All Roads in East and West Kootenay Lead to Creston

All the News of the Creston District

THE CRESTON REVIEW

Sent to any Address for $2.00 a Year

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Cold Weather

Foot Comfort

If you Purchase your Footwear Here.

You will miss all risk of dissatisfaction. Call and See.

See our Lines in Men's, Ladies and Children's Shoes.

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

Schofield Gets Large Majority

Electors Show Confidence in McBride Administration—Harry Wright and T. Caven Carry Nelson and Cranbrook

The overwhelming majority and grand victory which was secured in British Columbia at the polls yesterday by the McBride Goverernment, and the election of James H. Schofield for this riding and H. Wright for Nelson, is just what was predicted by the Review and other Conservative papers. The fact that on the vote taken at Creston Mr. Oliver, the Socialist candidate, lost his deposit, is no surprise here. The election of Mr. Schofield was a foregone conclusion. Mr. Schofield is a well-known personal friend of ninety per cent. of the electors in Ymir riding, besides being true to his trust in the House for the past three years, accomplishing wonders for his district. The splendid majority of H. Wright, of Nelson, and T. Caven, of Cranbrook, showed what the electors thought of the McBride Government. While the people of Creston are glad that Mr. Wright has been elected to the Provincial House, we are sorry to lose him as our Government Agent, as in that capacity he has endeared himself to the residents of this district, and his place as Government Agent will be a hard one to fill by his successor. We however believe, that as member of parliament, he will have a wider sphere of usefulness for the Kootenays generally, and that he will not overlook the Creston district when he is a member of the House.

The handsome majorities secured by Messrs. Schofield, Wright and Caven, cannot fail to give these three members great prestige with the Government at Victoria. Now the election is over, let us all shake hands, irrespective of party of politics. The people of British Columbia, in a most decisive manner, have shown by their votes that they have faith in the McBride Government and the railway policy.

Following are the figures for Ymir Riding—

Schofield (Con.)	538
Oliver (Soc.)	302
Conservative majority	236

Candidates elected—Conservatives, 38; Liberals, 2; Socialists, 2.

Bazaar on December 1st

The first annual bazaar of the Parish Guild of Christ Church, Creston, will be held in the Creston Auditorium, on Wednesday, December 1st. A large collection of useful and fancy articles, suitable for Christmas gifts, will be displayed in tastefully decorated booths. All prices plainly marked and very moderate. When wearied with the task of buying, with so large a selection of pretty things to be looked at, adjourn to the tea room for rest and a nip of the fragrant beverage, with the usual accompaniment, served in dainty manner. When refreshed, let the gipsy disclose the future to you. Cross her palm with silver and know what is in store for you.

Do not forget to try the home-made candies; and you cannot pass the bananas without experiencing an overwhelming longing for the luscious fruit.

During the evening a choice musical program will be rendered. There is no admission fee and everyone may feel welcome to enter and enjoy the music, a chat with friends and also inspect the stalls. The tea room will be in operation both afternoon and evening. The hour of opening will be 2 o'clock.

Another Sawmill to Operate

Work is progressing rapidly on the construction of a new sawmill that is being erected at Duck Creek by J. J. Grady. Mr. Grady says that this mill will have a capacity of forty thousand feet per day and that he owns sufficient timber individually to run this mill for years to come. Mr. Grady says that Alberta and Saskatchewan provide practically an unlimited market for all the lumber that can be manufactured in these parts.

Don't forget that Prof. A. Miller's dancing class will be open at the Creston Auditorium on Tuesday evening next at eight o'clock.

A Gruesome Discovery

Quite a sensation has been caused here the last few days over the finding of a skeleton by John Huscroft on his land, about eight miles from Creston. It appears that as Mr. Huscroft was engaged in making a wagon road in his logging camp, and just as he was grading a side hill, he encountered a human skeleton.

On examination it is stated that the remains were those of a very large man, over six feet in height, and there were signs to show that they were not the remains of an Indian. Parties who have seen this skeleton say that it has been buried 50 years at least, and a story is afloat that this gruesome find is the remains of an old time prospector who was killed by his comrade while they were out prospecting together. The story is that a man named Wallace was murdered over 50 years ago near where the skeleton was found and the present inhabitants put two and two together and say the skeleton just found must be that of the murdered man.

Creston Merchant's Enterprise

A. W. Coulter, the furniture man, is getting a move on himself these days. He is giving his big store at the corner of Victoria avenue and Canyon street a general overhauling and will divide it into two parts. On one side he will continue as heretofore to carry an up-to-date stock of all kinds of furniture, while on the other side he will branch out with a big hardware stock, carrying everything in the hardware line that is needed. Mr. Coulter being an experienced hardware man, he feels confident that he is in a position to make a success of the hardware business at Creston, in which place he has unbounded faith for its future. In the immediate future further particulars of this hardwae business will be given in this paper in the form of a display advertisement.

English Opera Singers Coming

We are advised by Mr. Bast that the second of the Star Course of Entertainments will take place in the Auditorium on the 10th December, when we are to be favored with a visit from the English Opera Singers. Those who did not attend the Cassels-Percival Entertainers when they were in Creston missed a great treat, as they were first-class; but the English Opera Singers are even better than these. The splendid, well balanced program submitted by these talented artistes has delighted large and enthusiastic audiences wherever they have appeared, and we look forward with great confidence to seeing a packed house on the 10th December.

Mr. Bast is one of our most progressive citizens. He has been at great expense to bring these first-class entertainments to Creston this winter, and the local public can best show their appreciation of his enterprise by giving themselves a treat and turning out in crowds to this entertainment.

Creston's Exhibit Too Late For Apple Show

Mr. R. Lamont returned from Spokane on Wednesday. Mr. Lamont says that the Spokane apple show was an unqualified success, the fruit exhibit was simply immense. He says that the Creston fruit exhibits which were sent to this apple show, did not reach Spokane in time to be placed on exhibition at all, as well as some other fruit exhibits from other parts. There was a general feeling of regret at the apple show that the Creston exhibits were not on display, as last fall Creston won some nine prizes out of thirteen at this same apple show. It is to be hoped that next time Creston fruit growers will get their exhibits shipped on time.

Rode the Blind Baggage

Last Saturday evening, as the westbound train arrived at Creston, a young man named J. Smith was arrested by Provincial Constable E. Jonson for stealing a ride on the train by riding the blind baggage and being drunk and otherwise behaving himself in an unbecoming manner. On Monday at 2 p.m. he was charged before J. K. Johnson, magistrate, with being a vagrant. The evidence at the hearing was to the effect that Smith was a working man and had been employed at Moyie, but came West with a companion. It was a case of intoxication without any harm having been done, except that of stealing a ride over the C.P.R. Upon the young man's promise therefore to go to work the magistrate allowed him to go, dismissing the charge against him.

C. Baguley, the popular town blacksmith, has sold out to Chas. Quaife, who will carry on the business at the old stand. Mr. Baguley will not, however, leave Creston, but will likely embark in some business here later on. See the new blacksmith's advertisement in this issue.

An Enterprising Company

The Creston Power, Light and Telephone Co. has been making some very extensive and important improvements of late in the way of running branch lines. Since the incorporation of the company in the year 1907, sixty 'phones have been installed. The 'phones used by the company are the Stromberg Carlson 'Phone, which is the most powerful and expensive long-distance telephone now on the market. Among the other branch lines, this company has just completed a line to Canyon City, where several 'phones have been installed, and is about to build a line from Creston, some nine miles, to a point two miles up Duck Creek. In addition to these, several other important lines will be built in the near future, among which, and probably the most important, is the line across the Kootenay river to connect with the many ranchers over there. This company, although only two years old, has over 100 miles of local lines in operation as well as 24 miles of long-distance line. While this company in its operation is only in its infancy, it provides an up-to-date service and reflects great credit on the manager as well as the board of directors.

Under the able supervision of Mayor Little, many improvements are being made to the waterworks system. The main pipe, running down Fourth street, has been sunk at various places, and a direct deep connection made with Sam Hatfield's bath establishment. The company are making every effort to ensure a constant supply of water throughout for this winter.

Opening on December 5th

S. A. Speers announces that he will on December 5th next start moving his big stock of general merchandise into his new store building on the corner of Fourth street and Sirdar avenue. This new building being 32ft. x 65 ft., is two storeys high and is equipped with every modern convenience. The plate glass front is the largest in British Columbia, east of Nelson, there being two front windows with plate glass panes, each pane being 8ft. square. Once in these new premises, Mr. Speers will be able to serve his customers to a much better advantage than heretofore, as there will be ample room to display the stock, and customers can see in an instant what they wish to purchase. This new store is by far the best store building between Nelson and Cranbrook.

As a further proof of the rapid growth of Creston, several new businesses will start here immediately, among which it is stated that Mr. Thomas Crawford will embark in the grocery business in the store that is to be vacated by S. A. Speers on Fourth street, in the Munro block, while Mr. Pool is about to spring a surprise on the Crestonites by starting a new business in his store building just being erected on Sirdar avenue.

WANTED—To Rent a small ranch, with dwelling house, for one year at least. Enquire at Review office.

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

Alteration of Date

We are requested to announce that the date for the school concert has been changed from the 24th (Xmas Eve), to Saturday the 20th December. Tickets are now on sale by the school children, or by applying to Mrs. J. Darbyshire. Judging from present appearances, this school concert will be a most interesting entertainment, as various Creston ladies with Mrs. Darbyshire are sparing no pains to train the children, and a general good time is expected.

Services Next Sunday.

Church of England

Divine Service in the NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE:—Services next Sunday, November 28th (Advent Sunday): Matins and Sermon, 11 a.m.; Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evensong and Sermon, 7.30 p.m.

PHILIP C. HAYMAN, Vicar.

Presbyterian Church

Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday next. Morning service, 11 a.m.; Evening service, 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 2.30 p.m.

T. G. MCLEOD, Pastor.

Methodist Church

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

F J RUTHERFORD, pastor

Melton Z. Beam shot two fine buck deer a few days ago. Mr. Beam is one of the crack shots of this district, besides being an exceptionally lucky hunter.

Creston Lumber Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

Complete Stock of ROUGH and DRESSED LUMBER

Prompt Attention. Satisfaction Guaranteed

Let us Figure with you on that Building

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

WALK-OVER Shoes

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

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

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

Creston Mercantile Co.

MOHAMMED AHMED

A Blatant Imposter and a Hypocrite

BY HALL CAINE

The name of the Mahdi, Mohammed Ahmed, can hardly be used in an English newspaper without calling up the picture of a blatant imposter, a gross concupiscent tyrant, a mere fanatic-hypocrite, as Carlyle would say, who put pepper under his finger nails in order to incite the lachrymal glands, who professed a stern asceticism, and was yet a glutton and a drunkard, and who so descended at a thousand points from the prophetic pedestal that he could only be classed with the winking virgins.

Utter error, as stupid as cruel! I think I have learned something about Mohammed Ahmed. Two years ago I travelled far and wide in Egypt and the Soudan, in order to talk with people who knew, had served under, met, or even seen the Mahdi, and therefore it is my own fault if by this time I do not know as much about Mohammed Ahmed as anybody else now living. The result of my study is a strong conviction that the Mahdi was a great man, great in temperament and in a sincerity which may have been blind, but was certainly irresistible. It is true that he degenerated after he conceived (or allowed himself to acquiesce in) the idea of his divinity, but the wild-eyed Dongolawi began as a genuine Islamic reformer, not thinking of self-interest, of the acquisition of personal power or wealth, only concerned to protect against the corruptions which had crept into his faith. Thus he came into collision with the sacred law, which was opposed to all change, all efforts at amelioration, and, therefore, into violent opposition with the classes that lived by supporting its evils. The result was spiritual and even personal outlawry, conspiracies to take him in political traps, to accuse him of sedition against the sovereign lord of the state, and thereby to put an end to him and his reformation.

It is the old story over again, and it has the same sinister sequel. Mohammed Ahmed, surrounded by followers who worshipped, and others who exploited him, fell into the great temptation which the devil always keeps waiting for the man who, having devoted his life to a work of humanity, has separated himself from his fellow men—he became the Son of God, the Messenger of the Almighty, the Mahdi. That was the beginning of the end. What happened thereafter everybody knows—how the man himself decayed; how the sincere religious reformer became a self-seeking political despot; how he sacrificed thousands of lives to his mad aspirations; how he died at the height of his success (having killed our great Christian soldier, and driven the mighty power of the British empire out of the Soudan), and how his successor, with the frenzied folly of a zany, exterminated ten millions of his own people in his effort to hold them together, and was wiped out at last as a sequel to the orgy of Dervish blood which is known in history as the battle of Omdurman. But nevertheless, I ask the reader to observe (a) that the Mahdi was created by the corruptions that had crept into his own faith, and (b) that his effort at reforming Islam was crushed by the power of European bayonets, pushed on by a bad old class that was fighting for its own existence.

When two years ago I saw something of Gasparinski, he was making preparations for a great Islamic conference of Mohammedan leaders from all countries to consider how best they might abolish the abuses of their law. The conference was to be held in Cairo this year, and when I asked him why in Cairo instead of Constantinople, he answered, as nearly as I can remember, "Because it is only under a British Government that we have the right of free speech."

Vain hope—as pathetic as fruitless! The conference has not been held, and I am afraid I am not wrong in concluding that the conservative classes in Islam itself have fostered the idea that the Pan-Islamism of Gasparinski and his comrades is not so much an internal reformation as a conspiray of all the Moslem peoples against the welfare of the western nations.

It is the hoary old trick once more, the same that was played in Jerusalem 2,000 years ago, and it shows the enormous difficulties of a British Government in a country professing an alien religion law, over which the political powers can have no real control.

Lord Cromer says truly that if the Cadi's courts are to be improved, the movement towards reform must come from within, that it must be initiated by the Egyptian people themselves, and that the British authorities must remember that it is not only futile, but dangerous work to interfere with the religious institutions of an alien race. I go farther than that. I say that such is our political position in Egypt that we must always be putting ourselves into antagonism to any active internal reformation whatever. This is a serious accusation, but I do not think it will be difficult to establish it.

Look at Maladism in the Soudan. Lord Kitchener did not by any means wipe it out when he tore the remains of the Mahdi's body out of the tomb that had been shelled by British artillery and scattered them in the Nile. Hardly a month passes without somebody who claims divine inspiration springing up somewhere. The attitude of the Sirdar's Government towards these pretenders is sensible, but also significant. It is one of suspicion to any religious leader who is gathering crowds of adherents, and of course the tendency of the Ulema (the recognized Moslem leaders) is to try to get such a person suppressed. He may be a man of peace at first, but experience shows that as soon as he has secured sufficient adherents he will give the Government a deal of trouble. Therefore, as soon as he commits a real offence, such as resisting authority, inciting the people to rebellion, and giving "divine" sanction for the removal of officials, he is clapped under arrest.

