their own, but because of the incapacity, cruelty or neglect of their natural protectors. Of the 11,409 children before the court in 1908 there were 2,241 brought in for this cause.

Since the court was opened 8,249 children have been put on probation, and of them 7,111 made such progress as to win release under suspended sentence or discharge. The value of this to the community is obvious. It means that these children are at least not officially damned in their infancy and have a chance to develop into good men and women. This chance is not merely left open. The children, with the help of the Big Brothers, the churches and several other agencies, are encouraged and aided in every way. The Big Brother movement in particular cuts it away from officialism, knows nothing of red tape, restraint or the use of threats. It is helpful in a purely personal way, and knows nothing of institutionalism. In this it reflects the spirit of the Children's Court, which is conducted with as little law and as much affection as is possible.

### WHY MOSQUITOES STING.

(A Mohammedan Legend.)

When Suleiman the Glorious was judge
of mortal kind,
The frail mosquitoes brought to him a
charge against the Wind:
"O/mighty king! whene'er we hold our
harmless dance," said they,
"The Wind comes down from Scanderoon
and sweeps us all away!"

Then Suleiman the Glorious gave word
to sky and sea:
"Oh, bid the gipsy Wind appear to controvert the plea!"
Across the hills, across the waves, across
the deserts blown,
The Wind came down from Scanderoon
to plead before the throne.

The Wind came down from Scanderoon
and bent the cedar mast;
The frail Mosquitoes whirled away like
chaff upon the blast.
Again they strove to urge their suit before the palace bar;
Again the throng, like thistledown, was
scattered wide and far.

Once more in mighty Suleiman they
plied the gauzy wing;
"Behold," the spiteful chorus jeered,
"the justice of the king!
The King of Men protects by craft the
Wind who grieves us sore;
The Sons of Men shall pay the fine—
and pay it o'er and o'er!"

And since that long-remembered day, the
shrewd, revengeful clan
With treble shrill and poisoned drill
have wreaked their wrath on
Man.

—Arthur Guiterman in St. Nicholas.

### Owls' Houses.

(From "Nature and Science," in September St. Nicholas.)

Owls' houses are, for the most part, quite without lining. Whether from design or pure laziness, the bones and skulls of small animals which they have killed are left scattered about the floor. Gruesome playthings for the owl children! But one can scarcely imagine even a baby owl being anything but wise and dignified. It is easiest to picture them apparently gravely musing on these skulls like monks in their dark cells.

Since so many of the owls have their homes in hollow trees, we might expect some of their near relatives, the hawks, to be inclined to live in the same way. One of them, the little sparrow-hawk, does nest in the flicker's abandoned home and in comfortable knot-holes. Once I found him quartered snugly in a branch which had decayed at the end where part had been broken off. This bird, too, is satisfied with perfectly bare walls and floor, though the floor consists of small chips left by the decaying wood.

### WITH THE PERSONALLY CONDUCTED.

(Puck.)

"On your left, ladies and gentlemen, rises the majestic front of Westminster Abbey, where we find the inspiring shrine of Edward the Confessor, together with memorials of artists, writers and statesmen. You may gaze in silent awe for 45 seconds, at the expiration of which time well will take the 'bus for the Tower."

### Origin of Tin Plate.

The making of tin-plate originated in Bohemia, according to a recent paper by William E. Gray, hammered iron plates having been coated with tin in that country some time before the year 1600. Tin-plate making was introduced in England in 1665, the art being brought there from Saxony. In France the first tin-plate factory was established in 1714. The first commercial manufacture of tin-plate in the United States was at Pittsburg in 1872.

### CONSCIENTIOUS.

"I notice," he remarked to the editor, "that you never print epitaphs in your paper."

"No," replied the editor, "I don't believe in lying about a man after he is dead."

"You used to say I was worth my weight in gold," exclaimed the wife, petulantly. "Yes," replied the brute of a husband; "but you have grown terribly thin since we have been married."

# The Weaving of Fate

CHAPTER I.

On the top of a wild, bleak hill in Cornwall stood the ancestral mansion of the De Jerseys.

Perched like an eagle on the sea-beaten cliff, it stood solitary, bleak and unprepossessing as ever a house could be.

Silent and solitary as itself also was its owner—George De Jersey.

Hidden away from the world in the dark, dismal rooms of the old house, he lived for one thing only—his infant daughter, a child of three months, who had lost its mother at its birth.

There were many strange stories told of the De Jersey house and the De Jersey family, but none was more strange or more bore the semblance of fact than the belief that events always happened to the De Jerseys in couples.

As thus: When Charles De Jersey, the present George De Jersey's father, died, he left two sons, George and Harold. At the very hour of his death his brother and their uncle also died, bequeathing his property to his brother's eldest son, Charles, who thus became possessed of the enormous wealth of his father and uncle.

This was one instance of the double event.

Another existed in the fact that the two brothers were twins, the younger, Harold, entering the world by a quarter of an hour only after his brother George.

Yet, though nearly of the same age, no two sons of one father could have been more utterly dissimilar in countenance, figure and disposition.

George, the elder, and the fathers' favorite, was fair even to insipidness, with a thin, elegant figure, long, white hands, large, mournful eyes, weak, undecided lips, and a manner at once nervous and timid.

Harold, on the contrary, was as dark as a Moor, with a powerful, well-built frame, large, sinewy hands, straight, sturdy legs and a face marked with a decided, stern expression that betokened a keen, resolute will.

From his boyhood George had been the weaker, more trusting of the two, ready and anxious to love and be friendly with all who crossed his path or gave him a kind word.

Harold, on the other hand, from a child, wore a heavy frown, was taciturn, sullen and reserved, and repelled with a sneer or a cold disdain every offer of the elder brother's love.

As they grew in years, their peculiar dispositions strengthened and became unalterable, and it was a by-word in the village that "George De Jersey had taken his mother's yielding, timid nature, leaving the younger, Harold, the stern misanthropy of his father."

The position of affairs and the reception they received from the two brothers at the period of the father's death may be guessed.

Sitting in the dismal, gloomy dining hall, waiting for the doctor's message, the two brothers sat silently watching the door, tears streaming down the face of the elder, a frown darkening that of the younger.

Naturally their places as dutiful sons would have been at their father's side in that dark hour, but the dying man had grown delirious and seemed driven mad by their presence, which threw him into such paroxysms as to compel their withdrawal, so they sat there waiting for the signal.

When it came they knew the head of the house had gone. They behaved characteristically.

George burst into a flood of tears and wrung the physician's hands in an agony of grief.

Harold, with lowered head, strode from the room and sought the lawyer in the chamber above.

What he read from the lawyer's face no one knew, but when he descended to the room where the weeping brother still remained, his manner was more sullen and morose than usual, as he said:

"George, you are master here now, I suppose—had you not better see that the will——"

"Oh, Harold, Harold! speak not of that!" interrupted the elder, chokingly, and with an air of reproach.

Harold frowned.

"If we see not to these matters, who, then?" he asked.

George shook his head.

"I don't know. Not I. Oh, Harold, you are the stronger; take charge of everything. Our father has left neither of us master, or, if he has, it should be you, who is the more fitting!"

Harold's eyes lit up with an avaricious expression for a moment, but with the same gloomy, sullen look he shook his head and muttered:

"We shall see! We shall see!"

The day of the funeral was appointed as the one for reading the will.

The ceremony took place; the brothers with the servants of the old house congregated in the large hall.

At the centre of the low, carved table sat the lawyer.

Before him lay a mass of papers covered by one enormous parchment—the will.

In an armchair by the window overlooking the large domain sat the elder son, George, his head on his hands and his eyes looking dreamily out upon the sleet and snow.

Harold stood like a dark statue beside the large fireplace, one powerful arm resting on the thick marble slab, the other pressed against his side as if to still the beatings of his heart, which he feared needlessly would show themselves in his lowering eyes.

Clearing his throat and glancing keenly at the two brothers, the lawyer commenced reading:

First there were two thousand pounds for the restoration of the village church.

Harold turned aside with an impatient sneer.

Next came a list of legacies to each and all of "my faithful servants."

Then—and as he approached it the old lawyer's voice trembled—followed a long passage describing his elder son in terms of endearment and affection, and winding up with the momentous words: "To him I will and bequeath the residue in lands, money and all other property whatsoever I possess."

And that was all.

Not one word of his second son, either of condemnation or approval.

All—money, lands and jewels—all went to George.

For a moment there was a dead silence, then Harold's voice, husky and tremulous with suppressed passion, broke through the sobs of his brother asking:

"Is that all?"

"Yes, Mr. Harold," replied the old lawyer, "that is all. Two thousand to the church, five to the servants, and ——"

"So," broke out the hoarse, passionate voice again, as the disinherited son turned to his fortunate brother. "So, this is the result of your pale-faced schemings! This is the reward for your gushing show of affection and mawkish sentiments! This is the fruit of your cursed soft-lipped carneying! This—this—all——"

Here passion choked his utterance and, livid to the lips, he paused, panting for breath.

With a horrified face George arose from his chair, and, holding out his quivering hands supplicatingly, advanced; but Harold shook him off with a scowl of hate, and as George came nearer and laid his hand on his arm, he struck at him with a force that felled him to the ground. Then, turning with a scowl of hate upon the lawyer and the cluster of frightened servants, he strode from the house.

As he swung open the heavy gates and turned to fling the strip of crape he had torn from his hat at the gloomy mansion, a horseman pulled up at his side, and, jumping from the saddle, told him that his uncle was dead, and had left the whole of his property to his brother George.

This was the last blow that broke into fragments every particle of goodness in his nature, and, with a deep curse, and black as perdition, he returned from his father's house, as he thought, forever, the snow and sleet beating in his face.

CHAPTER II.

Three years passed swiftly, bringing no change to the bleak house upon the hill, though a great one to its owner.

For George De Jersey was married. There is no need to dwell upon his courtship.

A neighboring squire's daughter, as meek, mild-eyed and tender-hearted as George himself, lit up the flame within his heart, and after a year's hesitation and fluctuations of hope and despair, he told his love, gained a confession of hers in return, and in nine months they were married.

Yet, happy as they were in their own love and youth, they could not dispel the gloom which always hung over the hall, which had seemed to darken and deepen since the night the younger brother had left it with his curse.