"And quite properly," the western critic wil rightly say. But wait! Let me carry the reader back to that vast Arabic university of El Azhar, in Cairo, which I have described as the greatest, though generally the quietest, breeding ground of unrest in the east. What does the Mohammed Ahmed of the present day take to that astounding place? He takes first of all the prevailing tendency of the Mahdist spirit at the present moment to look forward to the advent of Jesus Christ as the divinely appointed Saviour who is to bring back the universal Caliphate, to unite the faiths, to establish the world's peace, and to restore the purity of the human race. This is who now gather great numbers of adherents claim to be "Seyidna Isa," our Lord Jesus. The prophecy on which the hope of Christ is founded has no recognized place in Mohamemdan theology, and exists only in the heart of the Arab people and in the records of their traditions, but it is a very real thing nevertheless. I discovered it far away on the desert when talking to a group of unlettered Arabs, and though some of my friends found it amusing that half-crazy creatures all over the Soudan should pretend to be Christs, I thought it a singularly touching and immensely inspiring thought that, in however crude a way, the highest hopes of the Islamic soul were being united to the greatest of the Judaic and Christion faiths.

SEYIDNA ISA IN THE SOUDAN.

Such, then, is what the new Mohammed Ahmed brings to El Azhar. But what does he find there? He finds that the Christian civilization which has come to Cairo has nothing to say to his hope that he, in his ignorance of western social, commercial and political life, can comprehend. Its greed of wealth, and its lust of empire, are apparently working out in ways that are at war with everything Christ hoped for and foretold. Think of Mohammed standing on the heights of Alexandria and looking down on a line of British battleships! Think of Mohammed walking through the Esbekiah and seeing a regiment of British soldiers marching past him fully armed and preceded by a crashing band! Think of Mohammed reading in his "Lewa" or 'El Moayad" of the Frenchman who flew across the English Channel, and realizing that the triumphs of science whereby men are acquiring the powers of angels are not expected to develop the impulses of angels, the desire to save life, to assuage suffering, to unite human souls hitherto divided by time and space, to bring peace and goodwill to all the world, but to increase the desire of devils to destroy life more swiftly and fearfully than ever before.

What, then? The new Mohammed Ahmed goes back to his distant province of Dongola in the desert to preach Christ's great message, namely, that man does not live by bread alone, that the things of this world are of little account as compared with the things of eternity, that resistance (save for the reasons that justify holy war) is wicked, and that the civilization which upholds it is brutal and barbarious.

Now, see how easily this message becomes seditious. If the new Mohammed Ahmed plays the part of an Arab Dr. Clifford, openly encouragingly passive resistance to the government by the nonpayment of taxes, there is a clause in criminal code by which he may be promptly clapped into prison. If he gives way to the besetting temptation of declaring that he speaks by the inspiration of the Almighty, who bids the world to obey God and not the government, he may be instantly shot. Nay, if he does none of these things, but merely preaches an idealistic doctrine about the life of the other world, which makes the affairs of this world of no account, and, therefore military service unnecessary, he has to be rigorously put down. There can be only one authority in the state at the same time, and people are not going to obey the Sirdar if they think they have the messenger of God in their midst.

What then, does it all come to? It comes to this, as I see it—that our position as a Christian government in Egypt is so closely analogous to that of the Roman empire in Palestine 2,000 years ago, that if Jesus Christ Himself were to reappear in the Soudan in the present year of grace, living the same life there as He lived in Judaea, preaching exactly the same doctrine, being hailed by the same cries on going into Khartoum as greeted Him on going into into Jerusalem and making the same replies when challenged at His trial about His kingship, the governor-general, Sir Reginald Wingate could only possibly escape from the necessity of putting Him to death.

If that is so, and if it is true that the welfare of a nation rests on its religion, and that we are powerless to do anything for the people under our rule who profess an alien faith except to suppress their highest aspirations, the question arises, has England any right to be in Egypt, in the Soudan and in India? I think she has a right, a great and sacred right.

When Good Wishes Are Most Needed.

Charles Denby, until recently American Consul-General at Shanghai, tells of the interest evinced by a Chinese of that city in the wedding ceremony of an English couple there.

At the conclusion of the usual Western rites incident upon the departure of the happy couple for their honeymoon, the Celestial sought Mr. Denby with his question:

"Why do Occidentals throw rice after the departing couple?"

"I am not aware of the precise origin or significance of the custom," bantteringly replied Denby, "all I know is that it is meant for good luck."

"Then why," demanded the Chinese triumphantly, "do not you Westerners throw rice after the hearse when there is a funeral?"

Wigg—Bjones is always blowing his own horn. Wagg—Well, what do you expect of a man who acts as his own chauffeur?

T. B. WALKER, MULTI-MILLIONAIRE TIMBER KING.

TOO SOBER.

Milwaukee Woman Sets Up New Ground for Divorce.

Confirmed sobriety is the ground on which a plea for divorce is made in a complaint in the Circuit Court.

Not only does the plaintiff, the wife, allege that her husband's sobriety has wrecked their marital happiness, but she avers that his abstinence from liquor is seriously threatening her peace of mind and mental balance. She says she is threatened with insanity because of worry over her husband's conduct.

Caroline Liepalof, of Wauwatsoa, is the plaintiff, John H. Liepalof is the defendant. The complaint of the wife is supported by the affidavits of six citizens, all of whom agree as to the husband's absolute sobriety.

After reciting the usual allegations as to the marriage and residence of the parties to the action, the complaint says, in part:

"Your plaintiff further says that for several years following her marriage with this said defendant they lived together in peace, happiness and unity. Their family sky was unmarked by a single cloud. Her said husband had the comfort and welfare of his family at heart. The plaintiff also shows to this Honorable Court that her said husband used to come home in an intoxicated condition and did misuse and maltreat his wife, this plaintiff, and their children.

"This plaintiff avers and alleges the fact to be that about two years ago the entire conduct and habits of said husband changed. He no longer gets intoxi- alleges that her husband will not drink any liquor whatever in their home and keeps up the habit of sobriety throughout his daily life.

"This plaintiff alleges that, in addition to the destruction of her marital happiness, the defendant has, by his changed attitude on the question of drink, caused this plaintff gerat mental worry and anxiety, which has sadly affected her health and happiness, and which, she is informed by her family physician, may in time cause her to become insane.

"Wherefore, this plaintiff prays for a decree of divorce from the said John H. Liepalof, her said husband, and asks this Honorable Court to dissolve the bonds of matrimony which have heretofore existed between them."—Milwaukee Journal.

Old Rome Used Elevators.

Prof. Boni is reported to have made an important discovery in the course of his excavations in the Forum. While exploring some underground passages near the north rostra of Caesar he found in twelve small rooms or galleries traces of a former system of elevators.

In each room, says the New York Sun, there are unmistakable traces of grooves through which ropes passed and stone supports for wooden poles that were fixed vertically inside the passages. The professor is convinced that platforms installed in these rooms served to raise to the surface the gladiators and wild beasts that participated in the circus games, and that hence they were nothing else but elevators or lifts. Thus what until recently was considered a modern invention was used by the Romans under the republic. There are no traces of similar elevators in buildings belonging to the imperial period and in all likelihood no attempt was made to improve the movable platforms in later times.

She Saved a City.

"Saved!" cried the beautiful girl in triumph. "Saved!"

The old gentleman in the easy chair dropped his paper in astonishment.

"Who is saved, my daughter?" he interrogated with alarm.

"The whole city. My name shall go down to posterity as a heroine.

Still the old gentleman was visibly perplexed.

"But, my dear, I haven't heard of any great conflagrations or earthquakes. In what way was the city in danger?"

It was then that the beautiful girl came over and sat on the arm of his chair.

"Listen, father, and you shall hear. Twenty minutes ago Percival Van Pickle proposed to me and vowed if I refused to become his wife he would jump into the main reservoir and end it all. When I thought of those twenty packs of Turkish cigarettes Percival carries in his pockets I knew the water would be poisoned and the people doomed. Then I—I accepted. Don't you think I'm a brave girl?"—Chicago News.

'PHONING ACROSS THE SEA.

Experiment to be Tried With a Columbia Professor's Invention.

A fresh experiment is to be made with a method of promoting submarine telephony devised several years ago by Professor M. I. Pupin, of Columbia University, says the New York Tribune. It consists of the introduction, at carefully computed intervals, in a cable of what electricians call "choking coils." These increase the distance at which speech can be made audible, not by magnifying the sound, but by lessening the rapidity with which electric vibrations die out. According to the London Times, the British Government—doubtless in co-operation with that of France—has decided to lay a cable prepared in this manner across the English Channel. As it will connect with land lines at Dover and Calais, it is expected to facilitate telephonic communication between London and Paris. Though some use of Professor Pupin's invention has been made in the United States to enhance the efficiency of the American Bell Telephone Company's overhead wires, it has thus far had only one trial under water—on a telephone cable which crosses Lake Constance from Switzerland to Germany. As for some reason the pioneer experiment has not proved entirely satisfactory, the outcome of the second trial under water will be awaited with exceptional interest.

If in this instance the system should work perfectly it is not unlikely that there would be a fresh discussion of the feasibility of transatlantic telephony. It has repeatedly been pointed out that even if all the technical difficulties in the way of such an enterprise should be overcome it might not prove commercially successful. The hours during which a telephone line between New York and London would be patronized would be limited, and the cable devoted to such service would cost much more than one for telegraphy alone. It is to be remembered, however, that a cable equipped with "choking coils" could be employed for telegraphy as well as telephony. It would not necessarily lie idle, therefore, when it was not used for conversation. Indeed, experts say that it would work better than any other telegraph cable of the same length.

Strathcona's Break.

Just across the Saskatchewan River from Edmonton, the capital city of Alberta, is the town of Strathcona. These twin cities are not exactly rivals after the fashion of Port Arthur and Fort William; but the smaller place is keenly jealous of its rights and its fame as a civic entitty. On the other hand Edmonton is quite sure that the only progressive future possible for Strathcona is in annexation to the provincial capital. The newspapers of Edmonton say that public opinion in favor of the union is rapidly growing in the "suburbs" across the river. In the meantime the people of both places indulge in remarks about each other which are not by any means as mild as those exchanged between Toronto and Hamilton.

All of which having been explained, eastern readers will understand the feelings of the people of the town named after him, when Lord Strathcona in his first speech after his arrival there recently told of the pleasure with which he had looked forward to visiting "this great city of Edmonton."

Strathcona people consider this was a bad break, but Edmonton citizens remark with a broad smile that it was a very significant one.—Saturday Night.

A Difference.

A long-winded, prosy lawyer was arguing a technical case recently before one of the judges of the superior court. He had drifted along in such a desultory way that it was hard to keep track of what he was trying to present, and the judge had just vented a very suggestive yawn.

"I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court," said the lawyer with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

"There is some difference," the judge observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."

Startling Encouragement.

"Was Amelia's father encouraging when you went to ask him for her hand?"

"Not very. He asked me to put the proposal in writing so I couldn't back out as all the others did."—Baltimore American.

THE FARM

SHEARING SHEEP BY MACHINE.

Western Ranchmen Dispensing With Hand Work.

N. Y. Sun: The great sheep camp of the United States is now in the Northwest. The shearing of the twenty or more million sheep that produce wool, like the garnering of wheat and other big crops, requires the employment for a more or less shortened period of a large number of men. The local labor supply is entirely insufficient and were it not for the existence of a partly organized body of nomads, who start in at the south and work their way north as the season broadens, great difficulty would be met with.

Many of these shearers are easterners, New York furnishing quite a number. Before reaching Montana or Wyoming they have relieved many thousands of sheep of their fleeces. They begin down in Texas or perhaps Arizona and work north, taking in Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, Wyoming and the Dakotas before they land in Montana.

Many of them also come from the West. This gang starts in in California, and after shearing its way through Oregon, Washington and Idaho reaches Montana to aid in garnering on common ground the greatest crop of wool in any section.

These men are well paid and most of them end the season with from $500 to $800 in their pockets. All are experts. Most of them still use the wrist thong and hand shears, but in the last few years shearing by machinery has come in vogue, and is rapidly superseding all other methods.

The better hand shearers average 100 sheep a day, and there are a few who have a record of 200 in twelve hours. It is hard work. A man must stand with legs stiff for hours, he must lean over until he can almost reach his toes and he must all the time be holding down a struggling, frightened animal.

These hand workers are paid at the rate of seven or eight cents for each fleece tied up and delivered to the sacker. The grading is done in advance of the shearing, so that subsequent trouble is avoided.

After the shearing has been accomplished the wool is sacked in long bale-like burlap forms and turned over to the freighters. Montana is not gridironed with railroads, and it is a long drive from many of the ranches to the railway depot or wool market. Two and sometimes three heavily laden wagons are coupled together and with eight or ten horses attached the outfit starts across the hills. It is hard, slow going, and if the rain comes and the roads get gummy the freighters often have to go into camp and wait for the sun to pave the way. Sometimes wool has to be hauled in this fashion for 125 miles.

In the last four or five years the shearing machine has pushed to the front. An ingenious mechanic has devised a shear which can be worked either by hand or mechanical power, and which has proven a tremendous economy. The machine is declared by sheep men to be as far ahead of the old hand shears as the self-binder is in advance of the old-fashioned cradle. R. M. Marquis, a Montana young man, holds the world's record both for hand and for machine shearing. At Bower Brothers' ranch near Martinsdale, Mont., he sheared 360 seven pound (to the fleece) wethers in 14 hours 46 minutes, taking off 2,650 pounds of wool with a machine. This record will likely stand for a long time.

Marquis has been at the business for about eight years and has often shorn 200 sheep a day and over by hand, and on the machine has several times gone above 300. His average work in Montana last season ran from 175 to 215 sheep a day, in nine and ten hour days. In one shearing season, not including the fall work, he sheared 17,013 sheep.

The man's work is almost as mechanical as that of the machine he uses. He starts in by grabbing the animal by the right hind leg with his left hand, turning it easily over on its back. He then pulls it into an upright position, with its hindquarters on the ground and the body resting between his legs. He begins by parting the wool at the forward end of the brisket and starts the clippers going. Bent over at an angle of 70 or 80 degrees, he keeps firm hold of the sheep with his knees, turning the animal as though it were in a vice and keeping the skin stretched tight. When half way through he has attained the position of having partly stepped back, while the sheep is flat on its side. It is no trick for him to finish the animal in two minutes, and he has turned out as many as twenty-eight in an hour.

Besides the advantage in time and labor cost the machine does not hack or cut the sheep, and it is possible to get from a half to a pound and a half more wool off each animal. The staple is longer and this means a better price. Usually it is not desirable to send hand sheared sheep to the market until a week after the clip, as it takes that long to feed them into presentable shape. This is avoided by the use of the mechanical contrivance, which leaves the animal evenly clipped and free from cuts.

The hand power machine is in almost universal use among the smaller flock masters who cannot afford a power plant or are unable to get the services of experienced shearing experts, who keep date and route books much like the average theatrical company manager. The usual model consists of a large wheel, fastened to an upright beam in the barn. On the face of this wheel teeth are generated on an automatic machine that insures absolute accuracy. This gear is enclosed in a stationray frame and drives a hardened steel cut pinion, to which is connected a universal joint flexible shaft. The pinion shaft is fitted with a small turned balanced wheel, which, running at a high speed, gives steadiness to the machine at all times. The shears, which greatly resemble at the end a pair of barbers' clippers, fit on to the end of this jointed shaft, and this is operated much like the power devices in dentists' shops for the drilling or cleaning of teeth. With a boy to turn the big wheel by a convenient handle and a man to operate the shears it is not much of a trick to denude the sheep.

The power plant machine is growing in favor. Makers of various devices in the last year on their own initiative and for their own profit have established power plants at points in the sheep belt. The result has been that big sheep men have taken to installing them with gasoline engines for motive power. Many of these plants have as high as fifty shearing machines, with power furnished from overhead shafting and gearing. The newest departure in this line is an electrically driven affair, with direct connections, so that the instant a machine is stopped to change cutters or combs or so that another sheep may be caught or let go the power is cut off absolutely from that one, while the others keep at work.

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TORONTO

A Misspelled Tail.

A little buoy said: "Mother deer,
May eye go out to play?
The son is bright, the heir is clear;
Owe mother don't say neigh."

"Go forth my sun," the mother said;
His ant said: "Take ewer slay,
Ewer gneiss new sled awl painted red,
But dew not lose your weigh."

"Oh, know!" he cried, and sot the street
With hart sew full of glee.
The weather changed and snow and sleet
And reign fell fierce and free.

Threw snow drifts grate, threw watery pool,
He flue with mite and mane,
Said he: "Though eye wood walk bye rule
Eye may not ride, 'tis plane."

"I'de like to meat some kindly soul,
For here knu dangers weight,
And yonder stairs a treacherous whole;
Two sloe has bin my gate.

"A peace of bred, a gneiss hot stake;
Eye'd chews if ye were home;
This crewel fair my hart will brake;
I love knot thus to Rome.

"I'm week and gail; I've mist my rode,"
But here a cart came passed.
He and his sled were safely tood
Back to his home at last.

—Houston Post.

It has been announced that an airship line will be in operation soon between Potsdam and Berlin.

Hoax—He married a cooking school girl. Joax—How did she pan out?

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered

from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life.

It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

A Fair Invalid

I thought it time to break my promise and go to the River House. I went one beautiful August day, when the heat seemed to lie like a golden haze over the land, and the flowers drooped in sheer weariness, and the sky was so blue that one's eyes ached in looking at it. As I drew near I heard the rushing of the river and the low wash of the wavelets on the green bank, and they gladdened the heart within me. Once more I stood under the shadow of the grand old porch, and the world seemed far away.

In answer to my ring, the gray-haired butler appeared. I told him it was Jane Lewis that I wanted to see. He looked surprised, bowed solemnly, and ushered me into the library. There I waited for some time. Certainly rumor had not exaggerated the wonderful magnificence of the house. The carpets, hangings, pictures, statues, all amazed me. I detected a peculiar perfume, faint, sweet and refreshing; but the silence—the deep, brooding stillness which nothing broke except the rushing of the river, and the chirping of the birds—was strange, deep, wonderful. If any doors opened or closed, I never heard them; if servants moved, they must have been shod in velvet.

Presently Jane Lewis came in. She looked pale and worn, yet seemed pleasant to me.

"I have broken my promise, Jane," I said. "The truth is that I feel sure Miss Vane is very ill, and I want to help her."

"My mistress has been very ill," was the grave reply. She is recovering slowly now; but, as I told you before, Mrs. Neville, you cannot help her."

"At least, let me try," I said, persuasively.

"It is quite useless. You do not understand. You are very kind; but, if I were to kneel for an hour begging of Miss Vane to see you, you should not. She would simply be very angry with me."

"Then let me help her, unknown to her, in some fashion or other."

"You cannot. You do not understand, Mrs. Neville. You are very good and kind, but help is out of the question."

I laid my hand on the woman's arm. "Jane Lewis," I said, solemnly, "I do not know whether your mistress is old or young, but I do know that it is wrong of her to shut herself out of the pale of all human sympathy and kindness."

"So do I," was the pathetic rejoinder; "but as a servant, it is not my place either to criticise or disobey my mistress."

"You are right; but has it never occurred to you that you share the wrong in aiding and abetting her?"

"It may be so, Mrs. Neville. I cannot say. I only know that while I am in Miss Vane's service I must obey her orders. Suppose I disobeyed her and did what she has forbidden me to do—brought her into communication with the outer world—do you imagine it would influence her? She would change neither her resolutions nor her ways, but she would dismiss me, and find some one more obedient in my place. I love my mistress, Mrs. Neville," she continued, with a flush on her face, "and I have every reason to love her. I nursed her when she was a baby."

She stopped suddenly, as though frightened at what she said. It occurred to me immediately that, if she spoke truly, Miss Vane must still be quite young. I felt for the woman's embarrassment.

"Never mind. You are regretting what you said, but you need not do so—there is no cause. I shall not repeat it. I can see that your position is a delicate one. I am desirous of helping, not injuring you."

"Thank you, Mrs. Neville," she said. "You are, indeed, kind. I ought not to have said that. My mistress would not like it, I am sure."

"Then we will consider it unsaid, and if I can really be of no use to you, I will not detain you."

So I went away, having learned nothing of the secret of the house. I had, indeed, gathered one fact. Miss Vane was young; she could not possibly be more than twenty-two or twenty-three if Jane Lewis had been her nurse.

Old, and tired of the world, I could have understood her desire for retirement, her seclusion from mankind—but young! What could it all mean?

CHAPTER III.

I did not go to the River House again—it seemed perfectly useless—and I heard no more for some time of Miss Vane. I concluded that she had recovered. Surely Mrs. Lewis would have told me if anything had gone wrong.

Just then strange circumstances happened in the parish of Daintree. Dr. Rawson called on me one morning, his manner more than usually excited.

"My dear Mrs. Neville, such a strange thing has happened. You remember, perhaps, last Sunday, in my sermon, I said something about my earnest wish to restore the eastern window of the church; at the same time I said that I did not wish to divert from the poor the money usually given in charity."

"I remember it perfectly well, Doctor Rawson."

"This morning I received an envelope, directed to myself, containing four bank-notes for fifty pounds each. The envelope contained only these words: 'for the poor, one hundred pounds; toward the eastern window fund, one hundred pounds.' Who can my unknown benefactor be, Mrs. Neville?"

I could not tell him. Another singular circumstance happened. Outside Daintree stood a small cottage, inhabited by a laundress, a widow, with a family of little children. How it happened no one seemed to know, but one summer night the cottage was burned to the ground. We proposed a subscription for her; but, before anything was even decided upon, the rector came over to Neville's Cross. "This parish of mine must be blessed with some unknown saint," he said; "look at these, Mrs. Neville."

He showed me an envelope containing bank-notes to the amount of three hundred pounds, the sender merely requesting that they might be used to supply the poor woman's loss.

In the month of September I was at Neville's Cross alone, without any visitors. I had just indulged in the purchase of a light boat, for I was passionately fond of rowing on the river. One evening the idea came to me to row up the stream and let the boat float back with the tide. I should pass the River House, and perhaps in the gathering gloom I might see something of its strange occupant.

So, in my little boat, feeling happy and completely at my ease, I watched the sun set and great floods of crimson light die over the waters, and then, when the crimson had become grey, I let the boat drift idly down the stream.

It was quite dusk when I reached the River House. I rested opposite the smooth, green lawn, and then I saw something at last.

A tall, slender, graceful figure moved swiftly and gently between the trees, and then sunk at the foot of one with a tired, wearied look. I could distinguish only the graceful outline and the black, flowing garment, but lying listlessly on the black dress were the whitest and most beautiful hands I had ever seen in my life—white as polished ivory—perfect as though carved by the most skillful sculptor.

I sat looking at them in silence. The face and head of the owner were hidden by a veil worn in the Spanish fashion—but the hands were eloquent enough. They never moved; they were neither clasped in thought, nor folded in patience, nor wrung in despair; but they lay listless and motionless, as the hands of a dead woman might.

The shades of night were falling quickly; it was time to go. The faint sound of the sculls in the water did not reach my neighbor, and I hastened away.

It never struck me that in thus watching my mysterious tenant I was doing anything in the least degree unladylike or dishonorable. There could be no doubt but that at last I had seen Miss Vane. She was young and graceful, and had hands of marvellous whiteness and beauty. I knew no more.

I think from that evening a spell was laid upon me. I could never forget her. What was she doing, young and fair, alone in that solitary house? I passed, and repassed, but never saw her again.

Some weeks afterward I went for a long ramble in Daintree Woods. There is to me no sight in the wide world so beautiful as the woods in autumn, with their variety of foliage, and splendor of autumn coloring. I took a great liberty and went into the pine woods, saying to myself that even should I meet anyone from the River House, it would be very easy to hide.

While walking slowly along, very busy gathering a peculiar kind of berry that ripens in September, I saw the same graceful figure, with the long, trailing, black garments, and the white marvellous hands; I stood quite still, and in a few minutes she sat down in the same attitude as before, at the foot of a tall tree, her head leaning against the huge trunk, the white restless hands lying on her black dress.

I looked at her in silence. I would have given the world for courage to speak to her, but I dared not intrude—indeed, I hurried behind the clump of trees when I saw Lewis advancing toward her. I did not want her to see me. After all, my being there was an accident, and she would have thought I was spying. She came up to Miss Vane, and stood at a respectful distance from her.

"I hope you will not think me tiresome, Miss Vane," she said; "but I thought you were coming to sit in this wood. You would be quite content to sit here until the sun has set, but I cannot allow it, Miss Vane. You may be angry if you will—remember what Sir John said."

From under the veil came a low, sweet musical sound. It was not a laugh—nothing that could possibly be called a laugh.

"I am quite indifferent, Lewis, to all that Sir John may say."

"Well, Miss, that is an old subject of dispute between us. Whether it is right to be so utterly indifferent to life is another matter. I must do my duty, and that is to take care of you."

"You do take care of me," said the same sweet voice.

It was certainly Miss Vane speaking, but all attempts at describing her voice would be vain. It was low and soft, and there was something clear and vibrating, yet hopeless in it. It produced a strange impression on me, making me think of many things sweet and sad.

"You sat on the lawn until past midnight not long ago, Miss Vane—that was bad enough; but this wood must be damp. The autumn mists will soon rise from the river and pass over it and then you will take cold and be in danger again."

"Lewis," said the young voice, "you pretend to be very fond of me."

"I am fond of you, Miss Vane," was the dignified rejoinder—"there is no pretence. I beg of you to leave the woods, at least before the mist rises."

"I will. Now leave me in peace."

"Miss Vane," continued the maid, after a short pause, "you told me that you wished to be made acquainted with all the cases of distress that should come to my knowledge."

"Certainly I did, Lewis."

"I know of one now—that of an elderly woman, whose living is derived from the produce of a small garden and from the sale of milk. Her cow has died, and she is asking for help toward buying another."

"How much does a cow cost, Lewis?"

"I do not know, Miss Vane—fifteen pounds, I should imagine."

"Fifteen pounds," repeated the sweet voice—"that is not much; Is it possible that one's happiness or misery may depend on fifteen pounds?"

"Hers does, Miss Vane; it seems a trifle to you—it is everything to her. Shall I do anything toward assisting her?"

"Certainly—give her the money."

"All of it?"

"Yes; but remember, it must be sent to her secretly, quite secretly—I do not wish anyone to know what I waste."

"It is not waste, Miss Vane— it makes people happy."

"Happy!" she repeated, and in the emphasis she laid on the word there was a volume of meaning; it indicated a dreary sadness and hopelessness which impressed me strongly. "Happiness! Is there such a word, Lewis?"

"I cannot discuss such matters with you, Miss Vane. I will send the money as you wish, quite privately, to-night or to-morrow."

"You have only to take care that the woman does not know from whom it comes. I should never expect thanks or gratitude—rather a curse than otherwise. Who is always the first to prove treacherous and ungrateful? The one you have most warmly befriended. Who is first in the ranks of your bitterest foes? The one you have loved best."

"Heaven help you, my dear!" said the patient woman. "That is a bitter view to take of everything. I cannot help saying 'my dear.' I wonder if you will ever recognize the merciful goodness of heaven again."

"I fear not. There is a funeral pall about me—one that grows thicker, and deeper, and darker as time goes on. Now go away, Lewis. I shall be at home long before the sun sets."

The woman turned away obediently, and the graceful head drooped against the tree, while once more the white hands fell listlessly on the black dress.

"I must steal away in silence," I said to myself.

I knew now who had sent money to the rector. What else should I learn of this strange, eccentric Huldah Vane?

CHAPTER IV.

For many long months after my last glimpse of the tenant of the River House I haunted the banks of the stream in vain.

Huldah Vane was again lost to sight. Our neighbors had ceased to discuss her. In the spring of the fourth year of her residence at the River House I was destined to see more of her. I went one morning for a row on the river. What a morning it was—the air clear, sweet, balmy, filled with the odor of spring flowers, the hedges all blooming with pink and white hawthorn, the trees a tender green!

I rowed down the stream, past the River House, to a favorite nook of mine—a bank that was literally covered with wild hyacinths. I sat on one of the stones, looking at the picturesque waters, when I heard a faint sound, as of some one moaning in pain. I listened attentively, although thinking that I must be mistaken, and I presently heard it again quite plainly. Was it a wounded animal, or had some child fallen over the huge stones?

I stood up and looked around. At first I could distinguish nothing, but, shading my eyes from the bright sunshine, I soon discovered, close to the water, what in the distance looked like a heap of black drapery. I hastened toward it. My heart beat fast when I saw a white hand clinching a portion of the dress. I know the hand—I recognized the drapery. It was Huldah Vane. I stood quite still for a second or two, and then hastened to her. The graceful figure was bent as though in deadly pain—her face was turned from me, and drooped toward the ground.

I knelt down by her side and touched her gently—the feeble moan changed into a startled cry. "Are you hurt? Are you ill?" I asked, gently. To my surprise she turned from me and made no reply.

"Do not turn from me, my dear child," I said—"I may call you 'dear child,' for I am many years older than you." Still no answer came. "I do not wish to distress you, but common humanity will not allow me to go away and leave you here."

Still there was no word. Such a strange, constrained silence it was that I raised her head, and saw that she had fainted and lay in a deadly swoon. I threw back the black veil that covered her face, and was compelled to cry aloud in wonder at its marvellous loveliness. Great heavens! what did it all mean? This child, so young, so tender, so lovely, living alone, shut out from her kind, talking as I had once heard her talk of preferring death to life—what did it mean? She looked about twenty, certainly no more; and she was beautiful as a dream.

I took off the bonnet with its long, disfiguring black veil, and then I laid the beautiful head, with its wealth of shining dark hair, on the cool grass. Presently I raised it again, and pillowed it on my breast. I kissed the lovely face in a perfect passion of yearning pity, and then dipped my handkerchief in the flowing water and moistened her brow. It revived her, and soon afterward two dark eyes were looking mournfully into mine, so dark, so sweet, at once so proud and tender, with such deep sadness in their rich depths, that they haunted me with their sweet imperiousness and proud beauty for days afterward.

They were looking into mine for some moments before I quite recovered myself. I saw by their vague, dreamy expression that Miss Vane was only half conscious. "Was I almost dead?" she asked, in a strange whisper.

"Not quite," I replied, hardly knowing what to answer.

"Lay me down, turn my face to the river, and let me die," she said; and then fuller consciousness returned to her. "Who are you?" she asked.

"I am Mrs. Neville, of Neville's Cross, and you are my tenant." She lay quite still for a few minutes, and then she said to herself: "It cannot be helped."

"Miss Vane," I interrupted, "we will speak of you—never mind me. Have you hurt yourself?" I saw that all at once she had awoke to a full knowledge of where she was and what had happened.

"Yes, I have injured my arm. I was sitting on one of those stones, and did not notice that those above me were loose. I moved carelessly, and one of them fell on my arm. I managed to creep to the river-side, thinking that the cold water would ease the pain."