Though George spoke little of him, he thought of him often and sadly, and many a winter night the young wife, sitting at his feet, would hear the name so familiar in the boyish days: "Harold"—breathed painfully.

Endeavors had been made by George to find his brother's whereabouts, but each and all in vain.

Wherever he was he kept himself most effectually from his brother's ken, as if, as he might be for al George knew, he was in his grave.

Twelve months after he was married a child was born to the master of the Hall. As he stood beside the bed, gazing at the wan, pain-marked face of his darling wife, and at the tiny little blossom at her side, he thought an angel had been sent him. Two days after he knew an angel had left him, for his wife was dead.

Then the man's weak, womanly nature showed itself.

For weeks he was as much out of the world as in it.

Delirious, wandering, weakened by fever and mental agony, he shivered on the brink of the shadow of death, with one slender thread to bind him to life.

That thread, held by the tiny fingers of his baby girl, was strong enough to hold him to earth.

He recovered slowly, with a shattered constitution and a mind so shaken and enfeebled as to admit of nothing but the aspect of a darkened room and the infantile cries of his little child.

The winter wore away, the summer, tardy and long in traveling, came at last.

George De Jersey, then pale and bent, was sitting in the straight-backed chair beside the huge fireplace, gazing now at the bright fire, which was kept alight summer and winter, and now at the sleeping idol of his heart, that lay like a hothouse flower in the cradle of lace and fine linen at his feet. In the corner of the room sat the nurse, sleeping.

The soft summer breeze swept through the trees that brushed the window, and tried to force its way, in a gentle, friendly manner, through the dark, heavy curtains of the Hall.

All was still save the falling of the burning coals.

Suddenly the marble hall resounded with the thunder of the huge knocker and the clanging of the house bell. The nurse started with a cry from her sleep, the child awoke and stretched its arms, and George De Jersey turned a pale face and startled eyes toward the door.

In a few minutes heavy footsteps were heard pacing the marble hall, the door was opened with a vigorous push, and the figure of Harold De Jersey entered, bearing something like a bundle beneath his cloak.

"Harold!" gasped the elder brother, with the first instinct dropping his cloak over the cradle and its pretty occupant and clinging to his chair with spasmodic energy.

"Harold, is it you?"

"Ay, George, it is I," replied Harold De Jersey, sinking into a seat and fixing his stern gaze upon the worn, shrunken face of the master of the Hall with a scrutiny from which the other quailed.

"Ay, it is I. Are you glad to see me?"

"Yes, yes," replied George, holding out his hand with a vacant look. "Yes, yes," sinking into a chair. "Give me time—" give me time——"

"Take your own time, brother," replied Harold, in a voice a little softened and a little hesitating at the first word—one he had not used for years.

"You are doubtless surprised to see me. Do you wish to know what brings me here?"

"Good—I hope—good—good," faintly murmured his brother.

Harold frowned.

"Well—good. That is what brings me here."

And with a sudden gesture he flung his coat aside and held forth a blooming, healthy-looking boy.

"A child," said George, in trembling accents. "Harold, when were you married?"

"Twelve months ago."

"The day?" asked George, eagerly.

"June 20th," replied Harold.

"The same day, the same day," gasped George De Jersey, sinking into his chair, from which he had arisen to look at the child. "And she, the mother?" he asked.

"Dead!" replied Harold, "a month ago."

"Ah, powers of heaven!" moaned the elder brother. "This is a judgment upon us both, Harold, look!"

And with a trembling hand he quickly pulled the covering from the cradle.

Harold De Jersey shot one glance at the cradle, then, turning livid as death, uttered a cry of despair:

"Your child, George?"

"Mine!" cried George. "Mine, Harold. We were married on the same day, my child was born on the same day as yours. Both mothers died——"

Here he broke down and fainted away.

On the morrow it was known that Harold De Jersey had returned to the Hall with an infant son, and that the shock of his sudden return had again thrown his brother's life into danger.

Then it was concluded that the older brother would die, and the tenants were particularly polite and attentive to Mr. Harold De Jersey, who had taken upon himself the management of the estate during his brother's illness, and whom they already looked upon as their new lord and master.

But once more the feeble man recovered, and once more sat beside the fire with his darling lying at his side and his dark brother sitting opposite.

They talked but seldom, and never of the past.— Indeed, George De Jersey's memory had completely left him in his last illness, and he had only one pleasure and occupation left—watching with loving, earnest eyes the child angel his dead wife had left him.

A few weeks later a dreadful rumor hovered about the Hall. It was said that George De Jersey had become a hopeless lunatic.

Who spread the report no one knew. Mr. Harold De Jersey did not confirm, neither did he deny it.

An event soon occurred to give some credence to it.

The invalid brother, who had been confined to his room—a gloomy chamber near the one occupied by Harold—awoke one night with a terrible cry of horror and fright.

A dozen alarmed servants, on emerging from the domestic rooms, heard him hammering on the door with clinched fists and shouting for assistance. The door, on being tried, was found to be locked, but a vigorous push from the shoulder of one of the menservants burst it open and discovered the figure of George De Jersey in his dressing-gown, lying on the floor in a paroxysm of fright.

They lifted him on the bed at the moment of his brother's entrance with an anxious and alarmed face.

He had evidently been awakened from sleep, for his dressing-gown was merely thrown around him.

At sight of him the elder brother shrieked again, and in accents of the wildest terror he besought him to begone, yelling that a fiend in bright steel armor had appeared to him and threatened both their lives.

Harold shook his head with a deep sigh, and, bending over the bed, said in tones that tried in vain to be soft and gentle:

"George, George, be calm; it is nothing; it has gone now."

Then, turning to the group of servants, he said, in a low voice:

"It is the picture of the man in armor in the gallery; his mind is wandering."

After a little while they succeeded in soothing him, and after he had dropped into a doze, Harold told them to return to their rooms. Reluctantly—for their master's gentle manner and great sorrow had won their love—the servants withdrew.

One woman, who had acted as a sort of nurse, came back to trim the lamps, and as she did she fancied she saw beneath the heavy robe thrown around Harold De Jersey the glitter of some bright subsance like steel.

Before she could look again more keenly, Harold clasped the robe more closely around him and bade her go, and she, persuading herself that her eyes and the dim light had deceived her excited senses, joined the others, saying nothing about the strange glitter.

The next morning she was ordered to place the little girl beside the invalid, and, grateful to her master's brother for his thoughtfulness, was more convinced than ever that the vague suspicions she had entertained were groundless and unnatural.

Three nights after this the terrible screams rang through the house again, and once more they found the invalid lying upon the ground. This time he was violent, and tried to keep them all, even his brother, from the bed, while the child lay sobbing and screaming.

It was many hours before they could learn the cause of his fright, and this time his strange assertion that a white-robed figure with a ghastly face had appeared and tried to snatch the child from the bed, convinced them that he was indeed mad.

The following morning Harold De Jersey drove post-haste to London, and returned, accompanied by a grave-looking gentleman in black. There was a long conference in the gloomy dining-room, at which the nurse, by Harold's orders, and the country doctor who had attended poor George De Jersey, were present. Then the London doctor made a visit to the sick room. As he entered George De Jersey raised himself upon his elbow, and with one arm around the sleeping child, gazed with painful scrutiny upon his face.

He spoke no word, and as the doctor talked in measured, soothing accents, his gaze lost its fixedness and grew vacant.

The doctor returned to the dining-room, and, with a deep, professional sigh, signed a paper, which he handed to Harold De Jersey.

It was a certificate of lunacy, and gave power to Harold De Jersey to confine his brother in a private lunatic asylum.

In two days it was arranged that measures should be taken for removing the unfortunate man, who seemed suddenly to have regained strength enough to undergo the journey.

The last night came.

Harold De Jersey stood beside the bed looking down upon the thin, white face with a strange, stern frown.

In his arms he held his baby son. He looked from the boy's healthy face to the girl child's, sleeping placidly beside his brother, and the smile changed to a look of fiendish triumph.

There, lying upon the bed, were the only barriers between him and enormous wealth—a madman and a helpless babe. How long would the sensitive George De Jersey exist amid the horrors of a private lunatic asylum?

How long would the delicate babe struggle on under his wolfish hate and neglect?

* * * * *

The morning dawned. The snow was falling as on the night when, disinherited and penniless, he had rushed from the house three years ago.

Filled with dark yet triumphant memories, the stern, implacable plotter paced the cold, gloomy hall. The rattle of wheels awoke him from his reverie with a start.

The time had come. The nurse, followed by Harold De Jersey, strode up the staircase to the sick room, the woman weeping bitterly.

They entered the room, and the woman pushed aside the curtains of the bed. Then she started back with a cry of alarm, and Harold De Jersey leaped forward.

The empty bed met his flashing eyes. With a cry he sprang to the window. It was open and told the tale.

George De Jersey was not so mad but that he had strength of mind and body to escape with his babe from the trap his brother had set for him. The house was searched from garret to cellar, but in vain.

Torn to pieces by the storm raging within his breast, the defeated schemer ordered a post-chaise and four, and while it was being prepared, strode along the road as if he himself were mad.

Urged on by whip and steel, the jaded horses strove to overtake the night express coach by which Harold De Jersey had decided his victim had flown. But as if fate had set itself obstinately against him, the jaded horses broke down within two miles of the prey, and stopped, lame and powerless to go a step farther.

Then Harold De Jersey continued his relentless pursuit on horseback, knowing no fatigue, no desire for rest, but still in vain, for the coach reached London first, and in that vortex of human life the prey was lost.

At least for a time, for while the country was still eager for the news of the strange event, Harold De Jersey returned, alone and in deep mourning, and it was announced that the brother, the unfortunate George De Jersey's body had been found in the Thames—drowned—his features so disfigured by the wash and filth of the water that it was only with the greatest difficulty his devoted and inconsolable brother could recognize him.

The child he had taken with him in his flight could not for some time be traced; but after a few weeks Mr. Harold De Jersey recognized, in the frozen body of a little child, found by the police in a dark alley, the poor little heiress to the enormous wealth of George De Jersey.