"Will you let me see it?" I asked. She looked half timirly into my face.

"I need not trouble you," she said, shyly. "If you would go to the River Hause and tell my maid, Jane Lewis, that would be the greatest kindness you could do for me."

"My dear young lady, I am sorry to refuse you, but I cannot do any such thing; I cannot leave you here in this state. Do not be afraid of me; I am Mrs. Neville. You have been my tenant now for three years, and you know how I have respected your desire for secrecy. Ask yourself, if it is my wish to intrude on you now. Let me help you, and then when there is no more left for me to do, we can be strangers again." Her face flushed, and she looked wistfully at me. "You do not know," she said, slowly.

"Nor do I want to know. I want to help you—nothing more. Let me look at your arm."

"So you are Mrs. Neville," she said, wonderingly, and with somewhat of the simplicity of a child. "I have tried sometimes to think what you were like. Is that the sunshine on your hair, or is it the natural color?"

Though she talked lightly, I saw that her lip was white, and quivering with pain. "It is the natural color," I replied.

"Yet you wear a widow's cap," she continued. "You have a buried love?"

"Yes, I have a buried love; but when I think of the dark grave, I think also of the blue sky smiling over it."

"How can people think death the greatest pain?" she said, musingly. "I fancy no one could be quite lonely who had a grave to weep over."

"These are morbid fancies for one so young as you are. Now, Miss Vane, let me see your arm."

"How did you learn my name?" she asked.

"You forget that you are my tenant. How many documents have I seen signed by Huldah Vane? Now for your arm!"

"I cannot move it," she said, and her lips grew so white that I feared she was going to faint again.

I went to the other side—she was lying on her arm—and tried to raise her gently. I found that the limb was not only terribly bruised, but that it was also broken.

(To be continued.)

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PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR

The Navel Orange.

The first we know of the navel orange, which is very valuable not only on account of its fine quality and taste, but also because of its being seedless, is of a single tree that was found growing on the northern shore of the Mediterranean Sea. This was about the year 1565, or nearly 350 years ago.

A monk in a monastery in that far-away country painted a picture of the fruit and wrote a description of it, both of which may be seen in the library of the Roman Catholic University at Washington, D. C. Grafts of this tree were taken to Spain by the Moors several hundred years ago, and from Spain the trees were carried to South America by the Spaniards.—From "Nature and Science," in October St. Nicholas.

Miss Stella Josephine Feller, of Harris county, Texas, who has developed remarkable ability to locate oil and sulphur lands, recently earned a fee of $150,000 paid by ten land owners upon whose property two productive wells were struck after Miss Feller had located oil not far from the Humble field. Miss Feller, it is said, has accumulated a fund of over $500,000, and is erecting an orphan asylum in Beaumont with the money she received from locating oil and minerals.

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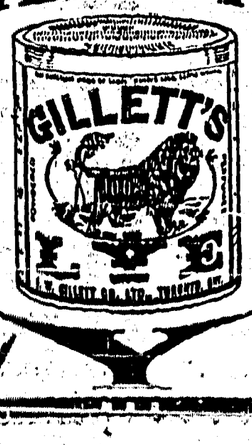

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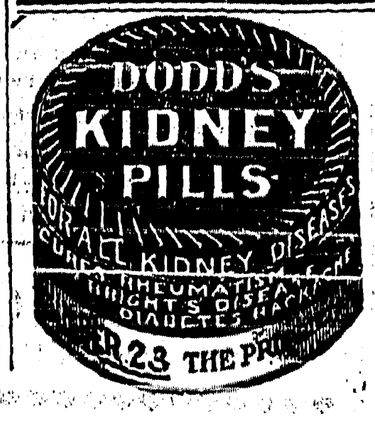

RUSSIAN COUNTRY FAIR.

Long Array of Fruit and Vegetable Stalls—Methods of Bargaining.

A cucumber fair at Vladikavkaz—such revelations of the bounty of nature in the abundance of food and in strong limbs to be nourished by it I scarcely expect to see easily again, writes a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette. This fair took place at one end of the great military road that traverses the Caucasus and connects Tiflis and the Persian marches with Rostof and the north.

In a great open square, paved unevenly with cobbles, the stalls are set up. At one end are five open forges where horses are strapped in and shod. Behind these about a hundred sheep and lambs struggle together, while a shepherd milks the ewes into a bucket. At another end of the "Bazaar" there is a covered place for cotton goods, and there the Georgian girl buys her kerchief and the peasant woman turns over all manner of brilliant printed cotton. Between the sheep and the drapery for a full hundred yards stand carts and barrows, or it may be merely sacks and baskets, full of cucumbers and tomatoes. The cucumbers are piled up in the carts like loads of stones for road making. The vendors stands beside them and shout their prices. The customers fumble about and pick out the best they can find.

Several thousand have to be sold before afternoon; more than half will not be disposed of before they are spoiled by the sun. Picture the peasants outbidding one another, fat and perspiring in the heat. Ten for three halfpence is the highest price; ten for a halfpenny the lowest. By 2 o'clock in the afternoon one will be able to buy forty for a penny just to clear. Meanwhile children are dancing about, eating them as one would bananas in England, munching them as if they were large pears, and in a way that would have brought bewilderment to the mind of Sairey Gamp, who so dearly loved a "cow-cumber."

Scarcely less in evidence than the luscious green of cucumbers is the reposing yellow and scarlet of the tomatoes—golden apples they call them. These also must be disposed of; they go for a penny a pound, and the baskets of many traffickers are adorned by the purchase of them. Behind the cucumber row is the potato market, where for sixpence you may buy two stone of new potatoes. Wiht these are a long array of stalls with vegetables and fruit, everything superabundant and at surprising prices. Raspberries and apricots go at twopence a pound, peaches at fourpence, cherries and plums at a penny, gooseberies at a halfpenny, blackberries at three halfpence, and all this fruit in at the same time.

Strawberries came suddenly at the beginning of June, and as suddenly dissappeared; the summer progresses at quick pace here. New laid eggs are sold at this fair at a farthing each, chees at threepence a pound, butter at tenpence, bacon at fourpence and fiverence a pound. Herrings and river fish, sun dried and cured, are sold ten on a string for twopence-halfpenny; live green crayfish, ten for threepence. At shops near by mutton is sold at threepence-halfpenny and lamb at fourpence-halfpenny a pound, beef at threepence.

The fair is, however, a poor man's market. The richer get their things at the shops, but it is difficult to persuade a peasant to buy at a shop when he can get what he wants at a fair. From time immemorial the country people have met and bargained at fairs, so that it is now in the blood. Hence it is that Russia is the country of fairs, having as it greatest object of that kind the fair of Nijni Novgorod, that stupendous survival of the old times. The difficulty of buying at a fair is no obstacle; the crowds of people, the mountebanks among them, the stalls without scales, the haphazard bargains and chance of bad money are more alluring than deterrent. Potatoes are sold by the pailful, cucumbers by the ten, fish by the string, bacon and cheese by the piece, and mutton mostly by the sheep.

One needs to be a connoisseur, a ready calculator and eye measurer if one is going to acquit oneself honorably in the eyes of the fair bargain drivers. No one ever takes anything at the price offered; every one chaffers and bargains for at least five minutes before settling yes or no. Then nothing bought is wrapped up. One has to bring one's own paper with one, or one may buy earthenware pots or rush baskets, and put together the things that may touch without harm. A pound of meat without paper puts the unprovided purchaser in a dilemma. At the fair there is no dividing line between tradesmen and buying people. Whoever wishes may go and take his place, or he may take no place, and simply hawk his things about through the crowd. There are men hawking old clothes, old boots, iced beer and ices.

At 10 o'clock in the morning the scene is one of the utmost liveliness. Peasants are standing round the ice cream men and smacking their lips; would-be purchasers of mutton are standing among the sheep, weighing them and feeling them with their hands in primitive fashion at the back of the forges; meal and flour sellers, white from head to foot, are shovelling their goods into the measures of gossips; girls are raking over the cottons; the cucumber sellers are shouting, and those who have finished their buying are moving off with carts and barrows, sacks or baskets, as the case may be, and not infrequently one may see a man with a sack of potatoes in one hand and a fat sheep under the other arm.

TO RID HOUSE OF FLIES.

To rid the house of flies quickly, spray into the air oil of lavender diluted with hot water; this will cause the flies to leave and a delightful fragrance will be left.

Screen all doors and windows. If not possible plant mignonette in window and porch boxes. This will keep away both flies and mosquitoes.

Do not leave any food lynig around, and do not eat food which has come in contact with flies.

Keep garbage can tightly closed. Spray occasionally to prevent breeding.

Pour kerosene in drains occasionally.

Upset By Constipation

Distressing Indigestion, Stomach Gas, Palpitation Constant Headaches.

When Robbed of Beauty and Strength, and Suffering from Lassitude, Inertness and General Ill Health

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure.

"It is with intense satisfaction that I am able to relate how I was snatched by Dr. Hamilton's Pills from my bed of sickness, writes H. H. Sargent, a well-known hardware traveller, residing at Charleston. So many changes of diet brought on a fit of indigestion and liver complaint, but being very busy I didn't give the matter much attention. Headaches, awful dizzy spells, and constant tiredness soon made it impossible for me to attend properly to business. My appetite faded away. I became thin and looked yellow and jaundiced. I used three different prescriptions which physicians said would tone up my liver and regulate my bowels—but I got no relief at all till I started to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. After taking them for a few days I was surprised at the energy and force I obtained; the old feeling of tiredness and lack of desire to work disappeared, and instead came vigor, energy, ambition, good color and sound digestion. I take Dr. Hamilton's Pills three times a week and ever since have enjoyed the best of health."

What's the use of feeling so languid, so stupid and dull, when Dr. Hamilton's Pills will give you such robust, joyous health. For all disorders of the stomach, kidneys, liver and bowels, no medicine compares with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00, at al dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

FULL FOR A MONTH.

The No-Tip Hotel a Success Before It Opens.

To-day London's latest lounge of luxury, the Strand Palace Hotel, throws open its hospitable doors, and, such is already the fame of Lyons' latest, that every one of the 740 bedrooms will be occupied to-night.

No tips, no mysterious, irritating extras, and 6s. for bed, table d'hote breakfast, bath, light, attendance, and the use of many noble rooms—this programme has captivated all England and a good deal of the continent.

"Everything ready? Yes, indeed," said hustling Mr. Joseph Lyons to the Daily Sketch. "We could have opened a week ago, and could have filled the place more than twice over."

"Does this striking success suggest to your mind the desirability of putting up your prices a trifle?"

Mr. Lyons looked shocked, and cried in alarm, "Goodness, no! I would not dream of such a thing. We have spent a quarter of a million of money upon this venture, and it is going to be a success on its present very moderate tariff."

"Some of the bedrooms have been let to permanent residents, others for a number of months, and some for the winter. We can accept no more visitors for this month, and yet every post brings a big batch of applications.

"The first delivery to-day brought over 400 letters, and I have a staff of twelve people—six of them typists—doing nothing but deal with the mass of correspondence. I think I shall have to put a linkman at the main entrance to tell people not to get out of their cabs unless they have booked a room, as we shall not be able to accommodate them for a time."

Our representative, glancing down the list of places from which yesterday's letters came, noticed that Manchester and the Lancashire district generally were very largely represented, while Scotland, Ireland and Wales were frequently mentioned. Letter had also come from France, Germany, Belgium, Portugal, Switzerland and Austria.

GOOD BLOOD AND GOOD HEALTH

Is the Result Obtained When Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Used

To have good health you must have good blood. It is only when the blood is bad that the health is poor. The blood is the life-giving fluid of the body—it is therefore an absolute necessity that it should be kept free from all impurities and poisons. To do this nothing can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills make new, rich blood with every dose; they drive out every impurity—every poison—and thus give good health. Concerning them, Miss Bernadette Lapointe, of St. Jerome, Que., says: "For several years my health was very bad—my system was completely run down. I had indigestion almost continually; my heart was weak; I had headaches and backaches, and was sore all over. My blood was very poor, and more than once I was in despair. I tried many supposed remedies, but none of them helped me. One day a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, telling me that she had found them good in a case similar to mine. I followed her advice and began taking the pills. They soon gave me some slight relief. Encouraged by this I continued their use for several months and they strengthened my whole system. I am to-day in excellent health and always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the house, for if I feel a little out of sorts I take a box of Pills and am soon all right again."

Thousands of young girls throughout Canada suffer just as Miss Lapointe did. They are sickly all the time and are totally unable to take the enjoyment out of life that every healthy girl should. They need a tonic to build them up—to enable them to withstand the worries of household or business duties; to give them strength to enjoy social life. Such a tonic is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These Pills give blood to bloodless girls; they strengthen the nerves; banish headaches and backaches, cure indigestion, rheumatism, heart palpitation and relieve the many ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO — ESTABLISHED 1867

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

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

Branches throughout Canada, and in the United States and England

BANK MONEY ORDERS

ISSUED AT THE FOLLOWING RATES:

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

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

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

PERCY B. FOWLER, MANAGER CRESTON BRANCH

The Creston Review

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

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

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

MODERN METHODS IN LAND CLEARING

One of the most important questions confronting this district at the present time is undoubtedly that of the clearing of land. Many people who would otherwise jump at the chance of possessing a self supporting home of their own in the ideal conditions under which fruit growing is carried on in Creston, are prevented from taking up land here, owing to the long laborious process which has to be gone through before the land is cleared and ready for tree planting.

Seeing that in other industries machinery has come to play an ever increasing part, doing the heaviest and hardest work. It may be pertinently asked whether there is not some mechanical device which would enable us to avoid a lot of this laborious work, and enabling us to clear the land quicker, easier and cheaper. Such an aid is available in the shape of a stumping machine. At the recent meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association was an expert qualified from actual experience to speak with authority on the benefits of the modern stumping machine.

He quoted facts and figures, which prove that in the vicinity of Revelstoke, land much harder to clear than the Creston lands is being cleared with these machines for a cost of a trifle under $50 per acre, and also quoted where the United States Government is clearing land for fruit growers, at $42 per acre. He recommends the use of a 55 horse power machine, costing about $2,750, and states that such a machine will clear half an acre per day, or a little over. Also the removal of the stumps by this process leaves the ground in first-class shape for tillage, as the roots near the surface are completely removed and the soil well turned over.

It seems that here is a splendid opening for the Fruit Growers' Association to get together and do some good work. Why should not the many small ranchers in this district, all of whom have land to clear, co-operate for the purpose of getting one of these machines? Perhaps a company could be formed to take up this question and clear land by machine on a commercial basis.

What is vitally needed here is that the land should be brought to the producing stage as quickly as possible, and the fruit grower will find that it will pay him, as it has paid every other class of agriculturist and horticulturist, to make full use of the mechanical appliances which the march of invention and economic progress have placed at his disposal to effect this purpose.

Another Social Success

The ball given on Wednesday evening by the Creston dancing class was, as expected, another social victory for Creston. There was a good attendance, but not so many as to make it crowded when dancing. The music, as usual, was of the first order, being furnished by Mrs. A. Miller and Mr. J. Darbyshire.

Light refreshments were served during the evening. The usual noticeable feature on this occasion were the number of good looking ladies, dressed in becoming costumes, among whom were—Miss H. M. French, white mull waist and black voile skirt; Miss A. Ryckman, white dotted Swiss; Miss Howarth, cream satin; Miss Quaife, navy blue lustre; Miss R. Beam, slate color nun's veiling, with lace; Miss M. Ryckman, tan waisted, with braid; Miss McGillivray, pale blue and white lingerie; Miss Opil, cream cashmere, with white satin; Mrs. Quaine, black serge, with jet trimmings; Mrs. Young, black satin; Mrs. A. Miller, pink voile; Mrs. T. Quaife, pale green silk mull; Mrs. T. Birt, tan voile, with cream lace; Mrs. C. Hall, navy blue broadcloth; Mrs. E. Ryckman, red cashmere, with black all over lace trimming; Miss M. Moore, fawn zappa, with lace trimmings.

The success of this ball is a great credit to Prof. Andrew Miller, of the Creston dancing class, who had the affair in hand.

An Anxious Enquiry

The following letter has been received by the postmaster, and is from an anxious sister who enquires for the whereabouts of her brother:

Sidney, Ohio, Nov, 17, '09

Dear Postmaster,—Have you ever had any patron at your post office in 1908 or this year, 1909, by the name of Harry Pence? I have a brother whose name is Harry Pence, and whom we have not heard from since June, 1908. When last heard from he was in Creston. I received a letter at that time and was from Creston.

Any information concerning this boy will be greatly appreciated by his mother and sisters. Please advertise this in the Creston paper. When last heard from he was with the Diamond Mining Co.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. EMORY STEWART

Miss M. Moore, accompanied by her little nephew, Kenneth Darbyshire, arrived in town last Sunday from Victoria where she has been spending a holiday at her home. Miss Moore is now staying with her sister, Mrs. Darbyshire.

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

CRESTON L.O.L. No. 2095
Meets at 8 p.m. every 1st and 3rd Thursday in each month.
Andrew Miller, W.M.,
A. E. Mutton, R.S.
Visiting brethren cordially invited.

Winter Requirements

HORSE BLANKETS
From $2.50 to $3.50 each
ROBES from $3 to $15 each.
Neatsfoot Oil for Shoes or Harness
Vissol Oil, the Only Waterproofer in the World for Shoes. You need no Rubbers

ENGLISH DUBBIN FOR SHOES
The Old-Fashioned Preservative.
Get Your Harness Fixed
YOU NEED IT.
Look out for our Xmas Show of Lovely Leather Goods.

CARVER'S HARNESS STORE

Moyie Brewery

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

Creston Hotel

The Leading Hotel of the Fruit Belt
Our Guests Call Again

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

Rooms reserved by Telegraph.

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

Moran & Mead - - Props.

Creston Wine and Spirit Co.

WHOLESALE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS
Mercantile Block, Creston, B.C.

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

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

The Astors made $50,000,000 in 25 years
In Real Estate Investments
Would you like to be a Millionaire?
Then follow the Astor Plan

39 Lots in Block E, Schofield Avenue in the Townsite of Creston. These Lots are the regulation size and can be had now for $85 each; $25 cash down and $10 per month with interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the deferred payments. These Lots are all high and dry and in six months will be selling at $125 each. Now is the time to get in on these Lots
Three and a half acres of sub-divided land into Lots. This plot is all cleared and lies between the proposed Great Northern depot and the C. P. R. Station. $1500 will take this valuable property.

Choice Fruit Lands. Call or Write for particulars.

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

P. BURNS & Co.
Limited
CRESTON - B.C.
We have a Fresh Supply of
Stilton Cheese
Canadian Cheese
Twin Cheese.
Also a fresh supply of
Fresh Halibut
Salmon and Smelts
ALSO . .
Finnan Haddie
Kippers and
Smoked Halibut
Call and Inspect Our Variety.

OPEN December 1st

With a NEW and COMPLETE LINE of—
Shirts, Fancy Vests and Socks in plain and fancy colors. Also a large assortment of Winter Underwear in all the standard Canadian and English makes.
A large assortment of Sweater Vests, Caps, Umberellas, etc., etc.
We also invite inspection of a large assortment of Colored and White Shirts, Cuffs, Collars, and bewitching Neckties.
We call your attention to our Latest Styles of Tailor-made Suits for Men and Boys

Creston Clothing Co.
MUNRO BLOCK, Fourth Street . H. B. GODFREY, Manager.

E. Ryckman
Tinsmith and Plumber
Tinware
Stoves
Ppng
Hot Air and Hot Water Heating a Specialty.

WHEN BUYING FRUIT LANDS

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

Creston District is the Place

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

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

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

Our Price is $100 an acre

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

The Railway Runs through this Land.

These Orchard Lands are also connected by Telephone with Creston.

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

Our Land is specially adapted For Fruit Growing.

CANYON CITY LUMBER CO. LTD.

Creston B.C.

LUMBER

SAWMILL AT CRESTON, B.C.

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

CHAS. O. RODGERS

Furniture Repairing | **We can Save your Money** | **And Upholstering**

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

CONTRACTORS

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

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

The Leading Creston Contractors

McPeak's Creston Store of Plenty

Grand Display of Xmas Goods

Including Ladies' Skirts and Blouses

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

Rapelle and Flanellette in large assortments.

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

COMMUNICATIONS.

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

The Editor,
Creston Review.

Dear Sir,—The communication, as appeared in your last issue, by the local district manager of the Creston Telephone Co. was one well worthy of careful analysis. The writer regrets to see that he has taken up the matter as a personal issue, and under the cloak of the company has poured out a most unmerciful attack on "non-subscriber," needless to say, unwarranted, very approximately correct and misleading, showing a want of appreciation of the finesse of a broad-minded business man and gentleman.

The writer does not propose to discuss at length the pros and cons with reference to what Mr. Manager calls a "cheap trick." By a careful investigation it will be found that cases for a citation are too numerous to enumerate in which the Telephone Co. are unfortunately and hopelessly placed to disadvantage.

"Cheap trick," which forms a part and parcel of daily routine of obligations to the professional man, traders of all kinds, hotel keepers, etc. This act of courtesy and condescension on the part of the subscriber granting permission to his customer, visitor, or travelling public—not to mention emergency cases—it appears, is a direct violation of the contract with the company; and it is in this very point that "non-subscriber" has directed the company's attention that it is too exacting and a detriment to every business in our town.

Craving your further indulgence, Mr. Editor, the writer desires to reply to several approximate personal statements made by Mr. District Manager. In the first place he is sadly informed both at his central checking office as to the cutting of my conversation and what followed. Secondly, he mentions "non-subscriber" and his family have been accorded the privilege for the past two years over the company's system, and without payment, "directly or indirectly." In this he is sadly lacking of knowledge of the truth. If he will look up his records of our leading hotels, there he will see that he is just about six months out. He alludes "family" which is again misleading and incorrect. Again he says "without having paid their company, directly or indirectly." The number of times "non-subscriber" (not his family) has used the 'phone could be counted on the one hand, and for which he is not aware that it is a "violation," which places the subscribers in jeopardy and a "cheap trick" to the company.

The writer regrets that he has violated the laws of the company and offers to pay in full for services rendered, upon presentation of their tariff charges.

The term "directly or indirectly" is another blunder and a lack of knowledge in company's matters. It is true the writer has not made any contribution "directly," but "indirectly," if Mr. Manager will examine part of their commodities (as they are strewn promiscously about the streets, roads, etc.,) he will find that commodities belonging to the company are within the bounds of non-scriber's, or his family's private property, and for which no remuneration has been paid by the company.

He mentions there are "two public phones" for the convenience of the public. The writer is aware of one only. Its appreciation by the "too public" is decidedly marked by shrouded cobwebs ane dust, which must prove remunerative to the company. The second public phone is a question, unless it is approached through the sanctum of a private residence.

In conclusion, the writer suggests that an object lesson on the part of our local manager with an up-to-date, broad-minded and progressive telephone system, may be of local advantage not only to "cheap trick," but the company itself.

Thanking you to insert this communication, and enclosing my card,

Yours, etc.,
NON-SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of the Review.

Dear Sir,—I would like to draw attention, through the medium of your columns, to the serious inconvenience and expense to which I have been put, owing to the water that is allowed to run along Sirdar avenue, caused through a leakage in the waterworks system, and also by those persons whose premises are higher up the avenue, diverting the water, to prevent their basements being flooded, by means of a ditch which runs down to my premises. Last winter this was so serious as to loosen the foundations, and I may say that should there be any repitition of this unisance I shall feel compelled to take action againt the parties responsible.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for allowing me this space in your paper,

Yours, etc.,
MRS. MCPEAK.

Creston Tonsorial Parlor

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

Shop in Munro Block, on Fourth Street.
ED. McCLURE, Proprietor.

Preliminary Announcement

CRESTON AUDITORIUM

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

Bast's Block, Canyon Street

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

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

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

Frank Bast, Manager.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

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

Dated this 17th day of November, 1909.

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

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

ISSUE NO. 41, 1909

CURE THAT OBSTINATE SORE.

Where Ordinary Salves fail Zam-Buk Succeeds.

Chronic sores which cause trouble by 'breaking open," may be cured by Zam-Buk, as well as recent injuries and diseases. If you suffer from some old sore—hidden, perhaps, but none the less painful for that—don't daily, apply Nature's healing essences as provided in Zam-Buk. Mrs. I. E. Ashton, of 111 Vickers street, Fort William, tells how valuable Zam-Buk is as a family balm. She says:—"We first used Zam-Buk for cuts and bruises, etc., and found it so satisfactory that my husband started using it for a chronic sore. For a long time he had been bothered with an old sore on his leg, and had used various preparations, yet nothing had permanently cured it. He began apply Zam-Buk balm, and was very soon agreeably surprised to notice a great improvement.

"It was only a matter of a short time before Zam-Buk had thoroughly cleansed the sore of all foul matter and healing commenced. It is now some months since the sore was completely closed, and there is no likelihood of it breaking out again.

'Since then my baby, eighteen months old, has been cured of eczema on the scalp by Zam-Buk. This eczema came out in red pimples, and if rubbed or scratched, formed into sores. The child was very fretful from the irritation of the scalp, but whenever Zam-Buk was applied it seemed to bring the greatest relief. Frequent applications were effective in clearing all traces of the disease from the baby's scalp in a short time. I feel it my duty to give the credit where due, and I cheerfully recommend Zam-Buk to all sufferers from chronic sores, bad leg, or eczema."

Zam-Buk is nature's own healing balm, being composed of pure herbal essences. It is a sure cure for eczema, ringworm, ulcers, cuts, burns, bruises, poisoned sores, chronic wounds, bad leg, piles, festering sores, chapped hands, cold-sores, frost-bite, and all skin injuries and diseases. Druggists and stores everywhere sell at 50c a box, or post free for price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto; 3 boxes $1.25. You are warned against harmful imitations represented to be "just as good."

LITTLE HELPS.

Before washing look over all linen for spots. Tea and coffee stains usually yield to hot water when poured steadily through them. Fruit stains, or in fact any stain, can always be removed by rubbing pure glycerin into them before putting into water. After washing dry in hot sunshine.

Never let starch touch the linen. In doing up handsome pieces after drying, dip into hot water, wring out well, roll up for a few minutes, then iron. Linen will stand much hotter irons than other cloth.

Iron napkins on wrong side, then right, until perfectly dry. Carefully fold. After the cloth has been folded once roll on a pole, so when used it will have only one fold down the middle. In short, to have beautifully laundered linen, dry in the hat sun, sprinkle with hot water, use hot irons, and plenty of pressure, and fold exactly even.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

FOREST RESERVES AND GAME PROTECTION.

At the special meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, meeting at Regina, Mr. J. P. Turner, secretary of the Manitoba Game Protective Association, dealt with the subject of forest reserves in relation to game protection.

He pointed out that in conserving the forests the preservation of the game must not be overlooked, because if you deplete a country of its forests not only will you detract from its productiveness and attractiveness but you destroy its game, which forms a valuable means of recreation.

Some examples exist of what intelligent and systematic game protection will produce not only in providing one of the best forms of outdoor recreation, but also in providing a revenue for the state of no small proportions. Some years ago game was so scarce in the State of Maine that it was hardly worth while organizing outings in its pursuit. To-day, not only is Maine provided with game of all kinds in abundance, but also one of the largest revenues is derived from game licenses. This wonderful transformation is due to the earnest efforts of a few men who have aroused public opinion and proved to the legislators the value of systematic protection. Game cannot be protected without providing ample tracts of forest as game refuges. Canada is particularly fitted to provide from the Atlantic to the Pcific game preserves which will not interfere with agriculture or other industries but which will on the other hand enhance these. If forest reserves and game refuges are combined Canadians will be able to hunt the wild game existing to-day long after it has disappeared from other parts of the continent. If such refuges are not provided game animals and game birds as well as songsters and insectivorous birds of the great value to the country, at the present rate of decrease will all have disappeared in the next fifty years.

While there is yet time it is incumbent upon all interested in the future welfare of Canada to arouse themselves to prevent such a national calamity and to pass on this great heritage to those who come fter.

Suspicious of His Mother.

"Ma!"

"Yes, precious."

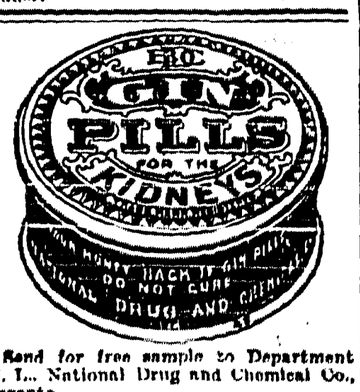
"I'm a good boy these days, ain't I?"

"Yes, pet—you've been a very good boy since mother talked to you so seriously."

"And you trust me now, don't you, ma?"

"Yes, darling—implicitly."

"Then what do you keep the jam cupboard locked for nowadays?"—Cleveland Leader.



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

WHAT THE TONGUE TELLS.

More to a Doctor's Eyes Than Anything Else.

It is a fact that in every disease there are a whole lot of things that cannot be read from the patient's tongue. The classic wail, "No tongue can tell the agony of my suffering," is of wider application than the patient uttering it is aware.

It is equally patent that in every disease the tongue has a valuable story to tell, and that the practician who ignores this story is in no sense modern, scientific or practical. In the light of day we do not cursorily examine the tongue; we keep an eye upon it. Not merely its aspect at the outset of treatment, but its variations are of prime significance.

The tongue findings are directly and vitally connected with diagnosis, treatment and prognosis. The mere presence of a coat on part of the tongue may signify nothing. A heavy coat that promptly fades on proper treatment and shows no tendency to re-appear is of less significance than the lightest coat that sticks firmly or promptly returns.

In a disease like tuberculosis, in which results of treatment hinge upon the perfect intactness of the gastro-intestinal function, it is of vastly higher importance to scrutinize the tongue from day to day than the affected lung. In practice we are too prone to disregard this most obvious fact. Either to amuse the patient or to satisfy a personal curiosity we thump the chest when we had better thump the office floor.

In recent years through the light shed upon the alimentary tract by bacteriology we have come to recognize local disturbances as expressive of loss of floral balance. In ordinary parlance, the tract has become overgrown with weeds. This is shown by rude, but plain, evidence in the condition of the tongue.—American Medicine.