So, at last, Harold De Jersey was the head of the house and owner of the De Jersey gold. But rumor said he could not forget the fate of his unfortunate brother and the poor little child—that their forms haunted the old house on the hill, till, driven from it by its fearful associations, Mr. Harold De Jersey and his son, now a handsome boy, the pride and boast of the country, removed to London, leaving the home of the De Jerseys silent and desolate.

CHAPTER III.

At 27 Great Snoram street lived Mr. Daniel Nickelboy.

Mr. Daniel Nickelboy kept a chandler's shop, and was as well known within a three-mile radius of Great Snoram street as St. Paul's is to the residents of Cheapside.

Not only was Mr. Daniel Nickelboy known, but he was respected, and it was the general opinion of his customers and friends—who, indeed, were one and the same—that a better-hearted old boy than Dan did not nor ever possibly could exist.

Basking in the sunshine of popular favor and a good business, Mr. Nickelboy took the world as it came at all times and at all seasons, with a comfortably prosperous front, white waistcoat and satin stock, and a perpetual smile of simple good humor that, if it did not melt the butter, cheese and candles he dispensed, certainly should have added to their excellent flavor and powers of illumination.

One snowy night, as the clock chimed the half after eleven, good old Dan emerged from his little shop bearing a shutter in his hands and humming the fag end of a song, proceeded to shut up—a performance usually left to the errand boy, who, however, to-night had been allowed to go home—as it was his mother's birthday, and partake in a ceremony known among the Great Snoramites as "tripe and onions," that savory dish being considered the proper diet on such occasions. There were eight shutters in Mr. Nickleboy's shop, and Mr. Dan was putting up the last when a sudden cry ringing through the silent and deserted street caused him to drop the heavy shutter and turn with a look of alarm in the direction whence the sound had proceeded.

At that moment a heavy fall of snow commenced and blotted out the prospect, not on any night greatly lit up by the row of dim gas lamps, and Mr. Nickelboy, seeing nothing, concluded that the cry had come from some intoxicated wayfarer, who had fallen into the hands of his natural guardians, the police.

But before Mr. Nickelboy could pick the shutter from the ground, the sharp cry, weaker and fainter this time, rang out once more, and now, thoroughly astonished and alarmed, he dropped the shutter and started off in the direction of the sound.

After a minute's running he heard the cry again, and, turning the corner, came upon so strange a sight that the cry for help died on his lips, and he could do nothing but stand and stare, wringing his hands helplessly and looking this way and that or assistance.

What Mr. Nickelboy saw under the light of the flickering gas lamp were the figures of two men, struggling and wrestling with the utmost fury and violence.

Both were dressed like gentlemen, and wore the heavy, dark cloaks that were the fashion of the day.

(To be continued.)


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## A WEAK STOMACH BRINGS MISERY

### Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Despondent Sufferers to Health.

Nothing is so distressing as a weak stomach—the victims of this trouble suffer from indigestion, biliousness, dizziness and frequent headaches. No food agrees with them—meal time is a time of misery; not a time of pleasure. Relief from this suffering can be found through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—they never fail to make the weak stomach stronger; to banish the distressing headaches; biliousness and dizziness. Mrs. C. S. Stevens, of Hillsboro, N.B., is one of the many who have been cured through the use of these pills. She says: "I suffered very much from stomach trouble and would often leave the table without tasting food. I got no relief worth speaking of till I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They gradually restored my health and strength and now I am as well as ever I was. I would earnestly recommend them to all those who suffer as I did."

It is the blood—bad blood—that is the cause of nine-tenths of the ailments from which both men and women suffer. The blood is the life-giving fluid of the body. When the blood is bad it is bound to poison some part of the human system and thus it is that rheumatism, kidney trouble, indigestion, headaches and backaches and a host of other troubles make their appearance. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all these troubles—and they cure them thoroughly—simply because they fill the veins with rich red blood. The genuine Pills bearing the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" are sold by all dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


SUNDAY SLIPPING AWAY.

(Montreal Gazette.)

The Court of Appeal at Quebec has decided that baking bread on Sunday is a work of necessity and not punishable under the law. While this view is a purely legal one, it illustrates a tendency, noted generally, to regard what is convenient as necessary. The Sunday running of street cars is now the rule in Canadian cities instead of the exception. Passengers demand and railways run more Sunday trains. Amusement promoters steadily increase the extent of their operations seven days in the week. Public opinion, moreover, accepts the situation without murmur. It looks even as if the revolution was popular.


**If every housekeeper would use Wilson's Fly Pads freely during the Summer months the house fly peril would soon be a thing of the past.**


The married man realizes the difference between home times and home-made neckties.


## "PALE AND DEPRESSED"

### Anaemia, Bad Blood, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Dizziness.

### Success of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

For her life and health Mrs. E. K. Wilkinson is indebted to the marvellous curative properties of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Her brightness, activity and present good looks are due to nothing else by the enormous benefit she derived from using this grand medicine.

From her home in Newton where she resides with her large family, Mrs. Wilkinson writes: "For years I was pale, anaemic and lacking in vitality. I was a constant sufferer from indigestion, and the distress and pain it caused me, coupled with the ever-increasing anaemia, made me weaker day by day. Constant headaches, specks before the eyes and attacks of dizziness made me feel as if life were not worth living. My constitution was completely undermined and the constant pallor and dullness in my eyes showed what a sick woman I was. I began to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills and the improvement although slow, was sure. I gradually got back my strength and my appetite grew much stronger and I enjoyed my meals thoroughly. I felt happier and more contented and the sickly pallor of my face was replaced by a bright, rosy color which proved that a strong medicine was at work. In a few months Dr. Hamilton's Pills brought me from a condition of deathly despair to robust health."

You can obtain the same results by using Dr. Hamilton's Pills—beware of the substitutor that offers you anything except Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers, or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.


THE MODEST SCOT.

Love of country is so fine a virtue that it seems difficult to carry it to excess. A resident of a small village in the north of Scotland paid a business visit to London the other day. He happened to call on a merchant who was unknown to him, but had once made a stay in his native place. In the course of conversation the visitor made use of an expression that led the other to exclaim: "Surely you come from Glen McLuskie?" The assertion, however, was denied. Presently, to the merchant's surprise, another Glen McLuskie expression was heard. "My dear McTavish, I feel convinced that you are a Glen McLuskie man after all," insisted the merchant.

"Weel," returned the other, "I'll no deny it any longer."

"Then why didn't you say so at first?" demanded the Englishman.

"Weel," was the calm response, "I dinno like to boast o' it in London."—London Chronicle.


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


**My Best Portrait of a Lady.**

Under the title of "My Best Portrait of a Lady," the September Strand Magazine publishes a symposium of leading portrait painters of the world. The article is accompanied by reproductions of the pictures which the various painters select as their best portraits.

The portrait selected by M. Haverman, of Holland, is, quite naturally, a Dutch subject, who, we are informed, is "the daughter of a Dutch settler in one of Holland's colonies in the East Indies."

A lady of exalted rank, the Empress of Russia, has been awarded the palm for beauty by Herr F. von Kaulbach, who enjoys in Germany an exceptional reputation for the portraiture of both men and women.

Mr. Ellis Roberts is a painter of women's portraits par excellence, and had some difficulty in making his choice from among the very large number of fair ladies that he has limned. The beauty of the Princess von Pless, by whom he is represented, has what is practically a world-wide fame.

The Hon. John Collier as a painter of pretty women is only less widely known than as a painter of problem pictures, and much interest attaches to his choice of the portrait of Mrs. H. C. Marillier, which he describes as "one of his least unsuccessful efforts to depict the charm of a very pretty woman."

M. Jan Van Beers, the celebrated Parisian painter of beautiful women, pays England the compliment of selecting the portrait of one of his English sitters for reproduction—Lady Michelham to wit, a well-known figure in London society.

The Spanish painter, Signor Ignacio Zuloaga, has gone to the stage for the sitter he has most admired. Mlle. Lucienne Breval, the lady in question, is one of the leading artistes in the Paris Opera. Senor Zuloaga has painted her in the character of Carmen. It is in the second act of the opera, when Carmen is laughing vivaciously and using all the fascination of her eyes.

The lady upon whom has fallen the choice of M. Emile Wauters, the celebrated Belgian portrait painter, is the Comtesse de Montesquiou Fezensac. Born the Comtesse d'Aramon, she is connected with some of the oldest families in France and Belgium. "She is very petite," says the artist in describing the lady, "with very dark eyes, having a most animated and intelligent expression."

Taking these portraits as a whole, they display a most striking catholicity of artistic taste and the widest possible diversity in the type of beauty represented.

A RARE TREAT.

Dennis was doing his best to speak respectfully of the dead.

"Yes," he said, "Molke was a fine man. Honest, straightforward, hard-workin', ginerous——"

"Ginerous?" replied Barney, rather doubtfully. "Did you ever know of his treatin' any one in all his loife?"

"Well, he nearly treated once."

"Nearly treated?"

"Yis," he remembered once he dropped into Cassidy's when th' boys were all there. 'Well, lads,' he sez, 'what'll we have?'—with a wave of his hand toward the bar. 'What'll we have?—rain or snow?'"

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO ESTABLISHED 1867

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

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

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

**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.


The recent fire in Creston brings seriously home to our business men the necessity for having hydrants placed in good positions in the business district to enable us to cope with such outbreaks.

The provision of such hydrants and also of a suitable hose of sufficient calibre to be of use must not remain any longer in abeyance. Every week the town is concentrating, more valuable buildings are going up, and the danger of loss by fire correspondingly increased.

Thanks to the promptitude with which private citizens hastened to do their share, the fire was soon put out; but if the blaze had got a little more headway before being discovered, the old-fashioned methods, which under present circumstances are at our disposal, would have been inadequate to arrest its progress, and a valuable block of buildings would have been burned to the ground. The sight of a gang of men compelled to resort to a one-inch garden hose and old-fashioned bucket brigades in order to put out a fire in our principal business district was not a very reassuring one to property holders, and in their own interests as well as in the interest of the town generally, it is to be hoped the question of a more adequate system of fire protection will be immediately taken up.

This town and district have recently been inundated with bulky catalogs from various well-known Eastern departmental stores, who are now getting their advertising under way with a view to reaping their usual fall harvest at the expense of the local tradesmen.

Instead of using a scarecrow to drive away the mail order wolf, our advice to the local storekeeper is to kill him with his own weapon "Advertising." Mail order houses spend thousands of dollars every week in their advertising campaigns in order to get trade from the home merchants. Do you think they would keep this up for a moment if they did not find it pay? The great departmental stores in this and every other country are built up by advertising. They get business by sheer dogged advertising, without having any personal or local knowledge of the wants of their customers. If Timothy Eaton tomorrow quit advertising his business would speedily be in the hands of the receivers.

The local storekeeper takes it for granted that everyone within a radius of twenty-five miles knows what he has to sell. The big store takes nothing for granted but steadily and systematically, in good times and in bad, pursues the policy of publicity that ultimately wins out. The public like a sticker. Keep on telling them and in the end they have to accept it. Every time anyone wants anything they think first of the store whose name is oftenest before their mind and eyes as a result of advertising.

Let the public know what you have for sale. If you have nothing to sell then you have nothing to advertise. Thus by not advertising you give the public the true reason for not doing so.

The man who keeps on hammering breaks the stone at last;
The persevering tortoise beat the hare which went so fast;
The records of great business houses prove how true it is,
That the constant advertiser is the man who gets the biz.

Sir Thomas Lipton started in a little country store;
Eaton, Harrod, Whiteley, Simpson, half a hundred more;
How did they get their business? Whence came their world wide fame?
They advertised and beat out those who would not do the same.

In every business enterprize publicity's the thing
That sells your goods at profits high and brings the dollars in
You do not advertise and goods lie moulding on the shelf,
Whilst stores two thousand miles away draw from your town their wealth.

The local storekeeper gets thin, his face is long and glum;
He say there is no cash in sight, this town is on the bum;
The wise outsider doubles up his advertising bill;
From that town he draws the cash that helps his wad to fill.

So if you want to sell my friends, as I have said before,
Get out the same as these men did and advertise your store;
Adopt their plan, they advertise, and that is why they win,
So do the same and then you too will rake the money in.

R.G.S.


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

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

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

**SHARPLES' TUBULAR SEPARATOR**

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

**Carver's Harness Store**

**Moyie Brewery**
MOYIE, B.C.
Manufacturers of the Celebrated Lake Shore Export.
BOTTLED BEER A SPECIALITY
Pure Mountain Spring Water used in the Manufacture of our Beer.
MUELLER & HESSE, Props., Moyie, B.C.

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

**Creston Hotel**

*The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt*

*Our Guests Call Again*

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

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

*Moran & Mead - - Props.*

FOR SPRAYING TREES
Pendray's Arsenate of Lead
Whale Oil Soap, Quassia Chips
Blue Stone and Sulphur
*CRESTON DRUG & BOOK STORE*

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Buy Now and Profit by the Fall Rush**

**List your Property with us. We can sell it.**

*CRESTON LAND CO.*

*Box 38.* *Messrs. JOHNSON & SCRUTON*

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

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

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

**Alberta Government Creamery Butter**
**35c. per lb.**

**Fresh Eggs, 35c. doz.**

*Fresh Meat of all kinds and Poultry Always on hand.*

*E. Ryckman*
*Tinsmith and Plumber*

*Tinware*
*Stoves*
*Piping*

*Hot Air and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.*

# 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 found 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 at Once. We are agents for the BEST BOARD COMPANIES

# Fruit Lands Town Lots

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

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

## Creston Realty & Timber Co.



## Riflemen, Attention!

- GIGANTIC -

# TURKEY SHOOT

## THANKSGIVING DAY

MONDAY, OCTOBER 25th, 1909.

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

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

A. HENDREN, Promoter.



## 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



## McPeak's Creston Store of Plenty

# GREAT SALE

Of Surplus Stock at Bed-Rock Prices

500 Pairs Men's Ladies' and Children's Boots & Shoes
1,000 yds. of Velvet Finish Henrietta Cloth
Ladies' Dress Goods.

These must be cleared to make room for incoming Goods
Gents' Furnishings. Boys' and Youths' Clothing
Men's Mackinaws, Sweaters and Gloves

EVERYTHING AT COST

Call and see our Goods and Prices.


## COMMUNICATIONS.

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

The Editor,
Creston Review.

I am glad to note in your last issue the complaint made with reference to the keeping of nuisances within the congested parts of our town.

It is true we have no local administrative power to enforce sanitary regulations, but it should be borne in mind by every citizen that it is a duty to himself and to the public at large to do the right thing. You will agree with me in the old proverbial saying that "A stitch in time saves nine." The conditions o some of our back yards are absolutely filthy and a harbour for germs and diseases. The cost and effort is little to have a good clean-up—before snow falls is certainly desirable—to prevent epidemics, and not omit until it's too late.

Trusting you will give this publicity for the good of all,

Yours truly,
CITIZEN.

Editor, Creston Review.

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly allow me some of your valuable space in which to call attention to a matter which I think is of importance to every Crestonian. It has been suggested more than once that a fire brigade should be formed in Creston. This, I think, is of utmost importance.

In a recent issue of the Creston Review the subject of forming a band was brought up; funds to be raised by holding winter concerts. A band is a very nice thing to have, but which is somewhat of a luxury, while a fire brigade is, I should think, almost a necessity.

Should these winter concerts be held, a fine thing to put the proceeds to would be the forming of a fire brigade for Creston.

An outbreak of fire occurred in Creston a short while ago, which was promptly subdued by willing hands. If this had been done by trained men my opinion is that it would have been subdued much sooner. The right body to take this matter up, in my humble opinion, is the Board of Trade, where it could be discussed at length.

Mr. FitzGerald is an experienced man I am told. This gentleman would be able to drill the recruits and turn out a squad of fire fighters, which would be a credit to our town. If everybody would help this cause as willingly as the workers who turned out to the above-mentioned fire we would not be long in having an efficient fire brigade.

Hearing many discussions on this subject and nearly every one in favor of having a brigade, I think I may sign myself

VOX POPULI

Creston, B.C., Oct. 11, 1909.

Editor, Creston Review.

Sir,—Having today received a communication from Mr. Thomas Nuto, regarding a race of one mile for the Championship of Kootenay, may I through your paper give my reasons for refusing to meet this gentleman?

In a recent issue of the Nelson News I am misrepresented as issuing a challenge to run anybody one mile for the championship of East Kootenay. This I never did. Any person who saw the mile race on Labor Day knows that I stand no chance against a good runner, and as for issuing a challenge for the championship, it would appear ridiculous to anyone. Some time since I promised that if a race could be arranged between local white runners I would enter. This was done to give some of those persons who jeered at me while I was running in the race on Labor Day a chance to show their own prowess.

Hoping that Mr. Nuto will accept these reasons for my non-appearance on the athletic field, and thanking you Mr. Editor, for publishing this letter,

I remain,
Yours for true sport,
JAMES MACKIE

An Indian lad, who arrived on the noon train from the west on Wednesday, narrowly escaped death by falling under the train. It seems that the Indian lad, who was just alighting from the train, not knowing just how to alight from a moving train, jumped, and in some way fell and actually started to roll backwards under the moving train until he was grabbed by Mr. P. R. Godfrey who happened to be standing near by and who landed the lad on his feet in safety. There would therefore have been one Indian less at Creston had it not been for the quick action of Mr. Godfrey.

Within two hours after the fire at Trombley's boarding house last Tuesday was extinguished, the loss, something under $100, was adjusted by the Creston Realty and Timber Co., the local agents for the Phoenix Assurance Co., of London, England. There is nothing like doing business with a good fire insurance company when taking out a policy.


## 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

# GIVE THE NEWS.

## The Advertiser Picks Out the Paper Most Prized by Its Readers.

(New York Herald.)

Carl H. Page, head of the Chalmers-Detroit automobile interests in the east, said yesterday: "I have read the Herald's interviews and appreciate what is said of the importance of keeping advertising separated from the editorial and news columns. One can see that the subject may be considered from three viewpoints. First, from the standpoint of the newspaper reader. He does not want to see anything in the news columns but live topics. Second, the automobile dealer. He likes to read of his cars often, regardless of the question of news. Third, there is the advertiser's point of view. He may have one opinion of the value of a newspaper to himself and his business and then another view as to its real value from a high advertising standpoint. When he sits at his desk with a list of the papers in front of him and scans them for their advertising value his first choice is the paper that is most prized by readers and the public at large for its news value. I think a majority of advertisers will admit that the paper drawing its lines closest between advertising and reading matter is by far the best advertising medium.

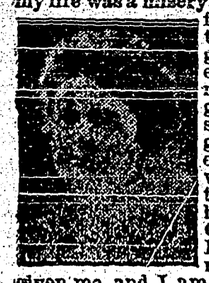
"The automobile industry is not only vast, but it is increasing by leaps and bounds. We would not advertise in the lavish manner that we do had we not proof on every hand of the great value of advertising. All these hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in publicity means that we have confidence in legitimate advertising placed in legitimate papers, and therefore we prefer to have the tone and standard of our papers in which we advertise maintained. The higher the tone and standard, the more valuable the paper is for our purposes.

"The rush of people to see the new models and buy the new cars, following the appearance of our announcements, tells the story of the wonderful pulling power of the advertising columns of a great paper.

"Of this there can be no doubt whatever. So it is evident that the more confidence readers have in a newspaper the more effective will be the advertising published in its columns."

# AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

## Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—MRS. W. S. FORD, 1938 Lansdowne St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

**If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.**

### Deaf to the Call of the Tub.

A coal company of Dunemline in Scotland has proposed to provide bathing accommodation for its employees which they can make use of after leaving the mines when their work is completed.

A miner is apt in the pursuance of his labor to become more or less dirty, so the innovation of such baths on the part of the coal company ought to merit much appreciation as tending to bring its employees nearer to the quality of godliness.

But no! There is doubt that the miners will accept the concession, many of them having already refused to bathe in the manner prescribed by their employers. Only 250 out of 1,500 miners have evinced their willingness to take advantage of the bathing accommodations.—Van Norden's Magazine.

### Catching Fish in an Umbrella.

A novel method of catching mullet was practiced lately by John J. Jandreau, of Fort Pierce.