LITTLE ILLS OF CHILDHOOD HOW TO CURE THEM

On the word of mothers all over Canada there is no other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of such ills as indigestion, colic, diarrhoea, constipation, simple fever, worms and teething troubles. This medicine is good for the new-born baby or the well-grown child. Absolutely safe—you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this is true. Mrs. G. S. Ward, Rivington, Que., says: "I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets warmly enough. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box or from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Professor's English.

How often we misuse words to the extent of saying the contrary to what we mean is pointed out in the following anecdote:

A college professor, who prided himself on correct English, heard his wife remark:

"I intend to call Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water."

"You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," corrected the professor. "I wish you would pay some attention to your rhetoric; your mistakes are curious."

A few moments later the professor said:

"My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."

"Ah!" she replied, quietly; "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock we could not tell the time. I wish you would be more careful with your rhetoric, my dear; your mistakes are curious."

And the professor all at once became very much interested in the book he was reading.—Life.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

A RARE CHUCKLE-HEAD.

"The late Congressman Cushman," said a Tacoman, "was justly called the 'Wit of the House.' He never lacked an anecdote wherewith to point and season his remarks.

Once in a Tacoma speech, he told us not to be chuckle-headed, shallow people, doing the wrong thing, deceiving none but ourselves.

"'Don't,' he cried, 'be like the beefy English officer.'

"Then he explained that this officer, being seated next to an elderly stranger at a dinner, leaned over and said:

"'Who's that fat old hippopotamus of a woman opposite?'

"'That's my wife,' was the reply.

"'Thanks,' said the officer, hastily. 'Thanks. That's all I wanted to know.'

"And he turned to his neighbor on the other side and whispered with a chuckle,

"'Got devilish well out of that, I think, eh?'"

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

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

(Success Magazine).

The teacher of "conversational French" in a certain Eastern college was a lively mademoiselle "just over."

One bright afternoon she stopped two girls very excitedly. She wanted to buy an "eponge pour la bain," but did not know what to ask for.

"Bath sponge. Tell the salesman you want a big bath sponge to take home with you," said the girls in chorus, and they accompanied her to the village drug store.

A young clerk stepped forward. Mademoiselle advanced bravely.

"Please," she said, smilingly, "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"

Ambiguous.

During the recent war manoeuvres a private not long married received a letter from wife in which she asked: "Do you ever think of me, dear?" To which he is said to have replied: "I think of you every day at meals, darling. The cooking is horrible."—Hartford Times.

No Fatted Calf for Him.

The Artist—I want you to pose for my picture, "The Prodigal Son."

The Tramp—Can't do it.

The Artist—Why not?

The Tramp—Veal doesn't agree with me.—Illustrated Bits.

Earache, Toothache!

To Cure the Pain in Ten Seconds and Get Instant Relief, Nothing Equals

NERVILINE

Fifty years ago Nerviline was used from coast to coast and in thousands of houses this trusty liniment served the entire family, cured all their minor ills and kept the doctor's bill small. To-day Nerviline still holds first rank in Canada among pain-relieving remedies — scarcely a home you can find that doesn't use it.

TESTIMONIAL NO. 4398

From Port Hope, Ont., Mr. W. T. Greenaway, of the Guide newspaper staff, writes: "For twenty years we have used Nerviline in our home, and not for the world would we be without it. As a remedy for all pain, earache, toothache, cramps, headache and disordered stomach, I know of no preparation so useful and quick to relieve as Nerviline."

Let every mother give Nerviline a trial; it's good for children, good for old folks—you can rub it on as a liniment or take it internally.

Wherever there is pain, Nerviline will cure it. Refuse anything but Nerviline, 25c. per bottle, five for $1.00, all dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

Height of Humanity.

Patrick F Murphy, at an American Society banquet in Paris, recently told his famous "humility" story.

"As we Americans," he said, "compare our country with foreign lands, and compare ourselves with the foreigners, we have no cause for humility. No cause to emulate the local preacher.

A poor local preacher was once invited to a luncheon given by his bishop to all the pastors of the diocese. These pastors were for the most part eloquent, learned and successful men. The local preacher felt very humble among them.

"A few minutes after the beginning of the luncheon the bishop noticed, at the foot of the long table, a subdued commotion. Then a strange and horrible odor floated to him.

"'Dear me,' he exclaimed, wrinkling up his nose, 'there's a very odd smell in the room, I think.'

"A profound and awkward silence ensued. Then, in the midst of this silence, the local preacher said calmly and modestly:

"'It is only my egg, bishop.'

"The bishop turned to one of his servants.

"'Take the gentleman's egg away,' he said. 'It's a bad one.'

"'Oh, no, bishop,' said the local preacher, continuing to eat on. 'Do not trouble, sir. It is quite good enough for me.'"—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

A Pleasant Trip.

"I hope," said the captain, addressing the passengers on a small coaster, "that we all twenty-five will have a pleasant trip. The soup then appeared. "I trust, too, that we—er—twenty-four will reach port benefited by the voyage, and, as I look upon you—er—twenty-two smiling faces I am sure this group of—er—seventeen will be a happy family. Will all of you—re—thirteen I see at the table join me in drinking a health to our coming trip? We seven, that is, three—well, you and I, my dear sir—here, steward, clear away these dishes."—Bohemian.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

New Cod-Fishery Discovered.

A new "cod bank" has been discovered in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, off the west coast of Newfoundland, by the Canadian Government survey ship Elinor. The new bank is said to be situated about 25 miles northwest from Port Riche (the northwest point of Ingornachoix Bay), and is reported to be about 28 miles long and 10 to 12 miles wide. The least depth of water over the bank is said to be about 18 fathoms. Cod are reported to be in abundance.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

OCTOBER'S BRIGHT BLUE WEATHER.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for an hour
October's bright blue weather.

When loud the bumblebee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless, vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When the gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and in the brooks
In idle golden freighting
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O sun and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boast together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

A Lesson in Grammar.

Hetty's uncle, who was a school teacher, says the Lutheran, met her on the street one beautiful May day and asked her if she was going out with the Maying party.

"No, I ain't going."

"Oh, my little dear," said her uncle, "you must not say 'I ain't going.' You must say 'I am not going,'" and he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar. "You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, Hetty?"

"Sure, I can,' she replied, making a courtesy. 'There ain't nobody going."

Every one praises his own saint.—Italian.

MONKS' PASSION PLAY.

One for Four Nights' Performance Written for Franciscan Fathers.

San Francisco is to have a passion play of the Oberammergau variety—one that requires twelve hours for its presentation. It was written by Father Josephat, of the local Franciscan fathers, who has worked for three years at the task, and the incidental music has been composed by Father Huesges, of Red Bluff.

While it is identical with the Oberammergau play so far as the main theme is concerned, it is entirely original in text. The cast has been selected, rehearsals are in progress and the play will be produced in the auditorium of the Dominican Church in October. There will be several hundred people in the company. The principals have been most carefully selected, not only their histrionic ability being taken into consideration, but their moral fitness to depict the Saviour and his followers, so that the play may be presented with the reverential spirit in which it was written. Four nights with three hours at each performance will be required to produce the piece in its entirety.

Father Josephat has been considering an outdoor production of the play, and will probably arrange for one if the success he looks for is achieved. There was some thought of staging it at Del Monte for the initial production, but the idea was given up. However, the Greek Theatre at Berkeley may be used next year—or even this year. A natural amphitheatre in Marin County is also being considered.—San Francisco Town Talk.

COLD BROUGHT ON KIDNEY DISEASE

Brantford Lady Suffered Till Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. A. H. Thomson had Heart Disease, Lumbago and Rheumatism, and Tells How She was Restored to Health.

Brantford, Ont., Oct. 11.—(Special)—How Colds, La Grippe and other minor ills settle on the Kidneys and develop Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bright's Disease and other terribly dangerous ailments; and how any and all of them are cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills is fully shown in the case of Mrs. A. H. Thomson, whose home is at 48 Albion street, this city.

Mrs. Thomson was, some years ago, taken with Cold and La Grippe, and Straining, which affected her Kidneys, and the result was Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism and Heart Disease, which caused both her and her friends grave anxiety.

She had suffered some years when she heard of cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and bought a box, which she used with such splendid results that she continued to take them till she was cured. Since then she has used Dodd's Kidney Pills in her own family and recommended them widely to her friends, all of whom have warm words of praise for the standard Canadian Kidney remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Lumbago and Bright's Disease are all Kidney Diseases or are caused by diseased kidneys. You can't have any of them if you keep your Kidneys sound and your blood pure. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys sound. Sound Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood.

CARE OF FEET.

If one's feet burn and are dry they should after the evening bath be rubbed thoroughly dry and some good cold cream with plenty of lanoline should be rubbed in. Several minutes should be spent on each foot and the superfluous cream removed with a bit of old cotton or with cheesecloth. The latter, which is easily washed, should always be kept on hand when cold cream is used.

After the cream is thoroughly rubbed in and the surplus removed the feet may be bathed with witch hazel or with cold water containing a little alcohol. This will stimulate the skin and the cream already absorbed will prevent its drying the skin. Witch hazel is always good for the feet. If the feet perspire witch hazel or alcohol much diluted or a weak solution of alum water may be used to bathe the feet with twice daily, and oftener if convenient.

GOVERNMENT REPORT

To the Editor—

Dear Sir,—We have recently finished considering a report made by Inland Revenue Department of Dominion Government on the very important subject of Cream Tartar. Realizing that this article is one which is used universally throughout the Dominion, and one that can be easily be adulterated and tampered with, we have made it our special business to see that all goods of this kind put out by this company has been chemically pure. Report referred to shows that an improvement in the quality of this article is gradually being made, and this, of course, means that concerns in the business are not carrying on their adulteration methods to as great an extent as formerly. Any of your readers interested in the question can see, however, that the present state of affairs is bad enough, if they will consult Bulletin No. 180 of Inland Revenue Department, and at the same time can see at a glance that goods with this company's name on are chemically pure, as represented, and the only samples of all the tests reported as being 100 per cent.

A large number of samples were collected by the government inspectors, and over 20% were found to be composed of alum, lime, phosphoric acid, etc., and containing no cream of tartar at all. As the subject of this letter should be of interest to a large number of your readers, we hope you many find space to publish it.

Yours very truly,
E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

(Herbert Spencer.)

Thoughtfulness for others, generosity, modesty and self-respect are the qualities which make the real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the veneered article which commonly goes by that name.

GETTING NEXT.

(Cleveland Leader.)

"Is your husband thoroughly domesticated by this time?"

"Oh, yes. He never has any loose change in his pocket and is careful not to leave any of his private letters lying around the house. We have little to quarrel about, now."

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Do you know the difference between working and having the work done for you?

Sunlight Soap actually makes the dirt drop out—saves you time and money—but injures neither hands nor clothes. That is just the difference between Sunlight Soap and ordinary soaps.

SAVAGE LABRADOR DOGS.

Our landing was attended by a dozen huskies, animals which recent fiction has glorified beyond their deserts. These dogs, led by a bulky animal called Buller, watched us disembark with their bright eyes. Fiction has said how the moment a husky vanquished in fight loses its legs its team mates fall upon and tear it to pieces, but fiction has not added that a child, or even in some instances an adult, must also keep his feet to secure safety from a similar fate. A few months before our visit a child at Cartwright, one of the Hudson's Bay posts, slipped upon a wooden jetty and fell among the huskies. There were upwards of fifty bites upon her before her mother, who showed the highest courage, succeeded in driving the brutes off. During the day time the husky is fairly amenable to the well-aimed stone, but at night, or under stress of temptation, the savage wolf nature breaks out at once. I can remember an anxious pilgrimage I made in the starshine to fetch a shirt I had left to dry on the bushes, during which I was accompanied by Buller and his fellows, all treading delicately.

In the summer time the ordinary Labrador liveyere does not trouble himself overmuch with the problem of dog food. If he happens to catch a fish unfit for human consumption he carries it home for the dogs; if not, the animals are left unfed, and support themselves by theft or by long hunting expeditions. On one occasion I nearly added a husky to my bag. I came upon him among the spruces some miles inland, and had nearly thrown the rifle to my shoulder, when I recognized that the creature slinking through the shadows was not a wolf, but a dog.

Summer is the hard season for the husky, his owners probably thinking that as he does no work at that time he needs no food; but as soon as the snow comes and the "komatiks," or sledges, appear, the lot of the husky undergoes a change. He is then fed and looked after as much as he needs and, the latter at least, more than he likes. He is then the outward and visible sign of the prosperity and status of his owner. A man possessing four dogs is poor, eight makes him well to do, while a liveyere who can count upon sixteen has attained the dignity of a solid yeoman of the Labrador.—H. Hesketh Prichard, in Cornhill.

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 today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

Man's Life.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing,
—William Shakespeare.

Hard to Do It.

"The actor," said Roscius de Hummo, as he gazed over the sward at the summer hotel, where he was resting, "should always forget that he has an audience. He should immerse his soul in his lines, and——"

"That's all very pretty," interrupted Horatio Tiewalker. "It isn't half so much trouble to forget that he has an audience as to forget that he hasn't one."

AGENTS WANTED.

CANVASSERS; REGULAR CUSTOMERS; freight prepaid; sample free or returnable; exclusive territory; salary or commission. Alfred Tyler, London, Ont.

GIVING UP DRUGS.

Hospitals of America Buy Much Less Than Formerly.

That the hospitals of the country are gradually giving up the use of drugs in the treatment of patients was the statement made by Dr. R. R. Ross, superintendent of the Buffalo General Hospital, in a paper read before a meeting of the American Hospital Association, New York. Dr. Ross' paper treated of the efficiency, finance and economies of administration and embodies the report of a special commiteee appointed at the last annual meeting to investigate these subjects. Dr. Ross was chairman of the committee. The investigation disclosed that in the last fifteen years the average expenditure of hospital of the United States for drugs had decreased from $2.90 for each patient to 91 cents.

The report of Dr. Ross showed that hospitals are having recourse to new conditions and are recognizing the efficacy of fresh air and mental and other drugless agencies for conquering disease.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 11, 1903.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Sirs,—I came across a bottle of your MINARD'S LINIMENT in the hands of one of the students at the University of Maryland, and he being so kind as to let me use it for a very bad sprain, which I obtained in training for foot races, and to say that it helped me would be putting it very mildly, and I therefore ask if you would let me know of one of your agents that is closest to Baltimore so that I may obtain some of it. Thanking you in advance, I remain, yours truly, W. C. McCUEAN, 14 St. Paul street, care Oliver Typewriter Co. P. S.—Kindly answer at once.

Did This Dog Reason?

We brought from Scotland, says a writer in The London Spectator, a collie about 6 months old. He was allowed to be with us at the breakfast table, but never to be fed in the dining-room. This rule was strictly enforced by my daughter. I was the only member of the family who ever broke over the rule. And often when I offered him a tempting bone he would glance across the table and if he caught the forbidding eye he would resist the temptation. But one morning she left the table abruptly. Rab followed her into the hall and watched her till she had closed the door of her study. Then he scampered back, nudged my elbow, as if to say, "Now is our time!" He seized the bone, and was soon crunching it with the greatest satisfaction.

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.

What New York Children Read.

The children's libraries of New York, more than half a hundred of them, are very wisely directed by Miss A. L. Moore, of the Board of Education. It is a position of unique responsibility and opportunity. Miss Moore is the final court of appeal in determining what books shall be laid before the children, as she also exercises a general direction over their management. It is she, therefore, more than any one else who moulds the taste of these children, thus exerting an enormous and far reaching influence upon the taste in literary matters of the coming generation. An army of children is reached in this way to be numbered by hundreds of thousands.