While at the inlet last Monday, accompanied by his wife and little girl, he noticed a considerable number of large mullet feeding in a small creek. He built a dam across the mouth of the creek and then little Miss Jandreau, barefooted, splashed about in the water; the fish, becoming panicstricken, ran for deep water.

Coming to the dam they leaped over it and fell into open silk umbrellas held by Mr. and Mrs. Jandreau. There seemed to be no limit to the number to be caught in this manner, but only enough for present consumption were taken and now his family and their friends can always have fresh fish.

# Heaviness at Pit of the Stomach

## A Feeling of Uneasiness Before And After Meals is Quickly Cured With Nerviline.

Nearly everyone gets an occasional attack of indigestion and knows just what that heavy feeling means in the stomach. "I was subject to stomach derangements and my health was seriously hampered on this account. After meals I belched gas, had a weighty sensation in my stomach and over my left side. The first relief I got was from Nerviline—I used it three times a day and was cured. I continue to use Nerviline occasionally, and find it is a wonderful aid to the stomach and digestive organs."

**NERVILINE RESTORES WEAK STOMACHS**

The above letter comes from Mrs. P. R. Stetson, wife of an important merchant in Brockton, and still further proof of the exceptional power of Nerviline is furnished by A. E. Rossman, the well-known upholsterer of Chester, who writes: "Let everyone with a bad stomach use 'Nerviline,' and I am sure there will be few sufferers left. I used to have cramps, rumbling noises, gas on my stomach and severe fits of indigestion. Nerviline was the only remedy that gave me relief, and I found it so entirely satisfactory that I would like to have my letter of recommendation published broadcast in order that others may profit by my experience."

You'll find a hundred cases for Nerviline—it's a trusty household remedy that sells to the extent of a million bottles per year—that's the best proof that it must cure and give unlimited satisfaction. Refuse anything offered in place of Nerviline, 25c. per bottle, five for $1. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

### Hobbies of an Autocrat.

Although living in daily terror not only for his own life but his family's as well, Nicholas II., Czar of all the Russias, has still found time to adopt numerous hobbies.

Music is his favorite recreation and he is himself a composer of no mean merit. He plays the violin well and is fond of an instrument called the balalaika, which is a kind of guitar with only three strings. He often sings to this instrument, for he possesses a tenor voice of excellent quality. He is more than a little proud of his vocal powers, and once, after entertaining his domestic circle with some ditties, he laughingly exclaimed: "Well, my children, my enemies say many harsh things of me and accuse me of being destitute of many capacities, but I defy them to say that I cannot sing as well as the best of them!" The czarina is also musical and a celebrated violinist once said of her that "She sings and plays so well that if she were in another sphere of life and became a professional she would win great fame."

The Czar is quite up to date in his liking for golf, though he does not devote much time to the "royal and ancient game." In the park of the winter palace there are links and Nicholas II. is sometimes to be seen there enjoying himself immensely. The autocrat of all the Russias has always taken an interest in agricultural matters, and another hobby of his is farming. Some photographs were taken some time ago showing an engineer giving the czar instructions in the use of a newly invented plow. In one of these pictures Nicholas II. was himself guiding the plow as it turned up the furrows.

The czar is by no means what can be called deeply read, but he takes great delight in literature of the lighter kind, and he is credited with the remark: "Were I not—well, what I am—I should be the greatest bookworm in the world." One of his most curious hobbies—and yet perhaps not curious when one considers his extremely nervous temperament—is the study of occultism. He loves to get hold of spiritual mediums and clairvoyants and he is superstitious in many ways. Some time ago a certain spiritualist was established at the court and it was rumored that the Czar and this man used frequently to arrange seances together. A weird story used to be told during the late Russo-Japanese war to the effect that a diver told the Czar that, having dived to the bottom of the sea, he beheld the ill-fated Admiral Makharoff standing on his sunken battleship with a halo around his head. "Tell the Czar!" said the apparition, "tha Russia will soon be victorious."

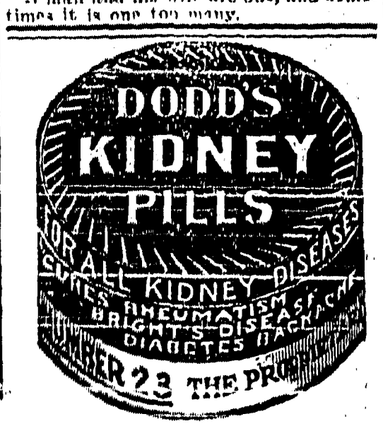
### Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

### Veteran Composer of Church Music.

The veteran composer of church hymn music, Luther O. Emerson, has just observed his 80th anniversary, and is yet able to walk about the region of Hyde Park, where he lives, and visit Boston.

It is said that he has collected more than seventy books of church music, as well as directing more than 300 musical festivals and conventions. At his family party he sang "The Ivy Green" and another song. Mr. Emerson belongs with W. B. Bradbury and the rest of that day, whose style of music is sure to recur in use after the popular religious jingles of the last thirty years are forgotten.—Springfield Republican.

A man and his wife are one, and sometimes it is one too many.




# THE THIRD DEGREE.

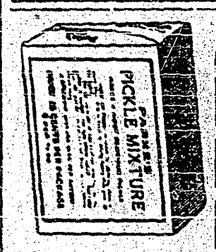
## A Mere Revival of the Torture Chamber of the Middle Ages.

(St. John Sun.)

This "third degree" business is by no means new. It was and is still the favorite device of those who spend their time in enforcing law in China. For centuries the plan there has been to keep prisoners from sleeping until the desired confessions are made by them. Even in the United States the martyred women of Salem on trial for witchcraft were subjected to every form of cruelty that could be devised for the purpose of making them admit the crimes with which they were charged. Under modern police methods there is a refinement of torture against which prisoners inevitably give way, long continued questioning, suggestion, muscular fatigue, and in short every plan by which the subject may be made to suffer until the answers sought by the officers are uttered.

In nine cases out of ten these answers are untrue; they are given either through desire for relief from the inquisition, or are the result of suggestion to worn out brains.

Dr. Hugo Munsterberg, professor of psychology at Harvard, in his recently printed book, "On the Witness Stand," deals very carefully with this phase of police work. "A prisoner," he says, "nervous and tired, and eager to escape the repeated questions after hours of interrogation, realizing that the only way of relief, though it be but temporary, is to say the thing which these men desire, often says the thing regardless of its untruth, and this not infrequently leads to a conviction where in fact the self-convicted one is innocent.




**A Most Delicious Pickle**

can be made by dropping the contents of a package of

**Parke's Pickle Mixture**

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

**PARKE & PARKE**

HAMILTON Druggists CANADA

### And Such is Life.

A New York servant girl shoots a negro because he no longer loves her. A childless couple in Indiana quarrel after 10 years of marriage, and seek the divorce court. A burglar who is to be executed for murder sings a religious song in jail. A child who goes to a party where there are many children stands aside from the others and weeps. When asked what is the matter, he says, piteously, "Oh, I'm wasting my time, I'm wasting my time!" Another young hopeless kills himself because he has nothing to do. He is bored to extinction, literally. His case partly explains the others on the last. The servant girl's head and heart are such that she loses al her feeble sources of emotional activity with her lover. If the Indiana couple had had children and something to think about besides their claiming individualities, they might never have exploded in immortalities and separation. Boredom leads to pernicious activity and divorce. The murderer who turns to religious songs and lyrical satisfactions has found an occupation too late. If he has been a poet in his youth, he would probably never have been a murderer. The child who wept at the party may have had impossible ideals put into his head too early in life. Mere youth was not enough for the infant and he had nothing to take its place. So, of course, he was horribly bored.—New York Evening Post.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

### Cigarettes in England.

Sixty years have passed since Laurence Oliphant, the notable journalist, traveller and novelist of that day, stood sponsor for the introduction of the cigarette into England by being the first person of note to smoke the slender paper covered little rolls of tobacco publicly in London. At that time smoking was regarded as vicious and vulgar.

"Do you wish to be taken for an omnibus conductor?" was Charles Greville's question to younger men of his acquaintance whom he found smoking in the region of St. James'.

But with the introduction of the cigarette that condemnation of tobacco began to wane, for not only did the cigarette avoid the clumsiness of the pipe and the heavy flavor of the cigar, but it also for the first time offered to English smokers the rare charm adn delicacy of Turkish tobacco.—Illustrated London News.

### Snail's Legal Status.

The French Minister of Agriculture, after a careful examination of the subject, has established the legal status of the snail by issuing a circular in which snails are defined as animals injurious to vegetation, and therefore legally subject to capture and destruction at all times and all seasons. This decision has created excitement and dismay among the numerous persons who earn a livelihood by collecting snails for market. Snails are in high favor with French epicures, and immense numbers of these mollusks are eaten in Paris. In the winter of 1900 the consumption of snails in the French capital amounted to eight hundred tons. The consumption has since diminished, but more than eighty million snails are still received annually by the Halles Centrales, the great market of Paris.—Philadelphia Record.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

**JUST THINK!**

**With half the labor, and at half the cost of other soap, Sunlight does the whole washing in half the time, yet without injuring the most delicate fabric.**

### A House Built in a Day.

In the September Wide World Magazine, Mr. Harold J. Shepstone describes a most remarkable building feat which was recently accomplished in St. Louis, viz., the complete erection and occupation of a house in a single day. It was the bride's evidently desired wish to have a home to go to that caused the builder to attempt it; and he succeeded. Twelve hours before the evening meal was served the plot of ground where the house was to stand showed not the slightest sign of human activity. Ragweed and golden rod greeted the sunrise, and the scene was absolutely innocent of a stick of timber, a piece of stone, brick or other material. But when the 7 o'clock whistles blew on the morning in question, however, there was a concerted movement of men and wagons toward the lot.

In the erection of the dwelling seventy-five thousand nails were used, eleven thousand feet of lumber cut and fitted, twelve thousand shingles put on the roof, six thousand laths used to make the walls, three hundred and seventy-five yards of plaster spread, and several gallons of paint used.