Miss Moore has found that the children of New York are great readers and that their taste is often amazingly good. The children's libraries scattered throughout the entire city have been largely arranged by her. Here the children gather daily to read before the little tables or search through the long, low book shelves for books to their liking. It has been Miss Moore's experience that, left to themselves, the children are remarkably orderly and careful in handling books and may be trusted far more than grown people in such matters.

The records kept by Miss Moore of the taste of children in various neighborhoods show some surprising facts. The taste of the children on the lower east side, for example, is far more serious than in many of the more well to do or fashionable neighborhoods. Thus the little Hebrew children will read Shakespeare, serious works of history and much poetry, while the average child further up town prefers picture books and humorous writings.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

Sweet Home Life.

(By Baby Bunting.)

Sister's husband hunting,
Brother is sailing a yacht at sea,
Father is with his affinity,
Nurse a new novel is just completing—
And mother has gone to the "Mothers' meeting."
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

THE OLD QUERY REVIVED.

(Rochester Herald.)

When Annie Besant confessed that she was born 12,000 years ago, she simply wanted to put an end to that old query: "How old is Ann?"

THE BEST WOODEN PAIL

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

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

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

The long lines and the striving for slenderness in effect are seen on every means the straight, narrow affairs they side, and while the skirts are by no were a little while ago, slenderness of effect is kept in mind in all the different styles. Some skirts are plaited from the waist down, but they are stitched perfectly flat to some distance below the hips; then there are many varieties of gored skirts with plaits let in at the seams and in panels. Plain gored skirts are seen also, and when these are perfectly cut and fitted as well as made there is a simplicity and style about them not to be denied.

The newest models in coats are unusually long, varying from forty to fifty inches in length. Some coats make use of several lengths, say forty, forty-five and fifty inches. Coats fit a little closer to the figure, and decidedly so below the waist line. While a middle back seam will undoubtedly help the stout woman to look more slender, and for this reason there should be one in her coat. Women who are slender naturally will not need to have one.

The newest closing at the neck is the low one, but for many this will leave the throat and chest too exposed. The military front is also seen, with the coat fastening straight up to the neck and being finished with a high standing collar, so it would seem as if all tastes could be satisfied.

The latest coat sleeves show no apparent fullness in the armhole, but the fit of the sleeve all the way down keeps easy enough to be perfectly comfortable, and the armhole also must not be tight in the sense that one is conscious of it.

Materials showing a rough surface, like cheviot, promise to be popular, and many of the suitings, including some of the serges, are loosely woven in appearance. Wide diagonals are fashionable and homespun suitings, some of them showing long haired, glossy surfaces, will be worn. Then ther are two-toned as well as single-toned niagonals in the novelty serges, while for more dressy suits there will probably never be anything better than the beautiful chiffon broadcloths.

All the colors are more subdued than ever in tone, and the lights and shadows in some of these are really beautiful. There are dull blues, greys, greens, browns and purples, and black is a promised favorite.

There are two different length short skirts to be worn—one which just clears the ground, and, it must be admitted, is a dust catcher; and the other, which is at least three inches from the ground and cannot fail to be thoroughly clean and comfortable to the wearer.

At an exhibit of suits seen a short time ago was one which would really belong to the three-piece suits. It was made in a beautifully fine navy blue broadcloth, trimmed with black silk braid about one-quarter of an inch wide. The dress was princess, with three-quarter length sleeves, showing bright green mousseline under sleeves. The small yoke was also green, but a black cravat and a cream ruche softened the brightness of it near the face. The skirt was short and plaited from the knees, and was trimmed with black silk braid arranged into a pattern of eighteenth century bows stitched flat. The long coat reached nearly to the hem of the skirt and had a trimming of the same kind, with a slightly bloused front attached, fastening at one side below the long waist line. Behind, the coat was semifitting.

Another suit was in a heavy ribbed silk in a dark, dull shade of green. The skirt was made with long, straight plaits, close fitting over the hips, and the coat was long and on the order of a redingote, with its skirt close fitting over the hips, then dipping in the back, and closing with large buttons. A rolling collar of the same silk extended down to a point at the front closing, and both sides then sloped off gradually to about knee length and suddenly took a sharp backward curve, emphasizing the pointed, shawl-like dip in the middle back.

The "balance" or hang of a coat is most essential to its success. The seams all have the appearance of hanging straight down, no perceptible slant being visible. The cloth pattern should be ripped apart and pressed and cut away on the seam lines. The suit material had better be laid, folded down the middle, on as long a table as possible, and each piece fost carefully pinned in place before cutting any out. If there is no up and down to the cloth the bottom of one piece can often be fitted into the top of another, in that way effecting a considerable saving on the material.

If broadcloth or any other cloth with a decided nap is used, the pieces all have to be laid one way. Each piece is cut out with the proper seam allowances, and before the pattern is taken off the entire outline must be clearly marked with tailor's chalk. Take the pattern off and mark through corresponding pieces with tailor's tacks, basting stitches which are taken through both pieces, clearly marking all seam and other lines.

Pieces for the fronts may be cut out of the canvas, letting it extend down the length of the front, across the front to a distance of about two inches under the arm. The interlining of muslin is cut out and each piece basted to its corresponding piece of the suit amterial on the wrong side. Then the canvas is basted to the fronts. The coat is basted together and tried on. Let some one slip the hand inside and turn all the seams towards the front, excepting the long dart seam. This should lie towards the back. Pin the front together the entire length, and see if it fits correctly. If the preliminary work in the old muslin was well done, as well as the subsequent cutting out and basting together of the real coat, no altering will be necessary.

All the seams except the underarm and shoulder seams are stitched and finished and if extra canvas seems advisable in front, bust forms all ready to adjust may be bought. These are pinned in place, and can be cut and made smaller or larger as the case may require. Around the back of the armhole a bias strip of canvas about one and one-half inches wide should be basted, and this and the bust form parts are stitched in with the still unfinished seams. The canvas is cut away as close to the seams as possible before they are pressed open. In the coat shown, which fastens with two buttons in the front, front facings of the cloth, the coat lengths are cut, and they are five inches in width. This coat, as can be seen, is double breasted and opens far down, which is one of the newest features.

This facing is stitched down the front edge on each side in a seam and then turned to the wrong side and basted in place. The rolling collar is cut with a seam in the middle of back and should first be cut from canvas basted together, with the seam on the right side, basted to the coat and tried on. The fitting is done at the seam. When it is right, it is cut from the cloth, the canvas basted to the under part, the middle back seam stitched and pressed open. The line where the collar rolls over should have a fine double threaded basting thread of silk run in, and the "padding" stitches put in by hand, working towards each edge from this gathering line. Of course, this double gathering thread is slightly pulled up before the thread is fastened, so as to help keep the rolled part in shape.

After the padding is finished the outside is cut, seamed together, and basted and stitched to the padded part. The seam is pressed open and the collar is turned right side out and basted to the coat. The middle of the collar is pinned to the middle back of the coat and the collar pinned at the ends of the coat. The seam goes towards the outside of the coat. The collar is stitched on and the seam turned towards the coat.

If the edge is at all tight it should be clipped, so there is no possibility of any "drawing." Then the seam edge can be catch-stitched to the canvas in the front and to the cotton lining across the back.

One may wonder why no word all this time has been said about pressing when it constitutes one of the most important parts of the making. It is really worthy of a good many words, but these hints already given here have been more on a general order, assuming that a good many points are already known. For it would be quite impossible in the space given to give detailed directions for each step of the making. For pressing, one should have seam and sleeve boards, as well as a padded form for the shoulders and bust seams. And the pressing of the seams should always be done rather by direct than by ironing up and down.

The iron should never be left long in one place, and a heavy piece of muslin should always be between the material and iron. This muslin can be wet by passing sponge over it as it lies on the garment. Great care has to be used not to injure the shape of any of the seams, and if a gloss appears anywhere it can be removed by slightly dampening the place and brushing lightly the wrong way.

The lining is cut like the outside, excepting that there is an inch wide inverted pleat laid down the middle of the back. The seams, excepting the shoulder and underarm, are stitched, then pinned in place in the coat, the seams tacked lightly in place, and all the while taking care that plenty of room is allowed for both the length and width in the lining. If it fits perfectly smooth the outside will surely wrinkle, so that is a point to be guarded against. The fronts are hemmed over the facing, about four inches back of the edge.

The sleeves should be cut so that there is only one inch difference in their width at the elbow. No gathers will be necessary then at that point. The cotton lining is basted to the goods, then the seams are put together and the sleeve tried on. The outside seam is stitched and pressed open, and a piece of canvas on the bias and about four inches wide is basted to the hand end of the sleeve. The lower edge of the canvas comes to the basting, which marks the correct length, and the upper edge should be slightly stretched to make it fit well.

Two rows of stitching should be put around the sleeve near the upper end of the canvas to simulate a cuff. And these rows must meet exactly when the sleeve is sewed together. The lining is stitched together in both seams, and the coat and lining sleeve parts are both turned wrong side out, and the outside seams tacked together. Then the lining is turned right side out, over the coat sleeve, and a basting put in several inches from the bottom, as well as another several inches from the top. The sleeve is turned round right side out and the lining hemmed down around the hand, about an inch from the edge of the sleeve. The sleeve is basted into the coat, but not the sleeve lining.

The slight fullness that there is in one of these small sleeves should be evenly distributed, and after it is stitched in the sleeve is put over the pad and dampened and the fullness is taken out by pressing. The edge of the sleeve seam is catch-stitched down to the coat all around, notching it where it is necessary. The edge of the sleeve-seam is catch-stitched down to the coat all around, notching it where it is necessary, and then the sleeve lining is gathered across the top and hemmed down in fine stitches all around the arm hole.

In hemming the coat lining down around the bottom it should be done a half or three-quarters of an inch above the edge, and it will be wise to try it on before doing the hemming, to be sure that the lining has been left loose enough on the length.

A tunic that crosses diagonally, forming fichu-like folds on the bodice and panted draperies to break the lines of the skirts, as worn at present, but, like many of the variations of the 1880 skirts, is apt to be ungraceful in movement. The return of the fichu is a pleasant thing, though frills are still far from us as a general rule, and the frilled fichu is not fashionable.—Anna R. Morehouse, in Chicago Sunday Tribune.

COSSACK HATS ARE MAKING GREAT HIT.

This is one of the smartest variations of the semi-military hat which has become so popular with the fair sex. The hat is made of heavy corded silk, and the under brim is banded with velvet. The feathers are bunched and directed forward over the narrow but slightly rolled brim; and it is a most artistic as well as becoming method of trimming with feathers. This hat shows the pretty new coiffure to great advantage, which will tend to increase its popularity.

HIGH TRIMMED HATS FASHION'S LATEST DECREE.

Close hats of shirred velvet, moire, satin and lace are very popular with the younger followers of fashion.

The brim rolls high, either at the back, front, left or right side, and the trimming is piled high.

A touch of softness is lent this otherwise severe hat, by the addition of an aigret or some kind of soft fluffy feather.

TO CLEAN RIBBONS.

Ribbon is first dusted and then ironed between tissue paper.

To clean ribbon, a mixture is made in the proportion of three ounces of soft soap, three tablespoonfuls of honey, to a teacupful of gin and water.

The ribbon is placed on a board and scrubbed with the mixture. It is then rinsed by dipping several times in clean cold water, and not squeezed out, but hung over a line to drip, then put between cloths and ironed by drawing the ribbons from under the iron. This prevents creasing and a stringy appearance at finish. The iron should be kept still with pressure upon it.

White ribbons will not turn yellow when washed if the water is warm, not hot, and the soap used a fine white quality. Rinse in three waters, the last being a strong blue.

Hang in the sun until half dry, then press under clean muslin with a warm iron.

Black satin ribbon may be renewed rubbing gently with vaseline.

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

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

EVENING DRESS IDEAS.

There are indications, in France at all events, of a return to old modes. Pompadour silks make fashionable evening gowns trimmed with flouncings of lace. No one material, however, can be laid down as the one which Dame Fashion delighteth to honor.

There is as much variety in fabric and in price as there is in color. Silk evening dresses are made in many different styles, all with the tight-fitting waist. Soft folds and clinging draperies distinguish one class of full-dress gowns. Long lines are essential, and more and more material is used. Box pleats are cleverly arranged from the bodice to descend on the skirt, all the material being cut away inside so as not to thicken the figure.

Embroidered crepe de chine is most fashionable. Many of the tunics are finished with fringe. Tea gowns and dinner gowns are difficult to divide; the more elaborate tea gowns are all cut low in the neck, with flowing sleeves. The long handsomely-embroidered, transparent tunics are a great feature in evening gowns. White tulle and black are worked with paillettes as well as colored tulles, sometimes with the iridescent paillettes. Lace and net are employed for so many of the gowns. Striped and figured gauzes make quite delightful dresses.

"SWIRL" COIFFURE.

The "swirl" coiffure is one of the latest innovations. The hairdressers who have adopted this plan take the tresses and brush them and burnish them splendidly, and then swirl them right around the head as if they were trying to make a turban of them.

There is still another "swirl." It is a coiffure ornament, made of silk or tissue, wound round in a shape that recalls a bun or a snail shell indefinitely formed. Such a style was popular during the early Victorian period, and its reappearance is consistent with the styles of the season. Worn at one side of the head it presents a piquant appearance and it smart when the right woman assumes it. It makes the principal effect in an ornament of pearls, rows of which are ranged closely side by side, with bosses or leaf shaped designs at intervals to break the monotony of the pattern.

CHINESE WOMEN AWAKE.

Chinese women reformers, having abolished compression of feet and organized many clubs, are addressing themselves to politics. It is asserted that a recent meeting at Canton addressed by women only attracted the surprising attendance of 10,000. Its purpose was an anti-Japanese boycott. Said Miss Pun Kut-fang: "It rests upon us to contribute our portion of patriotism and loyalty to our country and Emperor. I say women never lack such patriotism, and I call upon one and all to show that China can rely on us whenever there is a call." It might be argued that to promote a boycott, as these women are doing, is an act that does not show calm and ordered judgment; but the movement and the show of freedom the circumstances of real significance. Doubtless it is better for Chinese womanhood to wake as an infant might, with a cry, than not to wake at all.

PUTTING AWAY SUMMER CLOTHES.

There is a firmly grounded idea that summer clothes must be put away rough dried. There is so little, if any, injury to the material from careful ironing before packing that the woman who wishes comfort on the first hot day will risk it.

An excellent way to pack the summer clothes is to have shelves built in an attack closet or in a room that is little used. These shelves should be lined with blue paper and the clothes neatly folded upon them, if possible, at full length.

See that clothes of the same kind are placed together, as all the white linen skirts, lingerie frocks, tailored shirtwaists and so on. In this way if one of these articles is wanted in a hurry, there will be no mad turning over of one's entire wardrobe, with ruin to careful ironing.

To insure a good color after several months it is well to put blue paper or heavily blued muslins between separate pieces or at least at frequent intervals among them. Cover each shelf with a blued muslin or old crib shee. Hang sheet inside closet door to keep out dust.

Second summer hats would not be the sorry sight they are if more carefully put away. Dust well, wiping off with alcohol dark straws, stuff out bows with tissue paper and pack to avoid injury in boxes with tight-fitting lids.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

FANCIES OF FASHION.

New Paris gowns show a revival of the puff at the sleeve elbow.

There seems to be a revival of colored linings for sheer gowns.

Heavy corded moire is a material that will be much seen this fall.

Spotted foulard is being used for the linings of motor coats.

New modes are expected to show all kinds of plaitings and shirrings.

Handbags and belts of finely woven white twine are the newest accessories of the white costume.

With a white embroidered muslin robe a hint of color is effective, and green is a favorite choice.

Black velvet bearded velvet wheat in sheafs is the newest trimming on hats for middle-aged and elderly ladies.

A cadgear feature is the jeweled, embroidered cap, arranged with a large, eccentric feather at the side.

There is a noticeable demand just now for jabots, cuffs with frills and dainty little cravats.

Little balls and angles of Irish lace add a quaint touch to imported lingerie gowns.

Stockings match every variety of shoe and all the more fashionable of the dress shades.

Some of the new white crinoline hats have high cravats, composed entirely of black velvet.

The newest dancing frocks for girls are being made of puffed satin malines over satin slips.

Frocks of the season to come promise to be gorgeous, both as to color and design.

Silk serge and some of the heavier ottoman weaves in silk are to be made up in dressy fall street costumes.

Handsome knotted silk fringes are moving this season and form the natural trimming for the embroidered cape.

Some of the gayest colored linen gowns are of the simplest treatment, with collars and cuffs of plain white linen.

TO CAN CORN.

For eight quarts of corn, which require three dozen ears, allow one ounce of tartaric acid. Cut corn from cob, cook twenty minutes in water, enough to cover, then stir in the acid, cook a little longer and seal in glass jars. When wanted for use empty contents of can in saucepan, add pinch of soda, let boil a few minutes, pour off liquid and season as you would fresh corn.

Corn and tomatoes are also nice canned together. Cook together and seal. This makes a tempting dish in winter.

The Housekeeper

It is a great wonder that more universal use is not made of the chafing dish. Especially during the summer and early fall months there are times when it so completely arises to the occasion and with so little effort on the part of the intelligent user. Bachelor girls, and men, too, use the chafing dish more than it is used in the average home.

There are so many things which can be prepared and so quickly and easily for Sunday night lunches when the cook is out and one wants a little "hot something" to add zest to the meal. Suppose you have a few guests and you wish to have a dainty little lunch without going to the trouble of changing your gown or becoming heated in the kitchen. Here is a simple little menu and one which will be appreciated by your guests.

Have the table set prettily. Bread and butter sandwiches, iced tea with lemon, fruit, cake, pickles and wafers form a foundation for a lunch to which the addition of the hot dish prepared in the chafing dish is the finishing touch.

When these are ready place the chafing dish and the person who is to operate it where there is plenty of "elbow room."

For the chafing dish have all the necessary articles ready where they can be reached without trouble. The best way is to serve grape fruit or a simple salad to the guests while the cook is preparing the piece de resistance, thus bridging over the wait which will necessarily ensue.

For chicken croquettes, a never failing and universally liked dish, take the following for six or eight people: Three cupfuls of chicken, chopped fine; one cupful of bread crumbs; two eggs, well beaten. Roll chicken and bread crumbs into small, pear shaped balls, dip into beaten eggs and bread crumbs, and fry in butter in the chafing dish.

Another equally good summer dish is curried eggs, which are prepared as follows: Six hard boiled eggs, cut in slices; two small onions, minced; two teacupfuls of veal or chicken stock; half a cupful of rich cream, two dessert spoonfuls of curry powder, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two teaspoonfuls of butter. Put in the chafing dish butter and onions, and cook until they begin to brown; stir in the curry powder, mix well, then add the flour, stirring well all the time, then add the stock. When the mixture has simmered ten minutes ad the cream and then put in the eggs, and serve hot on toast.

Another dish which is easier to make than Welsh rarebit is cheese fondu, for which the following are the requisites: Two cupfuls of cheese, grated fine; one cupful of milk, one cupful of fine bread crumbs, tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of dry mustard, sufficient paprica to flavor to taste, and two eggs. Put the butter in the chafing dish; when melted add the milk, bread crumbs, cheese and mustard, stirring constantly. Season with paprica, and just before serving add two eggs beaten light. Serve on buttered toast.

Shave one bar of soap, pour two quarts water over it, put on stove to boil; when it comes to a boil add one large tablespoonful of coal oil, allow to boil hard until all soap is dissolved, which generally takes ten minutes.

Soak clothes in cold water (hard or soft) overnight; in morning wring out the clothes, have boilerful of good warm water (not hot), add over half solution to boiler and sort clothes and put into boiler. After they come to a boil, boil for twenty minutes; remove to tub of water, rinse thoroughly, and put through bluing water, starch and hang out.

For second boiler be sure and add cold water to cool water and add remainder of solution. Unless clothes are extremely soiled they will not need one particle of rubbing; if badly soiled, rub the soiled places with soap before putting in to boil.

An ordinary polish for silverware is made of alcohol and whiting. It will also serve excellently for polishing plate glass and mirrors.

A few drops of alcohol rubbed on the inside of lamp chimneys will remove all traces of greasy smoke when water alone is of no avail.

A neglected grate or one which has been red hot should be rubbed over with a cut raw potato before it is blacklead-ed. The result will be a brilliant polish.

To remove mildew, wet the cloth in soft water and then rub on plenty of soap and salt. Hang on the line in the sun and air for a day or two. This is said to be an infallible recipe.

By using a teaspoonful of alum to a quart of water for starching calicoes and ginghams, the colors will kep bright and fresh, fhich is desirable in dresses that are washed often.

In serving a number of persons at tea or reception, silver and dishes of ton need to be washed. The hostess should see to it that there is a big supply of dish towels; otherwise she will be mortified by damp spoons and plates.

Faded colors may often be restored by the use of alum water. A faded blouse, for instance, should be shaken free of dust, then washed well with castile soap, rinsed thoroughly in clear water and then in alum water. The alum will generally brighten the colors and in any case it will help to set them.

At a hardware store get a copper-covered wire about as thick as your little finger and have them cut it in the width of your windows. Also buy two screw eyes. Put a screw-eye on each side of the sash-opening, one of them so that the wire will slip in. Run the wire through the curtain casing and put the ends in the eyes.

Mgr. Falconio.

Mgr. Diomede Falconio, the apostolic delegate to this country, who is expected to be made a cardinal at the January sitting of the consistory at Rome, succeeded Mgr. Martinelli at Washington eight years ago. Although he was born and educated in Italy, he came to America as a young man and much of his work was done on this side of the ocean, as an educator at the College of St. Bonaventure, at Albany, as a priest in the Italian colony of New York and among the wild peoples of the Newfoundland coast. In person he is slender, rather under than over the middle height, with gray eyes and white hair. His address is excellent, easy, simple, direct and he speaks English with a very slight accent. He is nearly 70 years old and a member of the Franciscan Order.

PROFESSIONAL

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

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

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

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

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

With a Local Flavor

Geo. Munro and wife returned from their wedding trip last Saturday.

R. Lamont made a trip to Spokane the end of last week.

G. B. Northey made a business trip to Nelson this week.

See J. W. Carver's change of advertisement in this issue. It is worthy of your attention.

Provincial constable E. Jenson went to Nelson on Wednesday and will return today.

Mrs. Hugh McCreath is expected to return from Nelson this week, where she has been for the past ten days.

We are sorry to have to report that Mrs. J. W. Dow has been confined to her home part of this week owing to a bad cold and neuralgia.

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

The Sunday School of the Presbyterian Church has been changed from 10 a.m. as heretofore, to 3.30 in the afternoon. This change will go into effect next Sunday.

Judge Carney, of Kaslo, timber inspector, arrived in Creston on Tuesday on official business. The judge was giving the boys good advice regarding the election.

E. E. Carver, a prominent architect, of Lethbride, spent a day in Creston this week, visiting his brother, Mr. Jos. Carver. Mr. Carver has gone to superintend the erection of several dwellings near Nakusp.

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

See the advertisement of the local telephone company in this issue. This enterprising company is now providing an up-to-date service. Be up to the times and have a 'phone put in your place of business or in your home.

The many friends of Harry Leahy are pleased to see him in town again. We understand he has returned to vote for Schofield and at the same time see some of his friends here.

Merchants and others requiring extra space in the Review for Christmas advertising should speak at once for it, as these coming first naturally have the first choice of the vacant spaces.

A portion of the stock of the Creston Clothing Co. has already arrived and Manager H. B. Godfrey is now getting busy setting things to rights in the store in the Munro block, preparatory to the opening of this store on December 1st.

Although the recent wet weather has not been very pleasant for the wayfarer, yet the rancher is well satisfied. The wet, coming before the frost had got deep into ground, will be an advantage and should mean a big crop next season.

FOR SALE—A Collie Pup, 9 months old; price $5.00. Apply Victor Carr, Creston, B.C.

Go to Ed McClure at the Creston Tonsorial Parlors, when you want a good hair cut and shave.

Mr. Ralph G. Scruton, editor of the Review, has received news which necessitates his visiting England, and left on Thursday. He has several calls to make between here and Montreal and does not expect to reach Liverpool until a few days before Christmas, which he will spend in the old home. During Mr. Scruton's absence the Review will be managed and edited by his partner, Mr. J. K. Johnson, and it is this fact, that the Review will be in capable hands, which has enabled Mr. Scruton to take this trip.

From time to time Mr. Scruton will keep us advised by means of letters on the actual state of things in the Old Land as seen at the little village on the Thames, which will be his headquarters after the break up of the family re-union, which which will be held at his North of England home. The editor will also visit some of his friends in France and Holland. Wherever he goes he will be a missionary of the best type, and the praises of Creston will have been sounded in many parts where we are at present unknown ere he returns to take up the editorial chair again.

At McPeak's Creston Store of Plenty, commencing on Tuesday next the 30th inst., from 1 to 6 p.m., Mrs. McPeak will serve tea and cake to her lady customers who call between those hours at *this big store*. A *complete new* shipment of all kinds of ladies' clothing and Xmas gifts have arrived, and it has been decided to provide these refreshments for the many fair customers who will call to inspect the goods. The serving of these refreshments will be continued every Tuesday afternoon until after New Year's Day.

The Rev. T. G. McLeod left for Grand Forks last Monday afternoon and will return to Creston next week. During Mr. McLeod's absence next Sunday there will be a union service of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches. The Rev. F. J. Rutherford will preach in the morning at 11 o'clock at the Methodist Church and in the evening at the Presbyterian Church.

There will be a grand ball on Saturday (tomorrow) evening at Port Hill. All of Creston will be there.

CRESTON
Power, Light & Telephone Co.
- LTD. -
Take advantage of our 24 miles of Long Distance Lines and be and be in touch with your neighbours. : : : : : :
Rates to Ranchers:
$1.80 Cash per Month
R. S. SMITH, Local Manager.

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

Creston Blacksmith Shop
Horseshoeing, General Blacksmithing and Repairing. Shop at the Rear of the Creston Livery Barn.
C. Quaife, Prop.

The Creston Dancing Class
Will be held at the
- CRESTON -
AUDITORIUM
Every Tuesday and Saturday Evening
From 8 to 11.
Dancing of All Kinds Taught
Tickets:
$10 per Quarter
In Advance
Non-Ticket Holders, 50cts. Per Lesson.
LADIES FREE
A. MILLER, Dancing Master

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

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

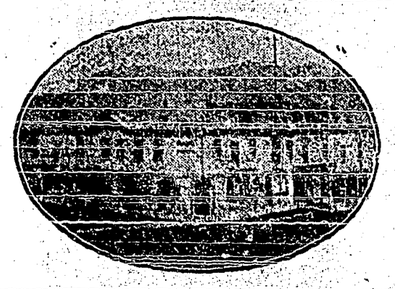
FURNITURE
Ostermoor Mattresses
Iron Beds
Morris Chairs
Bed Lounges
Folding Cots
Homes completely furnished
Creston Furnishing Co.

SAM - - HATFIELD
The Creston Barber
Fine Cigars and Cigarettes
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Pool Room, Billiards - and - Barber Shop
BATHS
Both Hot and Cold
At the . . Tonsorial Parlor, Fourth St.

OF INTEREST TO FRUIT GROWERS

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

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



THE MUNRO HOTEL
CRESTON -:- B.C.

PROVINCIAL ELECTION ACT
(Form F)

Notice of Poll being granted, and of Candidates Nominated.

NOTICE

Electoral District of YMIR to wit:

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to the Electors of the Electoral District aforesaid, that a poll has become necessary at the Election now pending for the same, and that I have granted such poll; and further, that the persons duly nominated as candidates at the said election, and for whom only votes will be received, are:—

Surname	Other Names	Abode	Rank, Profession or Occupation
OLIVER	ALEXANDER McKINNION	NESLON	Boat Builder
SCHOFIELD	JAMES HARGRAVE	TRAIL	Gentleman

As in the Nomination Papers.

Of which all persons are hereby required to take notice and to govern themselves accordingly.

GIVEN under my hand at Trail, B.C., this 11th day of November, in the year 1909.

R. M. PERDUE, Returning Officer.

TO PROVINCIAL ELECTORS

NOTICE is hereby given for the information of Voters, that the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has determined that the holding of a General Election offers a favorable opportunity to obtain the views of Electors on the question of Local Option.

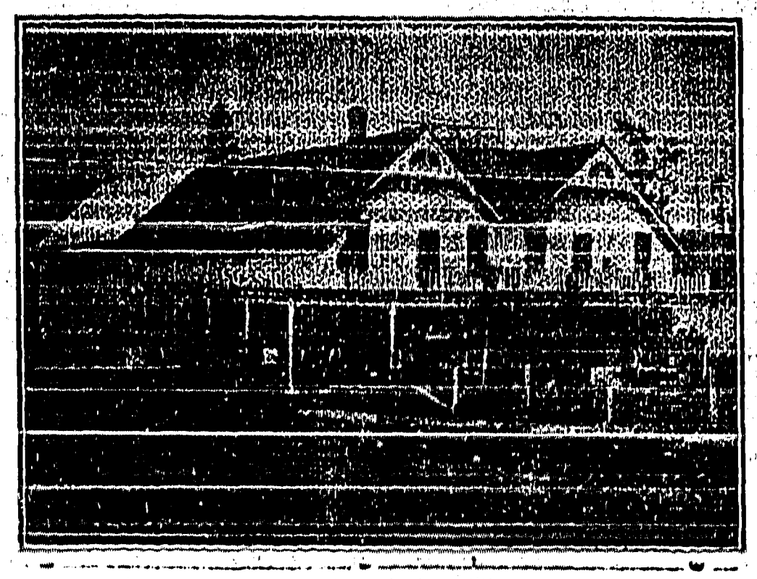
For such purpose a vote will be taken on the 25th of November instant, at the same time as the vote for the election of candidate to the Legislative Assembly.

HENRY ESSON YOUNG, Provincial Secretary.

The big plate glass front is this week being put in the new store building of S. A. Speers, which corners on Fourth street and Sirdar avenue. Geo. Hendren, the contractor in charge of the work, says that he will have the new store ready for Mr. Speers to move in by Monday, December 5th next.

The Review has just received a large quantity of ladies' ivory visiting cards, and we can now fill any orders for visiting cards for the fair sex.

Bring your Orders for
Job Printing
To the
Review Office



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

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

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