Twenty-five carpenters were employed on the job, of whom eighteen worked ten hours, and the remaining seven about eleven hours each. Twelve lathers and twelve plasterers did the lathing and plastering in three hours. Two men built the chimney in four hours and forty-five minutes. Four men put the roof on in three hours, while two men did the plumbing and gas-fitting in five hours. One man did the electric wiring in one and a half hours, while four men did the necessary painting in five hours.

The builders had hardly cleared away before a large furniture van arrived, together with a caterer's cart. The furniture van contained the owner's goods, and willing hands quickly transferred them to their rightful places in the record-built home. In just under an hour the newly-married couple and their friends, who had meanwhile come upon the scene, sat down to a sumptuous dinner. Twelve hours previously, as already stated, not a brick or a stone was to have been seen at the site of the dwelling.

Carterhall, Nfld.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:

Dear Sirs,—While in the country last summer I was badly bitten by mosquitoes, so badly that I thought I would be disfigured for a couple of weeks. I was advised to try your Liniment to allay the irritation, and did so. The effect was more than I expected, a few applications completely curing the irritation, and preventing the bites from becoming sore. MINARD'S LINIMENT is also a good article to keep off the mosquitoes.

Yours truly,
W. A. V. R.

### Madeira, the Blessed.

We knew nothing about Madeira except what the little prospectus told us, and the day before arrival we began to look up guide-book information on the subject. There was not much of this on the ship; I suspect there is not much anywhere. Madeira was known to the Phoenicians, of course, that race of people who know everything, went everywhere, built all the first cities, invented all the arts, named everything, and then perished. I ought to be sorry, I suppose, but I'm not. I've heard enough of that tribe on this ship.

There is no trace of the Phoenicians, I believe, on Madeira to-day and the early history of the island is mainly mythical. When ancient Mediterranean sailors went exploring a little into the Atlantic and saw its purple form arise on the horizon they decided that it must be the mouth of hell, or at all events the abode of evil creatures, and hastily turned back. One account says that in the course of time a gentleman named Texieah—probably the inventor of the vehicle later known by that name—and his companion were shipwrecked on Madeira and set up a monument, but about the same time it was discovered again by a Portuguese named Zargo, who set it afire as a means of clearing the land of its splendid forests and kept the fires going for seven years.

It is one of the fairest spots on earth. When we drew near enough to see its terraced hills—lofty hills they are, some of them in the interior rising to a point six thousand feet above the sea—and to make out the tiny houses nestling like white and tinted shells against the green, we changed our minds about being willing to sail past without stopping and when at last we swung slowly into the harbor of Funchal we felt somehow that we had come upon an island enchantment in the middle of the sea.

For everything was so marvelous in its beauty; the gorges between the little fairy city just where the hills flow into the sea. With glasses one could make out flowering vines on many of the walls. Even with the naked eye, somebody presently discovered a great purple mass part way up the hillside. The glass showed it to be a house almost covered with bougainvillea—our first vision of this lavish and splendid flower of the Mediterranean.—From "The Ship-Dwellers," by Albert Bigelow Paine, in the Outing Magazine for September.

### WHERE THE BLOSSOMS PLAY.

#### Three City Children With a Garden of Their Very Own.

The children's garden, which Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Blossom of 281 Henry street, Brooklyn, have created for their two little girls and their still younger boy on Garden place, near their home, is a private application of the city playground idea.

Mr. Blossom purchased the plot from William A. Read three years ago, but it was originally the Nesmith garden, in the rear of the family home on Henry street. It is to that ownership that the magnificent copper beech and other old trees, as well as the great clumps of privet, date.

Aside from these trees and shrubs, says Brooklyn Life, the plot was barren when Mr. Blossom converted it into a place for his children and their friends to romp in. The first important change was the installation of a Saginaw portable house with two rooms and a piazza, and here the life of the place centres.

Close by the house are a see-saw and slide and behind it is the mountain, as the youngsters call a high sodded bank with a flagged platform on top.

Then there is a big swing with a ladder running up to the top that is much used for indulgence in acrobatic feats. And other features in the spring—the name of the hydrant under the old privet bush that supplies the plot with water. There is ample space for a small tennis court, croquet ad volley ball, so that the children have plenty of variety in their pastime.

**It is an undisputed fact that one packet of Wilson's Fly Pads has actually killed a bushel of house flies. Fortunately no such quantity can ever be found in a well kept house, but whether they be few or many Wilson's Fly Pads will kill them all.**

### Beneficient Vesuvius.

Volcanoes and sharks are the latest drafted allies of "the man with the hoe." As a result of extended investigations into the results of the 1906 eruptions of Vesuvius, the Italian Experimental Station, reports that the fall of valcanic material caused a notable increase in the fertility of the soil.

It hurts crops then in the ground by reason of its crushing weight and the excess of injurious salts and acids. But these harmful elements were all highly soluble and have already volatilized or washed away, while the remaining electa have added vast quantities of needed potash, phosphoric acid, and nitrogen.

Far away Tasmania, whose shores are infested with sharks in apparently uncountable numbers, has ceased to dread the monsters and is now getting rich by using them as fertilizer in its immense apple orchards.

### Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

### Milwaukee's Sunday.

In Milwaukee Sunday is the great play day of the people, when picnics, trolley rides, excursions and fishing parties delight the week-day toiler. After church the Milwaukeean takes his family and their lunch basket and goes to a resort.

On the lage front of Milwaukee the breakwater on a Sunday morning is black with fishermen. Young men sail canoes in the harbor. At the yacht club the members tinker on boats and engines. From the jetties great excursion steamers emerge, loaded with holiday makers.

At night the streets are filled with promenaders. The restaurants are crowded, and there is music in them. The theatres do the best business of the week. The people are using the city for their pleasure. Theirs is the freest Sabbath observance in the country, yet they are sedately gay, and at 11 o'clock at night one might fire a Gatling gun up Grand avenue without hitting any one. —Collier's Weekly.

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

### CANADIAN HOLIDAYS.

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

In sharp contrast with the rush and hurry of life on this side of the border, is the rational attitude of our Canadian cousins. * * * Life as our Canadian friends live it is worth while. They pluck the flowers by the wayside while we waste our energies in mammon worship.

### WILL IT COME TO THIS?

(Detroit Free Press.)

"He's no gentleman," said the first suffragette.

"What's the matter now?" asked the second suffragette.

"When I gave up my seat in the street car to him he never even said 'thank you.'"

### WHERE AMERICANS CAN COMPETE.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

"I see an American girl is to marry a Portuguese pretender."

"She might as well stay at home and marry an American pretender. I did."

### BETTER THAN VACATION.

"Bill, where ye goin' to spend the summer?"

"I don't have to go anywheres this summer. I got a job drivin' an ice wagon."

ISSUE NO. 35, 1909

AGENTS WANTED.

ROUTEMAN; REGULAR CUSTOMERS; salary or commission. 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.

### Life a Funny Proposition.

Man comes into this world without his consent and leaves without his will.

During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings by the balance of the species.

In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is everything from a lizard up; in his dotage he is a fool.

If he raises a family he is a chump; if he raises a small cheque he is a thief and the law raises the devil with him.

If he is a poor man he is a poor manager; if he is rich, he is dishonest.

If he is in politics he is a grafter; if he is out of politics you can't place him and he is an undesirable citizen.

If he is in church he is a hypocrite; if he is out of church he is a sinner and is damned.

If he donates to foreign missions he does it for show; if he does not, he is stingy.

When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes they all want to kick him.

If he dies young there was a great future before him; if he lives to a ripe old age he is simply living to save funeral expenses.

Life is a funny road, but we all like to travel it just the same.—Roseleaf.

**PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD**

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

### Horse-power and Foot Pounds.

When the steam engine was placed upon a commercial basis by Watt and his successors it seemed entirely natural that its power should be expressed in terms of the effort of the horse, and in spite of all later suggestions for new units the horse power remains as the measure of the greatest aid to human effort which has yet been produced.

The engines of to-day have their power expressed in terms of thousands of horses, and this power is distributed and applied very largely by means of electricity, this method permitting both a convenient distribution and unequalled facility in control and manipulation.

The horse power is expressed in terms of foot pounds, or in other words by means of the idea of lifting a weight, and it is to the lifting of weights that electrically transmitted power has been most effectively applied.—Cassier's Magazine.

**Practically all Canadian druggists, grocers and general dealers sell Wilson's Fly Pads. If your storekeeper does not, ask him why.**

### PREFERS GERMANY.

(Ottawa Free Press.)

Those Englishmen who have been pluming themselves that in the event of trouble between Great Britain and Germany the sympathies of the United States would be with them have had their illusion dispelled by Medill McCormick, of the Chicago Tribune, who in a letter to the Daily Mail asserts Americans care a good deal more for Germany than for England. And yet Mr. McCormick, when he visits Canada, is very pleasant spoken!

### Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

### MAKING ROOM FOR HIM.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale was a foe to long sermons. He used to tell a story of a long-winded preacher and the minor prophets.

"This preacher," so Dr. Hale would begin, "once preached over an hour on the four great prophets, and then, when his exhausted congregation thought he was through, he took a long breath, turned a fresh page and, leaning over the pulpit, said:

"'We now come to the more complex question of the minor prophets. First let us assign to them their proper order. Where, brethren, shall we place Hosea?'

"An irascible old gentleman in a back pew rose, took his hat and stick and said as he departed:

"'Place him here, if you want to. I'm going.'"

The heiress who thinks of wedding a Count should wait and count the cost.

**THE BEST WOODEN PAIL**

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

**EDDY'S FIBREWARE**

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

# MR. GNAGG AT THE SEASIDE.

### He Gives Mrs. Gnagg a Lesson in Swimming.

### It Is Not Easy Because His Wife Is Timid In the Water.

Mr. Gnagg, having taken Mrs. Gnagg for a dip in the sea, instructs her in the art of swimming in the following persuasive and encouraging terms:

Well, you're coming into the water, aren't you? How's that? Do you call that water that you're standing in? Do I? No, I don't. From where I stand it looks as if you're about up to your ankles in a mixture of foam, seaweed and canataloupe rind.

Y' don't expect to learn how to swim standing on the beach and looking the game over, do you? If that was your idea what did you drag me down here for on this hot day? Why didn't you hit up terms with one of these correspondence schools and learn how to swim by mail?

Come on out here. You don't have to be afraid to get your feet a little damp. They're not going to melt. And you're not worrying about moistening that funny valentine bathing suit, are you?

Say, where did you cop out that set of Mardi Gras bathing togs, anyhow? If that wouldn't take prize number one at a Larry Mulligan ball, then the judges ud need operations on their eyes for complete eclipse, that's all I've got to say.

Oh, no, I haven't said you were a sight. I haven't said a word except to invite you to stroll out here into about four and a quarter inches of water so's to get at least that much of that joke bathing suit out of the public view. That's all I've said.

Well, come on. Don't stand there trying to look coy and all that stuff. Just walk out here to where I'm standing. Water's almost up to my knees here, as you can see, and that doesn't mean that you're going to be swept to a watery grave before you get a chance to find if your puffs are on straight, does it?

Nothing's going to bite you. There are no crocodiles or hippipotamuses mooching around at this exact spot, and if any thirty foot over all woman eating sharks show up where I'm standing before you get here—and that'll be next Tuesday week—I'll hand them a kick in the teeth and chase them back to their deep water lair.

Well, I'm waiting out here for you, you know. I didn't come down to this beach, you understand, to be made a spectacle of. Everybody on the beach is kidding us already; can't you see that? There's a gang of snapshottists back of you getting ready to blaze away, and I don't blame 'em at that. That bathing suit you've got on would be a knockout on one of those seaside picture postals.

Now, look a-here, d'ye want me to trudge in there and get you? Is that your idea? How's that? You're afraid? Afraid of what? Huh? Oh, you want time to think it over, eh? That's it, is it? What d'ye expect me to do—squat down here and write a few letters and crochet a couple more tabs to a tidy while you're making up your mind whether you want to get the toes of your stockings wet or not?

Huh? O-o-oh, the water's co-o-c-old, is it? It's nothing of the sort cold. On the contrary, it's positively tepid. It's too warm for comfort. Maybe you'd like me to order 'em to have it heated for you? A little salt water a couple of degrees below blood heat Fahrenheit isn't going to kill you, anyhow.

That's it, come on out here and I'll try and see what I can do toward giving you a little tip or two about the swimming thing. Huh? Want me to come in and take a hold of you so's you won't be swept off your feet, eh? Ha, ha! Behave that fooling, won't you? You don't call these little wimpling wavelets sure enough surf, do you? You're got as much chance of being swept off your feet as you have of being cast away on a chicken coop in the Indian Ocean from the gun deck of a Canarsie Bay catamaran.

Here, what are you digging your finger-nails into me that way for? Stop that. What ails you, anyhow? Have you discovered that you're standing on top of a Galapagos turtle, or what?

Oh, you're afraid again, eh? Well, you needn't let that afraid stuff cause you to peel all of my pelt off with your finger-nails. I've got a hold of you and you're not going to drop into Davy Jones' locker while I'm on the job; and the locker is situated more than six inches beneath the surface of brackish water, anyhow.

You want to learn how to swim, don't you? That's what you've been dishing out all this long time, isn't it?—that you just loved to see a woman swim, and that it must be perfectly grand for a woman to know how to conduct herself in the water, and all that fluff? Eh?

Well, then, just keep still for half a second, and take that half nelson away from my neck and stop clutching at my ribs with your finger nails, and quit glaring around that way as if somebody was trying to tomahawk you, and just keep your feet on the ground instead of trying to climb up me—I'm not a flagpole, you know—and I'll try to start you along, anyhow, on this swimming thing.

The first idea you've got to drill into your head, you know, if you ever expect to learn to keep still in the water, much less to swim, is confidence. C-o-n-f-i-d-e-n-c-e, confidence.

You're not lacking in that when you're at home. That goes as a matter of course. But this isn't at home. This is in all of eight inches of brackish water, and what you need when you're in any kind of water is confidence. Get that? Well, if you get it, what are you clawing at my neck for like a monkey in a cane?

Now, take the idea of floating. That's what I'm going to teach you first—how to float. You lie on your back in the water—say, let go of me for a second, will you, till I show you! How'm I going to illustrate the floating idea to you if you hang on to me that way?

Just turn me loose for an eighth of a second, won't you—take your hands completely away from me, that's what I mean—and I'll show you how absolutely impossible it is for a human being to go down in the water if he only keeps perfectly still and——

Now, see here, how many times have I got to ask you to stop clawing me around the neck that way? Huh? You're afraid to let me go out of here in this deep water? Why, you poor simpleton, the water hasn't swashed up as high as your belt line yet, and——

How's that? You'll let go of me so's I can show you how to float if we get in closer to the shore? Oh, that's it, hey? Maybe you'd like me to teach you how to float on the hotel porch? Or perhaps you've got the idea that I ought to take you up to the top of the Singer building and teach you how to float up there?

You've got to have a little water to float in, you know. You never saw anybody floating in a dishpan, did you? Well, then. All you've got to do is to release me from that death grip for just a half a minute and I'll show you—

Oh, you want to be shown some other time, hey? Great. Fine. This isn't the time to teach you how to float at all.

This is the fitting time to teach you how to keep books and to take an annual inventory? Maybe you'd like to have me pounce upon the present moment to instruct you in the art of reading the globes and of making paper flowers?

Well, if you're not going to let go of me so's I can show you how the floating thing is done, why, I'll just float you and show you how it's managed. How's that? Now, stop that squealing, for heavens' sake, and I'll have you floating on top of the water before you can say Jack Robinson.

No, I'm not going to let go of you. That's what I ought to do, but I know perfectly well that the minute I'd take my hand away from supporting your back you'd let out a squawk that 'ud cause the both of us to be pinched for disturbing the peace. So I'll keep my hand under you all the time, see?

Now, here, just lie back in the water, and—— What's that? You don't want to get your hair wet? Ha, ha! Great again. Fine once more.

Say, what d'ye expect is going to happen to your hair when you get into the ocean? D'ye suppose it's going to be burnt off? Or do you think Neptune is going to marcel wave it, or something like that? And how the dickens are you going to get your hair wet, anyhow, with that red cap pulled down over your ears that way? And if your hair does get a drop or two of water on it, what's the——

Huh? Salt water makes the hair sticky? Oh, that's it, is it? Well, say, if salt water is going to make your hair stick the way your hands are sticking around my neck, I'm——

Say, wait a minute. Can you imagine how anybody can float in the water or in the air or anywhere else if she's going to insist upon keeping her feet nailed to the sand? Hey? Or are you trying to hand me one in an indirect way? That is to say, are you trying t ointimate that I'm not capable of taking care of you in the water, or anywhere else, when it comes to that? Are you trying to put it over that I'm such a booby and mutt in the water that I wouldn't know how to take care of you in case anything terrific happened to you in six and a quarter inches of water?

Because, you know, if that's your idea, if you dragged me down here on this sizzling day when I didn't want to come at all, just for the purpose of staking me to a slap like that, why I'm going to have something to say in rebuttal, you know. I'm not going to stand around light a stoughton bottle in ankle deep water and permit you to get away with a——

Well, then, if you had no such idea, and really want to learn how to swim, what in the dickens is your idea in persistently refusing to let me——

How's that? Strong current here? Tush! Stuff and balderdash! There's no current here at all. It's like some little creek. Now all you've got to do is to relax. Just relax every muscle and trust to me and lie flat on your back on top of the water and I'll have hold of you ever minute of the time, see? I just want to show you that——

Huh? Getting out further all the time? Nothing of the sort? I can't support you in a floating position if there's not water enough to——

At this point a comber slapped Mr. Gnagg in the back and turned him over a couple of times. Mrs. Gnagg having seen the water coming was able to disentangle herself from Mr. Gnagg and to hold her feet and then to wade out to the sand. Picking himself up and joining Mrs. Gnagg on the beach, Mr. Gnagg regarding her with a baleful glare, concluded his swimming lesson as follows:

All right. That settles it.

Get your clothes on. It's back to the city for you, and when we get there we'll go over this little affair, you and I. I can see now that you brought me down here for the deliberate purpose of showing me up, and you deliberately tripped me when you saw that breaker coming too, didn't you?

Deliberately tripped me so's to get me the laugh from all of these ratheads and rummies around here. All right. I know when I've got enough. You can't get your clothes on any too quick to suit me.

I'll think out a course of action on our way to the city, and when I've thought it out you want to stand by to watch my smoke, that's all I've got to say!—New York Sun.

# FINE FLOOD IN MISSOURI

A man in Butler, Mo., has been catching fish in his parlor during the recent flood. One of them weighed 32 pounds, at least that is what H E says.—News Item.

### RHYME OF THE REMITTANCE MAN.

"There's a four pronged buck a-swinging
in the shadow of my cabin,
And it roamed the velvet valley till
to-day;
But I tracked it by the river, and I
trailed it in the cover,
And I killed it in the mountain miles
away.

Now I've had my lazy supper, and the
level sun is gleaming
On the water where the silver salmon
play,
And I light my little corn-cob, and I
linger softly dreaming
In the twilight, of a land that's far
away."

Another stanza in this delightful poem runs:

"Well, the cherry bends with blossom,
and the vivid green is springing,
And the star-like lily nestles in the
green;
And the frogs their joy are singing, and
my heart in tune is ringing,
And it doesn't matter what I might
have been.

While above the scented pine-gloom, piling heights of golden glory,
The sun-god paints his canvas in the
west:
I can couch me deep in clover, I can
listen to the story
Of the lazy, lapping water—it is best.

"While the trout leaps in the river, and
the blue grouse thrills the cover,
And the frozen snow betrays the panther's track,
And the robin greets the dayspring with
the rapture of a lover,
I am happy, and I'll never more go
back.

For I know I'd just be longing for the
little old log cabin,
With the morning-glory clinging to
the door,
Till I loathed the city places, cursed
the care on all the faces,
Turned my back on Inzar London evermore."

—Robert W. Service.

### THE WRONG HAND.

Two young ladies boarded a crowded street car and were obliged to stand, says the Washington Post. One of them, to steady herself, took hold of what she supposed was her friend's hand. They had stood thus for some time, when, on looking down, she discovered that she was holding a man's hand. Greatly embarassed, she exclaimed: "Oh! I've got the wrong hand!"

Whereupon the man, with a smile, stretched forth his other hand, saying: "Here is the other one, madam."

A grain does not fill a sack, but it helps its fellow.—Spanish.

# LINCOLN CENT INNOVATIONS.

### SOME OF THE FEATURES FOUND ON CENTS OF LONG AGO.

### Heads of Liberty, the Flying Eagle and the Indian Head the Predecessors of the Lincoln Bust—Changes in the Inscriptions—Forms of the Early Cents.

The new Lincoln cent shows more innovations than any other United States coin that has appeared in recent years in both design and inscription, and yet some of its features are only revivals of details used on coins when the country was in its infancy.

In adding the motto, "E Pluribus Unum" to the Lincoln cent a time-honored device is once more restored to American copper coins. The copper cents of several of the States of the Confederation bore this motto; in fact they were the first coins to show it. Among these States were New York and New Jersey, the motto first appearing on the cent of the latter State in 1786 and in New York in 1787.

Then, too, the word "Liberty" has come back to its old place on the obverse of the new cent. This word was a favorite with the old engravers of cents and the only inscription borne by the obverse of the cents first issued in 1793 and up to 1808. Then a change in design was made and the word was taken from the border of the coin and placed on the diadem of Liberty, where it remained until 1857, when the white metal flying eagle cent took the place of the familiar head of Liberty. It was revived on the Indian head cent, but placed in minute letters on the band of the headdress of feathers.

The Lincoln cent is the first coin of the denomination to bear the motto "In God We Trust." This motto is no stranger, however, upon copper coins, as the copper-nickel two cent piece issued from 1864 to 1873 was the first of all the United States coins to bear it. The dime, half dime, silver three cent piece and nickel three cent piece have never borne the motto.

The old five cent nickel piece with a shield on the obverse bore the motto, and when a change in design was contemplated in 1882 the designers placed the motto over the head of Liberty, which was like that on the nickel now in use. The motto was discarded when the new design was adopted in 1883 and was replaced by a circle of thirteen stars.

On one of the reverse designs made at the mint in 1882 the field bore a large Roman numeral V., surrounded by a wreath, and at the top was the motto "In God We Trust" in very small letters. This design also met with disapproval, and when the new nickel was adopted it was found that the motto had been altogether abandoned, its place being taken by "E Pluribus Unum."

Another return to the form of old days was the placing of the title "United States of America" on the reverse of the cent instead of the obverse, where it had been for so many years. All the large copper cents showed the title on the reverse. It was transferred to the obverse when the Indian head was adopted in 1858.

The cent has not seen many changes of design when one considers that it has appeared more regularly than any other United States coin, having made its appearance each year since 1793, the first year of the issue, up to the present time, with the single exception of the year 1815.

The first design showed a head of Liberty facing to the right, with loosely flowing hair, the word "Liberty" in large letters above and the date below. On the reverse was the inscription, "United States of America," and in the centre the words "One Cent" surrounded by a circle of thirteen links. This chain design did not meet with favor, and in the same year the wreath design was adopted in its place, which in general style was continued until the old fashoined large cent was discontinued in 1837. Another form of the wreath was used on the white metal cent of 1857, and the inscription, "United States of America," was placed around the representation of the flying eagle on the obverse.

In the latter part of 1793 a Liberty cap and pole were placed alongside the head of Liberty, which style lasted until 1795, in which year the letetred edge was adopted.

In 1796 the same general form was continued, the cap and pole were omitted and the hair of Liberty was tied with a ribbon, the bust being partly draped. From 1797 until 1807 no material change was made in the design of the cent, but in 1808 a radical change was made in the obverse design.

The head of Liberty was now faced to the left and represented with bound hair. On her forehead was a diadem inscribed "Liberty." Around the border appeared thirteen stars. This design lasted until 1816, when a new style of Liberty appeared, not quite so handsome as its predecessor.

The latter design with minor alterations continued in use until 1857, when the flying eagle design was adopted. The latter continued for two years and then the first of the Indian head cents appeared in the latter part of 1858. This was the design of Mr. Longacre and has been used continuously up to the present time with slight modifications.

The Indian head on all the coins of this design have faced to the left. The head of Lincoln on the new cent faces to the right. This is in accordance with a long established custom among coin makers of placing the head of a new coin in the opposite direction to that of its predecessor. Whether this was done intentionally or not in the case of the cent is not known. The custom is said to have originated in Europe, the head of the living sovereign always being placed in the opposite direction to that on the coins of his predecessor.

The bread of repentance we eat is often made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.—French.

### Killed Oregon's Biggest Wolf.

What is considered the largest gray wolf ever seen in this part of the State was killed last week by E. A. Taylor, a farmer living between this place and Mill City.

Mr. Taylor had lost five sheep by some predatory animal and had decided from the appearance of the wounds on other sheep that it was a bear that did the mischief. Upon returning from work one evening last week, Mr. Taylor saw fresh wounds on some of his sheep. With these wounded sheep to scent his dogs, he started up over the hills. Darkness overtook him before the animal was brought down, but twice wounding it and both shots taking effect in the leg he was able to get close enough to avoid the risk of hitting his dogs. Not until a few minutes before the animal was killed did Mr. Taylor learn that it was not a bear.

The animal measured 6 feet 6 inches from tip of nose to tip of tail and staad 2 feet 10 inches high. Its weight was estimated at ninety pounds. —Lyons correspondence Portland Oregonian.

### NONPLUSSED MR GLADSTONE.

Miss Dorothy Drew, who was presented at court a few days ago, was the favorite granddaughter of the late W. E. Gladstone, and among the stories told of her childhood days is the following: One morning she refused to get up, and, all other means failing, Mr. Gladstone was called to her. "Why don't you get up, my child" he asked. "Why, grandpapa, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" replied Dorothy. "Yes, certainly." "Well, it disapproves of early rising—says it's a waste of time," rejoined the child. Mr. Gladstone was unable to agree, but Dorothy was sure of her ground. "You listen, then," she said, in reply to his exclamation of astonishment, and, taking up her Bible, she read verse 2 of Psalm 127, laying great emphasis on the words, "It is vain for you to rise up early."—Tit-Bits.

### JOB'S AFFLICTIONS PALED.

Lenora O'Reilly, the vice-president of the Women's Trade League, was praising this organization's work in New York.

"And it has a great future before it," she said. "I have no doubt that a century hence the members of the league will regard the woman of to-day as we now regard the farmer's wife of the early '40's.

"A Maine deacon of the early '40's was talking to the minister. He sniffed and whined:

" 'Oh, yes, Job suffered some, I ain't denyin' that, parson. But Job never knowed what it was to have his team run off and kill his wife right in the midst of the harvest season, when hired girls want two dollars and a half a week.' "

"Colonel, we want a contribution from you to help build a mission church." "Judge, you know well enough that while I am in sympathy with morality and religion. I don't believe in churches in the abstract, and"——— "Neither do I, colonel. We're going to build this one of concrete."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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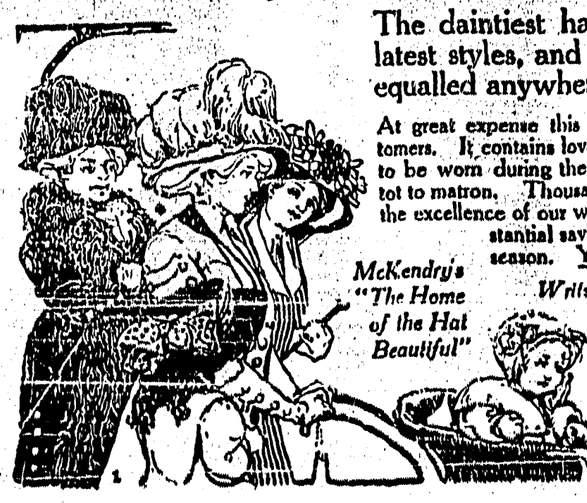

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## With a Local Flavor

Harry Hesse, of the Moyie Brewery, was doing business in Creaton this week

The Creston Realty and Timber Co. sold four lots in Creston this week.

Miss Nellie Wooley, sister of Mrs. G. R. Northey, will leave shortly for her home in Vancouver.

Percy Sherwin came back from Trout Lake this week. There was great rejoicing among the girls on his return.

Dr. Cartwright, of Cranbrook, is doing dental work in Creston this week.

Don't forget the big turkey shoot on Thanksgiving Day, behind Gobbett's ranch. Now is the time for all marksmen to secure a 20lb. turkey.

Bob Sinclair, superintendent of the B. & B. department of the C. P. R., was passing through Creston last Monday on his way west on official business.

It is reported that Mr. J. H. Schofield has stated that a sidewalk will be laid at once as far as Mr. Midford's house on Fourth street, and that the same sidewalk will be completed to the Great Northern depot in the spring.

BORN—At Creston, on the 13th inst., to the wife of T. C. Dickson, a son.

Geo. Mead, Billy Taylor and A. Okell have returned from a few days hunting trip at the reclamation farm. They secured a number of fine specimens of the feathered tribe and report having made a big catch of fish as well.

Mark the date, October 22nd, for the Harvest Home Festival at the Presbyterian Church.

Don't forget the big event at the Presbyterian church next Friday.

### 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.

Subject for Evening Service: "Procrastination." Anthem: "Oh be joyful in the Lord."

F. J. RUTHERFORD, pastor.

**Church of England**

Morning service at Moyie 10 a.m. on Sunday, Oct. 17th (18th Sunday after Trinity); Divine Service at Mr. Pochins' house, Canyon City, at 3.15 p.m.

Sunday School, Mercantile Hall at 3 p.m.; Evensong, 7.30 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar.

**Presbyterian Church**

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

N. E. READ, Pastor.

## PROVINCIAL ELECTION ACT, 1903
Amended 1909.

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

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

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

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

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

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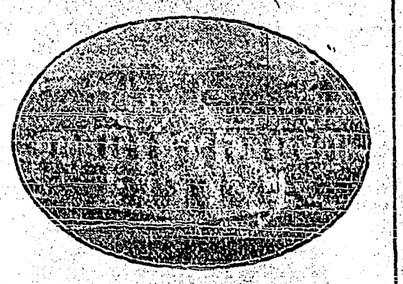

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